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DIXIE MARIA CRAIK
From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

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LONDON AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

BY F. L. BROWKER.

Second Paper: The Novelists.

THE writing of novels is in England more nearly a profession than any other work in literature. The novelists, though incidentally they may write poems or papers, find their life work and their livelihood in fiction-writing, and most of them rule their lives to that end. The reader who skims "the last new novel" in the swift hours of a few days forgets, by reason of its naturalness, the toil that has gone to make it. The mere writing out of a long novel, perhaps two or three times over, is a mechanical labor that would sorely try the patience of most patient people, and this is only the final and outward expression of months of toil and years of study and experience that must go to the making of the book. Anthony Trollope, the most business-like of novelists, who once confirmed to me the statement that he kept one or two completed novels ahead of current demand in his desk, accomplished his extraordinary productiveness as a by-calling, being for most of his life a busy Post-office official; but he was an exception to the rule that novel-writing is the most absorbing of callings. Charles Reade collected incident as Herbert Spencer collected sociological data, and his study was almost like the counting-room of a man of affairs, with its pigeon-holed papers and array of scrap-books. I know one novelist who selects his summering-place with reference to its availability as a background for his next novel, and charges off the rent to the story. What heart's-blood is put into a real novel, what nervous exhaustion comes with its climax and ending, no one can fully tell. Dickens has confided something of this inward trage-

dy to the reader in his pathetic record of his wanderings about the streets of Paris after the death of Little Paul. It is this which gives to the novelist a "contemporaneous human interest" beyond that of his books, and makes readers eager to know of the personality and methods, and look into the faces of their favorite story-tellers.

The link between present writers of fiction and the great generation is Wilkie Collins, now by seniority the dean of English novelists. Thackeray, had he lived, would have been seventy-seven; Dickens, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, were all born in the same decade of 1810-20. Mr. Collins, born in 1824, was their junior, but his association with them, and especially his close intimacy and collaboration with Dickens, make him a part of that great past. But he is also of the working present. His work runs back forty years from his latest volume of *Little Novels* to that biography of his father, the Royal Academician William Collins, published in 1848, which was his stepping-stone from law to literature, and which preceded his first novel, *Antonina*, by two years. His mother also was an artist, distinguished in portrait-painting. An invalid much of the time, with that enemy of Englishmen, the gout, threatening his eyes, Mr. Collins is nowadays little seen in London society; but for many years he has kept strictly at work in London, at his house in Gloucester Place, not far from the busy turning of Baker Street, though he is now leaving this house for new quarters. Here the great drawing-rooms were given up for his

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desk-work when he was writing a novel, or for standing up and doing or saying anything spectacular and nothing out of the way if it were a play he was at work upon. One finds him a man still of striking appearance, but much aged by illness since he was seen in America, with a leonine head, the plentiful hair and flowing beard mostly white, contending with a stout and smallish though once powerful body, and tiny white hands. The stooped overhead does suggest long application to his work, but his manner and speech have the vigor and crispness of an unexhausted spirit of youth.

William Collins is the novelist of construction and idea and character and incident are always the development from a central dramatic idea, "the pivot on which the story turns," as in *The Woman in White*, the substitution of one woman for another in a lunatic asylum, and in *The Moonstone*, the projection of an Eastern jewel, with the superstitious devotion of its attendant priests, into modern civilized society. This idea settled, he weaves his plot, selects his characters, builds up his incidents, all with reference to it, and above all things writes one continuous story, and not two or three alternating stories in one. This makes him indifferent to methods of publication, for as he means to keep up an unflagging interest throughout, he expects to hold his reader, whether he sit up all night to finish the volume, as many of them complain to him, or from week to week or month to month. His first aim and chief difficulty is to "begin at the beginning," so that the story tells itself straight on to its predetermined end without harking back, and he thinks many novelists who aim to be artists much too careless about this. Sometimes he has written out the latter part of his book first, and the first almost last of all, with this in view. He never transfers real people, and seldom real places or incidents, to his books; yet he has found that no one can invent a name, and a new book often brings protests from more than one correspondent against too close copies or misleading perversions of what they suppose to be his originals. One outraged Frenchman, who saw himself in a particularly unpleasant villain, kindly offered, if Mr. Collins would come to Paris, to meet him with pistols and seconds at the *garé*.

Mr. Collins never spares himself, and

takes minute pains with the details of his work. Most of his novels, by the time they reach publication, in book form, have been written or retouched seven times: the first writing; a revision next day before the autograph manuscript goes to a copyist; a second and third revision upon the copyist's manuscript; a fourth on the proof; a fifth on the printer's; a sixth, a final revision after the story has appeared in a periodical and is made ready for a book. It is this hard writing which makes easy reading and good English. Nowadays he restricts himself to four hours, and those at daylight, but at former times he wrote almost continuously, spurred on by the eager delight in the work itself. When he began his last novel he wrote from near midnight to just before dawn; but almost ceased long of that. They used to accompany him upstairs as he gave up work for bed and a fashionable gown worn with hair both bound at the top, and said good-night by biting a piece out of his shoulder. He gave them good ridance by revolutionizing his hours of work, and now the latter part of the day is apt to be given up to novel reading, for he is a catholic customer for his fellow-craftsmen's work, regarding them as a reader and not as a critic. Believing that a novel should be, first of all, a story, he thinks Cooper the great American fictionist, and wonders that his countrymen can call the murder of the feather-stealing wife and son tales "a caution for boys." His aim has been to follow any successful story with one of exactly different kind and scene, as when *No Name* followed *The Woman in White*. The success of these books was indeed enormous. On one of them he was paid £3000 for book form alone, and the next, which proved to be *Armada*, was secured by a rival publisher, who offered £5000 before the book was outlined or a line written. No such prices seem to be paid for novels now as then, but it has not been given to this generation of great authors to welcome with in a triad of years (1859-61) such books as *The Virginians* and *Philip*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, *White Lies* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *The Bertrams* and *Framley Parsonage*, and *The Woman in White*.

R. D. Blackmore lives a few miles from London, in the valley of the upper Thames, where, behind a great brick wall,

he surrounds himself with fruit trees and flowers, and pursues the vocation of literature and the avocation of market-gardening. It is a lovely place in blossoming spring, for he has the same power over plants as over words. Nature is loyal to her lover. Here he lives a retiring life, little known to his neighbors, and when he wants amusement goes a-fishing. Fame doesn't trouble him here. When I first went to call upon him I asked the people of the railway station the way to the house of Mr. Blackmore, the author, but no one knew. Suddenly, with a gleam of intelligence, some one exclaimed, "Perhaps 'tis the fruit man he means!" follow along the wall to the gate, sir"; and in fact it was his wall which faced the station. Indeed few know this gray, rugged, seafaring-looking man, withal kindly and gentle—rather one of the fine old fellows of his delightful *Springhaven* than the conventional author—as the father of *Lorna Doone*. He declines to take the same view as the public of this child of his, and in support of his view that this is not his best book, grimly enjoys recounting the early history of this now "lucky maid." "When first you came from the western moors"—so he apostrophizes her in that twentieth edition in which she "shines with adornment, as a female should"—"nobody cared to look at you: for a year and a half you shivered in the cold corner, without a sun-ray; your native land disdained your voice, and America answered, 'No child of mine.'" But "a certain brave man," Mr. Sampson Low the younger, said, "She shall have another chance;" and just then the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne happened, by the similarity of name, to bring the book to public hearing—and who could read without delight? It is now *the* idyl and idol of Devon, and a classic in English fiction to all time; but perhaps, to its loyal Devon author, its best compliment has been the homely one that "*Lorna Doone*, to a Devonshire man, is as good as clotted cream *almost*."

Mr. Blackmore, now somewhat past sixty, is of Devonshire family, though of Berkshire birth, and the whole of his boyhood was spent in Devon. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and studied law at the Middle Temple, practising conveyancing at the start. But he soon forswore law for letters, printing several vol-

umes of poetry and a translation of the first two of Virgil's Georgics—under a title, *The Farm and Fruit of Old*, which suggested the connection of the two sides of his life—before he published his first novel, *Clara Vaughan*, written in 1852, but not printed until 1864. Mr. Blackmore does not encourage talk about his manner of work, preferring to let the results speak. I may only say that he cares mostly for his trees and plants by day, pleasantly insisting that these are the real things, and when he comes to his writing of an evening, is careful and painstaking to the last degree, sometimes completing no more than a paragraph at a sitting. "I set to," he wrote a friend while at work on *Mary Anerley*, "at night [when even vines go to sleep (but grow faster than by sunlight), and when only the wicked wood-louse walks] to rewrite the story, which means, with me, to winnow and harrow and pestle and pepper every particle of sentence." This carefulness tells sometimes to the confusion of critics, for the *Pall Mall* reviewer of *Springhaven*, who urged that Nelson could not have used certain words put into his mouth by Mr. Blackmore, might with equal research have found them in published letters of the great admiral.

Mr. Blackmore has a strong unwillingness to let his readers look upon his face; as he put it, with characteristic humor, some years ago: "It appears to me that any man sticking himself up to gaze at his own title-page, and so blinking at his readers, lowers himself by his self-elevation. What can it matter to his readers whether he is gifted with two eyes and one nose, or one eye and two noses? No, nor ever so many noes-es! I keep out of all such little curiosity. If I can say a thing to please the public, there is pleasure on both sides; but as for laboring to look to please them, what is the wise man's doctrine on the subject? 'More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.' Let him first know himself."

Mr. Blackmore is seldom in London, and is not much seen by his fellow-authors. I recall when he and Mr. Black first met each other, but a few years since, at the round table in St. Stephen's Club, and the younger author delighted the senior with the story of how he was toasted at a dinner while in America as "Mr. Black, gentlemen, the greatest of living novelists, the author of *Lorna Doone*."



WILLIAM BLACK.

From a photograph.

William Black, born a Scotchman and living in Brighton, is, all the same, one of the best known figures of literary London. When he first came to name and fame he was a journalist, assistant editor of the *Daily News*, and entirely a Londoner; but his manner of work as a novelist demands quiet and opportunity of long walks, and these he finds in winter at the delightful house in Brighton, five minutes from the wide and open downs, and in summer in his beloved Scotland. He keeps an alighting-place in London in those historic chambers at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand, with the fine sweep of view over the Thames, where David Copperfield gave his dinner party, and where the hero of his own *Sunrise* lived; and he is often to be seen at the Reform Club, lunching with his fellow-novelist James Payn, or listening with delight to the rich, mellow voice of his friend John Bright as he quotes long passages from Whittier, whose poems this brother peace-maker knows by heart. Here, at

Buckingham Street, are memorable nights, *noctes ambrosiæ* of these latter times.

At one of these, I recall, when William Small, whom he had not before known, came to discuss the illustrating of *Shandon Bells*, the talk turned on salmon-fishing and early Scotch experiences, and the two men found they had done their earliest work on the same book, both of them tramping about the west of Scotland, the one revising, the other illustrating, an early edition of the publisher Black's well-known *Guide to Scotland*. Mr. Black, in the flesh, is a man of moderate stature, little of figure, with face often sunburned from out door life; brown eyes, grave, but with a ready twinkle in them, looking from behind glasses; a sympathetic mouth, half hidden by his brown mustache; and dark hair. Mr. Black, in the spirit, is several people: silent and ruminant some

times, whether in society or on long walks; at other times brimming over with rollicking fun; taking hold of life, as the range of his novels suggests, at many sides, though he does not talk of everything he is thinking of. His beautiful and spacious house at Brighton, with its whole-souled and charming hostess, is a harbor of refuge to many friends, English and American, and sometimes shelters one of the most interesting circles of "literary London," for it is little more than an hour off by fast train. "Visitors are somewhat varied just now," he writes; "Toole called this afternoon and Herbert Spencer is coming in to play billiards in the evening." It is filled with spoils of travel—stuffs from Egypt, lustre pottery from Spain, fire-dogs from Venice, reminiscences of Scotland and of America, for he has travelled everywhere in scholastic scene and incident for his books; and the noble drawing-room contains the originals of the dozen illustrations for *Muchad of Dure*, drawn as a tribute of friendship by as many artist friends, and most of the manuscripts of his novels, which in his dainty and minute book-writing, on small note sheets, take

* See "William Black at Home," by Joseph Barton, with portrait, in this Magazine for December, 1882.

scarcely more room than the printed book. A bell from the Roman Campagna summons to "the banqueting room," where at many a midnight symposium good talk accompanies a frugal meal.

At one of these symposia, some years since, after a Sunday spent chiefly in waiting for an artist friend, who didn't come, and who never does come, the talk turned to methods of literary work, and Mr. Black and Mr. Bret Harte fell to comparing their own methods. Mr. Harte said that having caught, often from a face seen by chance, or a casual incident, the suggestion of the culmination of a story, he usually worked backward, sitting down with paper before him, and idly tracing figure-8's; sometimes going out for a night walk before he got started with a line, then pushing through rapidly under tremendous pressure. He believed no writer ever wrote down anything that affected readers without tears in his own eyes, and, like all novelists, he recognized the strange way in which characters, once created, would work themselves out, sometimes almost contrary to their author's will—which he took to be a good test of their vitality; and he often, after finishing a story, half recognized a face in the street, and found that it was one of his own characters he thought he saw. Mr. Black, contrariwise, told how he did most of his work, even to the language, in long walks on the Downs, and indeed used to come to Brighton for the purpose long before he lived there. When he gets well on with a story, and in the whirl of it, he retires to his study on the top floor, where no one is allowed to come, and works steadily, two hours before and two after luncheon, which is laid out for him in an adjoining room; and when he comes to the finish, he is, as to nerves, thoroughly tired out. The awful catastrophe in which *Macleod of Dare* culminates nearly wrecked him as well as his hero, and he never speaks without scorn of the many letters he received, as this

tragedy developed, urging him to avert the threatening doom, and bring the story to a pretty-pretty end—as though a novelist could challenge the Fates! All his work has the most painstaking basis of accurate seeing, often prosaic enough. The *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* romance had for groundwork an actual journey of six weeks from London to Edinburgh, though not in the company of the supposititious characters. The pocket note book which he carries on such trips is soon filled with accurate records of detail, for he will not trust even to an excellent memory, well trained in this direction, for the true realism which he seeks; and thus, months afterward, when he comes to think out and write out his story, the creatures of his imagination move through real scenes and amongst real incidents, touched, to be sure, with the halo of romance. This gives him a wholesome and proud confidence in his completed work. When the editor who had accepted the original *Strange Adventures* betrayed some trepidation as to how this unorthodox piece of writing, part novel, part



WALTER BESANT

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HILL (LONDON)





JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(From the *Illustrated London News*)

thusiasm with him, filling in spare minutes with continuation of his literary work, and returning up the hill for evening leisure and early hours of rest. He came to letters through his studies in early French poetry and the French romancers, which were the subjects of his first books; these made him a student of Rabelais, of whom he is the biographer and the chief disciple in England. The story of how "the whole of his work for life" was planned when he met James Rice, and began to devote himself to fiction, is told in his own account of that remarkable literary partnership which produced the most efficient of these first joint work, *Ready-Money Mortiboy*. He had written a novel in 1866; it was rejected, and he burned the manuscript "with fortitude, but also with tears." In 1868 he sent to *Thorn & Wood* a paper of tenets; this was printed, but with such frightful mistakes that he wrote to the editor to remonstrate. The editor proved to be James Rice, another Cambridge man, then starting as a barrister, who had just bought the periodical, and found Besant's article "in type apparently ready for press." Mr. Besant found the editor "a pleasant and

friendly creature," he continued to send contributions, among them stories; and in 1871 Rice who had printed one novel of his own in his paper, proposed collaboration. Rice had in mind a central figure "that of a practical son who should return ten times worse than he went away, homeless and penniless; and a leading situation and he had written two or three inquiries. Besant joined with him; they published the work independently, on commissions, and on a sale of 400 copies in the circulating libraries they received £79; in addition to the serial sale had £50 from America. This made the partnership, which lasted through Besant's long illness to his death in 1892. The later stories of the joint authors were written by Besant, and the greater part of the actual writing throughout was done by him. Those sketches *then* describe him as a good fellow, of rather vulgar blood, more than his partner, fond of

the VII and his adventures, and some prone to be anxious to identify his work in the joint aspect by its broader, bolder and rougher cast. It was after Rice's death in the same year 1882, that Besant returned independently, in *Black and White: The Legend of Man*, which had an extraordinary success, and under his own name, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, an equally successful story, in which was pointed that theme of Delight in the East had again become real in the Congo's Forest. This novel had the most remarkable effect in directing attention to the wants of the poor; and the same interest followed in *The Children of the Moon*, published four years later. Mr. Besant, besides much other work, has written a novel (including the joint works) each year since 1872 (excepting '74 and '75), and in some years two. He models his characters chiefly on real people, and for the most part real occurrences supply his plot and incidents; some of his books are novels of purpose, others not. His method is very careful: he usually writes out the titles of his chapters at the beginning, and makes drafts of the incidents and conversations for each chapter two or

three chapters ahead of his writing; the chapter is then written out fully, and usually rewritten, all in a neat, plain hand that suggests ease and leisure rather than hard work. His own favorite among his stories is perhaps the curious one of *The Case of Mr. Lucraft*. But story-writing is scarcely the greater part of Mr. Besant's self-imposed tasks. He edited the "New Plutarch" series, and wrote two of the books; his Palestine enthusiasm caused him to write, with Professor Palmer, a *History of Jerusalem*, and to become the biographer of that lamented scholar; he has turned two of the partnership novels into plays; he originated the Incorporated Society of Authors, and has inspired most of its work; he is active in East End philanthropy; he contributes on many subjects to periodicals. Busy as he is, he is never too busy to write carefully and well, and to give freely of a ready sympathy and help. The admirers of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* would not be disappointed in the man who wrote it.

James Payn, who runs his friend Mr. Black very close in the appetite his fellow-editors have for his novels, and the price they are willing to pay for them, is one of the most versatile men of letters in London, and perhaps the most prolific. He is an editor, occupying the chair of *Cornhill*, honored by Thackeray and his son-in-law Leslie Stephen; a persistent novelist, writing at least one and sometimes two novels a year; a general writer and reviewer, especially for *The Times*, whose editor has now become his son-in-law; and finally literary adviser and reader for a well-known publishing house. He is entirely a Londoner, living near Maida Vale, and coming thence to the pleasant front room overlooking Waterloo Place which is his sanctum and study, where he is always ready by ten for three hours of work on his novel or other personal writings, after which he lunches at the Reform Club, near by. Two hours each afternoon suffice for "tasting" and editing; then comes an inevitable game of whist at the Reform

Club, and then home and early hours for rest. This daily routine he pursues with a regularity and persistent industry akin rather to the man of business than the man of letters; and though always busy, he seems never in a hurry, and can at any time turn aside for a brief tale or a hearty laugh without breaking continuity. Like other men, however, he probably has his limitations, and he does not do the translations of the Villon Society, though that Mr. Payne is often confounded with him. Mr. Payne is a tall, spare man, with the stoop of the scholar, having dark hair and short brown side-whiskers, with a pleasant, often quizzical expression of the twinkling eyes behind his spectacles, and a mouth ready to be quite serious or very merry, looking rather like a university professor with an unusual proportion of



R. L. STEVENSON.

humor in his make-up. He has had the benefit from the start of Eton, Woolwich, and Cambridge training, one of his novels being partly a transcript from his life at the military school. He looks fifty years old, but is nearer sixty, and he is evidently good for many years of life and hard work ahead, if his closest friends, his pupils, do not prove his enemy, for he seems

all the time of his work, and he does not and dares not. His discovery, *A French Sequel*, was published in *Thomas's Edinburgh*, in which it was the same series which covered the ground of the novel in the same novel of the same name. *The French Sequel*, however, was not published until the year 1840, and the same year. In this novel, with its striking incidents in China, he made a very important, after nearly twenty years of novel-writing, into the same novel. His method of novel-writing is not proper. His first move is to invent his plot, and in only one instance has he ever borrowed a plot from outside his own imagination. This gives him some trouble. The next step is to obtain the people who will best develop this particular plot, and now his mind goes on a search among his acquaintances, or those of whom he has made notice in travel or in the street. His *character persons* are not the real people, but are suggested by or developed from them, so much so that each person of the novel is bracketed with the real name of the prototype when he comes to the writing out of his outline. This is done on large sheets of paper, not consecutively chapter by

chapter, according to the chronology or development of the plot as others do, but by the nature of the people the incidents and conversations in which each is to take part being noted under the name. This procedure demands a biography is always under his eye, and if interrupted at his work, he has only to return to it with the query as to the actor on the stage.

"What are you to do next?" The writing out of the story, after this hard preliminary work is done, is a matter of entire ease. In this way, with only a few hours' work a day, Mr. Payn has completed over forty novels besides a large-sized library of other writing, and he seems good for any number more.

David Christie Murray, though most of his novel-writing has been done at Rochefort, in the *Argentine*, where he lived for five years, comes now and again back to London, and there makes his club home among the strangers and his work-room in the paved solitude of Dane's Inn. He is a pleasant, good, pleasant, good man of about forty, with a touch of Scotch head and heart, though bred in Staffordshire—of goodly build and quietly hearty manner. When he came to his work

throughout his experience, his father was a Scotchman, married in the English midland, and had been, who appeared on the London station of *Blackburn* in one of the very first portraits. Mr. Murray has permitted himself to draw from his people. Starting as a teacher of education and public country, Mr. Murray soon found his work in journalism on the *Edinburgh Evening News* under the inspiring fosterage of *Robert*. He was a great editor and militant judge, as witness his *Time* and on *History*. His politics are romantic, and his romances are political, and he himself is a fiction founded on fact.

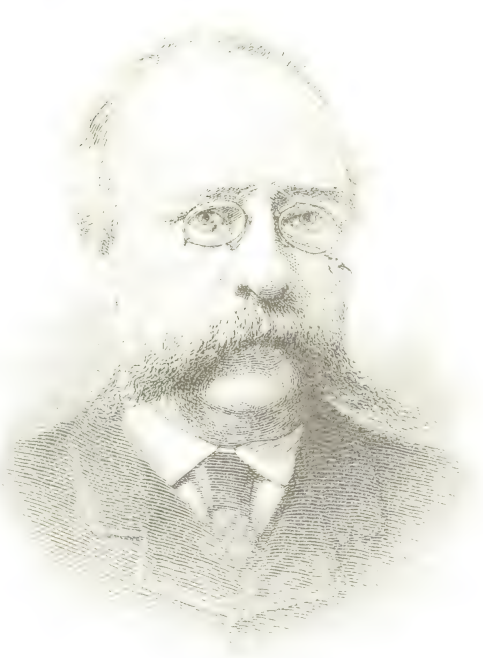
After a wide experience learning and "writing up" the manifold misdeeds of the *Edinburgh*, Mr. Murray came to London, and wrote for one of the weeklies a paper on "Unpleasant Life in London," which was not far from autobiography. Thence he started off on a tramp trip, meaning to show by personal ex-



W. CLARK ROBERTS.

From a portrait by W. Clark Roberts.

perience how hard the poor-law was upon honest workmen. He sent £10 to a post-office some days ahead, and "walked toward it" without a penny in his pocket, taking workhouse fare and oakum-picking in regular course. Reaching the money, he revelled in civilization for a day or so, sent on the balance, and walked toward that. In this way he reached Hereford, travel-stained, tattered, and unshorn, and had much difficulty in persuading the puzzled waiter at the George that he was a proper candidate for decent treatment, a bath, and the port manteau awaiting him. The material thus gathered he used for some papers in *Mayfair*—whereat sundry indignant Guardians declared that the journalist who wrote them had been fooled by some vagabond who knew nothing or lied; but, more important, he founded on them his first novel, *A Life's Atone ment*, and portions of *Joseph's Coat* and *Val Strange*. He saw the Russo-Turkish war as "special" of *The Times* and *The Scotsman*. Thereafter he left journalism for fiction, published his first novel in *Chambers's* in 1879, and made his hit with his second, *Joseph's Coat*, in 1880. His first literary work was, however, poetry, of which he is now making a volume—curiously enough copying out every line of it from memory, since it was widely scattered through periodicals now dropped out of sight. His memory is unique: he thinks he could copy out any one of his works almost exactly, on fair notice, and he frequently amuses himself on a railway train reading over one of his own chapters from his memory, finding, as he puts it with humorous *indécence*, that they amuse him because he wrote them to suit himself. It is *Aunt Rachel* which he likes best. Mr. Murray finds, like most novelists, that the early impressions of childhood are the chief mine of material. His people become real; they act before him as on a stage, of which he is the solitary spectator: if the scene goes wrong, they rehearse it again for him, it may be a dozen times, till it is right; then he writes it down. He likes to write with leisure, but is capable of the *tour de force* of the journalist. The thirty-six chapters



E. W. ROBINSON.

LONDON: J. B. LEECH, 15, N. WILKINSON STREET.

of *Val Strange* were written in as many consecutive days; but they had a woful sequence, as he himself related in a little story called *Schwartz, a History*, published some years afterward. When he was half-way through the book, a halberdier with an axe, dressed in red and black, appeared behind his back, threatening him. He could find no origin for this apparition in his memory or his imagination; it had nothing to do with the *personnel* of the book. He treated it humanely, saying to it, "You are nothing—the creature of overwork—and presently you will go." But it did not go. It never came in front of him, though he knew its face perfectly well; it was with him from light morning to winter midnight in his work, and through the troubled hours of the night. "My friend, *that man lies madness*," said his doctor, and banished him to green fields and rest absolute for six months. After a month the thing vanished, and has never returned; though a different illusion accompanied the finish of other work done under pressure. It is not in ease and joy, gentle reader, that the novelist writes your stories for you. Mr. Murray's latest work is one of collaboration with Mr. Henry Hermann, a French



HENRY RIDER HAGGARD

FROM "THE NEW YORK TIMES"

most strong in plot and incident. In a story of extraordinary conception, *One Traveller Returns*.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is one of the very few men who have come to the front within the past decade, sharing with the late F. J. Fergusson the highest literary distinction, and the success which awaits fiction of striking incident and vigorous passion—the "sensational novel." Mr. Haggard is a Norfolkshire man, little past thirty, living during the winter in Kensington, but really at home at Ditchingham House, Bungay, in his native county. Before he was twenty he went to Natal with Sir Henry Bulwer as his secretary, and after the annexation of the Transvaal was appointed Master of the High Court for the new colony. In this South African service he had some stirring personal adventures, which probably gave direction to his fiction later. He began writing, however, with a book of political history on *Cetywayo and his White Neighbors*, published in 1882. His own preference is for work of this solid, matter-of-fact order; but desiring to adopt the profession of

literature in addition to that of barrister, he learned promptly that this did not meet the market, or afford the physical basis of the literary life, and so addressed himself to fiction, his own theory of work being, as he once put it in a letter to a friend, that "the more closely you stick to the main facts and salient portions of human nature, of which all the world is familiar, the better it will become your work; and the more you can contrive to throw a veil of beauty and romance over the evilities and cruelties of the tragedy of our lives by so much the more will it be pleasant, acceptable, and perhaps in some degree instructive to others." Mr. Haggard is a hard worker, though writing, as well as talking, with much flourish, and he both creates and invents the incidents of his stories. Probably the criticisms of plagiarism brought against his

earlier books have caused him to be careful in his choice of material. His new story, *When the Ship Comes Home*, is a statement of what may be called his prefatory course of reading. The use of a legend of a kind incident is scarcely to be accounted a literary sin, and how closely different minds may run in invention is illustrated by Mr. Besant's statement that Kate and Tom's life used as a central incident in *When the Ship Comes Home* a situation which they afterward found was identically the leading one of so well known a book as Charles Reade's *Lost Pilot*. Though no charge of plagiarism was ever brought against them, Mr. Haggard made his first score in his new line of work with *Harra*, in 1882, but it was *King Solomon's Mines*, published in 1885, which won him his vogue, thirty-one thousand copies being sold in the home country within the first year, while thirteen competing editions appeared (not all to the author's profit) in America. *She* following soon after, rivalled the sale of its immediate predecessor, and the success of these two recalled attention to his ear-

lier novels. Mr. Haggard still practises law as well as writes fiction, and does not propose to permit his head to be turned by his sudden and world-wide success.

Robert Louis Stevenson has among his fellow-authors a place very like that of Abbey among artists: they regard his versatile genius with affectionate delight, and look upon his work as quite of a kind by itself, not in competition or comparison with that of others. He was born in Edinburgh in 1850, and comes of a notable engineering family, not, however, to be confounded with the Stephensons. His father was the distinguished civil engineer Thomas Stevenson, who died not long since; his grandfather was that same Robert Stevenson whom Sir Walter Scott accompanied on one of his surveys before writing *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Pirate*. The boy was educated for the family calling, but "during a dreadful evening walk" owned to his father that he cared for nothing but literature. This being "no profession" in the eyes of this realistic father, he was put at studying law. Two years later, at twenty-three, he met Sidney Colvin, and through him was introduced to his real life work, his first paper, on "Roads," appearing in Mr. Hamerton's *Portfolio* over the anagram of L. S. Stoneven. The range and power and amount of his work in the fifteen years since then—years of persistent illness and of wide travel in search of health—make his career remarkable in literary history, and he is not yet forty. The story of his life has been partly told in his recent *Memories and Portraits*, and in letters to friends, from which I am permitted to quote. "Nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had, but I slogged at it day in and day out, and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." He does his writing under much physical difficulty, sometimes

walking about his study in the whirl of it, at other times forced to lie quietly in his bed and write slowly there, which makes his results the greater marvel. His considerable stories have been done "at two breaks." "I have to leave off and forget a tale for a little, then I can return upon it fresh, and with interest revived." *Treasure Island*, his quickest piece of work, was written in two bursts of about fifteen days each. *Kidnapped*, "to me infinitely my best, and indeed my only good story," required a year, "probably five months' actual writing, and one of these months entirely over the last chapters, which had to be put together without interest or inspiration, almost word for word, for I was entirely worked out." *Prince Otto*, "my hardest effort, for I wished to do something very swell, which did not quite come off," was written over in parts five and six times, and one chapter eight times by him and once by his wife. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was the flashing inspiration of a dream, worked out, however, not in a flash, but in patient toil. He has been a much worn



GEORGE MEREDITH

(From a photograph by James F. Hill and Tinsley)



W. E. NORRIS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. MORTON ARNOLD

dering man in many countries. France, Switzerland, our own California, whence came the material for *The Silverado Squatters*, finished six thousand miles away at Hyères; but of late years he has lived and done his work mostly in the soft air of Bournemouth—a sea-side resort on the delicious south coast of England—coming up to London now and then to the home of his friend Sidney Colvin, at the British Museum. His many friends are necessarily few, for even slight exertion or excitement is apt to bring on a hemorrhage, which results from a lung trouble happily more alarming in its symptoms than immediately dangerous, and he is often forced to deny himself the presence of people, whether admiring pilgrims or welcome friends. It was in search of entire rest and renewed health that he sought, last winter, with his wife and mother, the quiet and the dry air of our own Adirondack “wilderness,” whence Americans, repressing their lionizing desires out of love for him, will hope to send him back to England safe and sound.

I recall one day, happening in upon

James Payn, who is the most appreciative of readers,” and finding him in a state of laughter over a manuscript by a new author, which he declared to be far and away the best humorous story that had been written for years. When *Vice Versa* was published, Mr. Payn’s verdict was fully confirmed by the reading and laughing public, and “F. Anstey” became at once a person of distinction. It was for some time a half-secret that behind this name was Mr. F. Guthrie—a pleasant young fellow from Trinity Hall, Cambridge—which has been the *alma mater* of many authors, grave and gay—well known personally in Kensington circles, where he was born, and recently admitted to the bar from the Middle Temple. His first success developed a vein of clever construction and grotesque humor in story-writing, ingeniously confusing the possibilities with the impossible, which he continued to work, as in *The Giant’s Robe*, *The Black Poodle*, and *The Tinted Venus*, and he became a favorite contributor to *Corahill*, ranking as

a sort of English Shotton. But Mr. Guthrie is by no means content with his early success. And as he is as yet but thirty-two, and has definitely turned aside from law to letters, more important work may be expected from him.

W. E. Norris, the author of *Matrimony*, lives usually at Torquay, that most balmy and charming of the south coast sanatoriums which nature kindly provides for English invalids, but he comes up to town for a day or two on occasion, and usually spends June and a part of July in London. He is one of the younger novelists, and his first novel, *Heaps of Money*, was not published until 1876. Mr. Leslie Stephen was then editing *Corahill*, and it was by his encouragement that Mr. Norris, who had written two or three short stories for that magazine, was induced to essay novel-writing. How well he has succeeded, the readers of his six or eight novels know. He has scarcely been a prolific writer, as work goes now—a fact which is partly owing, it may be, to his peculiar habit of writing only at night.

It is some ten years since *The Wreck*

of the *Grosvenor*, that enthralling story of misadventure by sea, kept a great part of the American reading public sitting up 67 nights to finish the most absorbing book they had had for years, and their enthusiasm communicated itself to English readers, who had at first overlooked the fact that they had the best of modern sea-story *raconteurs* amongst them. There was a bit of poetic justice about this, for Mr. W. Clark Russell, though a subject of Her Majesty, was of American birth, born, in fact, in New York in 1844, while his father, a well-known singer, author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and others of the best known of our songs, was on a musical tour in this country. The boy led a roving life; he passed the most impressionable part of it at sea, and covered a very great deal of ocean during the few but long voyages he made. There is no part of the globe which he did not visit, and his voyages were made in "the old wooden sailing days," in a class of ships in which the old traditions of the red flag were strenuously perpetuated. Thus he looked very closely into his own experiences for the color, and in many instances the form, of what he has told in his books, where fact is wrapped up in the fiction, veining it as fat does bacon. He attributes whatever success his books have met with to this realism, for he has cherished a studious ambition of accuracy. By profession Mr. Russell is a journalist: he has edited one or two provincial papers, and has been a brilliant contributor, chiefly on sea topics or about sailors, to one of the London dailies. Some of this work he considers better than his novels, though he finds short sea stories and sketches extremely hard to write. "The ocean is a spacious field, but it yields little to the imagination," he says; and he sometimes wonders that so many literary fish, big and little, have come out of it. Of late years Mr. Russell has been so cursed with rheumatism that he has reduced his working

hours: he lives near Ramsgate, going an hour and a half or two hours in the morning to writing, when his enemy permits, and an hour or so more during the evening, and he comes up to London but occasionally.

F. W. Robinson, best known by his novel of *Poor Humanity*, though a man little beyond middle age, has filled the years of a busy life with abundant work, being the author of nearly forty novels. He lives on the Surrey side of London, in Brixton, where, far from the madding crowd of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, he makes practical proof of how much persistent application can accomplish. At times he has kept at his work from seven to two in the day, and from seven to ten at night, steadily for months, Sundays only excepted, though he has also given himself long rests, extending at one time to two years. While at work he is usually a rapid writer: several of his novels have been written in two months, and one (*No Church*) within six weeks.

George Macdonald is, and looks like, a poet-prophet of the old type translated into modern life. All his work, and his



JOSEPH HALLEN

Engraving by George Augustus Warren.

personality as well, is pervaded with a mystic spirituality and tender religious feeling that much freshens and ennobles distinctively as the strong burr of his speech. He was an Aberdeenshire lad, born at Hurtle, sixty odd years ago, educated at the University of Aberdeen and afterward at the Independent College in London, but he early left the Independent ministry, and becoming a member of the Church of England, settled down in London in the literary life. He married his family, including with his own sons and daughters others whom he had adopted into his great heart, and he once lived for many years, but more recently they have passed the winter at Gordes-sur-Mer, in the Riviera, where amidst the palms they make an English home for English writers. In summer Dr. Macdonald is again seen in London. He has now the world for his parish, for there is scarcely any circle of religious faith or lovers of quiet literature which does not know the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood* and *The Seaboard Parish*, or his *Unspoken Sermons*. It was as a poet that he began to write, thirty years ago, with his *Within and Without*, and all through his work the poet re-appears, whether in such strong and deeply religious novels of experience as *David Elginbrod* or *Robert Falconer*, or the charming fantasies of *Phantastes* or *At the Back of the North Wind*, and other books for children.

There is one English novelist not yet fully known by the reading public, but so much thought of among his select circle of readers that one of them, a judge of good literature, said to me once, "There are two novelists whose books, I think, are sure to be read beyond this generation, and one of these is George Meredith." He is a man now sixty years of age, a close associate in his younger days of the Rossettis and their friends—indeed a co-dweller with Dante Rossetti for a time in his Chelsea house—but in those years seldom seen in London, since he lives quietly near Box Hill. He has a singular fascination for other men of his craft. His novels are *sui generis*, a current of later experience and tragic philosophy running through them, pregnant in thought, but difficult in style. *The Egoist* is a wonderful vivisection from real life of human self-centredness and its results, *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril* is really a *clinique* in moral education,

and *The Poet's Sonnet* is built upon the life experiences and fate of the German socialist Lassalle. Mr. Meredith was himself partly educated in Germany, which perhaps gave color to his after-work; he was bred to the law, but preferred to become a poet, in which capacity he made his entrance into literature. In poetry, in prose, both of which he continues to write, he invites the keenest intellectuality of his reader, and his eager, unobtrusive, his calm, his manner, his brilliant talk, his subtle sympathy, leave a strong impression upon all who come within range of his personality.

But it is beyond the possibilities of a brief magazine paper to do even the poor justice of naming the many men of letters who have achieved more or less distinction as novelists. One must not pass by, however, James Sheridan Le Fanu, whose *Carmilla*, *Uncle Julian*, and *Black and White* are known to hosts of readers; or George Manville Fenn, with his varied lines of work; or B. L. Farson, whose touching *Blade of Grass* and *Bread and Cheese and Kisses* and other Christiana stories caused him to be hailed as a possible successor of Dickens. Edmund Yates, the author of *Black Sheep* and other famous books, a junior contemporary and friend of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and associate in the Post-office Department with Anthony Trollope long for years chief of the Bureau of Missing Letters, seems to have retired from book-writing with the completion of his *Personal Reminiscences*, and devoted himself to carrying the *World* newspaper upon his shoulders. His fellow-journalist George Augustus Sala, who has written more books on more subjects than almost any man of the time, now also among the veterans with an *Autobiography* of summing up, has not of late added to my list of novels. Mr. Joseph Hatton, whose *Clytie* and *Cruel London* early gave him position among the novelists, though his experience and work have been wide and varied, and his friendships with Irving and many literary people give him abundant reminiscence of interest, has by no means reached the autobiographic age, but continues to produce with great rapidity a wide variety of books and contributions to the press, including an occasional novel, and to entertain pleasantly at his home near Regent's Park. Charles Gibbon, the author of *For Luck of Gold* and *In Honor*

Bound, has produced nearly a score of novels, of wide range, and has a large circle of readers in America as well as in England. Mr. H. W. Lucy, late editor of the *Daily News*, and one of the inner

Miss Thackeray, as Mrs. Richmond Ritchie is still affectionately called by some thousands of readers, is perhaps entitled to be named first among the *lady* novelists, as the daughter of the king.



MRS. EDMOND RITCHIE (ANNE THACKERAY)

Portrait by J. G. Thompson, 1892.

circle of *Punch*, has written a novel of Parliamentary life, *Gideon Fleyce*, among his other *tour de force*, dictating it, like all his work, to a stenographer. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, whose *John Inglesant* made so great a success, is not a Londoner, but a Birmingham merchant. The anonymous authors of *Mehalah* and of *Mark Rutherford* still preserve a strict *incognito*.

One can in no wise forget that she is Thackeray's daughter: her books, and still more her charming private letters, show often that self-same touch of the hand that is dead; she cherishes her father's memory as a worship, and all about her are tokens of him; and this doughty little lad, running about with his elder sister Hester, is William Thackeray Denis Ritchie (the middle name from *Denis Du*

part. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie lived in a cottage in the India Office who has framed a lawn and a great part which he has in play—fixed for some years in a delightful little house in Young Street, Kensington, two hundred years old, nearly across from the old Thackeray home. The long, low drawing-room in this pleasant house opened out at the end upon one of those delicious bits of greenery which one finds hidden away in London as in any other city, with a tree here and there, into whose branches the little people could be tossed up; and in-doors and out, of an afternoon, a charming mob of people would occasionally come together. Within were treasures innumerable—the silver *Mr. Punch* presented to Thackeray by citizens of Edinburgh, many of his sketches and autographs, and, most interesting of all, that book of *memorabilia* presented to Thackeray's daughter by his school-mate and life-long chum, Edward Fitzgerald, known in letters as the first translator of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, who seemed to leave an early prescience of his friend's after-fame. "I promised it to you as a legacy," he wrote her some years before he died; "why should you not have it now?" In this precious scrap-book is Thackeray's first work of art—a picture of a real and British soldier, done in wafers with the help of a little pencilling, achieved at the early age of six; his own contemporary sketch of that fight at school in which his nose was literally broken, afterward reproduced with *The Orphan of Pimlico* sketches; and many letters, as a school-boy and struggling youth, showing much the same touch and quite the same kind of humor that were afterward to become famous the world over.

Of late years Mrs. Ritchie's health has not been strong, and the family have left their dearly beloved London for the suburban home of the Ritchies, not far from town, at Wimbledon Park. She herself, one of the "not-pretty but precious" kind of women who are most liked and loved, tall, as becomes her father's daughter, and with a friendly manner, bubbling over with the "generous instincts" her father saw in the child Anne, and a phoned and morose face like "the gift of friendship" in an extraordinary degree, and seems to talk to bestow herself in an overflowing and ever-ready sympathy. Most of her stories she now told me one-ventured

from suggestions of people, incidents, scenes—some were her mother's own. In London, in France, in Normandy—called out from dim recesses of the memory—and related me all life again with the magic of the pen. *The Village on the Cliff* was the first of these visits to Normandy while a child, and again the first witness to death and the writing of it was a respite from sorrow. Her *Old Kensington* has for background the same time, contrast to her childhood. How she writes and herself can scarcely tell. "Something strikes me," she said once, "and I write it down, and then piece the bits—scrap all together." The process of suggestion is even more puzzling to her than to most writers. "It is generally some vague thing when I come to pieces, or the room is quiet, or somebody says something suggestive."

Remembering the same not long since, reading the first two or three pages of *The Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and putting the book down because I had just invented a story—or rather it had come to me with a dash, the very best and delightful story I had ever thought of. . . . How bitterly disappointed I was when, reading a little further, I found it was the very story I had just thought out, and which the opening had suggested—there was just enough difference for me to realize that it was my own, in a way. "It shows how silent and subtle ideas are, and how quickly they come into one's mind." I recall another instance, now in the fashion of her charming modern fairy tales, when, sitting alone before the north fire in Young Street, I was telling little Hester an Adirondack story of how a poor mouse jumped from his home in a log into the camp fire, whereto her mother, overhearing, gave the pretty ending. "But you know, Hester, that wasn't the end of the little mouse. For a dead white mouse ran out from the fire."

We shall know no more in this life the kindly smile and stately presence of that dear woman "the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*," who has passed from among us since this paper was first written. But who that knew her can ever forget the tall, gray-eyed, silver-haired, motherly woman, gentle and pleasant in speech, yet firm withal and of wholesome resoluteness of purpose, who made her home in the pleasant Kentish country, ten miles southeast of London, a place of pleasant

pilgrimage for so many loving friends. Perhaps it was the association of the name, Dinah Maria Mulock—of late years Mrs. George Lillie Craik—but I often thought of her as the Dinah of *Adam Bede* grown beyond the story, mellowed and matronly with the lapse of years. Indeed the spirit of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, the book which first gave her fame, is the same spirit which wrought in Dinah Morris "the fruit of good living." Though Bristol claims her from her early residence there, she came from the region of *Adam Bede*, where Dinah is a frequent name, having been born in Stoke, Staffordshire, in 1826. Her personality was somewhat hidden behind "the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*," which name appears on most of her title-pages; but this habit, as it grew to be, came from a publisher's desire to take advantage of the success of that early book. She herself cared less for name or fame than for good works; her novels had always purpose, and the highest purpose, and in all her writing patience had its perfect work. She was a long time "thinking out" her stories, and copied again and again, in that singularly neat and characteristic hand of hers, until her work "just suited her." This was slow fashioning, when, as in her latter days, there was only an hour or so a week free from household and charitable cares. Her stories, in fact, proceed from purpose, growing always from a central principle or thought which she seeks to illustrate, and in view of which she selects or invents characters and the incidents. Thus *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was planned and titled to show how the thought of being a gentleman should carry a man through all circumstances of poverty and adversity, and the incident of the bread riots and the burning of the mill she found in the annual registers of the period which she was studying for *mise en scène*. She gave to all details the most conscientious care. I

remember that too a fairly incidental conversation in her *King Arthur* she asked for a synopsis of the law of adoption in our States; nor did she forget years afterward, when the story came to be published, cordial recognition for the



MRS. M. G. L. CRAIK.

From a photograph by H. S. Martin, Esq.

trivial help. Her home, "The Corner House," was altogether delightful; and though her husband was a prosperous man of business, a partner in Macmillan and Co., she had, I believe, taken the fancy of building it out of the proceeds of her books. It was set in sunny gardens, where two country roads crossed, and on that side of the house which faced the main garden was a cozy recess in the brick wall, called "Dorothy's Parlor," built for the out-door play-house of the little adopted daughter who made sunshine in the home, and used often in pleasant weather for a work-room by Mrs. Craik. Within it was built into the wall the legend, "Deus in cœlo, terra in terra" (God made this rest), which years ago she selected as the motto for her home, should she ever build one, with on either side the initials of her husband and herself. (p.)



AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

From a photograph by Margaret Foxley, London.

the mantel of the pleasant dining room were wrought the mottoes, "East or West, home is best," and "Give us this day our daily bread"; but the shrine and home-room of the house was the long, pleasant drawing-room, part music room, part library, filled with books and pictures, where the mistress of the house was seen at her best. When she passed away, suddenly, yet knowingly and very cheerfully—the last words on her lips the desire that the curtains should be lifted, "for I love to look at the trees"—she left a great sorrow to many friends and yet great joy in the memory of her friendship. The hymn of peaceful content which was sung at her desire at the leave-taking was a true expression of her life.

Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, born Margaret Oliphant Wilson, is a Londoner only as the Queen is; her home being at Winton, under the shadow of the gray old castle. Her readers have good reason to be fond of her, for with a record of literary productiveness vying with, if not exceeding, that of any living writer of English, she has sustained throughout an originality

of invention, a careful and sympathetic nicety of detail, and a high literary quality that are remarkable indeed. And all this she has borne through sorrows bravely borne and responsibilities cheerfully accepted, which may not be spoken of here, but which, if known, would make her deeper than before to those who know her only through her books, and admired of all who can admire womanly piety and devotion. But her cheerful presence is a delight to all her friends, and neither hard work nor the span of life seems to dim her spirit. Mrs. Oliphant is now a woman of nearly sixty, having been born in 1828 near Musselburgh, in Midlothian, not in Liverpool, as is in some places stated. Her first work, *Pages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, which won instant approval for its tender humor and deep in-

sight into Scottish character, appeared in 1849, when she was not yet twenty one, but it was the several novels in the series of "Chronicles of Carlingford," published between 1862 and 1866 that gave her permanent fame. In the thirty-nine years of her literary life scarcely a year has passed without its novel, and in some there have been more than one, for she has written more than forty novels; besides this, her biographies alone—of *St. Francis d'Assisi*, of *Edward Irving*, of *The Makers of Florence*, and *The Makers of Venice*—would have sufficed to give her name in letters; and she has also edited the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," writing herself the volumes on *Dante* and *Cervantes*, prepared the voluminous *Literary History of England*, and done much periodical work. Of late years the fresh and tender vein of *The Little Pilgrim*, and the ghostly element of her *Beleaguered City* and *The Wizard's Son*, have surprised her old readers with a quite new development. This enormous productiveness has been attained by persistent steadfastness of application,

and it is perhaps because she set herself a high standard of workmanship from the beginning that under great pressure of work she has done everything so well.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, author of *My Brother's Wife*, *Debenham's Vow*, and *Lord Brackenbury*; Miss M. Betham Edwards, her cousin, author of *Dr. Jacob* and *Kitty*; and Mrs. Annie Edwards, no relative of the other two, author of *Archie Lorell* and *Ought We to Visit Her?*—are often confused in name, and no wonder. The three have written more than forty novels, and much else—Miss Betham Edwards, *Poems*, books of travel in Algeria and France, and articles in the periodicals; Miss Amelia Edwards, *Ballads*, books of travel among the Dolomites and up the Nile, and articles in the periodicals. The literary method of Miss Amelia Edwards is interesting and indeed remarkable. She comes to London for part of the year, usually with her friend Miss North, the well-known traveller and botanical painter, but for the most part lives and works at a quiet, semi-country home near Bristol. In its grounds a walk is carefully measured off, twenty-two turns of which make a mile. Summer or winter, in rain or sun or snow, Miss Edwards does her half-mile before and half-mile after breakfast, previous to beginning work, touching an index dial at the bottom of the path to make sure of her record. When tired at her desk she also takes a few turns. After luncheon, in the afternoon, a carriage drive of a couple of hours and an incidental walk give further recreation, and at dinner-time she repeats the morning walk. Otherwise than this she works all the time, forenoon, afternoon, and evening, giving to the cause of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, of which she is the founder and one of the honorary secretaries, in the writing of letters and articles, time and work worth some hundreds of pounds a year. In starting a novel, which she

never expects to complete under two years, Miss Edwards maps out an elaborate plot, chapter by chapter, most conscientiously. Then she begins to write, and writes something entirely different. A new plot is evolved out of the *débris* of the old in a few brief memoranda, and this serves. She never describes scenery nor buildings which she has not seen and studied, though her interiors are furnished by the imagination to suit the situation. Thus a special visit to Cheshire laid the ground for *Lord Brackenbury*, and some of the illustrations for it were redrawn from her own sketches. The blockade running into Charleston Harbor in *Debenham's Vow* required a special education, with maps and pictures of the place, charts showing high and low water in the channels, actual bills of lading to show what kind of goods were shipped, talks with officers and sailors of experience at the time, and a careful study of seamanship by help of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, who, when the *Saturday* critic declared the story to be full of "woman's seaman-



MES. E. LYN. TINTON

From a photograph by Francis & Taylor, London

shop," indignantly declared that she would vouch for every word of it. Her characters are almost never real people, but they are often suggested by glimpses of real people, in travel or society, which give more unity to the imagination than the

lack of people was. The real start of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, which, with the help of Mr. Samuel Ptolemy, who became the other honorary secretary, Sir Erasmus Wilson, and others, and in America of Rev. Dr. Winchell, has uncovered Tanis, and showed us in its

ruins Israel's Zoan. Miss Edwards is now an author of interesting studies, and in her home the favorite corner is "Little Egypt," with its transferred antiquities. Her scholarship has been acknowledged in several degrees from American colleges, notably LL.D. from Smith College, and LL.D. from Columbia at its centenary. Miss Edwards, with her strong, keen, fine face, is a fitting type of the woman scholar, a scholar made by hard study, but a writer born, since she wrote her first novel, "Before she could write," when four years old, printing the letters and making pictures; pointed a long poem at eleven; and at twelve wrote an extraordinary novel, which was published serially in a London penny weekly.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, whose narrative and aggressive work in the periodicals has made her one of



MRS. F. E. MACQUHADDEN

Painted in pencil by David Cox, jun.

more thorough and more commonplace acquaintanceship with near friends. Once the novel is under way, the story tells itself. She sees pictures, and describes them; overhears conversations, and writes them out—with a sense as if being author, actor, scene-painter, and stage-manager, and audience also, all in one. This is exhausting, especially as most of the work is re-written, and the more careful portraits require three or more sittings. Other work is more convenient, and Mrs. Edwards' hobby of late years has been Egyptology. Travel up the Nile made Egypt real to her, and she gathered soul with the thoughts of the great ancient, sweeping burial cities and villages, and the five vandalism of the native *fellahs*. A popular lecture which she gave on a num-

ber of people was the real start of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, which, with the help of Mr. Samuel Ptolemy, who became the other honorary secretary, Sir Erasmus Wilson, and others, and in America of Rev. Dr. Winchell, has uncovered Tanis, and showed us in its ruins Israel's Zoan. Miss Edwards is now an author of interesting studies, and in her home the favorite corner is "Little Egypt," with its transferred antiquities. Her scholarship has been acknowledged in several degrees from American colleges, notably LL.D. from Smith College, and LL.D. from Columbia at its centenary. Miss Edwards, with her strong, keen, fine face, is a fitting type of the woman scholar, a scholar made by hard study, but a writer born, since she wrote her first novel, "Before she could write," when four years old, printing the letters and making pictures; pointed a long poem at eleven; and at twelve wrote an extraordinary novel, which was published serially in a London penny weekly.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, whose narrative and aggressive work in the periodicals has made her one of the most noteworthy writers of the day, adds to her achievements as a novelist, though now sixty-six years old, never lets her pen flag, and is, like Mrs. Oliphant, one of the busiest of writers. Ever since she was twenty-three, when ruinous investments swept away her patrimony, she has earned her own living with her pen, and it is a favorite boast with her that she has never once kept the press waiting. While in London she is one of the cityful of people housed in that great apartment-house overlooking St. James's Park. But Mrs. Linton has been and is much of a traveller, and spends much of her time in Scotland or abroad. She was the daughter of the clergyman of a Lake Country parish, born on the shores of Derwent-Water, at Keswick. Her early novels showed the tendency of

her mind as an explorer, the first being a story of ancient Egypt, the second one of ancient Greece. In the third, *Realities*, written at about thirty, she dealt with modern life; and becoming soon after a writer for the press, she began also to deal with it unsparingly as a critic and Radical. In 1858 Miss Lynn became the wife of W. J. Linton, reformer, writer, and engraver, well known in America, where he is now a resident and citizen, and together they made a book, she as author, he as artist, on her native Lake Country; for some years past, however, Mr. and Mrs. Linton have lived apart. The "Girl of the Period" articles, which made the *Saturday Review* so much talked of in their day, were from her pen, though unacknowledged till collected into volume form in 1883. Besides the many novels she has written, two books, part philosophy, part fiction, part personal experience or criticism, *The True History of Joshua Davidson*, *Communist* in name (which translates Jesus, David's son, into modern speech), and *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland*, are particularly notable. Mrs. Linton's experience has given her thoroughly professional habits of work: her stint used to be nine hours, but is now only five, always after breakfast, which is restricted to bread and strong coffee, and she never lets herself get too ill or lazy for her duties of the pen. She loves her work, and is fond of saying that she would rather be a poor woman and write than a rich one idle: it is this delight in work itself that sustains her in rewriting again and again, always in her own hand, her long stories, two or three and sometimes five times, never copying without altering; her shorter work, almost to infinity. It is said that Mr. Dickens, when he once had occasion to make out a list of contributors to *All the Year Round* for the use of a new working editor, wrote at the head "Mrs.

Lynn Linton, good for all kinds of work, and thoroughly reliable—a condition few men could have earned."

Mrs. Katherine S. Macquoid, the wife of the artist Thomas R. Macquoid, is one of the pleasant hostesses of London, in the comfortable home, hidden with its garden space and trees behind a long brick wall on the King's Road, Chelsea, where her husband was born, and where for twenty-five years they have lived. In that time great London has crept out and swallowed up the once country suburb, and even this quaint nook is likely soon to be devoured by "progress." She is a sweet-faced, gray-haired, motherly little woman, proud of



MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

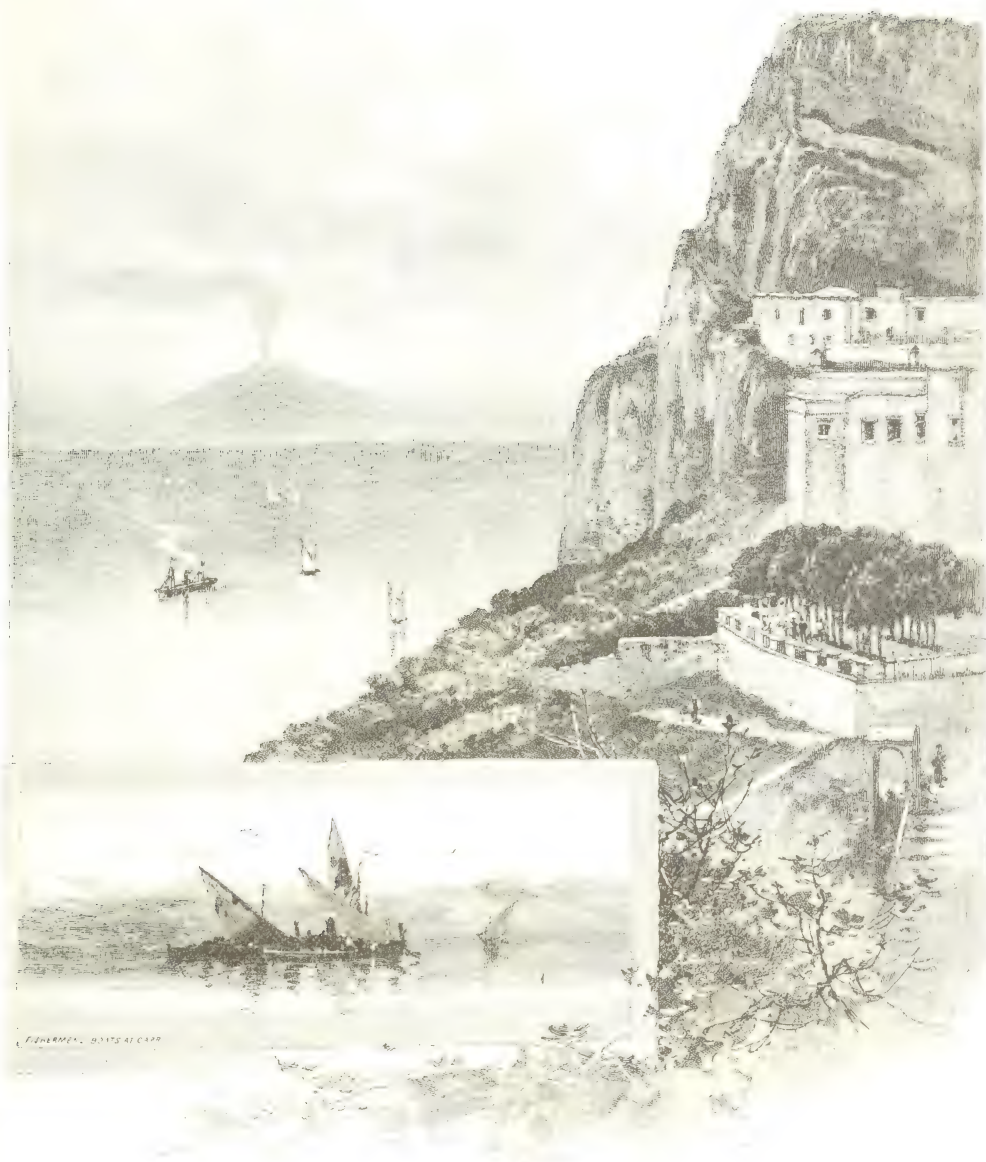
Portrait by permission of the artist, Miss Yonge.

raising her two sons the one an artist, the other a writing barrister, and with many friends. She showed a tendency toward the literary life at the early age of twelve, when she translated a French children's play, and wrote a boy's sonnet after the Italian! but she was laughed away from her pen by her brothers and sisters, and it was not till years after her marriage, when her babies were getting

to be big boys, that at the encouragement of her husband, she took seriously to writing. George Henry Lewes advised her to look for material in the strong impressions of youth and boyish romances, memories of a visit in France, she placed her third or fourth novel in that country, and set herself a precedent which she has since pleasantly followed. As the author of *Patty* and other novels she has achieved pleasant success, and many of her stories have been the fruit of travel, of which she and her husband are fond. Together they have made also several books of description, such as *Through Normandy* and *In the Ardennes*. Real people sometimes, but not often, furnish characters for her fiction. She is an indefatigable worker, despite headaches and frequent illnesses, and she takes much delight in her work. She has an easy, agreeable style, and it is interesting to note that the first recognition of it in *At the Red Glove*, published anonymously in this Magazine, came from a correspondent in California, who placed the authorship at once.

The catalogue of successful women novelists is even greater in England than that of men, and mere mention is but poor apology to the reader or to them in lack of more adequate attention. Miss Braddon, now Mrs. John Maxwell, whose stories of *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd* have steadily held their extraordinary success which they won nearly thirty years ago, is first among women novelists and vies with Wilkie Collins among the men as a writer of strong sensational novels; she lives at Richmond, up the Thames, dispensing hospitality from Lichfield House, the old seat of the bishops of Lichfield, and adds yearly to the long list of works of fiction, of which each one whets the appetite of her readers for the next. "Ouida" is her rival in popularity. Though a resident in Florence, Miss De la Ramée is also a Londoner in the season, taking up her residence for the time being at the Langham Hotel. Miss Rhoda Broughton, known to *Connelly* up as a *Flower*, lives at Oxford, but comes up to London occasionally; Helen Mather, better known as Mrs. Reeve, author of *Comin' thro' the Rye*, is a London resident; both these writers have obtained wide popularity within little more than ten years. In quite another field was the work of Miss

Margaret Veley, who became a favorite novelist with *Cornhill* readers. Miss Veley, who began to write as a small child, came up to London from an Essex country town a few years ago, and with only a provincial experience like the Brontës, wrote the strong story of *For Percival*, and afterward turned to a sunnier vein in her charming tale of *A Garden of Memories*. Her poems, particularly "The Love Land," showed a deep poetic gift, and her recent death has been a sad loss to literature, and to the many friends who honored and loved her brave, strong, and tender spirit. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, who lives in Hampshire, just out of London, now past sixty-five, has been a most prolific writer, winning hosts of loving readers by her *Daisy Chain*, from which profits of £2000 are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand, and by *The Hermit of Redcliffe*, whose proceeds fitted out *The Southern Cross* missionary ship, and adding to such books as these, admirable work in history, juvenile literature, and missionary biography. Mrs. Cashel Hoey, an Irish lady living in Kensington, of pleasant hospitality, author of *A House of Cards*, *The Question of Cain*, and other novels, is also an indefatigable worker in other fields, an accomplished translator who has "done into English" many of the most important French and Italian books of the day, a writer for the periodical press, and a "reader" whose judgment commands respect among publishers. "Theo Gift" is the *nom de plume* scarcely concealing Miss Theodora Havers, now the wife of Professor D. C. Boulger, herself a writer and an authority on Chinese subjects; she has a most interesting personal history, having passed her childhood in one of the smaller islands of Oceania, where her parents were living when she was born, and her *Pretty Miss Bellew* and succeeding novels have won for her a pleasant reputation. Mrs. A. F. Hector, better known to readers of *The Wooing o't* and *Her Dearest Foe* as Mrs. Alexander, has returned from long residence abroad, and settled down as a London resident in Maida Vale. These are but a few among those of whom readers would, I am sure, gladly hear more, that those who are friends through their books might know something of their personality.



VIEW OF VESUVIUS FROM CAPRI

SKETCHES OF CAPRI

BY MARY E. VANDYNE

IT is a curious bit of land, this ancient "Island of Goats." Geologists tell us that away back in the ages when the world was young, Capri was a part of the promontory of Ateneo, now called Massa,

and formed the terminating point of one great spur of the Apennines. Then there came a day when the earth was rent and the mountains torn by the volcanic forces that are ever sporting with the shores of



MOUNTAINS OF TIBERIUS.

the Bay of Naples, and Capri was left like a sentinel rock far out at sea, separated forever from the main-land to which it belongs.

Capri is not an Italian island, save that it was broken from the Italian main-land, that it stands close by the Italian shore, and that its inhabitants speak the soft tongue of Italy. "Stands" is the right word, for Capri does not lie like a green oasis on a waste of waves, but stands with its mountain-steeps bolt-upright in the air. There are grassy slopes where the orange blooms and the vine clings, but three-quarters of the island are grim, precipitous rock which defies the foot of man or beast to scale it.

One is struck most of all by the Eastern appearance of the island. Its two villages and the roads leading to them are distinctly different in architecture and plan from the villages on the neighboring main-land. Capri and Anacapri would not be out of place if they were in Palestine or in the Land of the Nile.

Augustus Caesar built a villa here, to which he occasionally retired when weary of the cares of empire. But the name of all others which is most intimately connected with Capri is that of the infamous Tiberius. So deep an impress has the tyrant left upon the island that after the lapse of eighteen centuries his name is still familiar to the inhabitants, who even call their children after him. The word, however, is usually corrupted into *Timberius*. Tiberius built twelve palaces on various parts of the island. These he named after the twelve particular diseases whose cure he most desired.

Strabo gives us a wonderful account of the splendors of these edifices, their marble walls and columns and the feasts and orgies that they saw. Mangoni has given the larger part of a volume to the scenes enacted upon the island during the tyrant's long sojourn; but many of the chapters are filled with stories either too disgusting or too terrible to read.

After the death of Tiberius the Senate ordered his palace to be destroyed, and this accounts for the ruined condition of edifices that might have excelled in stability and grandeur any of the ancient palaces which still stand upon the neighboring main-land. Of each of the villas, as they are called, traces still remain; but the ruins which are most worthy a visit are those of the great Villa of Jove, located on the eastern extremity of the island and on a height which commands a view of the main-land, of the island itself, and of the beautiful bay for miles about. At the extreme edifice wherein Tiberius held his famous orgies, and where he held the tribunals which nearly always ended in the condemnation of his victims, little remains now save a number of vaulted chambers the use of which can only be guessed at. Some of them have been converted into cow stables, and peafowl here find themselves sheltered in halls where an emperor once dwelt. On the highest point of the mountain is a little chapel called Santa Maria del Soccorso and here an old hermit invites the visitor to inscribe his name upon the register, while a printed sign in French, English, and German requests him to leave a small sum for the benefit of this guardian of the height. From the chapel it is but a moment's walk to what is called the *Saltus of Tiberius*. This is a point near an ancient beacon-light, where, according to tradition, the tyrant had the victims whom he had condemned to death thrown down upon the rocks below, whence their mangled bodies were dragged into the sea by soldiers armed with iron picks. It was this beacon-light that gave the allegory of the death of Tiberius. During his last illness a portion of the tower fell, and the seers foretold the death of the Emperor of Rome.

The highest point upon Capri is Monte Solaro, which rises 1600 feet above the level of the sea. This mountain stands opposite and commands the western part of the island, or *La Capri*, the site of the

Villa of Jove, does the eastern. The lazy visitor to Capri usually neglects Monte Solaro, thinking that enough may be enjoyed from lower heights, but the energetic one is richly repaid by the sensation which comes when he stands upon the rocky height and looks down at the little island beneath his feet. It seems so small, with its three miles of length, and its average width of less than one, while the

into contact with some of the rarest of feats of natural scenery known. No where in the world is there aught resembling the famous Blue Grotto of the island of Capri.

The entrance to the Blue Grotto, situated in the rocky cliff which faces the north at the western extremity of the island, is perhaps three feet in height, and not more than five in width. When the



GRAND MARINA.

elevation is so great, and the view around so vast and magnificent. The path up the mountain is also beautiful and interesting.

The view from Monte Solaro embraces in its range the whole of the Bay of Naples, as well as that of Salerno, as far as the ruins of Paestum.

The inhabitants of Capri say that their island is built upon grottos and supported by natural arches, like the structures of men. This is perhaps an exaggeration, but all along the rocky shores there are beautiful grottos, and in the centre of the island a descent may be made for hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth in the Grotto of the Salmatites. The sea grottos we visit in making the "giro," or circuit of the island, which is an excursion that brings the traveller

sea is high it cannot be entered at all. The marinaro who conducts the party through this aperture—and there must be but three in the boat—has all that he can do to effect an entrance without having his frail craft dashed in pieces. The visitors are obliged to lie upon their backs in the bottom of the boat, while the marinaro, taking advantage of the wave as it rises, and holding on to the rock, guides her by a dexterous shove into the cavern. Here for a moment the eyes are dazzled by a strange light, but soon they accommodate themselves to it, and then the visitor finds himself in a lake of limpid water, whose blue is that of the sky, and whose sheen is that of molten silver. The effect is indescribable. Objects dipped in the water, the boat and oars, are covered with this silvery sheen, while the sur-



THE BLUE GROTTO.

rinaro, who plunges in for the amusement of visitors, rises clad in a garment of flashing light. The whole extent of the grotto is 100 feet by 175, and the roof of ribbed and groined natural arches shares the blue effulgence of the water beneath.

Besides the Blue Grotto of Capri, there are along its coasts a series of others, each of which seems to take the blue waters of the Mediterranean and convert them into a tint peculiar to itself. The Green Grotto, on the south side of the island, with its waters of the purest emerald hue, ranks next in beauty to the Blue Grotto. It can, however, be entered without difficulty through a lofty archway, and the effect, though grand and beautiful, is not marvellous. There is the White Grotto, where the water seems like milk; and the Red Grotto, where the roof is spangled with red crystals in the limestone rock. There is also the Grotto of Ferns, and along the shore as well as in the centre of the island are grottos where in some places the crystal stalactites hang like great pointed columns, and in

others like a delicate fringe above the visitor's head.

The Arco Naturale is, perhaps, after the grottos, the next greatest wonder of natural scenery that Capri affords. Just by the beautiful valley of Mitromarina two great pointed rocks rise from the sea to the height of more than a hundred feet, and in one is a natural arch so regular and symmetrical in its proportions as to suggest the hammer and chisel of the mason.

The number of inhabitants of Capri is well proportioned to the limited area of the little isle. There are perhaps between four and five thousand souls. These are not quite equally divided between the towns of Capri and Anacapri, the former boasting a population of 2000, while the latter has but 1800. Capri is to a great extent the most active and important of the two villages, for the Grand Marina,

where all the boats land, lies at the foot of the height whereon it stands, and nearly all the business of the island is transacted here. Capri architecturally is a grand old relic of the past. Churches and monasteries are piled together with private dwellings; the narrow streets, scarcely wide enough for a donkey with loaded panniers to pass, run under arches and into the very interior of buildings, terminating sometimes in a *cul de sac* of impenetrable wall, which obliges the traveller to retrace his steps.

The piazza or public square of Capri is a pleasant lounging-place on the afternoon of a summer day, or rather on the afternoon of any day, for rarely in winter is it so cold that one cannot sit out-of-doors, and as for rain, there are weeks and weeks when no drop falls, or else it comes in swift brilliant showers, which soon make way for renewed sunshine.

The town of Anacapri has not the interest of Capri, but it is a picturesque village, and the road to it lies along a terraced mountain-side, whence a most beautiful view is obtained. There is one attraction, however, that has taken many a youth along the road to Anacapri. At a cozy little *café* there used to be a young Caprian maid who was known through out the island, and indeed far beyond it, as La Bella Margherita. This young lady dispensed wine and other luxuries, and in return the visitor was allowed to gaze upon the famous beauty of Capri. La Bella Margherita has now entered into the bonds of matrimony, and it is said that the rider of the coal-black steed who claims the young lady as his wife does

not approve of the admiration that visitors to Anacapri are disposed to bestow upon her.

The native inhabitants of Capri, as we see them to-day, are a simple and a gentle people. When irritated or aroused, the fierce anger and jealousy of the Italian character will sometimes show themselves, but their usual attitude is that of admiring wonder and patient subservience toward the well-dressed strangers who have chosen to make the island their home. Capri is in some degree one of the "Happy Islands." All classes of society are represented, but there is a mingling of ranks and grades that seems strange to the dwellers in large cities. The island has no native aristocracy, the people belonging nearly all to the peasant or shopkeeping class. But there have been marriages by which the peasant maids of Capri are entitled to rank themselves among ladies of birth and station. One of the handsomest private residences on the island boasts of a prince for its master, and the fair lady that he has made his wife is the daughter of an employé of the telegraph company, which, by means of optical signals, enables the inhabitants of Capri to communicate, in the case of an emergency, with the main-land. Artists have frequently been drawn into the toils of matrimony by the soft glances of their fair models. A beautiful villa, built in Pompeian style, and not far from the Grand Marina, is ruled over by a Caprian girl, wife of the celebrated artist Cherubino, of Rome. Here and there about the island new and handsome villas appear, and one and another is pointed out to the



NATURAL ARCH.



FISHER PEOPLE OF CAPRI

stranger as the house where a German or an Italian or an English signora dwells with his Caprian wife.

There is very little of mystery in these marriages when one comes to know well these fair Caprian girls. They have the rich beauty of the South, the soft lustrous eyes and glowing color, the languor and the swaying grace. At the same time their constant journeys over the mountain roads of their native island at the heels of their patient donkeys make them lithe and strong. They are quick and appreciative, and it requires little imagination to realize that a world-weary man might find it sweet to make his home on this fair island, with one of these gentle girls to share his life. There seems to be no evidence to show that any of these marriages have resulted unhappily or brought disappointment in their train.

Nearly all the laborious work, such as is performed by men elsewhere, is done at Capri by women. The men are on the sea as marinari or fishermen, or they have been conscripted into the Italian army. Women are the masons and the builders, the farmers, and in some instances the mechanics. It seems strange to an American from the land of machinery to observe the awkward and primitive fashion in which work of all kinds is done here. Fields are cultivated and houses are built with implements

such as were familiar to our grandfathers, but of which we have almost forgotten the use. The houses of Capri, constructed now of the same material and in the same manner as were the dwellings of buried Pompeii in the first century of the Christian era, are built of stone and plaster. Rough stones are piled together after the manner in which farmers build fences to divide their fields in our country, and which is also common here. The crevices are filled in with sand and coarse cement, over which is laid plaster, and thus the walls and arched roofs of the dwellings—the former sometimes two to three feet in thickness—are constructed. Every part of the work is done in the most primitive and laborious manner. The earth, for instance, that is dug from the proposed site of some new wall, is scratched with a rude hoe, gathered up by the hands, and thrown into a basket, which, when filled, is carried away upon the head. All this will be done by women, assisted occasionally by some youth who has escaped conscription through mental or physical incapacity, or by a graybeard too old for military service and unfit for life upon the sea. All the stone from the quarries upon the mountain-side is carried to the building site upon the head, and we have frequently seen girl children of not more than ten years carrying in this way stones that must have weighed twenty to thirty

pounds. The head is protected by a coarse turban, upon which the load is mounted. The Caprians seem to have no idea that anything can be carried any distance in the hand.

One of the industries of the island is coral fishing. Most of the coral fishers live at Anacapri, and in the spring they

principal dependence of the natives is the food they take from the sea, which with a little black bread and a few beans make up their diet.

There can be no question but that the Caprians lead a life of which want and privation make up a large share. Families are divided: sons and brothers are in



VIEW IN THE ISLE OF CAPRI.

take their boats to different parts of the Mediterranean, usually to the coast of Africa, to secure a load of coral, which on their return they land at the town of Torre del Greco, where are the great coral manufacturing factories that supply the world. A prin-

the army or upon the sea, and at home even the black bread and the beans are wanting. At the same time they have their pleasures. The old men smoke their clay pipes, the old women gossip and find consolation in telling their troubles while

they twist the strong and generous distaff by which all their spinning is done, and the young men and maidens when the boats are home, do their love-making, and enjoy it as well as the more favored youths of other climes, who are not, like the poor Caprians, often compelled to part for months as soon as the marriage vows are spoken. One of the prettiest sights of Capri is the tarantella danced upon the plateau on the northern side of the island, with the cliff above the dancers' heads, the blue sea beneath them, and the bay of Naples with the great volcano in

smoking in the distance. The beauty of this national dance of Italy depends upon the grace and intelligence of the dancers, and the Caprians do it well, though not like the trained companies which have degraded the pretty peasant dance into an elaborate exhibition for money.

Of late years Capri has become exceedingly popular as a resort for strangers from all parts of Europe. They find in the deep blue sky, pure air, and mountain heights a refuge from bronchial difficulties, fevers, and many other physical

TWILIGHT.

BY MISS COMYSS FARR.

THROUGH silent air, ten miles or miles of gray,
No sound is heard,
Where to the quiet plain the waning day
Whispers her latest word,
Beyond the dim wide land, serene the sea
Kisses the shore,
Where tired waves but now made fretful, now
Tossing the pebbles o'er,
Ah, sweet the calm, when back into the blue
Wild clouds sink home,
Nor longer mar the pure undying hue
Deepening o'er heaven's dome,
Like dusky phantoms bred of earth's dark breast,
The cattle lie
Where once they wandered, now content to rest,
Still as the earth and sky,
So great the silence is, it seems to grow
Into a sound,
Ah, surely now our reverent hearts shall know
The secret earth has found!
More eloquent the burthened stillness cries
Than sounds at noon,
And deepening brown of land and blue of sea
Soft with the rising moon,
Reveal at last the tender bond that binds
Great Nature's whole,
As patient through life's eager day love finds
Soul bound at last to soul,
Then dost not speak, who standest in my sight
At waning of the day,
Where we have often watched the twilight
Steal into mystic gray,
But yet, though thou art dumb, I hear thy speech
Thy heart I hear,
That secretly in the troublous day could reach
Unto my deafened ear,
And sweeter words than all the words I know
Thy silence brings,
So let the silence to thee murmur low
The song my spirit sings.



BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

OR THE

YOUNG MAN'S TRAGEDY.

With *Barbara Allen's* Lamentation for her Unkindness to her Lover and herself.

To the tune of "*Barbara Allen*."

IN *Scarlet Town*, where I was bound,
 there was a fair Maid dwelling,
 Whom I had chosen to be my own,
 and her name was *Barbara Allen*.

All in the merry Month of May,
 when green leaves thick was springing,
 This young man on his Death-bed lay,
 for the love of *Barbara Allen*.



"TODAY MAY I COME YOU, MY FAREWELL."

He sent his soul into her heart,
In the Place where she was dwelling
You must come to my Master dead,
If your name be *Barbara Allen*.

For Death is prison in his face,
and Sorrow's in him dwelling;
And you must come to my Master dead,
If your name be *Barbara Allen*.

If Death be prison on his face,
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,
Then little better shall he be
to my *Bonny Barbara Allen*.

So slowly, slowly she got up,
and so slowly she came to him,
And all the while when she came there,
saying, "May I think you are a dying?"

He turned his face away from her then,
If you be *Barbara Allen*,
My dear, said he, come pity me,
as our *roy*, Death, but I am lying.

If on your Death, but you be lying,
what is that to *Barbara Allen*?
I cannot keep you from Death,
so farewell, said *Barbara Allen*.



"AND AS SHE WAS WALKING ON A DAY SHE HEARD THE BELL A RINGING."

He turn'd his face unto the Wall,
and Death came creeping to him;
Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
and adieu to *Barbara Allen*.

And as she was walking on a day,
she heard the Bell a Ringing,
And it did seem to ring to her,
unworthy *Barbara Allen*.

She turn'd herself round about,
and she spy'd the Corps a ranting
Lay down, Lay down the Corps of *Clay*,
that I may look upon him.

And all the while she looked on,
so loudly she was laughing;
While all her Friends cry'd again,
unworthy *Barbara Allen*.



THE MOTHER'S MOURN! MARY OF HELEN FOR THE WORLD HAD GONE. FRANKLIN, 1846.

When he was dead & laid in Grave,
then Death came creeping to she.
O Mother! Mother! make my Bed,
for his Death hath quite undone
me.

A hard hearted Creature that I was,
to slight one that loved me so dearly,

I wish I had been more stouidy to him
the time of his life when he was none
me.

So this Maid she then did dye,
and desired to be buried by him.
And repented herself to have so sayd,
that ever she did deny him.

THE CENTRAL STATE.

ITS PHYSICAL FEATURES AND RESOURCES.

BY ROBERT HAY, C.S.G.S.

THE State of Kansas, the seventh in size of the thirty-eight composing the American Union, has a remarkable situation. Lying in the western half of the Mississippi Valley, it is midway between the head waters of the great river, in Minnesota, and its embouchure in the Gulf. Its eastern frontier, too, is as far removed from the bottom of the basin as its western limits are distant from the culminating ridge of the Rocky Mountains, which forms the western boundary of the drainage area. Of the region of the "Great Plains," then, Kansas is *central*. It is also central with regard to the whole country. The Red River of Manitoba and the Gulf of Mexico are equally distant from it, and it is as far from the Atlantic coast as from the Pacific shore. A spot in Davis County, near Fort Riley, marked by a monument to the memory of Major Ogden, who located that military post, is within a few rods of the geographical centre of the United States. Her citizens affectionately speak of Kansas as the "Sunflower State," but when they think of her pivotal position in history and her geographical situation, then Kansas is the "Central State."

This central position has much to do with the population. Shall we say *popularity* of the State. The climate, though sharing in the extremes of its circumcontinental position, has never a long continuance of great heat or cold. The days of any winter during which the thermometer indicates below zero may be counted on the ten fingers; the heats of July are broken every few days by a cooler régime.



OGDEN MONUMENT.

Being a prairie State, the winds sweep most of its surface unimpeded. Its people speak of its strongest gales in jocular phrase as "Kansas zephyrs." Few are treacherous that are not welcome. An occasional hot wind from Arizona, or the edge of a blizzard from Montana, suggests thankfulness for the usual winds that blow. Cyclonic storms are less common than in other parts of the great valley, or even in Atlantic States.

The topography of Kansas is typical of the Great Plains. An important feature of it is the moderate elevation above sea level and the gradual increase of that elevation westward. Rivers cross the eastern frontier of the State less than eight hundred feet above tide water; the southern part of the State is over four thousand feet. This is as high as Ben Nevis or the Adirondacks; but there are no mountains in Kansas. There are valleys relatively deep, whose sides are cut into ridges and isolated mounds, but few regions of any extent where the term *hilly* is justifiable. Three districts only are thus distinctly named: the Blue Hills in the north, the Flint Hills, and Cretaceous Hills in the south.

The hills and valleys of Kansas are all the product of one geological cause—erosion. The flood level of the primeval untold ages has been cut by the action of the rivers, rains, wind, heat, and frost, till valleys have been formed with steep sides and rich alluvial bottoms, and high level prairies with a *substantially*—and several feet deep. Probably the high

people to mountain more than once have been above any continuous ridges. No isolated ridges or mountains more than two or three hundred feet above the base. But among them there are hills of great height, groups of conical hills, and groups of more continuous regions of this kind are sufficiently numerous to give variety to the scenery and to constitute an important part of the

scenery around some deep valleys to high prairie, but in places they have been worn down into isolated hills.

The streams of Kansas with limited but exceptions have an easterly course. The greater number of them also incline southerly. This accounts for most of them having their head on the southern side of their drainage area. The northern sides of the river valleys are long and the slope



MAP OF KANSAS SHOWING COURSE OF MAJOR RIVERS

nomic value of the land. Monk's Cañon in Norton County, the cañons of the Gypsum Hills, the mountain regions on the Merimaton and Verdigris, the level limestone ridges of the Kaw Valley, the pulpit rocks along the Solomon, Saline, and Smoky Hill rivers, are examples of a gentle wildness that lifts the scenery of Kansas out of commonplace. The mounds of the southeast are mostly flat-topped; those of the west are rounder or of more conical outline. Their occurrence in pairs is common. The name "Twin Mounds" occurs on Fall River, on the Solomon, and elsewhere.

Recent geological formations—mainly clays and some very large areas in all parts of the State. These of the last are of post-glacial age, most of the west are late tertiary. These formations give smoothness of outline to the greater part of the surface of the State. They give

gentle, the southern sides are more abrupt. There is an important exception in the valley of the Arkansas, which river before its "great bend" southerly pushes close to its northern watershed. The appearance of the drainage on the map shows this and it is further illustrated on the accompanying profile.

The streams may be grouped into two drainage areas, which may be named, from their trunk rivers, the Missouri and the Arkansas systems. The broken line on the map shows the watershed. Some streams, draining about one-fifth of the State, though belonging to these systems, pass out of the State before uniting with the main river. Among this class of the Missouri group is the Marais des Cygnes, the scene of Whitely's "Lament."

The Missouri, though running for a hundred miles along the boundary of the State and navigable, is less of a Kansas



THE GYPSUM HILLS.

river than its tributary the Kaw. This, with its numerous affluents, makes the drainage of nearly half the State. Its course, including that of its most southern feeder, the Smoky Hill River, is, through the entire length of the State, near the line of the 39th parallel of latitude, except about the middle of the State, where it makes a southerly bend near the northerly push of the Arkansas, so narrowing the space between the rivers to about thirty miles. The Smoky heads in the prairie of eastern Colorado, and while a mere sandy arroyo enters Kansas just south of the parallel mentioned, and cuts its valley deeper as it descends the slope of the State. After a while it acquires a fringe of timber; in its lower course this becomes a belt. Sometimes it sweeps under precipices of greenish or yellow shales, and again of red clay, or with ridges of buff or white limestone in its bounding hills. About the 99th meridian it begins to cut the sandstones, yellow or brown or red, of the lowest cretaceous (Dakota) formations, and its side ravines have fantastic pulpit rocks and pinnacles. Cutting deep its own alluvion across the magnificent plain of Saline County, it breaks into the harder rocks of the "Permo-carboniferous" formations, which gradually

narrow its valley, and hedge it in with abrupt steps of limestone, whose level ledges, bounding the valley, suggest walls built by giants or "hands of old."

A few miles east of the 97th meridian the Republican joins the Smoky, and together they have forced the passage of the ridge of hardest rock in the State, which, far to the south, is known as the Flint Hills. The Saline and Solomon, from the northwest, have previously added their waters to those of the Smoky. The former has wild cañons among the Dakota sandstones, and the latter away in the northwest has deep cañons in tertiary marls, and precipices of blue shale, and cliffs of white, yellow, and orange chalk, brilliant in the sunlight as a landscape by Constable. The Republican has its origin near that of the Smoky in Colorado, but flinging itself northward across the corner of the State into Nebraska, it re-enters Kansas at the 98th meridian, bending southerly through the Benton limestones, and more easterly through the easier Dakota, and again south among the carboniferous limestones which, ledge on ledge, bound its valley and wall in its beautiful timbered affluents, its broad meadows, its fruitful fields, till, reaching the low promontory of Fort Riley, it makes its



SECTION IN RUSSELL COUNTY SHOWS GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS AS DESCRIBED IN THE

a. Benton limestones (greenish) and shales. b. Dakota shales and limestones. c. Dakota sandstones. d. Tertiary formations—small stones.



VIEW OF THE RIVER

confluence with the Smoky and the united streams, bursting the barrier, lose their identity and merge in the Kaw River, the result of their union, which flings itself like a mighty snake in voluminous meanderings through one of the finest valleys in America. The distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles from Fort Riley to Kansas City is traversed nearly threefold by the windings of the river. One hundred and sixty years ago De Bourgmont, the Frenchman, spoke of this valley as of a "head-stap of which the beauties are never dying" (translation of 1768). It has recently been thus described: "The gateway of Fort Riley, the geographical centre of the United States, lay green sweeps away (archaic), past prairie where Fremont has left his name and things, and Manhattan, where the waters of the Big Blue come round rocky hills to lose themselves in the camp, and where the State trains its youths and maidens to intellect and industrial pursuits on the agricultural college. Here the river is ennobled by its first bridges. Then away over pleasant Waterways, green sward, scrubbed and red and polished telling in places of ice-drifts that ages ago blocked and dammed old Kaw; past Wamego, past Poplar,

where halls of legislation and dimes of state overbore its flood past Lawrence,

where classic Grand views the frontiers of streams, pink cottages and clades of red-tiled mansions, past orchards and corn-fields, past vineyard, maple and woods of oak, further confluence with the great Mississippi.

"The Arkansas River Valley is essentially different from that of the Kaw, the Smoky or the Republican. It is everywhere in Kansas broader. Only at a few points does its water wash the foot of a rocky precipice, as at the Point of Rocks, twenty miles east of Dodge City, and at Hartland, further west. In places, however, tertiary and cretaceous bluffs, as at Strawberry and Dodge City, Dakota sandstone, as at Lawler and Pawnee Rock, stand out into the valley with some boldness. Still the valley is one of long, gentle slopes, with timber decidedly scarce in the higher part. The river is broad (1000 to 1500 feet) and halting, and numerous islands form a striking almost romantic feature of the scene. The sandy alluvion is the most fertile of soils, and in the

lower part of the valley the groves are sufficiently numerous, and a fringe of timber, mostly cottonwood, is sufficiently developed to give a pleasing variety to the landscape. Formerly the countless herds of buffalo, more recently the "endless herds of kine," demonstrated the infinite capacity of this region for grazing purposes. Now the orchards at Garden City, forest groves at Wichita and Hutchinson, the endless acres of maize and sorghum, show agricultural and horticultural possibilities too vast to imagine, but whose realization has already begun. Then the urbiculture—the cities mentioned and many others—indicates that this wide valley must have a prominent place in the progress of civilization. In the upper reach of the valley, on its south side, is a region of sand-hills. They are a prominent feature of the topography. They were avoided by the early settlers because it was hard to make roads through them, and they were thought to be barren agriculturally. All this is changed now. In only a very limited region are the sand-hills bare of herbage. Elsewhere the wild grasses are so abundant and nutritious that the cattle fatten amongst them, and the farmers are finding the sand-hills are fertile soil.

The valley of the *Cattaraugus* is that of the Arkansas on a diminished scale; but where it re-enters the State it becomes essentially different. It is there in *Cherokee County*, similar in character to that of the *Medicine River*, which is one of the wildest, the most beautiful, the most fertile of the State. This is the "red rock region," the district of the Gypsum Hills. A geological series of rocks, termed provisionally *Jura-Trias*, has been laid bare by immense erosion, and carved into the most fantastic forms of capped pinnacles, Mansard-roofs, and frowning precipices. The same rocks are shown with milder outline further north and east, but south of the *Medicine River* they culminate. Arenaceous limestones, of a dull red or

rich brown, are alternated with beds of red clay or greenish shale glistening with crystals of selenite, and in the precipitous fronts banded with white satin spar for hundreds of yards continuously. Near the top, a massive layer of white gypsum, from eight to eighteen feet thick, makes a prominent ledge for miles, capping the red precipices with a glaring light. In the higher dales fragments of the tertiary formations attest their former presence, and account for the sand in the alluvium of the valley. This alluvium is all *red*. Masses of red clay of quaternary age seem formed from the red rock itself, and banks of red clay of recent date are formed from the two older reds. The whole region is red, and the fertility is equal to the redness. Nowhere is soil more prolific, and the products ally themselves to those of the semi-tropical South.



VALLEY OF THE ARKANSAS

Between the Arkansas and the eastern boundary of the State are the deepest valleys of Kansas. The *Walnut* cuts down from the *Flint Hills* ridge, 1600 feet high, to below 1100 feet, where it enters the Arkansas. In its erosion it has laid bare magnificent ledges of building stone—the so-called *magnesian limestone*—which stretch across the State, being worked alike in the valleys of the *Walnut*, the *Cottonwood*, the *Norfolk*, the *Kaw*, the *Republican*, and the *Big Blue*. The valleys of the *Fall River* and *Verdigris* drop from heights of 1400 feet to below sea-level, cutting through shales and sandstones, hard limestones, and coal seams of the coal measures. The mounds of this region are a striking and picturesque feature, and the timber belts—oak, walnut, maple—add to the charm of the valleys.



GENERAL STREET IN CHICAGO.

The Neosho Valley is in important respects different from those of the Kaw and the Arkansas. Rising in depressions of the high limestone plateau, the thick ledges are a feature of its upper course. Its alluvium, though deep and rich, has little or no sand. Its timber belt widening, becomes in its lower part veritable forest. Having a descent within the State of five or six hundred feet, in one part of its course it falls little over a foot per mile, struggling with thick hard limestones of the coal measures, which in places wall its channel with vertical rocks, as at Humboldt.

Spring River, in the southeast corner of the State, cuts below the coal measures into the hard cherty limestones of the subcarboniferous series, laying bare by its alluvium the brecciated formations which are rich in lead and zinc. The Marmaton, dropping down merely four hundred feet in little more than thirty miles, cuts through rough limestones and thin sandstones, and has a valley fertile and romantic, with bluffs both rugged and smooth, timber of oak, elm, sassafras, persimmon, sycamore, and mounds in whose steep sides drifts are made in the interglacial and recent. The valleys of the Little Osage and the Marmaton's tributaries are like that of the Marmaton in many features, and like it are of historic interest, having strong associations with the time of the

Kansas Indians and the names of John Brown, Montgomery, and other leaders of that epoch. Another valley—one of the Flint Hills—has no sand and more timber than those in the west-central part of the State.

The valleys of streams tributary to the Kaw on the north side have few abrupt features except that of the Big Bend. The slopes are more gentle, the ledges not so prominent. In this region the continental glaciers of the ice age left their work, and left an unbroken contour. Valleys a hundred feet deep are scooped entirely in the loess. In some counties you may travel a dozen miles without an outcrop of rock. And yet there is a difference in the general contour from the parts of the Arkansas Valley where the same position occurs. "Rounded hills and rugged knaves" and true moraines are found, giving character to the scenery for long distances.

Thus much for the hills and valleys. But the *biggest* feature in the topography of the State is the glorious upland, the "high prairie" of Kansas. The Arkansas Valley proper is from four to twelve miles wide. The Kaw bottom and second bottom are from two to four miles in width. The valleys of the Smoky, the Solomon, the Republican, Neosho, and Medicine are from one to two miles broad. Their confluences give greater expanses in localities, but the other streams have all narrow steep-sided bottomlands. The high

prairie is the feature of Kansas. Everything on the prairies is bright and breezy and healthful and inspiring. The elevation westward is in places marked by distinct steps, as on the Marmaton, the Verdigris, the Smoky, and Solomon. Above the step the country rolls upward with long wavy slope. Back from the rivers the plough in some counties may run ten miles without being lifted, and these uplands are fertile. In places the sedimentary soil is formed from underlying limestone; in others it is a thin humus scarcely altered from the deep nearly subsoil of tertiary or quaternary formations; but everywhere its capacity for plant life is limitless. On the uplands, as in the bottoms, it is true that "the soil tickled by the plough laughs into harvests."

An examination of the contour lines on the map shows that the increment of elevation westward is more rapid near the Colorado line than on the eastern frontier. For a long distance one of the steps mentioned above is nearly coincident with the eastern State line, and travellers on the north and south railways in Kansas and Missouri are struck with the appearance of the numerous mounds, which are outliers of the higher level of prairie to the west.

In a few places of the valleys old riverbeds form narrow lakes, homes of fish and wild-fowl, but there are no areas of swamp land. In the western half of the State there is little natural timber. In parts of the eastern counties the forest land amounted in early days to one-twelfth of

the area. Now, though the belts of timber are narrowed and thinned, yet the quantity planted is in excess of the former natural forest, and counting orchards, very greatly so. Since prairie fires have ceased, the natural growth in the Missouri region has largely increased, and groves are common on the high prairie as far as the sixth principal meridian,* and only less frequent to the hundredth meridian. Apples and peaches are ripened over three hundred miles from the Missouri River.

"The mighty Missouri" forms the north-eastern boundary of the State for almost exactly one degree of latitude. The famous act of Congress which in 1820 constituted Missouri a State prescribed that its western boundary should be the meridian passing through the middle of the Kaw (or Kansas) River at its confluence with the Missouri. This meridian (94° 37' west), therefore, at a later date, became the eastern boundary of Kansas from that point south to the 37th parallel of latitude. The 37th parallel is the southern line of the State; the 40th parallel its northern boundary west from the Missouri River; its western limit is the 102d meridian, beyond which is Colorado. These boundaries give an extreme length on the south line of 408 miles and a breadth of nearly 208 from north to south, and enclose an area of over 84,000 square miles. This surface is about equal to that of the island of Great Britain; it is one-fourth larger than all New England; it is more than

* This meridian is shown on the map by a heavy line crossing the Arkansas near Wichita.



FIRST AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, LOOKING EAST FROM WEAVER SQUARE.



TOPEKA, KANSAS.

ming that covered. A single county has harvested in one season over 2,000,000 bushels. The fruits of Kansas—apples, peaches, plums—have won premiums at Paris and Philadelphia. The capacity for raising live-stock is simply unlimited. At the present population of 1,600,000, the acre destined for the

double the size of Kentucky, or Illinois, Indiana; it exceeds twice as large as New York, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee. Its natural resources are as great as those of almost any State in the Union. There is not a single square mile on some part of which the plough cannot be used. There are very few hills in the country that are untilable. Simply as an agricultural State, with only 500,000 to 600,000 persons on every quarter section, it would support a population of over 1,600,000. Its capacity for crops is endless. Its southern counties now produce cotton. The yield of maize is enormous. The middle uplands are so prolific of wheat that Kansas is now in the vanguard of states produc-

ing and raising of New York, and they were started five abreast, the heads of one man being just a rod in advance of the next, and they were driven through Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the Empire State, the head of the herd would be crossing the High Bridge over Harlem River before the tail of it had crossed the Missouri at Atchison. Of hogs and horses, mules and sheep, the story is similar, and the dairy products also suggest like conclusions. The bees love Kansas flowers, and honey is in increasing abundance. Another insect has been recently added to the productive powers of Kansas. The Russian mulberry has been introduced by the Menonites, and

the silk-worm thrives upon it. Silk reeling is one of the industries. The recent experiments at Fort Scott, conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture, show that sugar can be profitably made from sorghum. The sorghum cane is already one of the staple productions of Kansas.

But Kansas is not to be simply an agricultural State. This is seen in the fact that its present population, with only one-fourth of its area cultivated, has reached the limit of four families to the section of land. Though the streams of Kansas are not rapid, yet the water-power is immense, and it is being utilized for driving mills. These send much flour out of the State; others have cut up much of the timber of the eastern part of the State. But not for flour and lumber only is the water-power used; paper, woollen cloth, and electric light are manufactured by this instrumentality. The cities of Lawrence, Blue Rapids, Junction City, Salina, Neosho Falls, Humboldt, Chetopa, and Independence are among those that have utilized the larger streams of the State, and almost every creek, from the Prairie Dog to the Labette, has its local mill.

The development of coal-mining in the eastern part of the State has not only made that industry of importance, but has also developed important manufactures by the application of steam-power. The places where coal is mined in quantity are in the east border tier of counties, except Osage and Shawnee. These counties have developed mining communities around the towns of Leavenworth, Fort Scott, Pittsburg, Weir, La Crosse, Osage City, Burlingame, and Topeka; and at these and some other cities are manufactures of furniture, crackers, stoves, sashes and doors, harness, cement, wagons, bippings, soap, canned fruits, chemicals, castor-oil, pottery, and some other important operations which will be mentioned further on.

The coal of eastern Kansas is mined under different conditions at different places. At Leavenworth three mines work a valuable seam at a depth of over

seven hundred feet. One of these is the property of the State, and gives employment to the convicts of the penitentiary, and supplies fuel to all the State institutions. In Linn County there are shaft mines at less depth. About shaft mines from forty to one hundred and fifty feet in depth are worked in Osage, Crawford, and Cherokee counties. In these, as well as in Labette, Bourbon, and Woodson, much coal is obtained by "stripping," and by drifts made into the sides of mounds and bluffs.

Besides this coal of the carboniferous period, there is an inferior variety—brown coal, or lignite—worked by shallow shafts and drifts in the upper part of the Dakota formation in northern middle Kansas. This gives fuel of some value to the inhab-



KANSAS AVENUE, TOPEKA, SHOWING RESIDENCES.

itants of that part of the valleys of the Republican, the Saline, and the Smoky Hill rivers, and it will probably also be found in counties of the southwest. This lignite will also have value in the newly developed sugar industry; as, according to Professor Swenson, it is used in the best method of carbonization of the saccharine juice.

To coal as a manufacturing energy has recently been added rock-gas. At Wyandotte several wells yield quantities that have displaced a considerable amount of coal at flouring and planing mills, and at the pressed-brick works. But it is at Fort Scott and Paola, where wells are situated which yield a pressure of steam-southern in one hundred and fifty pounds to the inch, that the greatest impetus has been given by the fluid fuel, and by its means the

manufacture of glass, has become an important industry in the State.

There are only two marble quarries now obtained in Kansas with quantities said to be of importance. One of these are of small value, though used as a limited area in the southern corner of the State. Along the line of Spring River, lead, in the form of the well known sulphur galena, and zinc as blende, occur in great quantities, and are abundant. The city of Galena is the centre of a mining population of about four hundred, and products of the crushers and smelters to the value of \$400,000 are annually exported. The ores of zinc are sent into the coal region to be smelted and rolled at Pittsburgh (Kansas) and West Pittsburg, where places have already become centres of production. Lead is also annually. These cities, which ten years ago were mere hamlets, have now populations of between three and ten thousand each.

Among the mineral resources of Kansas its building stones are of great and increasing value. A belt of country across the State from the entrance of the Big River to the exit of the Arkansas, fronted to forty miles wide, yields abundantly beds of massive magnesian limestone. It belongs geologically to the Permian-carboniferous period, and it gives off a bluish, four to six feet thick, and heavy slab from six to sixteen feet square. It is white or of a warm cream-color, soft to the tools, but hardening on exposure. The Capitol and the Post-office at Topeka, the Agricultural College at Manhattan, the Courthouse at Wellington, and business blocks all over the State, show the beauty and utility of this material. Heavy limestone are abundant and much used in buildings, as in the State University at Lawrence, and elsewhere. The ledges of the middle carboniferous limestone layer beds of very beautiful building-stone, utilized in Cloud, Lincoln, Russell, Meade, Hodgeman, and Hamilton counties. Some of the history of these beds studied by infiltration, form a kind of marble, which is used for ornamental purposes—console tables, panels, and monuments. Sandstones are not so widely distributed as the limestones, but in the valleys of the Verdigris and Fall River, the Solomon and the Sawlog, there are valuable beds

now being extensively worked, while the valleys of the Marmaton, the Spring River, and their tributaries, yield fine qualities of homogeneous limestones which are being extensively used in the pavement of cities.

Two deposits of massive gypsum lying across the State east and west of the margin, their limestones left are in some localities of compact and fibrous texture, yielding mottled and semi-translucent beds that make a handsome marble-like building stone.

The manufacture of brick is an increasingly important industry in Kansas. The material for it exists in the alluvium of nearly every valley, and the yellow marl of the eastern and the tertiary marl of the western country. Pressed brick of quality rivaling the best of the Eastern States has for years been made in Wyandotte County, and now the railway of the Republicans, the "Rocky Hill, the Arkansas, the Verdigris, and the Marmaton, as well as those of the Kaw, the Blue, and the Sacaton, have their piers and trestles with the smoke of brick-kilns.

Every deep gulch in Kansas and there are many of many over a thousand feet—shows the presence of salt, mostly in the form of strong brine. In the northern part of middle Kansas, alluents of the Solomon and Republican run through salt marshes where strong brine issues from springs in a black ooze, and in dry weather an efflorescence of crystalline salt from a quarry to half an inch thick covers the ground in abundance. Two hundred miles to the southwest, the valley of the Cimarron has this crystalline efflorescence in greater quantity. The brines are from one to three inches thick, and a wagon may be filled in a few minutes without being moved. Recently the drill, exploring for natural gas, has penetrated beds of rock salt from seventy to one hundred and fifty feet thick, at depths of seven to nine hundred feet. The first occurred at Ellsworth, Hutchinson, Kiowa and Lyons all lying between the localities of surface salt above mentioned. Geologists have always expected a salt industry to be developed. The recent discoveries assure us that it will be of great extent.

The value of material resources, whether pertaining to agriculture, mining, or manufactures depends on the people who have access to them, having relation both to their numbers and their enterprise.

* *See Mineral Resources of the United States*, by A. Williams. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1891.

The first settlers of Kansas, who brought its political life through the pangs of maternity, were the most energetic and pushing of the two political parties to which they belonged. A sort of chemical affinity has continued the same characteristics in more recent immigrants. They came from all States—from all foreign countries. They came from civilization; they brought civilization, and they have advanced civilization. Their number is constantly increasing. They need the resources around them. They have begun to use them. Kansas first appears in the census of the United States in 1860. Consider this table:

	1860.	1870.	1880.
Native	21,545	316,067	886,000
Foreign born	12,691	48,022	110,080
Total population	104,266	464,129	996,080

A State return for March 1, 1887, gives the total at that date as 1,518,255, and a more recent compilation gives 1,610,000 for the close of that year. As the State is now more than a quarter of a century old, many of these were born here. They are native Kansans of mixed blood, with the vigor of the Norse and Irish, the solidity of the Scotch and Germans, the loyalty to law of the English and American stocks from which they are derived. They have determined to exploit all their resources, use all their material wealth. They have explored all their territory. One hundred and three counties are laid out. Ninety-nine are organized. Twelve were organized in 1886, four more in 1887. The population west of the 100th meridian is now 85,000, being an increase of 18,000 in the last year. The year preceding State organization was a dry year (1860). An opinion grew therefrom that drought was a normal condition. This has been lived down. In 1874 a visitation of locusts held the State back so that for two consecutive years (1875, 1876) the population was stationary at 528,000. But the material advantages of the State are such—climate, soil, vigor—that those periods are forgotten, and it is demonstrated that growth is the normal condition of Kansas.

A superstition has been prevalent in Atlantic States to the effect that many Kansans are Indians. The figures of the census of 1880 dispel this illusion. There were then in Kansas four Indians fewer than in New York and five hundred fewer than in New England.

The railways of Kansas are in evidence as to its development. In 1865 not a mile of road in the State; in December, 1885, 4170 miles; in December, 1887, 8198 miles; 2535 miles built in a single year (1887). Four trunk lines extend from east to west through the length of the State. Three cut her southern boundary, and head for Texas, the Gulf, and the Southwest. All must leave her western frontier for the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific shore. At ten points on the northern line connections are made with Nebraska roads, and the eastern frontier is cut in twelve places by railroads to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the Atlantic ports.

No way is the growth of Kansas more manifest than in the development of the cities of the State. There increase in size, population, and number. The United States census of 1870 only assigns five cities of Kansas to the list of towns of over four thousand inhabitants, viz., Atchison, Fort Scott, Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Topeka; and at that time Leavenworth was the only one whose population exceeded ten thousand. In 1880 the list is increased by the addition of the names of Emporia, Ottawa, Parsons, Wichita, and Wyandotte; and three—Leavenworth, Topeka, and Atchison—had each more than fifteen thousand. A recent State return gives eight cities over ten thousand each.

Wichita...	31,730	Atchison	16,800
Leavenworth	31,210	Lawrence	16,820
Topeka	29,973	Fort Scott	19,020
Wyandotte	25,066	Emporia	10,410

Hutchinson and Wellington, not founded in 1870, have each over ten thousand, and twelve others are in the four thousand list. There are thirty-five other towns of more than two thousand inhabitants, and fifty-seven others that exceed one thousand. The sites of many of these five years ago were naked prairie.

The growth of some of these cities is phenomenal. That a Western town should grow fast is nothing. That it should continue to grow is a sign of persistence of force not to be doubted.

The three largest cities merit a brief notice. Leavenworth is the oldest. Its position near a military post on the Missouri River when Indians were a factor in Western population gave it importance from the first. Its business enterprise and public spirit kept it at the head of Kansas cities till last year (1887). Topeka, from

of the winds is remarkable. The gales become breezes in the neighborhood of numerous orchards, the planted groves, the growing corn. The "American Desert" of the old maps, and which early Kansans "allowed" might be found beyond the 99th meridian, has been pushed bodily from the State. *Non est inventus.*

One thing more: the spirit of the people. That has made the State. All newcomers become Kansans. As soon as they have been here a year they say, "We did it." Looking at what has been accomplished, they feel that it is not bragging to use the words of Eugene Ware, and say:

We have made the State of Kansas
And to-day she stands sublime;
First in cotton, first in wheat,
And her future years shall mount
Ridged hopes and fancy's heights."

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IN FAR LOCHABER

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER X. HITHER AND THITHER.

THIS answer that she had already constructed was pitilessly clear and logical, and was designed to convince, not that difference of creed put an insurmountable barrier between them, and that it would best consult the happiness of both by abandoning faith with what could only prove a futile fancy. But all the while that she was formulating this argument during many an anxious and silent hour that caused her sister Agnes to wonder why Alison had come back from the Highlands so preoccupied and thoughtful she could not conceal from herself that it was based, not so much upon any convictions of her own, as upon the convictions of her friends and relatives, and of the people among whom she lived. For what was her own attitude toward the Catholic Church, when she came to consider it dispassionately, and as she strove to free herself from those mists of prejudice in which she had been brought up? In former days, when she had been first alarmed by Paley's *Endowments*, she had sought refuge in authority. Who was she, she naturally asked herself, to set up her private judgment, and question truths that had been accepted by those who had devoted their lives to the investigation of these supreme matters? What learning or knowledge or critical faculty had she, that she should question, for example, the

conclusions arrived at by the Westminster Assembly of Divines? And now, when sincerity to regard the Catholic faith, if authenticity was to be her safeguard and end, would what more against authenticity could she find than in the religion that had lived Christendom for centuries after centuries, dowered with the majesty of antiquation tradition, and ever ready to receive into its bosom any genuine yearning soul that had been tossed about in the seas of perplexity and doubt? In that hour the greatest inhibitors of many hearts had found security and rest and consolation; why should she hesitate to believe what they had believed? No, it was not her own attitude toward the Catholic Church that caused her answer to Ludovick Maedonell to shape itself so clearly into a refusal; it was the knowledge that if she married a Catholic her nearest relations would be shocked to the heart, her friends and acquaintances would consider her as one abandoned and lost, while the congregation that sat and listened to her father's preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath would be astonished that the Minister should have been so failing in his private duties as to allow one of his own household to stray away into the camp of the enemy.

And yet when Ludovick Maedonell's letter did arrive she tore it open in haste, and glanced over its contents with a breathless anxiety. To her extreme surprise she found there was nothing argu-

mentative or polemical to it; he appeared to have taken it for granted that that was all gone and finished—that the representations he had made to her in the railway carriage would prove to be sufficient when she had time to consider them calmly; and now his appeal was all or nothing instead of to her friend. Certainly he did once revert to the fact of their belonging to different faiths, or to different versions of the same faith, but only to repeat what he had said before, that in these days of religious toleration and of individual liberty difference of creed was a wholly unimportant matter; that need never dislocate the relations between two persons who otherwise were at one. He did not seem in the least to understand the situation in which she found herself placed. All he wanted was that she should say yes, and forthwith and joyfully he would begin to make preparations at Oyre for the reception of the bride. What more simple? His father would be delighted, he said. He put his hopes and plans before the old gentleman, who he confessed, was at first inclined to rebel, for there had been another project in his mind; but the Herr Papa was won over at last, was forced to admit that he had been greatly charmed with the young lady who had visited Oyre that autumn, and finally said, "Bring her home as soon as you like, Ludovick, and I will take the rooms overlooking the kitchen garden, so that practically you'll have the whole house to yourselves."

"But that's not my scheme at all," continued Captain Ludovick. "Fancy, now, this morning I had to go out in search of my pa, having some business to talk over; and where do you think I found him? All by himself up at the edge of the plantations, engaged in clearing the dried leaves and weeds out of the surface drains with his stick—you remember the stick with the panther's claw set in silver? That's a fine occupation for the old laird of Oyre, isn't it? But I could imagine something much better than that for him. I could imagine him, on a warm afternoon, walking up and down the little avenue under the shade of the symonias, a young lady with him and clinging to his arm—a very pretty young lady, with the clearest and kindest of gray eyes, and the demurest of dimples in her cheek, and the most bewitching smile, and dark hair so neatly and nicely braided under a white Tam o'

shanter—and him telling her splendid and awful lies about the jungle, and her listening and believing every word, and pleasing him mightily. Can you guess who she was? I could see her quite clearly. Yes, and I could see Flora and Hugh come driving up in a dog cart, and get down with their rackets in their hands; then the young lady in the white Tam o' Shanter must needs fly away and get a rig and the *Inverness Courier*, and some whiskey and water, for the old gentleman, and put them on a small table in front of the house, and then she joined the others all determined to get three sets of tennis played before going in to dinner. And if the old gentleman, in the heat of the afternoon for his cigar got out and fell asleep behind the newspaper at all events he was in good company and more comfortably occupied than in pottering about all by himself and chasing dried leaves out of drains."

Alison turned from this letter with a sigh, and then, in its follow that had arrived by the same post. It was from Flora, sent at Ludovick's urgent request. And it was written in a very different key, for Flora seemed to perceive a great deal more clearly than he, the old strong lover, the difficulties with which Alison was surrounded, though, to be sure, she made light of them also, in her fairly so lucky fashion.

"DEAR ALISON. I hate you. You have turned the best fellow in the world into a dog. I try to shout him on to Hugh, who is quite sympathetic and agrees; for I am not sympathetic and don't agree, and decline to believe that you are the most wonderful creature that ever came into this weariful world. However, that's neither here nor there. My lord has given me his orders. I am to wrap it once and convince you that there is nothing to hinder a Protestant and a Catholic from marrying each other. He says you didn't know he was a Catholic until the very day you left—when he played us that pretty trick by cutting across through the Black Mount Forest and that you seemed quite upset by the discovery. But what does it amount to, if your two pretty dears really care for each other? Here's my solution of the difficulty: If you think that husband and wife must necessarily be of the same faith, why don't both of you agree to join the Church of England, which is a free,

convenient Half-way House between Protestantism and Catholicism? Isn't that sensible? At the same time, I see no reason why you shouldn't marry and remain Protestant and Catholic just as you are; I don't believe the difference would come into your actual lives at all; and there's one very certain thing, you need have no fear about the priests interfering with your domestic affairs or relations. Oh no; my worshipful gentleman has a *tolerably stiff neck*, and he has a kind of notion that his house is to be his own, and himself undisputed master of it. There won't be any cowed monk coming out from a sliding-panel at Oyre, or any kind of foreign dictation or interference, you may depend on that. Indeed, so far as your being a Protestant and his being a Catholic is concerned, I don't see why there should be any trouble at all—any more than the same difference affected your friendly relations with him when you were here, and when you didn't even guess at its existence, and if you were only to consider your two selves, every thing would be clear enough.

"But oh, Alison Blair, when I think of you forsaking all the preachings and teachings of your forefathers, and bidding defiance to the amazement and horror and bewailing of your friends and family, then it's quite another matter, and I'm not going to advise you, however Ludovick may beg and implore. For he doesn't understand, and that's the truth, or else he's so headstrong that he won't pay any heed. My goodness! the ghosts of all the Blairs of Moss-end would rise from their graves, and point their snaky finger at you, and sing psalms of lamentation tune, *Colshill*! And then the congregation, and the elders, and the elders' wives, and Agnes too—what would she say? Your joining hands at the Half-way House would be no kind of concession to them. What? the daughter of Mr. Blair of East Street Church gone away and become an Episcopalian!—you might just as well become a Catholic at once. Of course Ludovick won't hear of all this, but I know more than he does about the Free Kirk folk here. I hear plenty about them from my father; and if you mean to do this thing, you will have to pull yourself together to face the consequences.

"Well, now, my dear Miss Dimity, this is all I have to say by way of warning,

and I've freed my conscience. No doubt it has all been present to your own mind; for you know the conditions far better than I do, and no doubt you have been considering. But at the same time I must honestly tell you that if this alliance between Ludovick and you is *very, very serious*—and he *appears* to take it seriously—I wouldn't be frightened of these dire consequences if I were in your position. No, I wouldn't. If I cared for a man, I wouldn't pay much attention to what the East Street elders and their wives said about either him or me. But then I should have to care for him *a good lot*; and if your interesting little entanglement with Captain Ludovick was only a bit of summer flirtation—natural enough too, for he's very good looking, and good-natured, and quite as clever as you want a man to be, for you don't want them *to be too sharp*—well, you'd save yourself a great deal of trouble if you'd drop it at once. When men get an idea into their head, they hold on to it; and they never see a joke or take a hint; they're so frightfully serious; and in fact Ludovick is so completely *cute*! that I was afraid to suggest to him that perhaps you had only been having a little fun. Only a *perhaps*, my dear; and after all I don't think that is your line; but you kept so very quiet about it that Ludovick considerably astonished me when he came to me with his full-blown confession. And I hope I did not hurt your feelings by anything I said on board the steamer when you were leaving Port William. I thought you looked rather cut up; and I really did think Ludovick was treating you shabbily, after the attention he had paid you; so I thought I would restore your nerve by giving you a good wholesome dose of worldly wisdom. Did I say anything that too fearfully shocked your sensitive soul? At all events, if I uttered a single word against that incomparable man-criminal, Captain Ludovick, I hereby withdraw it, and make my humble apology on my two bended knees, and will never do so again.

"That's all. At present I prefer to keep a neutral attitude, in spite of Mr. Ludovick's fine speeches. I would advise you to consult Aunt Edith first before doing anything serious. At one time I know she entertained the idea that Ludovick was the scheming son of an impecunious

old Highland land and that half of them were conspiring to improve their impoverished estate with her money; but perhaps that was a passing whim of Periphony. Anyway, you would do nothing without consulting her if they going to give you the money that ought to come to me, you said!

"I suppose you were already reveling in dreams of future wealth when you went and tipped that tigered man, Johnny! Do you know what he did? His first exploit wasn't so bad; he merely got his photograph taken—the viscount, and when I said it was very like him, he chose to grin a very sarcastic grin, and say, 'Oh, they are much my looks! look pretty, these things!' saying me to understand that he was far above being vain of his personal appearance. But with part of the rest of the money the Lord brought an old blind pistol, and now you are never safe for five minutes—there's a *brat* just close behind you, and you jump up to find that John has been there at a gallop for searching up the garden, he says—But I know better! It's because he thinks they do him mischief when they bite his awares when they are only cats. Master John has been so kind as to say more than once about your health and general welfare.

"Now good-bye. I consider this is a letter, and that you're greatly indebted to me. Your affectionate cousin,

—FLORA.

"P.S.—Let me know! and don't forget about Aunt Catherine. Although you have robbed me, I don't hate you any at all.

Alison read this long epistle twice through, and with an ever increasing gratitude, for she easily recognized the aim of it. It was all meant to give her courage. If she said yes, then she was to face the consequences with a stout heart, and with the assurance that difference of creed was not such a terrible thing after all; if she said no, then a summer flirtation was a thing to be easily forgotten, and nobody the worse. A good deal of the careless gaiety of the letter, Alison could see, was assumed for this very purpose of cheering her up in the difficult position in which she found herself: otherwise she might have been a little surprised by its apparent lack of

womanly sympathy. Yet she could hear Flora's voice in it all the way through, and it was an honest voice, frank and straightforward, and most well-intentioned and friendly. And perhaps she could not help receiving her cousin's confidence and high spirits and admiring them too. High domesticity of that land was not a womanly thing in Kirk o' Shields.

But not for a moment did she hesitate about the answer she was to send to Ludo-
wick Muddonell, though, to be sure, when she came to put it down on paper, it did not seem to be quite so conclusive as when she argued it out in her own mind. There seemed something wanting. She grew to think that if she wrote a hundred letters she would never get him to understand the atmosphere in which she had been brought up, nor the opinions and sentiments of the people by whom she was surrounded. To him it did not seem to matter whether a torquem being was a Catholic or a Protestant, to them far smaller things, both as regards doctrine and practice, were of vital and transcendently important or affecting nothing less than their eternal salvation. Nay she told him frankly that although she might reason herself into his way of thinking, it could hardly be expected that she should have been brought up all her life to hear Roman Catholics described as dangerous enemies and Jewish and persecutors, and the Roman Catholic Church denounced as the Mother of Iniquity and the arch-ploter against man's lives and liberties, without holding some kind of prejudice. The Roman Catholics in Kirk o' Shields were the Irish laborers in the iron works, and that were a terror to the rest of the population. If a priest were seen in the street, the children would leave the pavement to let him pass, and look after him with fear on their faces. The Roman Catholics were popularly believed to be capable of committing any crime, for all they had to do was to go and purchase absolution; and were supposed to be secretly looking forward to the overthrow of the Protestant Church and the revival of heretic-burning. Fox's *Book of Martyrs* was in every cottage, side by side with the Bible; and the pangenation of children, from their earliest years, was stirred by hideous pictures of the sufferers tied to the stake and writhing among flames, with a scowling priest looking on and pressing a candle in the sight of the

dying man. And even if she could effectually clear her mind of the results of all this training, she would have to remember that her immediate relations and friends regarded Roman Catholics with an aversion and mistrust which they might possibly find it difficult to explain; while, as for the bulk of her father's congregation, they would regard her as having done something worse than merely imperil her own soul—as having betrayed a high trust, and brought disgrace on a family long renowned for its piety and its devoted constancy to the true faith.

This, or something like this, she hinted to him as clearly and yet as gently as she could; and then she read the letter over and over again, feeling more and more that it was useless, that he would not understand, that he would not accept it as a reason for her refusal. Nay, she began to imagine, as she brooded over these inadequate sentences, that if at this very moment she were in Lochaber, she would not be thinking in this fashion at all. What she had written seemed cold and narrow; seemed to be raking up an obsolete and despicable bigotry and intolerance; to have no honest concern with any human being's life. Oh, for one of those bright and clear and buoyant days, with a brisk wind ruffling the blue waters of Loch Linne, with the sun hot on the garden flowers and on the gray beach with its yellow fringe of sea-weed, with Flora laughing, and Hugh listening amused, and Ludovick begging of them to hurry down to the boat: she would not be thinking this way at all! But here, amidst a gloom of smoke and rain, with the incessant mournful throb and murmur of the iron-works all around her, and opposite her, visible through the streaming panes, the sombre black walls and closed door of East Street Free Church, all the future seemed hopeless enough, and her heart was heavy, and she knew not how to say good-by in a simple and natural way. For what was the use of considering these narrow prejudices, these ignorant bigotries, these contemptible aversions and suspicions, when all she had to say was good-by? She tore up the paper, and went to the rain-begotten window and stood there, gazing blankly out into the wet street.

But this had to be done, and the sooner the better: so she resolutely went back to her desk again, and wrote as follows:

"DEAR LUDOVICK. It cannot be. I think Flora will be able to tell you better than I can. I had written a long letter to you, but it seemed so heartless, and I don't want you to think me that. If you knew how I am situated, you would understand how this must be the last word, and I am sure, when I ask you you will accept it as such. If we should ever meet again, I hope you will let me be always to you what I should like to consider myself now—your sister and friend.

ALISON.

She cried a little; but when she had put the letter in an envelop and addressed it, and got the maid-servant, under shelter of an umbrella, to carry it to the post-office, her heart felt considerably lighter. It was over and done with now; she had to face the future as best she might; and in time she hoped this episode in her life would come to be regarded only as a kind of pleasant fancy, something to be remembered with a certain wistful tenderness, perhaps, but without any too serious pang.

Meanwhile she set about her busy and multifarious duties as honest mistress, as member of the Dorens Society, as Sunday-school teacher, and all the rest of it, with a cheerful assiduity, convinced that this was the surest way toward forgetfulness. That was all she wanted now. Of her own accord she had locked the door of the Beautiful Land and thrown away the key. Here were her true interests and cares—superintending her father's household, taking her share of the charitable work that was going, and making herself agreeable to the members of the congregation. She tried to think the best of them, and of their narrow views and rather mean and envious dispositions. They were what nature and circumstances had made them, she strove to remember. Their wretched, spiteful little tittle-tattle, especially directed against any one who was in any way prominent or prosperous, was perhaps but a pathetic confession of inferiority, or perhaps, on the other hand, it served as a check upon vanity and pretence. One thing she always could and did respect about them, and that was the earnestness and sincerity of their faith. There was no make-believe about that. If they were rather inclined to dwell on the fact that the rest of the human race were on the wrong road

to perdition that was merely what they had been taught. And if their temperaments were sombre and morbidly even to moroseness, what else could be expected as the result of their stern repudiation of all human affections, of their rigid renunciation of all natural enjoyment, of that routine of monotonous and grimy toil, of sordid cares and anxieties, amid surroundings plague-stricken of smoke and ashes and gloom?

Sometimes, when the two sisters had a quiet evening to themselves, Alison would sit and discourse of all the wonderful things she had seen during her stay in the north, and of the kindness of the people there; and Agnes had a vivid imagination, and could easily construct pictures out of what she heard. She had only seen her cousins Flora and Hugh on one occasion, and then they rather overawed this shy little lass, for they talked (as she imagined) beautiful English, and they had fine clothes, and a freedom of manner with which she was quite unaccustomed. They remained strangers to her—creatures belonging to a different sphere; but she could well understand how her sister Alison, who was so capable and clever in all ways, and used to be treated with respect, could go among them and not only hold her own, but be welcomed as an equal and friend. But of all the people that Agnes heard of, the one she was most interested in was Captain Macdonell; and indeed she heard a great deal about him, for Alison was schooling herself in this direction, and was making believe to herself that she could talk about him without any heart-tremor whatsoever. To Agnes the young Highland laird seemed the very heart and soul of all this wonderful life that her sister was describing—to be the central figure in all these imaginative pictures, and she was naturally curious about him.

"Was he so very handsome, Ailie?" she said, thoughtfully, on one occasion.

"Handsome!" said Alison, but with her face suddenly flushing red—"what has handsomeness to do with it? You would never think of his being handsome if you were with him; you would think of his happy disposition, and of his being able to do anything that was wanted, and of the way he seems to make the people round him pleased and light-hearted."

"Yes!" said Agnes, apparently still

contemplating her imaginary hero), "that is ever so much better. Isn't it, Ailie? To have a nice disposition than to be good-looking. Of course I thought he was good-looking; I don't know why; but now I can fancy him all you say, and quite plain as well."

"But I never said he was plain, Agnes," Alison said, with her face burning redder than ever. "No, not *plain*. I only said it wasn't his good looks you would think of first, or make the most of; but if it came to that—well, I—I think he is the handsomest and nicest-looking man I ever saw."

"Is he so, or is he really?" Agnes explained, with her eyes wide. "Oh, I think that's far pleasanter to think about! And I was sure he was handsome, some how—I'll tell you exactly what he is like, Ailie."

But this Alison, who was greatly embarrassed, managed to evade; and in order to escape from her invidious position she wandered off into a description of the general appearance of the young Highlanders she had met, especially of the manner in which they turned out their feet in walking, giving them a certain proud step and air. But Agnes was still thinking.

"Is he young, or more or less?" she asked.

Alison started somewhat; but instantly she recollected that that had been her own natural deduction from the intimacy she had found existing between Ludovick Macdonell and the Marquis.

"I don't know," she answered, absent (perhaps he may come day!)

During these confidences Alison scrupulously avoided all mention of what had happened between herself and Captain Macdonell. That was all over and done with she imagined; it was nothing now; it had only to be forgotten. Besides, she knew that Agnes would be inexpressibly shocked at the possibility of her sister marrying a Roman Catholic; and what was the use of alarming her, now that the possibility no longer existed? In all those recitals of her adventures in the north, Ludovick figured merely as the light-hearted companion, the master-spirit of their expeditions, the ever-considerate brother and friend. Agnes sat and listened with a vivid fancy that magnified and glorified. She heard of the wonders of the dawn flaring along the crests of

the mountains of Lochiel and Ardgour; she could see the bright colored garden, the white road, the shore, the calm loch, and Hugh's sailing boat lying at her moorings; she went fishing with them on those magical twilight evenings, while the northern glow hung high in the heavens far into the night; she went climbing with them up the sterile altitudes of Ben-Nevis, with all the land below in darkness, and Hugh and Flora singing:

*"The stars are all beaming cheerily, cheerily—
Ho ro, Mairi dhu, turn to me!
The sun now is mounting dreadfully, dreadfully—
Ho ro, Mairi dhu, turn to me!"*

She even transformed poor Johnny into a Scandinavian troll, possessed of supernatural gifts, and holding mysterious converse with the unseen powers. Aunt Gilchrist became a beneficent fairy godmother; for Alison had rather glossed over those little attacks of temper that were really the result of peripheral rheumatism. And one evening she said:

"Well, they seem to have been very kind to you, Ailie, and to have made much of you; and surely they cannot have forgotten you already. Have you not heard from any of them?"

"Oh yes, I had a letter from Flora," Alison answered; and then she honestly added, after a moment's hesitation, "And one from Captain Macdonell."

"I wish you had shown it to me," the younger sister said, unsuspectingly. "It would be like hearing him speak; and you get to understand people better that way. Did you answer them?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, I hope you let them know you were sensible of their kindness to you. For I think you are sometimes too stiff, Ailie, and dignified—but perhaps that's only with some people."

"Not with them, anyway," Alison said, promptly. "You couldn't be stiff with them."

So the days went by; and she strove to put her whole heart and mind into the duties and occupations immediately surrounding her; and she hoped that ere long she would be able to regard the time she had spent in Lochaber as a tale that had been told. Still, sometimes, and in spite of her strenuous endeavors at forgetfulness, she wondered that he had not sent the briefest line or word in acknowledgment of her letter. It needed no re-

ply, certainly—may, she had begged of him to accept it as the last word between them; he was only obeying her own injunctions in remaining silent. No doubt he knew, with herself, that that was best. Nevertheless, at odd moments, when some wandering fancy had gone straying back to the Highlands, she said to herself that surely he might have written just a line to say that her letter had been received. That would involve nothing. She wanted to know that he was not offended with her; that they were still friends. More than once she caught herself thinking too long about this matter, and growing sick at heart, so that tears would steal into her eyes when she was alone; and then she would get angry with herself, and dry her eyelashes with a proud impatience, and set to work more resolutely than ever at all those things that were expected of the Minister's daughter. Her sister did not even suspect.

One morning Alison happened to be alone in the house, save for the maid-servant Katie, and she was in her own room, busy with some dress-making performance. She heard the bell ring below, but paid little heed, for there were a good many callers at the Minister's house, and Katie would simply have to tell the visitor that Mr. Blair was not at home. Presently, however, the buxom, black-eyed wench appeared, and informed her young mistress that a gentleman wished to see her. Even then Alison was not surprised, for it was a common thing for members of the congregation to leave messages with her.

"Who is it?" she said, carelessly.

Katie looked round about her on the floor.

"He gied me a caird, miss, but I maun hae left it below."

"Oh, never mind," Alison said, and with much composure she went downstairs and opened the parlor door.

And then she stood transfixed, the color suddenly forsaking her face, her fingers tightly grasping the door-handle. For the stranger was no other than Ludovick Macdonell—Ludovick Macdonell, with very visible satisfaction and kindness shining in his eyes, and betraying no kind of hesitation or embarrassment whatever on finding himself in Kirk o' Shields and in the Minister's parlor, with Alison confronting him and almost shrinking back from his frankly outstretched hand.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISITOR.

"*ARGUS!*" he said, in a tone of remonstrance, and he went boldly forward and seized the hand that quite unconsciously she wanted pinned to withhold from him. For whether told of all her clear reasonings about Catholicism, and her conviction that at least there was fire in the common prophecies which she had been brought up to. His sudden appearance had startled her into her other self. She only knew—in a kind of rapid bewilderment—that here was a dangerous person come into her father's house; that she might be accused of harboring an enemy; that she had concealed from her people the fact that this Ludovick Macdonell, with whom she had been on more than friendly terms, was a Roman Catholic; and that unless he could be got away instantly, a terrible discovery would ensue. The young man looked at her with surprise, and with a sort of gaudily-mixed reproach. What could he, with his happy go-lucky assurance, know of these vague and wild alarms?

"Alison," he said, "you don't seem very glad to see me. I suppose I should have written to tell you I was coming. Of course you know why I did not answer your letter; I saw that writing you of no use; I thought it better to wait until I could see yourself; and so here I am. But I hope I haven't put you about."

"Oh no, Captain Macdonell—no," she stammered.

He dropped her hand in wonderment.

"(Captain Macdonell?)" he exclaimed. "It was 'Ludovick' in your letter."

"Yes," she said, rather impatiently.

"Yes—I was writing happily—and it was like saying goodbye—and perhaps I did not notice."

(And all the while her heart, that was beating quickly enough, was longing to cry aloud to him, "Oh, if we two were only in Scotland, I could speak to you there; but here I cannot speak to you; here there are people who would shield me to think that a Roman Catholic had made his way into the Minister's house and was talking alone with the Minister's daughter; if only we two were in Scotland, it would be all different then!")

"Alison," said he, "aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

This somewhat recalled her to her senses.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with the color flaming in her face; and she shut the door behind her, and went forward to the window, where there chanced to be two chairs conveniently placed. "But it was such a surprise to find you here."

"Oh, yes," he said in a very kindly fashion (for he was not one to take offence readily). "And of course I should have written. Or I should have waited till the afternoon; but the fact is, as soon as I got into the town I was so anxious to make sure you were here that I came along at once. And you needn't be afraid, Alison; I'm not going to plague you. I only wanted to—(he paused to tell you that I went to Flora, as you asked me, and she explained to me your probable reasons for saying no. But, Alison, they weren't reasons at all! If other people delight in fighting over silly differences, and in making their theological squabbles so many little gods to be worshipped, what has that got to do with you and me? Here I am, here you are; why should there be disagreement between us this impossible and that doesn't concern us? If you yourself were right, I could understand it; but you are not; and why should you for the togetherness of other people interfere between you and me? Of course," he said, altering his tone, and speaking with much more confidence, "you will see what I am saying. I am assuming that this is your only reason for saying no. Tell me, Alison; tell me honestly—supposing I were a member of your Church, you might then be persuaded to say yes?"

(For once more, however.)

"My people would have no objections against you then," she said, in rather a low voice.

"But that is not it," he urged, though quite gently. "You yourself, what would you say?"

(The color was lower still.)

"What is the use of speaking of it?" was all she said; but it was the telltale color in her face that was for him sufficient answer.

He rose and took her hand, and held it for a moment; there was a proud and kind look in his eyes.

"I'm not going to press you further, Alison. I know enough now. You have

told me quite enough; and now you must leave me to conquer all these tremendous difficulties that you seem to think so formidable. And first of all," he continued, in a very cheerful fashion, "I'm coming along this afternoon to show your father and your sister that I'm not a desperate man-eating ogre; that's what I've got to do."

Now she had gradually grown accustomed to the sound of his voice, and his very presence seemed to have lent her something of his own happy self-confidence; but this abrupt proposal recalled her first alarms, and she looked up startled.

"Oh yes," said he, and she could not help admiring the robust unconscious audacity he exhibited, even while she looked forward to this contemplated interview with a good deal of dismay—"that is the best plan, to show yourself and give people an opportunity of judging what you are. The house-maid told me your father would be in about four o'clock. I asked for him first—no, don't be frightened! not to say anything serious—only to say that I knew relatives of his in the Highlands, and that I had met you there, and that I wanted to make his acquaintance, as I happened to be in the neighborhood. Will your sister be in then too?"

"Oh yes," said Alison, though she was still rather aghast. "Agnes will be back for dinner at two o'clock, and will be in all the afternoon."

"So much the better," said the young man, who seemed very well content after having received that assurance from Alison's downcast face. "I want your sister to be on my side; and I think I shall be able to manage that. But how I am to get at the whole congregation—how I am to win over the elders' wives—I don't quite see at present; and Flora seemed to fancy you would consider their opinion as of some importance. I shouldn't have thought so myself; but still perhaps you know best. Well, good-bye just now, Alison. You have made me very happy, though you have not said much; and I'm not going to torment you in saying more; I'm well content to wait."

So presently he was gone, and she was once more alone, and entirely confused and disconcerted by this bold and unexpected intrusion. She could not understand it at all as yet. Mechanically she began to put things straight about the lit-

tle parlor, wondering if he had paid any attention to these small matters; and she was mortified to think that she had that very morning postponed putting up clean curtains until the following day. Then she went to the mirror over the mantelpiece, and rather anxiously smoothed her hair—as if that was of any use now! Moreover, her mind was all in a turmoil about this forth-coming visit in the afternoon: as to how Agnes would regard him; as to how her father would receive him; what he might think of the family as a whole. These were the immediate things that concerned her; as for his arguments, if arguments they could be called, she paid little heed to them. He had not in the least upset her conviction that it was all over between them: she understood what he could not be brought to understand; and there was an end of that. But she thought of Oyre, and of the old laird there, and of his great kindness and courtesy and gentleness to her a stranger; and she hoped that Ludovick would bear away with him no unpleasant impression of her family and of her friends, if he should happen to meet any of them. And then she remembered having seen in a certain shop window a very neat small collar—an upstanding collar, like striped, such as those Flora was used to wearing; and she thought she would quickly slip out and purchase that little bit of adornment before Agnes should be home for dinner.

But this town of Kirk o' Shields seemed now to be full of all kinds of sudden surprises and bewilderments. She had not put on her bonnet and left the house over a couple of minutes when she found herself once more confronted by Captain Ludovick, who was coming sauntering along the pavement, staring about him as if he were owner of the whole place. And while his eyes lighted up with pleasure at sight of her, it was with the greatest coolness that he inquired whither she was going, and proceeded to walk with her in that direction. To be going along the main street of Kirk o' Shields with Ludovick Macdonell by her side—this was a strange thing; and she hoped she was giving coherent answers to his many questions, for she felt that the eyes of all the neighbors were upon her, and she was profoundly grateful to him for affecting to take a friendly interest in this small town. She did not understand that his friendly

interest, his more than friendly interest, was due to the fact that this was her birth-place; that he was regarding these squalid pavements only to think that now and again she had to trip along them; and that it was the influence of Alison's own eyes that caused his eyes to see something very fine and picturesque in the whole masses of steam intertwisting themselves among the darker clouds of smoke. She was forlornly saying to herself that she had none save Kirk & Shields' look so squalid and grimy, while on the other hand, was declaring that there was a distinct glimmering of sunlight that would soon break through the murky skies. And when they came to a certain large four-story house that he seemed among these small two-storied houses of dirty gray—she was quite ashamed. This had been a theatre, the only effort of gravity ever made in Kirk & Shields' and now the windows were all broken and battered in, and the dismal walls were plastered over with rain-beaten and bedraggled placards, and the words of the Royal License over the doorway were no longer to be made out by any eyes.

"Poor devils!" said Maedonell, contemplating this sorry sight: "the last lot who had to forsake that place must have had a bad time of it; for a provincial company will hold on so long as there's a single penny coming into the treasury."

"Please don't say anything about it to my father," Alison hinted, rather anxiously. "They are rather proud of having shut up the theatre."

"Oh, you may trust me!" he said, confidently. "You may trust me. You've no idea of the amount of discretion I have."

"Perhaps not," Alison said—and she ventured to look up with a bit of a smile—"for I haven't seen much of it, have I?"

And behold! at this moment who should come along the street but the Rev. James Cowan, who, as he drew near, stared and better stared at this stranger, even to summoning up courage to raise his cap to Alison. Ludovick bestowed upon the young probationer but the faintest glance.

"What's that?" he said to his companion, when the pallid-faced young man in the loose black clothes had passed.

"He is a young friend of ours," Alison made answer, and she appeared a little embarrassed. "A young minister—but he has not got a church yet."

"His trousers would make a dog laugh," Maedonell said, indifferently, and as if that were the only comment that was necessary.

And not only did Captain Ludovick wait all the way to the shop with her, but he remained outside until she had finished her purchases, and proceeded to accompany her home again. It did not seem to come to him that the neighbors might be wondering where was the unknown young man who was the Minister's daughter. Indeed he paid but little heed to what was going on around him; and although he did catch another glimpse of the Rev. James Cowan—who was forever watching them from a distant corner—he made no comment about either him or his trousers this time, but went on talking to Alison, who could not get him to walk quick. He appeared to have this leisurely strolling about the gray pavement with Alison by his side. And when at length he left her at the Minister's house and the time was that he turned away in a fine morning coat of fashion as if his occupation were gone, and he knew not now what to do.

But she had plenty to do and to think over about his coming back in the afternoon. A hundred times would she rather have had him stay away; but how could she find any such thing after the kindness and hospitality she had received in the Highlands? No, all she could do now was to make everything as tidy as possible about the little parlor; and when Agnes came home she got her help in putting up some new curtains. Agnes, meanwhile, being filled with wonderment over the unheralded appearance of this stranger from the far country she had heard so much about. Again and again Alison strove to tell her sister that Ludovick Maedonell was a Roman Catholic, but invariably her heart failed her; she was extremely anxious—she did not ask herself why—that Agnes should think well of him; and there was no time to combat prejudices now.

As it chanced, when the Minister returned home he was accompanied by Mr. Todd, the Presbyter, and when they had laid aside their hats and entered the par-

lor, they resumed the subject that had been occupying them as they walked along. The Precentor was a little, elderly, gray whiskered man, who spoke in a soft and suave fashion, as if he was carefully guarding his voice for his musical duties on the Sabbath; and his manner was of a studied humility, as if he was well aware that pride of office was inconsistent with the character of a Christian. It appeared that a number of the younger members of the congregation had signed and forwarded to him a memorial, begging him to introduce into his repertory a few of the more modern tunes, of a somewhat lighter cast than the old-established Bangor, York, Balerna, and the like; and the Precentor would not presume to settle this serious question by himself; he would rather have the Minister's advice.

"For maself, Mr. Blair," he was saying as Alison sat and listened intently for the door-bell, "I consider it quite natural that the younger folk should like a pleasant and lightsome tune like New Lydia or Devizes, even if they could hardly expect me to go the length o' Desert or Violet Grove; for many o' them practise psalm tunes at home, and they're better employed that way than in singing idle or worse than idle things that come frae theatres and sic places. But then, on the other hand, there's the older folk that have been accustomed a their lives to Mertyrdon and Coleshill and Dundee; they're sair put about by what they call the rals; and there's more than one o' them would say that tunes like Merksworth or Walmer, where there is pairt-singing, are not respectful to the Psalms. In throwing bits of them this way and that, as they would say."

"Surely," answered the Minister, "the younger people must remember that we enter the Lord's house for the purposes of prayer and worship, and not to exercise any personal gift of voice; and surely those tunes are the best that all are familiar with, and that exclude none from singing to the praise of God in His own tabernacle."

"Yes, Mr. Blair, that's true enough," the Precentor said, scratching his head in his perplexity; "but I'm afraid they'll no think o' that when they hear that the Precentor o' the U. P. Kirk has been giving out such tunes as Shrewsbury and Cornhill. I would not like to dictate; I hope

I am a person of reasonable judgment and moderation—"

Alison heard no more. The bell rang. She could hear the house maid go along the lobby; then there were other foot steps; presently the parlor door opened; and there was Ladyrick Macdonell, hat in hand. The Minister rose.

"Father," said Alison, rather breathlessly, "this is Captain Macdonell, who is a friend of the Munros in Fort William—and of Aunt Gilchrist too—and—and—"

"And I thought, as I was passing through Kirk o' Shields," said this young man, with the easiest assurance in the world, "I might as well call and see how Miss Blair was, so that I might tell her friends in the north. She made a good many while she was there."

The Minister received this unexpected guest with a grave courtesy, and bade Alison see that tea was brought in. At first the conversation was of a vague and general kind—about the war rumors, of which the newspapers informed them to be full, and the young Highlander had plenty of information to impart; for he seemed to have travelled all over Europe; and besides, he had a sort of semi-professional interest in the question. The fifth Precentor remained mute; Bangor and Coleshill were lost in the discussion of those wide affairs; while Agnes sat and all intently stared at Alison's head, and not without some little secret elation of heart. Presumably he was fit to be a hero, this young person said to herself, so good-looking and gallant as he was; and he talked to her father in a gay and frank fashion that somewhat astonished her; and Alison had never told her that he had so pleasant a smile. And he was going to marry Flora! No wonder Alison had talked a great deal about him—so handsome he looked, so winning and gentle was his manner. She would listen with a far keener interest now (if that was possible) to Alison's stories of her experiences and adventures in the far northern land.

Meanwhile tea had been brought in, and the Precentor had taken advantage of this break to resume his discussion of the merits of the various psalm tunes, and of the advisability of his listening to the prayer of his humble petitioners. Macdonell listened for a few minutes, and then he turned to Agnes, who sat next

him, and began talking about music generally, and asking her whether there were any concerts in Kirk o' Shields and so forth.

"I was up at Fort Augustus last autumn," said he, in a casual way, "at the performances given by the school-boys at our Benedictine Abbey—just before they left for the holidays, and the way they presented a little comic opera—I forget the name—was really admirable. For an amateur performance, it was as clever a thing as ever I saw done."

Alison quaked to hear these dreadful sounds. The Benedictine Abbey! This was a specimen of his degradation, then! But fortunately the Precentor was engaged to the Minister's wife at that moment; while as for Agnes, her heart was so well inclined toward this young man that suspicion of his true character never entered her head.

Indeed for Alison this visit was a severely trying ordeal; and despite all her remembrance of Highland hospitality and kindness, she could not help wishing that this young man was well out of the house. She knew not but that any moment the disclosure that she desired might be made, and she could imagine her father's look of astonishment, and perhaps some other kind of look directed to herself, she could imagine her sister's sudden disappointment and reproach; she knew that the Precentor would have a wonderful story to spread about among the members of the congregation. As for Ludovick Macdonell, he appeared to be quite at his ease. When the Minister, returning to his stranger guest, began to speak of the position of the Free Church in the Highlands, and his representative powers there, and such things, Macdonell smilingly observed,

"Yes, sir, I believe the 'Highland host' is a formidable contingent when you have any delinquent to punish."

The Minister raised his heavy eyebrows for a second, for the "Highland host" is generally so described by scoffers and frivolous persons; but he quickly went on to say, in his grave and determined manner:

"They have done us good service; and that at a time when a tenacious clinging to the truth, and a constant battling for it, is of the first moment. For what do we find all around us—a disposition to

soften and break down those demarcations which our forefathers erected, and which are now our only safeguard against an indifference that is but the first step to the complete indifference. Oh yes, I hear the tale that is going on! 'It is time to forget old conflicts,' they say. High time indeed it is to forget old conflicts if we are willing to forget why they were fought, and who fought them, and the strength they gave us as a possession for ourselves and our children and our children's children. Yes, I hear what they say," he continued, with a deepening sound. "I do heartily love continuity—between the soil and the land! All things are made for it. England is leaning forward to a national church government; Scotland has hankerings for a liturgical worship; and the beginning is surely enough—towards a union between the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians, notwithstanding a difference in organization, but how would it deprave the poor citizens of their indifference of confirmation and their other rites and ceremonies! Has not the movement begun? Have we not set here and there in our own Presbyterian churches images and shrines, and crucifixes, and high mass, and mummeries of processions?"

"What do you do they say that?" exclaimed Mr. Todd, in a soft, awe-struck voice.

"But the danger, as they call it, is not yet," the Minister resumed. "There are some of us who still remember that there was such a thing as the Reform League and Covenant. There are still a few of us who seemed to be deluded by Episcopalian doctrine into surrendering one jot or tittle of our position against the debased and idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome."

"Father," said Alison, in helpless haste, and with her forehead blushing pitifully, "Aunt Gilchrist said that—that she might perhaps come through to Kirk o' Shields this winter; she will be quite surprised to hear that Captain Macdonell has been to see us."

Feeble as this interposition seemed to be, it proved effectual. For Captain Ludovick, noticing her embarrassment, quickly came to her relief and began to say some very nice and good-humored things about Aunt Gilchrist and her ways—to all of which the Minister listened in silence.

his face having resumed its ordinary expression of profound and resigned melancholy. And then, as the Precentor, after a few final observations about Comfort, French, and Artaxerxes, rose to go, the other guest had no good excuse for remaining, and both proceeded to take their leave. Macdonell said pleasantly enough that he was very glad to have had the chance of making the Minister's acquaintance, and hoped to see them all again, should he revisit Kirk o' Shields. There was an abundant kindness in his look as he bade good-by to Agnes; and then Alison, following the custom of most small Scotch households, herself escorted her guests to the outer door, which Ludovick Macdonell opened. Having allowed the Precentor to go on a step or two, he paused for a second as he took her hand, and then he said, regarding her upturned face:

"I want to see you again, Alison, for a minute, before I go back home. You are not terrified now, are you? You see no one has eaten me alive. Well, good-by for the present—mind, I shall be looking out for you." And with that he was gone.

So he had not left for good, after all, she said to herself, when she found an opportunity for a little half-frightened self-communion. He was still in this very town, under this dull canopy of a sky; perhaps only a street or two off; perhaps wandering about the bit of a hill on which stands the Established Church; perhaps down at the canal wharves, regarding the grimy work going on there. And he was still bent upon seeing her again—looking forward to some casual meeting, which might easily be construed into a clandestine meeting, should any one happen to pass by. She assured herself that she would not go forth from the house until she knew that he had finally quitted the town; and yet she could not keep herself from thinking of all the various thoroughfares and districts, and wondering in which of them he might be, and how Kirk o' Shields was looking in his eyes. Had he not even attempted to praise the picturesque of these wreathing clouds of steam and smoke? He was well disposed toward the place, she thought. And she was glad that he seemed to have taken no manner of offence at what her father had said about the Church of Rome.

All the rest of that day she did not go out at all, and half the following night she passed in wondering whether she dared venture forth the next morning. Next morning came; dark and lowering it was, with the mighty forges flashing their orange flames into the heavy rain-empurpled skies; and she began to think it would be cowardly of her to remain within-doors. Why should she keep him hanging about this dull place on so dismal a morning, if he was bent on seeing her? Finally, having disposed of her household duties, she put on her bonnet and ulster (for the weather was getting cold now), and having fixed in her mind certain errands which might serve as an excuse, if need were, she left the house.

Now there were two ways of getting down to the centre of Kirk o' Shields: one by the main street of the town, the other by a less frequented thoroughfare that overlooked a branch of the canal and also the wide extent of plain on which the iron-works stood. She chose the latter, thinking it quite probable he might be strolling about there, watching the barges coming and going far below him, or waiting to see the molten metal of the furnaces run out like crimson serpents into the greeves of the sand beds. But there was nobody at all in this silent and deserted thoroughfare; and she was thinking she might just as well return to the main street of the town, when she found herself overtaken. Without turning she knew who this was: she was not surprised when she heard her name; she stopped and welcomed him with a kind look and with hardly any embarrassment. Even in that brief glance, however, she could see that his face was much graver than usual.

"Alison," he said, "I have been thinking over all that Flora told me, and I believe I understand your position a little better now, and all the difficulties that surround you. Well, there is but the one way out of it: come away from among these people altogether!"

She shook her head, rather sadly.

"I could not do that."

"Why not?"

"There are duties one can't throw over merely to please one's self," she said. "But even if I were willing to leave my own family and the people among whom I have lived, it isn't my going away merely that would hurt and shock them. I

suppose it is a common thing for a young woman to have to leave her own people. But this is different! You don't know what is expected of a Minister's daughter. Ever since you baby feet were I have been in terror lest any one should find out you were a Catholic! I have not even told my own father of mine.

"I grieved so much," said he, rather grimly, "from one or two expressions your father used; and my own inclination was to tell them there and then and brave it out, only I thought it might worry you, and so I let the thing drop. However, I don't see that it matters much whether they know that I am a Catholic or not. I don't want to convert them; I suppose they would consider it impious to try and convert me. But that's another matter now there. My being a Catholic doesn't concern them; it concerns you and me only."

"Ludovick," she said, and she turned her innocent, clear eyes toward him with an appeal which he could not withstand. "Is this to be the end? Perhaps I have said more than I meant to say. But you cannot understand how I am situated. And—and you won't press me any farther—don't make it too hard for me to say good-by."

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Of course," she said, still regarding him with that look of appeal, "we shall be friends—always, always, always!"

"Alas!" said he, slowly, "you mean this—that I am to say no more?"

She nodded her head.

"Very well," said he, after a moment's hesitation, "my mouth is shut. But we shall be friends, as you say, always. And you want me to say good-by here and now?"

"Yes—yes," she murmured.

"Very well. Good-by, and God bless you, my darling," he said, and then, before she knew what was happening, he had stooped and kissed her, pressed her hand once more, and she was left in this solitary thoroughfare—regarding that retreating figure through a blinding mist of tears, and with a heart that yearned and yearned to call him back again in spite of all her strength of will. Then she turned away, and slowly got back to her father's house, and shut herself up in her own room, concealing herself from the light of day and feeling what she

described her "immense" grief. For it was all over now; and these bitter and passionate tears and thisaching sickness of heart were but a merited punishment meted out to her for having listened to idle promptings and dreamed idle dreams.

Then to the very midst of this utter possession of misery, she brought her of the hour at which the next train would pass through Kirk o' Shields for Stirling, Callander, and the north; and it seemed to her that she might steal along to the station, with some despairing notion not of speaking to him again, but of being able herself to come to wish him a last farewell. So she hurriedly arose, and removed as well as she could the traces of her beauty; then she crept along the deserted thoroughfare she had left but half an hour before, and managed to reach the railway line just as the train was about to start. Stealthily as a ghost, and white-faced, she peered underneath the fluted, up a wooden staircase, and on to the platform, but so concealing herself that no one in the train could see her. Alas! what was the need of concealment? He was not looking for her here; he had no thought of her being there; these strange, dark, cold, all too friendly, he knew. The great black engine, throwing up clouds of steam that were a bewildering white against the increasing heavens, began to draw away from the station; more and more rapidly it went, its smoking and chattering wheels still its disappeared altogether; and before her there was nothing but the empty track of black ashes and the white, airy, airy of rail that went away and disappeared and disappeared until they were lost in the haze that seemed to fill those dreamy and happy days. She stood there, strong-eyed and heavy of heart, watching with watchful visions to her lot of the future and happy scenes whether he was kinder than the Minister's daughter, still pale-faced, and somewhat worn and tired in look, but with a touch of animation about her lips, walked with firm enough step through the dull streets of Kirk o' Shields back to her father's house. She was grave and silent that was all as she sat about her ordinary duties, and even her sister and any suspicion of what had happened.

(To be continued.)

SURPLICED CHOIRS IN NEW YORK.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

I.

HAS the growth of ritualism in the Protestant Episcopal Church revived a mild form of the conviction preached by St. Bernard, that woman is an instrument of the devil? Is the ungracious Pauline doctrine, *Taceat mulier in ecclesia*, recovering its old time authority? Or is the movement which seems destined soon to put surpliced choirs into all the Episcopal churches in New York city merely the product of a predilection for a certain style of ecclesiastical service, which has justification and explanation at once in a discoverable tendency in modern music?

The questions are not easy of answer. It would be against the liberality of the age (setting aside an appeal to its gallantry) to urge either the first or second proposition, while assent to the third is tantamount to saying that we are experiencing a revival of a taste in church music which is two centuries old, and emphatically different from that exhibited in our opera-houses and concert-rooms. Moreover, it is obvious that such a revival, to be sincere, consistent, and intelligent, would have to go much beyond the simple exclusion of women from the choir; and there are no evidences of a disposition to take the longer step. We are restoring an old apparatus and employing it in a new fashion—putting new wine into old bottles. More than one-third of the vestries in New York city have committed the choral service to the care exclusively of boys and men, yet I am unable to name a single church or chapel in which the choral music is confined to compositions written for boys and men. Selections from the masses and oratorios of classical and modern composers are extensively used; and when choir-masters, following their tastes or paying tribute to tradition, make drafts on the music of the old English cathedral school, they only add to the perplexities of the problem. Very much of this music, more particularly that composed in the period of the Restoration, compels the employment of the male adult alto, whom I find it impossible to look upon except as a relic of a debased age, and from every point of view a musical monstrosity. Nor have I exhausted the complications of the case.

Surpliced choirs are obviously the creations of ritualism, and to some extent serve to indicate its progress, yet in some of the establishments which intrench the High-Church party in New York, priests and choir-masters have set up a variant reading of St. Paul's maxim: they apply to women an inversion of the bachelor axiom concerning the proper conduct of children in company, and permit women to be heard but not seen, in the chancel.

History has but little explicit information to give as to the genesis of surpliced choirs in New York. Trinity Church was the cradle of choral culture in New York, not only in its ecclesiastical phase, but also its secular, and the beginnings of the movement are to be sought in its annals, notwithstanding that it had no surpliced choir until the year 1860, and that it was less an artistic and ecclesiastical than a social and political impulse which gave us the institution. When Trinity made the change, one church at least—the chapel in Madison Street—had already maintained a surpliced choir for some time; but as all roads lead to Rome, so all inquiries touching the cultivation of choral music in New York eventually discover Trinity Church as its fountain-head. In the early part of the eighteenth century Trinity Church was the most powerful agency at work in New York for the advancement of music. Indeed, until it became a force in the social and intellectual life of the city, church music seemed with our hope. New England Puritanism, though the offspring of a spirit which tried to destroy every organ and choir-book of England, put a slighter barrier in the way of artistic music than the Calvinism brought here by the Dutch and Huguenot colonists. These people were not artistically minded, and Calvin's injunction that neither words nor notes of the Genevan Psalter should be altered, retained a restrictive power over their descendants for a long time. New York had to be anglicized before the love for an artistic church service could show itself.

It has been surmised that the first organ brought to the colonies stood in Trinity Church. Certain it is that the unbroken record of Trinity's organists runs back to 1741. Boys were used in the choir a full century before they were per-

mitted by some sculptors and all in the church, but, so far as I have been able to discover, this was only an special occasion, and the boys were those of the Charity School. An English schoolmaster and music-teacher, William Tuckey, seems to have been exceedingly successful in building up the service to the middle of the last century. Mr. Tuckey, according to his own description of himself was "Professor of the Theory and Practice of Vocal Music, Organist of the Cathedral Church of Bristol, and Clerk of the Parish of St. Mary's Port in said city. It was this gentleman who, in January 1761, composed an anthem, 'On the Death of His late Sacred Majesty George II. and sang the solo part at its performance in Trinity Church, while the charity boys provided the chorus. It is possible that the beginnings of a choir service were due to this same useful man, for in the issues of the *New York Gazette* of September 16 and 25, 1762, appeared a long advertisement informing the residents of New York that "William Tuckey has obligated himself to teach a sufficient number of persons to perform the 'Te Deum. . . . Performances to my ordering. . . . and it is expected that they will, . . . find enough to join the choir on any particular occasion, especially of the opening of the new organ." Mr. Tuckey desired "all persons, from lads of ten years old. . . . as well as all other persons of good repute that have good voices. . . . (in the speech) in their application."

II.

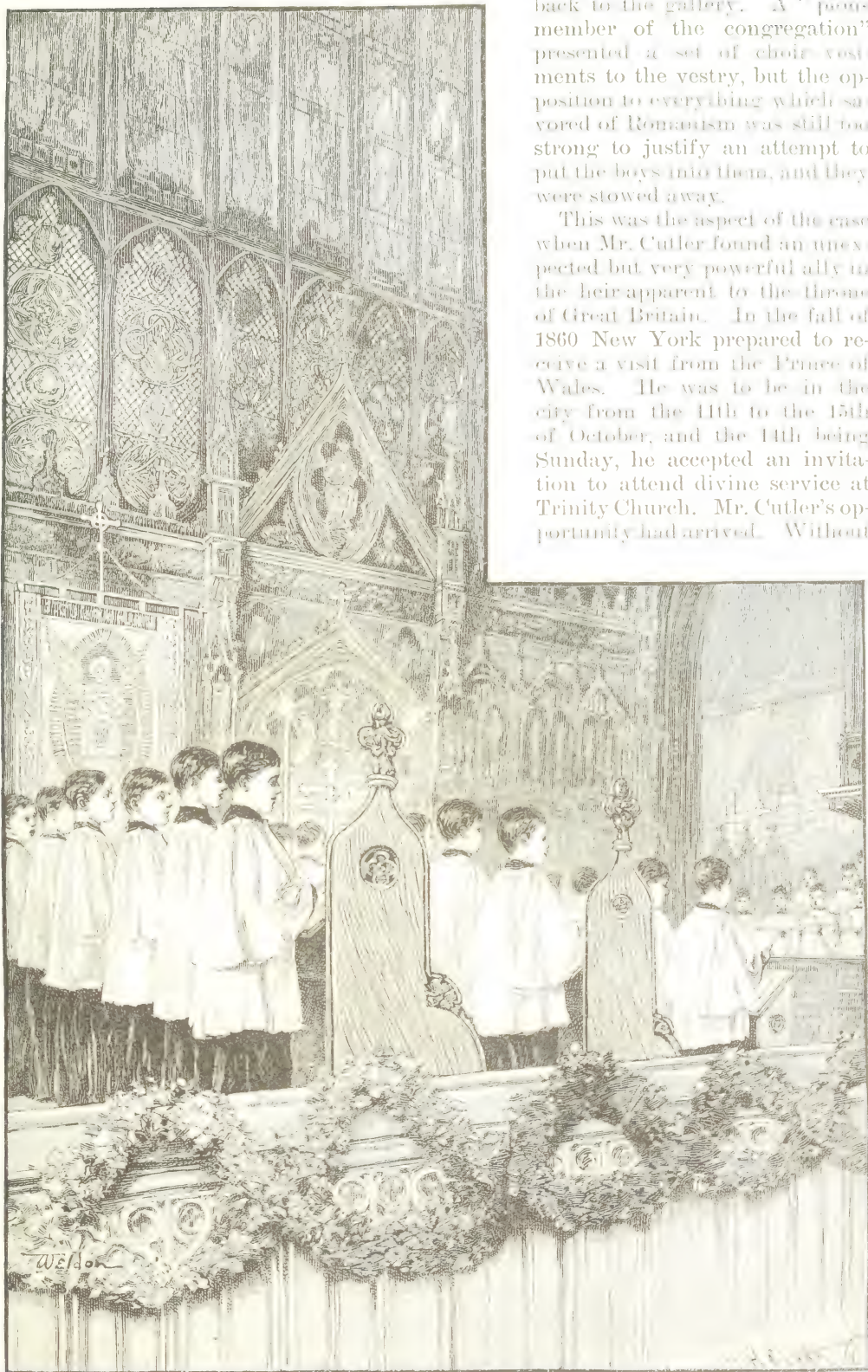
Ninety-eight years prior Mr. Tuckey undertook to touch all corners to "perform" the "Te Deum," Trinity was yet without a vested choir. During the last two decades of this time an English cathedral musician, Dr. Edward Hodges, was organist. Early in this century it may be assumed that the patriotic feeling left by the war of the Revolution had something to do with creating a prejudice against the adoption of English customs; later, perhaps, the opposition to the Tractarian movement exerted a restrictive influence. Puseyism in England was a powerful quickener of the artistic elements in the Episcopal form of worship. Trinity has always been a little back of the strenuous line in the battle between High Church and Low Church, but that there was a strong feeling in the church favor-

able to the introduction of a surpliced choir is proved by the circumstance that the vestments were on hand before the vestry gave its consent to their use, and that this change was made within a short time after a really determined effort to achieve it. This effort took place within two years after the English organist, called on his position by an American.

Dr. Hodges' services in behalf of the music of Trinity Church are yet remembered with much gratitude. After nineteen years of zealous labor, he returned, in 1848 to his native England, to recover from the effects of a second stroke of paralysis. The lay-assessor Henry Stephen Cutler was invited to come from Boston and act as his substitute. Mr. Cutler had been of choice of a vested choir in the Church of the Advent in the New England capital, and the membership quietly in Trinity found it hard to enthusiastic and determined leaders. While he was Dr. Hodges' substitute he could not effect a change, but in 1879, it being found that Mr. Hodges could not resume his duties, Mr. Cutler was organized to succeed him. There were boys in the choir at this time, but from twelve to thirty; the solos and parts were represented by Mr. Cutler, and the boys, and he began to recruit his soloists. Not long afterward, however, he found two lads, one named Robjohn, who had recently come from England, and the other Henry Kyte Brown, and placed them respectively at the head of the Treble and Contralto sides of the choir, which had been thus divided through it sat in the organ gallery at the east end of the church. I mention the names of these two lads chiefly because the advantages of a choir boy's education, which have so often been praised in England, had splendid illustration in both instances. Robjohn is now known as Caryl Brown, and he and his companion have probably made as capable musicians in the metropolis. When Mr. Cutler found them he dismissed all his women singers, and the first decisive step toward a surpliced choir was taken. The next step followed quickly. With the consent of the vestry, he moved his choir into the seats reserved for the scholars of the Sunday-school, between the congregation and the altar, and when it was found that now there were none in the way, they were moved into the chancel rather than

back to the gallery. A "poor member of the congregation" presented a set of choir vestments to the vestry, but the opposition to everything which savored of Romanism was still too strong to justify an attempt to put the boys into them, and they were stowed away.

This was the aspect of the case when Mr. Cutler found an unexpected but very powerful ally in the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. In the fall of 1860 New York prepared to receive a visit from the Prince of Wales. He was to be in the city from the 11th to the 15th of October, and the 14th being Sunday, he accepted an invitation to attend divine service at Trinity Church. Mr. Cutler's opportunity had arrived. Without



IN TRINITY CHANCEL.

delay for and her accession to the cause had before the church authorities a request for permission to use the old vestments. Their argument was as simple as it was effective. They represented that the spectacle of a lot of boys in roundabouts and neck-gear of assorted styles and colors sitting in the chancel would be disagreeing to the Prince's sense of propriety. Promptly Mr. Cutler was requested to put the boys in the now-forgotten frocks for the education of the Prince, and that the women should use the sobriety to the convent by awkward movements or those that were plain with veils coming to the brow with black ribbon ties for the neck—"very like a night gown," said one of the choir in relating the story, "and we were afraid we would stumble in them; they were changed two or three Sundays before the Prince's visit for robes." Concerning this first vested service a few additional facts may not be deemed useless. The choir numbered twenty-three voices distributed as follows: ten sopranos, four alti, three tenors, and six basses. The service was chanted, save the "Te Deum" and "Benedictus," from a volume by Mr. Cutler in B flat, and an air by Marcello, in which the solos were sung by Dr. Guilmette, a much-admired bass singer of the period, and Master James Little, soprano. Concerning the latter, a programme of exercises furnished to the press reporters stated that he had "a voice of extraordinary power and splendor."

It had taken a long time to get the choir into vestments, but once in, it was not taken out. Surprised choirs had come to stay in Trinity parish. The fashionable choirs in the other Episcopal churches at this time were mixed quartettes. These cultivated a sentimental and secular style of music, largely consisting of arrangements for four voices of popular opera airs and ballads. Religious aspirations took wings with Abel's narrative swallows, and were lulled to rest with the languishing strains of Flotow's "Mezzanotte." Mr. Cutler's tastes were different. We have seen that reputation by Marcello was chosen to edify the Prince of Wales, and the master of Palestrina and Bach were not strangers to his programme. St. John's Chapel was promptly in the movement, and ever since 1876, when the present organist, Mr. George

T. Le Jeune was called to the post, the chapel in Varick Street has contested supremacy with the parent church in the performance of the choral service. Meanwhile many of the churches that were unwilling to make the change, encouraged by the example of George William Warren in Brooklyn, and it may be also stimulated by the better part-writing to be found in the original and adapted music which Joseph Mosenthal gave out, organized choirs of mixed voices to cooperate with the solo quartettes. For a quarter of a century Mr. Mosenthal's popularity was a powerful check on the surplis-movement, but it continued to wax steadily, if slowly, and only a few months ago it carried him out of Calvary Church after twenty-seven years of eminent service, as it had cost him his post at St. John's exactly six years previous. Grace Church, whose walls echoed to the music of Malibran's voice Sunday after Sunday some two years ago, has adhered to its old traditions, and it seems as if the waves of fashion would continue to dash against it in vain. Mr. Cutler's pride in his choir, especially after he found a solo soprano in a fair named Richard Carey, who had a voice of phenomenal range, flexibility, and quality, led him to utilize it in secular concerts, which circumstance is said to have caused the severance of his relations with Trinity Church in 1865. Less than two years later Mr. Arthur H. Mosenthal was appointed organist, and has occupied the post ever since.

III.

If I were disposed to deny all merit to the exception of St. Mark I could easily win acceptance for my contention among ourselves here and abroad by pointing out the inadequacy of the facilities for training and training singers in America. Even in England, where surprised choirs have been an institution for centuries, their maintenance in a satisfactory state of efficiency is attended with so many difficulties that distinguished church musicians have advocated their abolition. "No choir is so poor as a poor boy choir, and no choir so costly in money and care as a good boy choir. This is a truism which will receive the assent of every educated choir-master. If it were possible to introduce a system of selection, care, and training like that which obtains in the Chapel Royal and the chief cathedrals of



THE FAIRLANE BROTHERS, ST. IGNATIUS

England, there is no doubt that the choirs in the larger American churches might in time become potent agencies in the development of a national school of music, and justify the declaration of the late Sir George Macfarren, that "a cathedral choir is the best cradle for a musician our country affords." The most lustrous names in the history of English music have figured on the rolls of the "Children of the Chapel Royal," and though that venerable institution plays a less significant part now than it did during the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, yet Sir Arthur Sullivan is with us to testify to the value of the education which it still affords. The efficiency of the Chapel Royal and the cathedral choir, however, is purchased at a cost which not even so wealthy a corporation as Trinity is willing to assume. Now the "Children of the Chapel Royal" live with their "Master of Song" in a private house in St. George's Square, Piccadilly, but originally they were boarded and lodged at the Royal Palace, and, say the old records, the eight had amongst them daily "two

leaves, one messe of greate meate, and ij gallones of ale," besides fourpence horse hire when on a journey with the King's Chapel. They were also allowed a servant to "trusse and beare their harnesses and lyverey in Countee." Nor did the royal care cease with their usefulness as singers, for it was provided that, on the breaking of their voices, then, "yf they will assente, the King assyneth them to a College of Oxford or Cambridge of his foundatione, there to be at fynding and studye both suffytyently tyll the King may otherwise advance them." At present there is comparatively little difference between the treatment which the "Children of the Chapel Royal" and the boys of the cathedral receive. The former live with their master, and are sent to the Church Middle Class school at Vauxhall for an education, while the boys of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, for instance, live in the choirhouses and are educated by resident schoolmasters. In each case musical instruction is imparted daily by the organist or his assistant, and the lessons, lasting an hour and a half,

and voice the persistence of learning and composition as well as to give practice in reading exercises in Latin, etc. Westminster Abbey supports twenty boys; twelve of them full voices—and could probably—St. Paul's choir-house in London's Congress, draw in no less than forty of the (male) choristers all of whom receive education and keep in return for their services. The Bells of Westminster Abbey and the staves of St. Paul's are both good specimens.

Of the New York churches, none supports more schools of the English kind. Trinity comes the nearest to it, but its care over the boys merges with the interest in instruction and the appointment of one of the assistant ministers to look after their religious welfare. The boys are paid for their services, as they are in all the other churches, and discipline is enforced by means of trifling fines; they are obtained chiefly from the public schools, and the number of them who are sons of communicants of the Episcopal Church is so small as to be scarcely worth mentioning. This marks another great difference between the boy choirs of the United States and England. In the latter country most of the boys come from well-to-do and refined families. Indeed, in some cathedrals and churches gentleness of birth and breeding is considered so essential a qualification for the post that a class line is drawn, and no boys admitted to the choir save the sons of professional men. To shut out artisans' or tradesmen's sons here would make the organization of a choir impossible, and the English choir-masters in New York profess a hearty admiration for the democratic character of the choirs—looking upon the unsubdued energy of the rough-and-ready American public-school boy as a quality of excellent utility worth the extra expenditure of patience and even called for in the choir-room. Crude, goodly boys are not prized as a rarity; the prevalent feeling among choir-masters being that a "little devil in the boys is desirable," as one of them has expressed it. Choir-room discipline insures decorous behavior in church, and the outward transformation accomplished by a supplee does the rest. In ancient times it was customary to receive singers into their office with a solemn ceremonial, they standing toward the church in the relation of "chorks in minor orders," but this has been lost sight of by all except very High Church

people. In Grand Church, Chicago, which has I believe the largest supplied choir in America, the organist, Mr. Henry B. Boney, makes the boys sign a pledge promising to be punctual and regular in attendance, abstain from the use of tobacco, indelicately language, improper and profane language to be gentlemanly, and reverence the house of God.

The diligence in finding boys with really good voices is very great, and choir-masters are kept on a sharp lookout for them. Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb of St. James is choir-master as well of a church in Orange, New Jersey, where he has a choir of forty voices. He is an enthusiastic on the subject, being willing at any time to run down any boy who exhibits "a good whistle" in the street; a melodious whistle is indicative of musical talents, he thinks. Mr. Fairlamb is, however, more lenient than his colleagues in having a composite ten of voices in his own family. Mr. Frank Treat (Santuyek) was the organist there in no town of less than 50,000 people, with the present condition of culture, and a trade choir he could not get better than an ordinary amateur. His experience of choir-masters would seem to indicate that, as applied to New York, one choir of 100,000 voices—might be a little too proportion. It is partly due to Trinity's location, perhaps, that Mr. Messier is obliged for his choir to depend almost wholly on Jersey City and Brooklyn. His best boys come from the latter city, a fact which the organist attributes not down to the credit of their system, which is owed to the public schools across North River. German boys are much sought after, a certain staccato whistling, of course, explained by the gymnastic part which some plays in the family life of the children of the father land. There are few solo boys in New York, mostly contrary tenors that matter, whose reputation extends beyond the churches in which they are employed. The foremost boy of the row is Harry Brandon of the Church of the Holy Spirit. He was born in England, but reared in this country, and got his musical training from his mother, an accomplished amateur. Master Brandon comes as near as any boy that I have ever heard of proving Caryl Florio's assertion that "there is no top to a boy's voice." He can soar into realms where few living prime donne can follow him, and his voice is natural.



CHORAL PROCESSION, ST. IGNACE'S.

ly so flexible that he sings the most florid music without difficulty. He has passed, in several cases, the period at which, as a rule, the change takes place in a boy's voice.

The regular choir of Trinity Church contains twenty boys, and is recruited from an elementary class which varies in size from 40 to 60. For training purposes the choir is divided into three classes, namely, senior trebles, junior trebles, and altos. Each of these classes meets once

whole oratories have been given with organ accompaniment, the vested choir singing all the choruses.

The vast amount of work which Mr. Le Jeune has accomplished with two and three rehearsals a week will be made obvious by a glance at the following list of works which have been sung at the festivals: *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, *The Prodigal Son* (Sullivan), *The Holy City* (Gaul), *Lauda Sion*, *Abraham* (Molique), *The Last Judgment*, *Jubilee Cantata* (Weber), *Gallia* (Gounod), *Ruth* (Gaul), and a number of lesser compositions. Mr. Le Jeune holds his rehearsals in a cramped choir-room scarcely large enough to hold the desks of the singers, placed to the right and left of a grand piano-forte, at which he sits while training the boys. His method differs from that of the majority of the choir-masters in the city in that he does not permit the use of the chest tones at all by the boys. This is not because he believes that the chest tones of boys cannot be used effectively, but because he holds that it is impossible to bridge over the break between the registers in the three or four hours' study a week which the appropriation for choir purposes enables him to have. Mr. Edwards, of Christ Church, and Mr. Messiter, hold decidedly to the opposite opinion; and on this vexed question there are, of course, about as many diverse views as there are choir-masters. As a rule, the practice is to train the head voice downward, and to prohibit the use of chest tones above G on the second line of the treble staff, or the semitone below it. Those who, like Arthur F. Crook, of Calvary, split up the voice into more than two registers, believe also in cultivating the medium tones, on the ground that while sweetness and purity of tone are gained by developing the head tones downward the singing of the choir trained on this plan will lack brilliancy and fire.

While mezzo-soprano voices are common enough among singing boys, a real alto is extremely scarce, and this fact is urged, in addition to a necessity caused by the character of some of the old English cathedral music, as a reason for the continued employment of the adult male alto, or of a falsetto-singing barytone, into which the adult male alto, once common in England, has degenerated. Two explanations have been offered for the introduction of the adult alto into the ca-



HARRY BRANDON, CHOIRER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

a week, for separate instruction, at No. 90 Trinity Place. On the fourth study day the trebles are brought together, and on the fifth day the choir has a full rehearsal with the church organs in the church. The parish schools supported by Trinity Church have been of importance so far as the development of choristers is concerned, but it is hoped, if the cathedral project is carried out, that the old (endowed) Trinity School may be transformed into a choir school on the English type. To St. John's Chapel Mr. Le Jeune has directed a great deal of attention, more particularly through the choral festivals which for six years past have taken place monthly from October to June. At these festivals



CHOIR-ROOM, ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

thedral choirs of England. The music shows that the voice came in soon after the restoration of Charles II., the bent of whose taste in church music can be read in the fact that he sent the precocious boy Pelham Humphreys to Lully to study the French style of composition, and that the compositions of Humphreys and his contemporaries, in their frequent trios for alto, tenor, bass, employ a voice in the first part which does not exist in a boy's larynx. The argument seems obvious that the parts were written to humor a taste of the King's, cultivated during his exile on the Continent. The other theory is that the employment of men to sing the alto part was caused by the abandonment of choir-boy training during the Protectorate. But this does not seem to me to meet the case, inasmuch as the same reason would have called for the use of adult male sopranos. Soprano falsettists were once common enough in France, and especially in Spain, from which country the Papal Chapel used to draw its most admired singers. I cannot bring myself to believe that the retention of a few old services is

worth the pain which the singing of the few adult male alti in New York causes to a sensitive ear. It is true that alto boys cannot be made effective when choir-masters prohibit the use of the chest register; but the spirit of the movement which brought in vested choirs is quite elastic, and there seems to be no reason why female voices should not be used, in this part at least, or why, in fact, we should not have vested female choirs. The ritualists in the churches of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Ignatius, as I intimated at the outset, if they say *laceat mulier in ecclesia* at all, mean it in a Pickwickian sense; and there is much soundness in what Mr. George B. Prentice, organist of St. Mary's, urges in defence of his practice. "I find," he says, "that a few ladies give a certain finish to the tone, especially to the high notes which cannot be obtained from boys alone. We have never used boys for soloists, on account of a lack of expression, and a want of comprehension of the meaning of the words of the service." In St. Mary's the mass is sung in Latin.



ALFRED PARSONS.

LIFE WITH TON LAMBS.—From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.

LIFE WITH YON LAMBS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



LIFE with you Lambs, like day, is just begun.

Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms, and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol, each with his shadow at his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and count the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are
seen.

Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

IMPRESSIONS IN BURNOOSE AND SADDLE.

BY EDWARD P. SANGUINETTI.

"**B**AYLAK! Baylak!" I rub my eyes, and wondering for the moment at the strange cry, as, half asleep, I turn out of my bed in the hotel, and looking out of the French window, take my first view of real Oriental color in the city of Constantine. The sun shone down from a sky of speckless azure, and never can the impression pass from my mind as my eye wandered over the scene. Once more arose from the narrow streets resonant cries of "Baylak!" to give warning of the approach of a caravan, yelled by the lips of some wild Bedouin loudly asserting his right of way, while his handsome bronzed spouse sits astride of her camel with all the dignity of Cleopatra. Then there totters along with heavy burdens a pensive string of donkeys, which with studied politeness give the room to all comers, and pick their humble way. What an endless variety of costumes as the crowd solemnly glides along! Here and there women, covered except the eyes, move like animated shrouds as they flit by, rarely stopping to converse; Jews and Jewesses, distinguished by their bright colors and uncovered faces; swarthy negroes arrayed in orange and red, with the bloom of a plum; and modernized Arabs,

with light visage, in Turkish turbans of gold brocade; then a true Bedouin, mounted on a wiry unkempt Arabian, with his long flint lock gun in his hand, his head bound up with the dark brown "corde de chameaux," the true sign of the Bedouin, and worn by all. I dressed myself quickly, and descending into the streets, was borne along in an aimless way past stalls vending everything, and so small that every article was within the vender's reach; past mosques; quaint doorways, with the impress of the palm of the hand in blue or red paint, whether or not to keep off the evil-eye I could never clearly discover; through the market place; visiting the old palace of the Bey, containing one of the most exquisitely carved doors of ancient date; through the marble court yard, with orange trees and tinkling fountains; past gold and silver workers damascening stirrups and spurs, and using their bare toes as a third hand; then past stalls with gold, precious stones, and old clothes, an *alta podivita* of every thing, while the occupants, their impassiveness in striking contrast with the restlessness of Americans, hardly give me a passing glance from their pipes and calm stare into vacancy. I strolled on till I

was one of the city—but as I hurried up my horse, I looked down from the town down a view of Yorkville, open open to the—nearly paved to the top of a mountain took the remains of the town, the road, and the valley from the mountain side.

As I passed the first of the French military outposts I took the train on the railroad. As I happened to be the last of the class, however, I was immediately attended to by the military officials. Forward we went at a snail's pace, the steep grade of the mountain preventing quick travel, the only barrier being a few miles of our progress. As there were no military everywhere, and nothing but the in-

side and the steam is heard. Engaging a seat in a new old diligence, I start for a two-day journey to the last military outpost of the mountain.

We took nothing but clumps of poor trails and miserable herds of goats, which suggested to me the reason for the barrenness of the country. For not a tree or bush is to be seen, as these animals eat up everything, and do not give the hardest shrub a chance to survive. Arriving at the mouth of the gorge El Kantara, half way to my destination—a great—great, open range of mountains and upturned rocks based with miles of earth. To the left an old Roman bridge of a few—small stones with inscriptions,



FIGURE 1. THE PALACE OF THE KING OF YOKOYAMA.



SI MOHAMMED BEN GANA, AID TO BISKRA.

and then on once more the atmosphere becoming gradually uncomfortably warmer as we begin to descend into the valley. We pass plains entirely whitened with alkali and salts, the water partaking so strongly of their qualities that the bread made about here is unpalatable—still warmer, still dustier, we grow as we enter the edge of the desert, the plains studded with green oases and date-palms, while the horizon seemed more like the sea than the land. After presenting a letter from the Minister of War at Paris, I was most cordially welcomed by “le

viens colonel” and officers of the garrison. They took me to pay my respects to Si Mohammed ben Gana, the aid or chief magistrate of Biskra, who was governor of the entire province of Constantine before the French conquered it. He was a very handsome man, with a harem of seven wives. His four sons were all remarkably handsome, over six feet in height, and with their fine features and magnificent eyes would make a sensation even in our magnificent modern dress. After stopping some days at the Hamid de Sahara—rightly so named, for it was a des-



ARAB RIFLES.

ert where nothing could be had—I was provided with an escort of Arab cavalry, or spahis, and every facility for transportation. With this escort, in company with a party of French officers and a lady, I visited the tomb of Sidi Okbar, about twenty miles distant, there and back. We went at a hand-gallop, and were received by the sheik of this oasis, and by him escorted to the tomb of the ancient warrior, who wellnigh overran and conquered northern Africa with comparative but a handful of followers. We entered the building, of the interior of which is a small room, which the priest unlocked with an air of mystery; in the interior was the tomb covered with a fine Arab rug, but on the ground were strewn two of the commonest European mortar-buckets, on which the mistress scraped to put a high value. While the attendant failed to call my attention to something in the mosque, the lady of our party, with the curiosity of Eve's daughter, stepped in and lifted the cover, only to see a structure of common humanity. In traversing the village, the women and children hurried after her, and kissed the hem of her garment. After having re-

turned to a particular point on some little hill above the entrance of the tomb.

This was not the experience of a wood on Arab saddle on a genuine Arab steed. There was a difference from that of the horse of European breeding, with more and more, some. What many found astonishing, not yet what gentle (or swift). Those large eyes, in their constant motion, were almost hypnotic in their expression, and although amongst themselves they are continually bright and happy, when they are anything but content, how sad and gloomy they are when they are sad. I have taken a two days' ride with nothing to give my horse but a handful of chopped straw contained in the unsundered musling which every horseman carries at the point of his saddle and at the end of the journey it was as eager as when we started. I must say a word here on the ornamentation of the saddles and headstalls, which are highly decorated with gold and silver wire, and show the taste of the Arab to the state was as the engraver and his workman. The sun is setting as we canter homeward. To the right of us a long range of many-colored hills to the



CARAVAN CROSSING STREAM IN THE SAHARA

left a sapphire-like horizon, while coming toward us is a train of camels, moving to and fro their long necks; a little ass heads it as an advance guard. Some of the camels bear a kind of bower made of brocaded silks stretched over hoops, and as we near them, from the inside ring out peals of merry voices. By watching closely you may get a casual glimpse of a sweet oval face with liquid almond eyes, but most of the ladies are hidden with the impenetrable yashmak. It is a sheik on a journey. As they cross a stream that meanders along, some dogs and camels stop to quench their resistless thirst in the brackish water.

I had the good fortune to see a grand Arab wedding. The euld had planned the marriage of his daughter to a sheik—frankly one of the ugliest men I have ever seen—who was already the possessor of four wives. From what whispers could be heard from the mysterious recesses of the harem the bride was a lovely girl of fourteen, her repugnance having delayed the marriage some ten days. After the ceremony, while the bride was being run-

rejoiced to the haremwomen, forms in a sort of howdah of lacinated silk, lacrimous and lamentation, comfortably to beared above the din of the pistols and tomahawks, and the voices of some brave maidens who surrounding the camp did best low, gave utterance to a strange noise made by tapping the mouth with the open hand while crying out, the effect produced being somewhat like the cry of an Indian. These maidens had on this occasion yashmaks made mostly of light green gauze studded with golden tassels which partly concealed the faces of some of the beautiful women and girls. Their eyes, indeed, equalled those of the gazelle, but seemed to have a mournful vacancy, and to be gazing into windows of the soul. Arab etiquette prevented me from advancing too near. What with the embroidery, the gold, and the colored garments, it made up a whole of a luxury but most striking effect. On went the procession to make a tour on the desert, surrounded by this thronged band of relatives, with the marriage feast—kids and sheep roasted whole—was being cooked. On their return, preparations were made for what I had so much longed to see, the celebrated *fantasie arabe*. Imagine about forty Arabs, superbly mounted and armed, casting aside the burnoose of every day to appear in their holiday jackets of every line and texture imaginable; horse trappings of velvet and gold, with tassels and embroidery everywhere; the heels of their long red leather boots decked with the Arab spur, five inches long, which is really only an ornament; flashing arms, a long gun, two long carved daggers, a brace of pistols attached to a cord round the neck, so that they can be hung over the shoulder after being discharged, a long sword dimmed with gold, fastened to the saddle bow—in such guise they career headlong at a great burst of speed, the rein held loosely by the little finger, using gun, pistols, and sword in turn in mimic warfare. Utes of defiance arise from the men, and loud approbation from the women, as some skilful cavalier performs some more daring feat than any of his comrades, till finally, amid a whirlwind of dust, horses and men, half mad with excitement, stop by degrees from the sheer violence of their exertions.

At this point I was placed beside the caïd, who looked approvingly at me as I squatted down upon my legs, and followed

the others in tearing strip by strip the meat from the screaming animal. As a *bonne bouche*, my host examined his hand drawn the animal's throat, tearing out the tongue and stuffing it with me. After smoking dishes highly spiced with piment and pepper, there came the cous-cous, the great national dish that is eaten every day. It is taken by the hand and thrown into the mouth. We finished with dates, sweetmeats, and coffee of a delicious flavor. Their manner of preparing the beverage is, after roasting the berry and beating it into a powder, to put it into a tin pot with water enough for six or eight beings, made to boil, it is served, ground and all, but the frothing is perfect.

A number of camels which were placed once a fortnight is worthy of mention before I leave room for nothing. I observe a thing, to keep hundred Arabs lounged with groups of horses being tried, much appeared looking round to being taken and ordered to capture horses as they utter plaintive roars; sheep and kids tied to girdles in the ways, which except as a matter of course frequent handling and pulling, proving clearly that they have been starting the Arab tent; in a gesture, lating and yelling as if it would end in bloodshed; picturesque piles of look-alike dates, pomegranates, green figs, and small round raisins, oranges, a moving mass impossible to describe, everything seeming rather a picture than a lot of people everyday life. One thing I missed, however, it was the pile of unbroken bones. Here a heap of rags, pieces of rope, and a mass of indescribable materials. Yet what is this? An empty saddle bag? A girdle run in rags, passing irregularly and out of place, from the heap. I ask the possessor, *qu'est-ce*. I return again. The possessor's proposition is good, it must be of great value. The possessor rises to take some. Later on I found myself where you have to accept what an Arab chooses to sell you, from a fat good rooster, or a tough ram, or dishes of a hash-like consistency wherein may dwell the remains of worn out donkey or emaciated camel.

In pushing on to Taggart I travel now under Bedouin hospitality, so much spoken of, but only half believed; it stands, however, a laugh example. We pass a grand range of hills which catch the glory of the departing sun in tones which I can



AN ARAB HAWKING PARTY.

but faintly describe as naive gift, and which I found it impossible to reproduce in color. My escort consisted of spahis, or Arab cavalry, one of whom described himself as *l'interprète*, but who could scarcely be made to understand anything by the aid of a little Arabic, French, and signs. It is too long a task to describe the various villages of baked mud bricks, mixed with chopped-up straw, and tumble-down tents. They all resemble each other

as they lie in small oases, whose feathery palms give a charming background. At the village where we are to spend the night we met a most patriarchal reception, the Arabs coming out in crowds and kissing the end of my burnoose. The sheik led me into his tent or rough brown camel-hair canvas, striped with black, which contained his family. The interior was handsomely decorated with Arab rugs, which from the head to the corner (general

to be the handwork of the fountaineer. One of the waves was making the level table conscious to a wooden bowl with the favorite name, with a scabbard upon it, was playing with the fountaineer. The bowl was composed of a few pieces of rings with the high pointed saddle-like top on it. Here then I was fascinated and in some way myself in the presence of a lay down amidst some fifteen Arabs, whose splendid forms lying in all directions in the gloom had a most phantasmal effect.

In our second day's journey we met one two falconers, who had been sent on in advance to find and mark the game. Now for a fight with the falconer! Ah, royal sport of kings, nothing can compare with it! In front, mounting every bush side, the falconers, each with one hawk on his gauntleted left hand, and another perched on his turban. Both hawks are hooded and jessed exactly as in the old knightly days. We make up a party of eight or ten cavaliers, while the rear is brought up by two or three servants armed with guns for defence as well as offence against the eagle, who sometimes pounce on the falcons. Suddenly rises the cry "Wah!" from one of the falconers, as a hare darts from its form. Up starts one falcon (hooded), while the other is drawn from its uncertain perch on the head of the Arab to join the others. We run in our impatient horses, that bound and snort to join the chase, for it is imperative to keep behind the falconers, so as not to interfere with the birds that are now dashing at the head of the hare, which doubtless and marvelously, considering its headlong flight, evades the beaks of its enemies. The chase is now at its height; every one is trying to be in the first flight. The sunlight plays on the rich dresses, the bright arms, the glossy coats of the superb horses, whose elasticity of movement and aristocratic gait imprint on my mind a scene unrivalled. Onward hurries the hare as she bravely puts for her life, in and out of the high hillocks of sand tufted with brush, which our horses take one after the other without a stumble. I speed on by the cries of the falconer, a hawk fiercely swoops down again. Ah, she is touched by the remorseless beak, and rolls over and over, showing her white furred belly! 'Tis nothing; she regains her footing, and darts onward once more. I

gladly give room to the Arab, the momentary shock having brought him in his handkerchief with stained neck and starting veins in his forehead. The bird with wings I find the best now to follow. The hare is still travelling with seemingly undiminished speed. The falconers now sweep from opposite directions; they meet almost above the head of the hare; one falls with a loud cry and another cries from the falconer. In a moment a fresh bird is unhooded and cast off, and in the first dash of the new exhausted hare falls her own dead. I dismounted with the rest, and amidst sweltering and toasting, the falconers released their hawks, which had settled on the carcass and made preparations to feed there with the contents mixed with tufts of hair which seemed to assist digestion. The attendants now produced some kud and dried dates, which washed down with water and a touch of absinthe, formed our meal. Glistening like a much shadow as the falcons appeared, and thus gaining some relief from the passing rays of the sun, we lit our pipes and cigarettes, while a pleasant languor overtook us, followed by a profuse perspiration. An Arab leader by took out a flute in one of a barbaric yet melodious character, the notes being when sustained for a long time and producing a most delicious soothing effect. After our ride we encountered an afternoon march with very little change in the character of the desert, but late in the day we entered into a superb oasis, verdant and refreshing.

Passing many months in like manner, hunting being the every-day amusement of the natives, and not wishing to recapitulate any wild beast stories, having no wish of being suspected of drawing the long tale, I have left from my chronicle, with brief mention of the extensive shooting of bequale, hyenas, foxes, jackals and sometimes lions, which follow from the heart of the desert the herds which are driven north by the Arabs to pasture on the vegetation which springs up more abundantly in the winter. It was a short time for the study of a race. But now that I have turned my face again to the prosaic world, the desire often takes me to break through the veneer of civilization, and to return and share the nomadic existence of this people, escaping from the conventionalities of life to their strange and more picturesque world.

TWO COUNTRIES.

BY HENRY JAMES

I.

WHEN he reached the hotel, Macarthy Grice was apprised, to his great disappointment, of the fact that his mother and sister were absent for the day, and he reproached himself with not having been more definite in announcing his arrival to them in advance. It was a little his nature to expect people to know things about himself that he had not told them, and to be vexed when he found they didn't know them. I will not go so far as to say that he was inordinately conceited, but he had a general sense that he himself knew most things without having them pumped into him. He had been uncertain about his arrival, and since he disembarked at Liverpool had communicated his movements to the two ladies who, after spending the winter in Rome, were awaiting him at Cademabbia, only by notes as brief as telegrams, and on several occasions by telegrams simply. It struck his mother that he spent a great deal of money on these latter missives—which were mainly negative—to say that he couldn't yet say when he should be able to start for the Continent. He had had business in London, and had been apparently a good deal vexed by the discovery that, most of the people it was necessary for him to see being out of town, the middle of August was a bad time for transacting it. Mrs. Grice gathered that he had had annoyances and disappointments, but she hoped that by the time he should join them his serenity would have been restored. She had not seen him for a year, and her heart hungered for her boy. Family feeling was strong among these three (though Macarthy's manner of showing it was sometimes peculiar), and her affection for her son was jealous and passionate; but she and Agatha made no secret between themselves of the fact that the privilege of being his mother and his sister was mainly sensible when things were going well with him. They were a little afraid they were not going well just now, and they asked each other why he couldn't leave his affairs alone for a few weeks anyway, and treat his journey to Europe as a complete holiday—a course which would do him infinitely more good.

He took life too hard and was overworked and overstrained. It was only to each other, however, that the anxious and affectionate women made these reflections, for they knew it was of no use to say such things to Macarthy. It was not that he answered them angrily; on the contrary, he never noticed them at all. The answer was in the very essence of his nature: he was indomitably ambitious.

They had gone on the steamboat to the other end of the lake, and couldn't possibly be back for several hours. There was a *festa* going on at one of the villages—in the hills, a little way from the lake—and several ladies and gentlemen had gone from the hotel to be present at it. They would find carriages at the landing, and they would drive to the village, after which the same vehicles would bring them back to the boat. This information was given to Macarthy Grice by the secretary of the hotel, a young man with a very low shirt collar, whose nationality puzzled and even defied him by its indefiniteness (he liked to know whom he was talking to, even when he couldn't have the satisfaction of feeling that it was an American), and who suggested to him that he might follow and overtake his friends in the next steamer. As, however, there appeared to be some danger that in this case he should cross them on their way back, he determined simply to lounge about the lake-side and the grounds of the hotel. The place was lovely, the view magnificent, and there was a coming and going of little boats, of travellers of every nationality, of itinerant vendors of small superfluities. Macarthy observed these things as patiently as his native restlessness allowed—and indeed that quality was re-enforced to-day by an inexplicable tendency to idleness. He changed his place twenty times; he lighted a cigar and threw it away; he ordered some luncheon, and when it came didn't care to eat it. He felt nervous, and he wondered what he was nervous about; whether he were afraid that during their excursion an accident had occurred to his mother or to Agatha. He was not usually a prey to small timidities, and indeed it cost him a certain effort to admit that a little Italian lake could be deep

enough to drown a part of his consciousness, so that Italian horses could hear the Irish and walk away with them. He talked with nobody but the Americans, and found to him all talent, spirit, and education, and the English all taken up with themselves. He had a few friendly promises for me in travelling, but he received little, for he had an abundant supply of theory on the subject, and would then wait with the Englishmen on American soil, never open his conversation. It was his belief that in doing so an American was exposed to be humbled or even abused, and this belief was reinforced by the fact that Englishmen very often spoke to him, MacCarthy, first.

The abundant power, little by little, and at last, as he stood there, with his hands in his pockets and his hat pulled over his nose to keep the western sun out of his eyes, he saw the boat that he was waiting for round a distant point. At this stage the little annoyance he had felt at the trick his relatives had so willingly played him passed completely away, and there was nothing in his mind but the eagerness of affection, the joy of reunion, of the prospective embrace. This feeling was in his face, in the flood smile with which he watched the boat grow larger and larger. If we watch the young man himself as he does so we shall perceive him to be a tallish, lean person, age, with an excessive slope of the shoulders, a very thin neck, a short light beard, and a bright, sharp, expressive eye. He almost always wore his hat too much behind or too much in front; in the former case it showed a very fine high forehead. He looked like a man of intellect whose body was not much to him, and its senses and appetites not importunate. His feet were small, and he always wore a double-breasted frock-coat, which he never buttoned. His mother and sister thought him very handsome. He had this appearance, especially, of course, when, making them sit on the deck of the steamer, he began to wave his hat and his hand to them. They responded in the most demonstrative manner, and when they got near enough, his mother called out to him over the water that she couldn't forgive herself for having lost so much of his visit. This was a bold proceeding for Mrs. Grice, who usually held back. Only she had been uncertain who had just expected him, and was in particular.

“*Look! Look! His boy boat!*” exclaimed a gentleman beside her, whom the young man had not observed, raising his hat quickly to his eyes. Agatha, on the other side, said nothing, but only smiled at her father. He had not seen her for so long, besides, that he had almost forgotten how pretty she was. She looked lovely, under the shadow of her hat and on the evening of the summer, as she stood there, with impudence in her face and a big bunch of flaming flowers in her hand. MacCarthy was proud of many things, but on this occasion his eyes proud, not of himself, such a charming sister. However, he was so absorbed he had time to observe the gentleman who had spoken to him—an extraordinarily fair, clean-looking man, with a white waistcoat, a white hat, a glass in one eye, and a yellow scar on his parting hair. MacCarthy would have said he was looking eagerly at it, explained this sentimentally to suppose that he was a gentleman staying at the hotel, who had made acquaintance with his mother and sister, and taken part in the excursion. The real thing, Grice had meant him, was that he had the air of an American who tried to hide from his Englishman—defence and sympathy—close by the young man's nose, and now in regard to which he discovered a positive adherence. He was sure his relatives should associate themselves with persons of that stamp; he would almost have preferred that they should become acquainted with the genuine English. He happened to perceive that the individuals in question looked a good deal at him; but he disappointed himself—and discontent—when the boat drew up at the landing, and the three Graces pressed each other in their arms.

Half an hour later MacCarthy sat by the open fire, looking at the *table d'hôte*, where he had a hundred questions to answer and to ask. He was still more struck with Agatha's improvement; she was older, handsomer, brighter; she had turned completely into a young lady and into a very accomplished one. It seemed to him that there had been a change for the better to his mother as well, the only change of that sort of which the good lady was susceptible—an amelioration of health, a freshened voice, and a less frequent cough. Mrs. Grice was a gentle, sallow, serious little woman, the main principle of whose being was the dread of moving that no



"SHE LOOKED LOVELY AS SHE STOOD THERE WITH HAPPINESS IN HER EYES."

thing that commercial success gave to the lower middle-classes. She was not a selfish, narrow-minded, ill-tempered person, as the latter and disappointed middle-classes of all kinds she found very much to dislike and condemn. From early on, MacCarthy had a wide acquaintance with the commercial classes—knowing her conditions intimately in action—and took only now and then the short intervals really, that in Agatha's society passed with her for leisure—these intervals being a change of scene, and spend a couple of days in the south of Europe. MacCarthy kept her own bookshelves full of books and knew an extraordinary amount of modern literature. Her friends constantly received from her, by post, offerings of little gifts for the table, done up in an envelope, usually without any writing. She could make little gifts in fully as many different ways. Toward the end of the dinner MacCarthy, who up to this moment had been wholly unengaged with his companions, began to look about him and to ask questions about the people opposite. Then he leaned forward a little, and turned his eye up and down the row of three fellow-tourists on the same side. It was in this way that he perceived the gentleman who had said from the steamer that it was *his* fault that Mrs. Tlien and her daughter had gone away for so many weeks, and who now was seated at some distance below the younger lady. At the moment MacCarthy leaned forward this perception happened to be looking toward him, so that he caught his eye. The stranger smiled at him and nodded, as if an acquaintance might be considered to have been established between them, rather to MacCarthy's surprise. He drew back and asked his sister who he was. The fellow who had been with them on the boat.

"He's an Englishman," Stephen had just now," said the girl. Then she added, "Such a nice man."

"Oh I thought he was an American making a head of himself," MacCarthy rejoined.

"There's nothing of the fool about him," Agatha declared, laughing; and in a moment she added that Mr. Brown's great place was beside hers, on her left hand. On this occasion he had moved away.

"What do you mean by this man?" his brother inquired.

"Oh, because you are here."

"And is he afraid of me?"

"You'd think so."

"He doesn't believe in my way."

"Oh, he has very good manners," said MacCarthy.

"Well I suppose he's bound to do that sort of thing, isn't it?" MacCarthy asked.

"Well, he isn't naturally a gentleman."

"Well, never kind of a gentleman. Haven't he got him in that class?"

"You had better try to be one. Agatha exclaimed. "He's only a K.C.B. And also an M.P."

"A K.C.B. and an M.P." What the devil is that? And when Agatha had explained these titles to him as to which the young lady's ignorance was partly simulated, he remarked that the English must be chosen best friend double for him? They had required that amount of stuff in his address. He rose and that he could have one for leading them where, at a time when they were invited to be invited to receive one who was in that of them, so which Agatha agreed.

"My cousin, Elizabeth, is like that. They expect women to be so much honored by their wanting them to do any thing. And it's not at all to be what they like, is it?"

"What the men like? Well, that's all right, only they must be Englishmen," said MacCarthy after.

"Oh, it is not so good to be a slave, I don't know that the national trust is a master matters," his sister exclaimed. After which he looked down at her and he had even said during the previous months of their Philadelphia routine, some cousins who wrote their name Gryce, and for whom MacCarthy had had a small affection.

After dinner he three sat out on the terrace of the hotel in the delightful month of the September night. There were dozens of the ladies decked with colored lanterns, and some proceeded from several of them, and every influence was harmonious. As they were by the time MacCarthy had finished a cigar it was judged best that the old lady should withdraw, however from the evening air. She went into the wings of the hotel and her children accompanied her against her protests, so that she might not be alone. MacCarthy liked better to sit with his mother in a drawing-room which the lamps made for than without her under the stars. At the end of a quarter of an hour

he became aware that his sister had disappeared, and as some time elapsed without her returning, he asked his mother what had become of her.

"I guess she has gone to walk with Sir Rufus," said the old lady, candidly.

"Why, you seem to do everything Sir Rufus wants, down here!" her son exclaimed. "How did he get such a grip on you?"

"Well, he has been most kind, Macarthy," Mrs. Grice returned, not appearing to deny that the Englishman's influence was considerable.

"I have heard it stated that it's not the custom, down here, for young girls to walk round at night with foreign lords."

"Oh, he's not foreign, and he's most reliable," said the old lady, very earnestly. It was not in her nature to treat such a question, or indeed any question, as unimportant.

"Well, that's all right," her son remarked, in a tone which implied that he was in good humor, and didn't wish to have his equanimity ruffled. Such accidents, with Macarthy Grice, were not light things. All the same, at the critical moments more, as Agatha did not reappear, he expressed the hope that nothing of any kind had sprung up between her and the K.C.B.

"Oh, I guess they are just conversing by the lake. I'll go and find them if you like," said Mrs. Grice.

"Well, haven't they been conversing by the lake—and on the lake—all day?" asked the young man, without taking up her proposal.

"Yes, of course we had a great deal of bright talk while we were out. It was quite enough for me to listen to. But he is most kind—and he knows every thing, Macarthy."

"Well, that's all right!" exclaimed the young man again. But a few moments later he returned to the change, and asked his mother if the Englishman were paying any serious attention—she knew what he meant—to Agatha. "Italian lakes, and summer evenings, and glittering titles, and all that sort of thing—of course you know what they may lead to."

Mrs. Grice looked anxious and nervous, as she always did, and appeared to consider a little. "Well, Macarthy, the truth is just this. Your sister is so attractive and so admired that it seems as

if, wherever she went, there was a great interest taken in her. Sir Rufus certainly does like to converse with her, but so have many others—and so would any one in their place. And Agatha is full of conscience. For me that's her highest attraction."

"I'm very much pleased with her—she's a lovely creature," Macarthy remarked.

"Well, there's no one whose appreciation could gratify her more than yours. She has praised you up to Sir Rufus," added the old lady, simply.

"Dear mother, what has *he* got to do with it?" her son demanded, staring. "I don't care what Sir Rufus thinks of me."

Fortunately the good lady was left only for a moment confronted with this inquiry, for Agatha now re-entered the room, passing in from the terrace by one of the long windows and accompanied precisely by the gentleman whom her relatives had been discussing. She came toward them smiling and perhaps even blushing a little, but with an air of considerable resolution, and she said to Macarthy, "Brother, I want to make you acquainted with a good friend of ours, Sir Rufus Cheshmore."

"Oh! I asked Miss Grice to be so good." The Englishman laughed, looking easy and genial.

Macarthy got up and extended his hand with a "Very happy to know you, sir," and the two men stood a moment looking at each other, while Agatha, beside them, bent her regard upon both. I shall not attempt to translate the reflections which rose in the young lady's mind as she did so, for they were complicated and subtle, and it is quite difficult enough to reproduce our own more casual impression of the contrast between her companions. This contrast was extreme and complete, and it was not weakened by the fact that both the men had the signs of character and ability. The American was thin, dry, fine, with something in his face which seemed to say that there was more in him of the spirit than of the letter. He looked unfinished, and yet somehow he looked mature, though he was not advanced in life. The Englishman had more detail about him, something studded and retouched, an air of having been more artfully fashioned or recombuted, with traditions and models. He wore old clothes which looked new, while his

immense family, whose very members, which looked odd. He thought he had never found the Marquess himself much else on the lips of Mr. MacCarthy, who on his side found an innocent and his sister's French cottage, a somewhat even affected variation of the tongue in which he supposed himself to have been brought up. In general he was much irritated by the tricks which the English played with the English language, and he depended especially upon one to brother slang.

"Mrs. Grace tells me that you have just crossed the water, but I'm afraid you are not going to stay with us long," Sir Rufus remarked with much pleasantness.

"Well, no, I shall return as soon as I have transacted my business," MacCarthy replied. "That's all I came for."

"You don't do us justice; you ought to follow the example of your mother and sister and take a look round," Sir Rufus went on with another laugh. "He was evidently of a mirthful nature."

"Oh, I have been here before; I've seen the principal curiosities."

"He has seen everything there," said Mrs. Grace murmured over her brother.

"Ah, I dare say you have seen much more than we poor natives. And your own country is so interesting. I have an immense desire to see that."

"Well, it certainly repays observation," said MacCarthy Grace.

"You wouldn't like it at all, you would find it awful," his sister remarked, spitefully, to Sir Rufus.

"Gracious, daughter!" the old lady exclaimed, trying to catch Agatha's eye.

"That's what she's always telling me, as if she were trying to keep me from going. I don't know what she has been doing ever since that she wants to prevent me from finding out. Sir Rufus's eyes, while he made this observation, rested on the young lady in the most respectful yet at the same time the most complimentary manner.

She smiled back at him and said, with a laugh still clearer than his own, "I know the kind of people who will like America and the kind of people who won't."

"Do you know the kind who will like *you*, and the kind who won't?" Sir Rufus Chasemore inquired.

"I don't know that in some ways it particularly matters what people like,"

MacCarthy answered with a certain severity.

"Well, I must say I like people to like my country," said Agatha.

"You couldn't take the best way to make things like that," Sir Rufus exclaimed.

"Is your wish to dissuade them from visiting it?" MacCarthy asked.

"Oh dear no; by being so charming a representative of it. But I shall most positively go on the first opportunity."

"I hope it won't be while we are on our side," said Mrs. Grace very civilly.

"You will find it very there to expect everything," her daughter added.

The Englishman looked at her a moment with his eyes on his face. "I shall certainly pretend to be very stupid." Then he went on, addressing himself to MacCarthy. "I have an idea that you have something to do, but that doesn't disturb me at all; it interests me very much to see things."

"Oh, I suppose you'll scratch along all right," MacCarthy replied, with rather a grim smile. He felt a pang which conveyed that the success of American institutions might not ultimately depend on Sir Rufus's judgment of them. He was on the point of expressing his belief further that there were European countries which would be glad enough to exchange their "models" for those of the United States, but he kept back this reflection as it might appear too pointed, and he still wished to be just. In a word, he seemed on such occasions to come into his mother and sister. In the course of a quarter of an hour the ladies took their departure for the upper regions, and MacCarthy Grace went off with them. The Englishman looked but from again, however, as some time had been and about their smoking room together before they went to bed, but he did not then see and Sir Rufus pulled his own coat on and made a stroll up and down the terrace without mingling with the groups that remained, and looking once at the March lady and mother-in-law.

He

The next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Grace had a conversation with her son in her own room. Agatha had not yet appeared, and he explained that the girl was sleeping late, having been much fatigued by her exertion the day before, as well as by the excitement of her brother's

arrival. Macarthy thought it a little singular that she should bear her fatigue so much less well than her mother, but he understood everything in a moment, as soon as the old lady drew him toward her, with her little conscious, cautious face, taking his hand in hers. She had a long and important talk with Agatha the previous evening after they went upstairs, and she had extracted from the girl some information which she had within a day or two begun very much to desire.

"It's about Sir Rufus Chasemore. I couldn't but think you would wonder just as I was wondering myself," said Mrs. Grice. "I felt as if I couldn't be satisfied till I had asked. I don't know how you will feel about it. I am afraid it will upset you a little; but anything that you may think well, yes, it *is* the case."

"Do you mean she is engaged to be married to your Englishman?" Macarthy demanded, with a face that suddenly flushed.

"No, she's not engaged. I presume she wouldn't take that step without finding out how you'd feel. In fact that's what she said last night."

"I feel like—well, I feel like thunder!" Macarthy exclaimed, "and I hope you'll tell her so."

Mrs. Grice looked frightened and pained. "Well, my son, I'm glad you've come, if there is going to be any trouble."

"Trouble—what trouble should there be? He can't marry her if she won't have him."

"Well, she didn't say she wouldn't have him; she said the question hadn't come up. But she thinks it would come up if she were to give him any sort of opening. That's what I thought, and that's what I wanted to make sure of."

Macarthy looked at his mother for some moments in extreme seriousness; then he took out his watch and looked at that. "What time is the first boat?" he asked.

"I don't know—there are a good many."

"Well, we'll take the first—we'll quit this." And the young man put back his watch and got up with decision.

His mother sat looking at him rather ruefully. "Would you feel so badly if she were to do it?"

"She may do it without my consent; she shall never do it with," said Macarthy Grice.

"Well, I could see last evening, by the way you acted—" his mother murmured, as if she thought it her duty to try and enter into his opposition.

"How did I act, ma'am?"

"Well, you acted as if you didn't think much of the English."

"Well, I don't," said the young man.

"Agatha noticed it, and she thought Sir Rufus noticed it too."

"They have such thick hides in general that they don't notice anything. But if he is more sensitive than the others, perhaps it will keep him away."

"Would you like to wound him, Macarthy?" his mother inquired, with an accent of timid reproach.

"Wound him? I should like to kill him! Please to let Agatha know that we'll move on," the young man added.

Mrs. Grice got up as if she were about to comply with this injunction, but she stopped in the middle of the room, and asked of her son, with a quaint effort of conscientious impartiality which would have made him smile if he had been capable of smiling in such a connection: "Don't you think that in some respects the English are a fine nation?"

"Well, yes; I like them for pale ale, and note-paper, and umbrellas; and I got a first-rate trunk there the other day. But I want my sister to marry one of her own people."

"Yes, I presume it would be better," Mrs. Grice remarked. "But Sir Rufus has occupied very high positions in his own country."

"I know the kind of positions he has occupied. I can tell what they were by looking at him. The more he has done of that, the more intensely he represents what I don't like."

"Of course he would stand up for England," Mrs. Grice felt herself compelled to admit.

"Then why the mischief doesn't he do so, instead of running round after Americans?" Macarthy demanded.

"He doesn't run round after us; but we knew his sister, Lady Bolitho, in Rome. She is a most sweet woman, and we saw a great deal of her; she took a great fancy to Agatha. I suppose she mentioned us to him pretty often when she went back to England, and when he came abroad for his autumn holiday, as he calls it, he met us first in the largest dining-room, three or four weeks ago, and came

down from the tree. It seemed as if the strength were gone, and he was "no" longer able to stand, and he lay down on the ground.

"Mother," said Macarthy, "I am going to the old lady's—will you go with me?" "Yes," said the old lady, "I will go with you." "What time will you go?" "At five o'clock."

"I have not seen her for a long time," said the old lady, "I will go with you."

"But why have you given her the right to tell you? How dare you go to her?" "I will go with you," said the old lady.

The poor woman thought it was her duty to go. "My son," said the old lady, "I will go with you." "What time will you go?" "At five o'clock."

"It would have been better if you had not known his name," said the young man, "I will go with you."

"Gracious, Mother, we must have some one!" Mrs. Grace rejoined, with a look of spirit.

"I don't see the necessity of your knowing the English."

"Why, Macarthy, can't you even know them?" pleaded his mother.

"You see the sort of thing it gets you into."

"It hasn't got us into anything. No thing has been done."

"So much the better, mother dear," said the young man. "In that case we will go on to Venice. When is he going?"

"I don't know, but I suppose he won't come on to Venice if we don't ask him."

"I don't believe any delicacy would prevail him," Macarthy rejoined. "But he loves me; that's an advantage."

"He loves you—when he wanted to know you?"

"Oh yes! I understand. Well, now he knows me! He knows he loves me very much. I like him very much."

"Heaven's blessing! I am sure you are right," said the old lady, with a little vague laugh.

"Mother," said Macarthy, "I am afraid of her with her heart in her pocket. I want to know if you will go with me to the old lady's."

"Oh, gracious! my son! don't! don't!" cried Mrs. Grace, throwing herself into his arms, and embracing him, and saying, "I will go with you."

Here she held her shoe, and as he bent over her, she said, "Dearest mother, since you are so old, we must remain together, just as we are. We must not be separated by different ideas, different aspirations, and institutions. I don't believe our family has ever had more of the feeling that made people closely together than we have had. Therefore, for Heaven's sake, let us keep it for us, and our happiness will be as we always have done." Of course, Agatha will marry some day, but she will do so in such a way as to make a girl. You and she are all I have, and I can be selfish—I should like to see her as long as I live.

"Of course, I will let her know the way to do it," said the old lady, a moment later, rearranging her cap and her shawl, and putting away her pocket-handkerchief.

"If it really, she certainly ought to understand, you would wish to unless she is very much changed," Macarthy added, as he sat all this while with his hands.

The answer was, "She'll never change," but rather murmured, with a bounding expression, "I thought it would be all right."

"She wouldn't if she were to marry an Englishman," declared Mrs. Grace, "I am sure of it."

The old lady was so much taken that Agatha would be quite ready to do for Venice on the morrow, and that she would need have no fear that the Duke of Cambridge would follow them. He was naturally anxious to know from her what had passed between her and the girl, but the only such delicate conversation he extracted was in the silence that Agatha had declared, "I am sure of it."

When she was in the room, he thought she had been crying, but there was no time to be concerned to show that she needed any assistance, for her mother might have expressed to her that he had put upon her, so that she was making a reluctant sacrifice. Agatha Grace was very fond of her mother, whom she knew to be a good, kind, and exceedingly wonderful of her position and supporting that involved her mother and herself. He was perverse and obstinate, but she was aware that in essential he was supremely tender and he had always been very much the most careful heart in her household.

No allusion was made between them to Sir Rufus Chasemore, though the silence on either side was rather a conscious one, and they talked of the prospective pleasures of Venice, and of the arrangements Macarthy would be able to make in regard to his mother's spending another winter in Rome. He was to accompany them to Venice and spend a fortnight with them there, after which he was to return to London, to terminate his business, and then take his way back to New York. There was a plan of his coming to see them again later in the winter, in Rome, if he should succeed in getting six weeks off. As a man of energy and decision, though indeed of a somewhat irritable stomach, he made light of the Atlantic voyage; it was a rest and a relief, alternating with his close attention to business. That the disunion produced by the state of Mrs. Grace's health was a source of constant regret, and even of melancholy depression to him, was well known to his mother and sister, who would not leave broken up his home by coming to live in Europe if he had not insisted upon it. Macarthy was in the highest degree constitutionally, and capable of suffering the extremity of discomfort in a room which he held to be right. But his mother and sister *were* his home, all the same, and in their absence he was perceptibly desolate. Fortunately he had been hoped that example of southern winters would quiesce Mrs. Grace's operation, and that then everything, in America, would be as it had been before. Agatha's affection for her brother was very nearly as great as his affection for himself, but it took the form of wishing that his loneliness might be the cause of his marrying some thoroughly nice girl, inasmuch as, after all, his mother and she might not always be there. Fervent jealousy in Macarthy's bosom followed a different logic. He was so fond of his sister that he had a secret hope that she would never marry at all. He had spoken otherwise to his mother, because that was the only way not to seem offensively selfish; but the bottom of his thought, as the French say, was that on the day Agatha should marry she would throw him over. On the day she should marry an Englishman she would not throw him over — she would betray him. That is, she would betray her country, and it came to the same thing. Macarthy's patriotism was of so intense a hue that, to his own sense, the

national life and his own life flowed in an indistinguishable current.

The particular Englishman he had his eye upon now was not, as a general thing, visible before luncheon. He had told Agatha, who mentioned it to her brother, that in the morning he was immersed in work in letter writing. Macarthy wondered what his work might be, but did not condescend to inquire. He was enlightened, however, by happening by an odd chance to observe an allusion to Sir Rufus in a copy of the *London Times* which he took up in the reading room of the hotel. This occurred in a letter to the editor of the newspaper, the writer of which accused Agatha's friend of having withheld from the public some information to which the public was entitled. The information had respect to "the situation in South Africa," and Sir Rufus was plainly an agent of the British government, the head of some kind of department or sub-department. This didn't make Macarthy like him any better. He was displeased with the idea of England's possessing colonies at all, and considered that she had acquired them by force and fraud, and held them by a trait and unnatural tenure. It appeared to him that any man who occupied a place in this unrighteous system must have false domestic views. Sir Rufus Chasemore turned up on the terrace in the afternoon, and bore himself with the serenity of a man unconscious of the damaging inferences that had been formed about him. Macarthy neither avoided him nor sought him out. He even resented a little toward him, socially, when he thought of the loss he was about to inflict on him; but when the Englishman approached him and appeared to wish to renew their conversation of the evening before, it struck him that he was wanting in decency. There was nothing strange in that, however, for decency and tact were not the strong point of one's transatlantic cousins, with whom one had always to dot one's i's. It seemed to Macarthy that Sir Rufus Chasemore ought to have guessed that he didn't desire to keep up an acquaintance with him, though indeed the young American would have been at a loss to say how he was to guess it, inasmuch as he would have resented the imputation that he himself had been rude enough to make such a fact patent. The American ladies were in their apartments, occupied

conceal his emotions like that. How could he have known they were going unless Agatha had told him, and how could Agatha have told him, since she couldn't as yet have seen him? It did not even occur to the young man to suspect that she might have conveyed the unwelcome news to him by a letter. And if he hadn't known it, why wasn't he more startled and discomfited when Macarthy dealt the blow? The young American made up his mind at last that the reason why Sir Rufus was not startled was that he had thought in advance it would be no more than natural that the newly arrived brother should wish to spoil his game. But in that case why wasn't he angry with him for such a disposition? Why did he come after him and insist on talking with him? There seemed to Macarthy something impudent in this incongruity—as if to the host of an English statesman the animosity of a Yankee lawyer were really of too little account.

III

It may be intimated to the reader that Agatha Grier had written no note to her English friend, and she had no communication with him of any sort, till after she had left the *table d'hôte* with her mother and brother in the evening. Sir Rufus had seated himself at dinner in the same place as the night before; he was already occupying it, and he kindly bowed to her, with a smile, from a distance, when she came into the room. As she passed out to the terrace, later with her companions, he escorted her and said to her, in a lower tone of voice than usual, that he had been exceedingly sorry to hear that she was leaving Cademabba so soon. Was it really true? couldn't they put it off a little? shouldn't they? (for the weather was hot in Venice and the mosquitoes too numerous?) Agatha saw that Sir Rufus asked these questions with the intention of drawing her away, engaging her in a walk, in some talk to which they should have no listeners, and she resisted him at first a little, keeping near the others, because she had made up her mind that morning, in deep and solitary meditation, that she would force him to understand that further acquaintance would lead to nothing profitable for either party. It presently came over her, however, that it would take some little time to explain this truth, and that the time might

be obtained by their walking a certain distance along the charming shore of the lake together. The windows of the hotel and of the little water-side houses and villas projected long shafts of lamp-light over the place, which shimmered on the water, broken by the slow moving barges, laden with musicians, and gave the whole region the air of an illuminated garden surrounding a magnificent pond. Agatha made the further reflection that it would be only common kindness to give Sir Rufus an opportunity to say anything he wished to say, that is, within the limits she was prepared to allow; they had been too good friends to separate without some of the forms of regret, without a backward look at least, since they might not enjoy a forward one. In short, she had taken in the morning a resolution so virtuous, founded on so high and large a view of the whole situation, that she felt herself entitled to some reward, some present liberty of action. She turned away from her relatives with Sir Rufus—she observed that they paid no attention to her—and in a few moments she was strolling by his side at a certain distance from the hotel.

"I will tell you what I should like to do," he said, as they went; "I should like to start up in Venice about a week hence."

"I don't recommend you to do that," the girl replied, promptly enough, though as soon as she had spoken she bethought herself that she could give him no definite reason why he should not follow her; she could give him no reason at all that would not be singularly wanting in efficacy. She had a movement of vexation with her brother for having put her in a false position; it was the first, for in the morning, when her mother repeated to her what Macarthy had said, and she perceived all that it implied, she had not been in the least angry with him. She sometimes, indeed, wondered why she was not—and she didn't propose to become so for Sir Rufus Chansmore. What she had been was sad, and touched, too, with a sense of horror—horror at the idea that she might be in danger of denying under the influence of an insinuating alien, the pieties and sanctities in which she had been brought up. Sir Rufus was a tremendous conservative, though perhaps that didn't matter so much, and he had let her know at an early stage of their

acquaintance that he had never liked Americans in the least as a people. As it was apparent that he liked her all American, and very American as she was,

she had regarded this shortcoming only in its narrow bearings, and it had even entertained her to form a private project of converting him to a friendlier view. If she hadn't found him a charming man, she wouldn't have cared what he thought about her country people. But, as it happened, she did find him a charming man, and it grieved her to see a man that was really worthy of the finest initiations (as regarded the American question) wasting itself in mere prejudices. Somehow, by showing him how nice she was herself, she could make him like the people in her with whom she had so much in common, and as he admitted that his conversation of them had, after all, been very restricted, she would also make him know them better. This project drew her on till suddenly her brother's words and the note of warning. When it came she understood it perfectly; she wouldn't pretend that she didn't. If she didn't look out, she would give her money away, and in the privacy of her own room she had colored up to her heart's content. She had a fixed vision in which the chance seemed to be greater that Sir Rufus Chawmore would bring her over to his side than that she should make him like anything he had begun by disliking; so that she resisted, with the conviction that the complications which might arise from allowing a prejudiced Englishman to possess himself, as he evidently desired to do, of her affections, would be much greater than a sensitive girl with other liabilities to observe might be able to manage. A moment after she had said to her companion that she didn't recommend him to come to Venice, she added that of course he was free to do as he liked; only why should he come if he was sure the place was so unconformable? To this Sir Rufus replied that he didn't care how uncomfortable it was if she should be there, and that there was nothing he wouldn't put up with for the sake of a few days more of her society.

"Oh, if it's for that you are coming," the girl replied, laughing and feeling nervous—feeling that something was in the air which she had wished precisely to keep out of it—"Oh, if it's for that you are coming, you had very much better not take

the trouble; you would have very little of my society. My life is too busy with me, all my time will be given up to him."

"Command your brother!" Sir Rufus exclaimed. "Don't he wait on? You told me yourself he wouldn't be with you long. After he's gone you will be free again, and you will still be in Venice, shan't you? I do want to float in a gondola with you!"

"He may possibly my brother may be with me for weeks."

"Sir Rufus hesitated a moment. "I see what you mean—that he won't leave you so long as I am about the place. In that case, if you are so fond of him, you ought to take it as a kindness of me to leave alone." But she could find time to make a rejoinder to this generous proposition he made. "Why, in the world has he not as much as died for me?"

"I never mentioned any dislike," Agatha said, not less honestly. "He has expressed great love."

"He loves me, then. He quite loves me."

"She was silent a little. Then she inquired. "And do you like him very much?"

"I don't like him much, but he's very clever, the most of the Americans I have seen, and very kind. I should like to know how I like him, and I have returned and have tried to him whenever I had a chance, but he won't let me get near him. He is a coward!"

"It's not cowardice, you are particular, any dislike he may have. I have told you before that he doesn't like the English. As you remarked—"

"How much more do I? But my best friends have been among them."

"I don't say I agree with my brother, and I don't say I disagree with him," Sir Rufus's companion went on. "I have told you before that we are of Irish descent, and my mother's side. Her mother was a Maestri. We have kept up the name, and we have kept up the feeling."

"I see, in that case, if the Yankees were to let me off, the Paddy would come down! That's a most unkind combination. But you remember, I hope, what I have also told you—that I am quite as Irish as you can ever be. I had an Irish grandmother—a beauty of beauties, a certain Lady Laura Fitzgibbon, *qui vaut bien la vôtre*. A charming old woman she was."

"Oh, well, she wasn't of our kind," the girl exclaimed, laughing.

"You mean that yours wasn't charming? In the presence of her granddaughter permit me to doubt it."

"Well, I suppose that those hostilities of race—transmitted and hereditary, as it were—are the greatest of all." Agatha Grice uttered this sage reflection by no means in the tone of successful controversy, and with the faintest possible tremor in her voice.

"Good God! do you mean to say that a hostility of race, a legendary feud, is to prevent you and me from meeting again?" The Englishman stopped short as he made this inquiry, but Agatha continued to walk, as if that might help her to elude it. She had come out with a perfectly sincere determination to prevent Sir Rufus from saying what she believed he wanted to say, and if her voice had trembled just now, it was because it began to come over her that her preventive measures would fail. The only tolerably efficacious one would be to turn straight round and go home. But there would be a rudeness in this course, and even a want of dignity; and besides, she didn't wish to go home. She compromised by not answering her companion's question, and though she couldn't see him, she was aware that he was looking after her with an expression in his face of high impatience momentarily baffled. She knew that expression, and thought it handsome; she knew all his expressions, and thought them all handsome. He overtook her in a few moments, and then she was surprised that he should be laughing, as he exclaimed, "It's too absurd! it's too absurd!" It was not long, however, before she understood the nature of his laughter, as she understood everything else. If she was nervous, he was scarcely less so; his whole manner now expressed the temper of a man wishing to ascertain rapidly whether he may enjoy or must miss great happiness. Before she knew it he had spoken the words which she had flattered herself he should not speak; he had said that since there appeared to be a doubt whether they should soon meet again, it was important he should seize the present occasion. He was very glad, after all, because for several days he had been wanting to speak. He loved her as he had never loved any woman, and he be-

sought her earnestly to believe it. What was this crude stuff about disliking the English and disliking the Americans? what had questions of nationality to do with it any more than questions of ornithology? It was a question simply of loving his wife, and that was rather between themselves, wasn't it? He besought her to consider it, as *he* had been turning it over from almost the first hour he met her. It was not in Agatha's power to go her way now, because he had laid his hand upon her in a manner that kept her motionless, and while he talked to her in low, kind tones, touching her face with the breath of supplication, she stood there in the warm darkness, very pale, looking as if she were listening to a threat of injury rather than to a declaration of love. "Of course I ought to speak to your mother," he said: "I ought to have spoken to her first. But your leaving at an hour's notice, and apparently wishing to shake me off, has given me no time. For God's sake, give me your permission, and I will do it to-night."

"Don't—don't speak to my mother," said Agatha, mournfully.

"Don't tell me to-morrow, then, that she won't hear of it!"

"She likes you, Sir Rufus," the girl rejoined, in the same singular, hopeless tone.

"I hope you don't mean to imply by that that you don't!"

"No, I like you, of course, otherwise I should never have allowed myself to be in this position, because I hate it!" The girl uttered these last words with a sudden burst of emotion, and an equally sudden failure of sequence, and turning round quickly, began to walk in the direction from which they had come. Her companion, however, was again beside her, close to her, and he found means to prevent her from going as fast as she wished. History has lost the record of what at that moment he said to her; it was something that made her exclaim, in a tone which seemed on the point of breaking into tears: "Please don't say that, or anything like it, again, Sir Rufus, or I shall have to take leave of you forever, this instant, on the spot!" He strove to be obedient, and they walked on a little in silence; after which she resumed, with a slightly different manner: "I am very sorry you have said this tonight. You have troubled and distressed me; it isn't a good time."

"I wonder if you would favor me with your idea of what might be a good time."

"I don't know. Perhaps never. I am greatly obliged to you for the honor you have done me. I beg you to excuse me when I say this. But I don't think I shall ever marry. I have other duties. I can't do what I like with my life."

At this Sir Rufus made her stop again, to tell him what she meant by such an extraordinary speech. What overwhelming duties had she, pray, and what restrictions upon her life, that made her so different from other women? He couldn't, for his part, imagine a woman more free. She explained that she had her mother, who was terribly delicate, and who must be her first thought and her first care. So, thing would induce her to force her mother. She was all her mother had except Macarthy, who was absorbed in his profession.

"What possible question need there be of your leaving her?" the Englishman demanded. "What could be more delightful than that she should live with me and that we should take care of her together? You say she is so good as to like me, and I assure you I like her most thoroughly."

"It would be impossible that we should take her away from my brother," said the girl, after a hesitation.

"Take her away?" And Sir Rufus Chasemore stood staring. "Well, if he won't look after her himself, you say he is so taken up with his work. In his earthly right to prevent other people from doing so."

"It's not a man's business. It's mine. It's her daughter's."

"That's exactly what I think, and what in the world do I wish him to help you? If she requires a mild climate, we will find some lovely place in the south of England, and be as happy there as the day is long."

"So that Macarthy would have to come *there* to see his mother? Fanny Macarthy in the south of England, especially as happy as the day is long? He would find the day very long," Agatha Grice continued, with the strange little laugh which expressed, or rather which disguised, the mixture of her feelings. "He would never consent."

"Never consent to what? Is what you mean to say that he would never consent to your marriage? I certainly never

dreamed that you would have to ask him. However, you defended to me again, and under the freedom, the independence, with which American girls marry? Where is the independence when it comes to your own case?" Sir Rufus Chasemore pressed a moment, and then he went on, with bitterness: "Why don't you say outright that you are tired of your brother? Miss Grice, I never dreamed that that would be your answer to an offer of everything that men could give of some distance from London, which would be sufficient cause to prevent that I consider myself a fortunate man to be at the end of a woman."

The girl did not reply immediately; she appeared to think over intently what he had said before, and when she did so she turned to Sir Rufus and her charming answer came from him. When at last she spoke it was in a very gentle, considerate tone. "You are wrong in supposing that I am tired of my brother. How can I be, dear Sir, when I am so thoroughly fond of him?"

"He has been so kind to me, so good to me," said Sir Rufus Chasemore, impulsively. "And it is impossible that I should ever compare him with a woman, which you could never do before. In the balance with this intense fraternal affection?" He had no more spoken those somewhat awkward words than his bride and in a different tone. "Oh, Agatha, for pity's sake, don't make difficulties where there are no difficulties."

"I don't make them, I assure you they exist. It is difficult to explain them, but I can see them from the inside. There, my we couldn't talk this way any more. I have power about. I will proceed in privacy. "Nothing is possible today. Some day or other you will have to be changed. Then we shall meet, then we shall talk again."

"I like the way you ask me to wait ten years. What do you mean by 'changes'?" Before Heaven I shall never change," Sir Rufus declared.

Agatha then hesitated. "Well, perhaps you will like us better."

"Us? What do you mean by 'us'?" Are you coming back to that honest question of one's feelings, real or supposed it doesn't matter, about your great and glorious country? Good God, it's too monstrous! One tells a girl one adores her, and she replies that she doesn't

care so long as one doesn't adore her compatriots. What do you want me to do to them? What do you want me to say? I will say anything in the English language, or in the American, that you like. I'll say that they're the greatest of the great, and have every charm and virtue under heaven. I'll go down on my stomach before them, and remain there forever. I can't do more than that."

Whether this extravagant profession had the effect of making Agatha Grice ashamed of having struck that note in regard to her companion's international attitude, or whether her nerves were simply upset by his vehemence, his insistence, is more than I can say: what is certain is that her rejoinder to this last speech was a sudden burst of tears. They fell for a moment rapidly, soundlessly, but she was quicker still in brushing them away. "You may laugh at me, or you may despise me," she said, when she could speak, "and I dare say my state of mind is deplorably narrow, but I couldn't be happy with you if you hated my country."

"You would hate mine back, and we should pass the liveliest, jolliest days!" returned the Englishman, gratified, softened, enchanted, by her tears. "My dear girl, what is a woman's country? It's her house and her garden, her children, and her social world. You exaggerate immensely the difference when that part of the business makes. I assure you that if you were to marry me, it would be the last thing you would find yourself thinking of. However to prove how little I hate your country, I am perfectly willing to go there and live with you."

"Oh, Sir Rufus Chasemore!" murmured Agatha Grice, protestingly. "You don't believe me?"

She didn't believe him, and yet to hear him make such an offer was sweet to her, for it gave her a sense of the reality of his passion. "I shouldn't ask that. I shouldn't even like it," she said; and then he wished to know what she would like. "I should like you to let me go, not to press me, not to distress me any more now. I shall think of everything of course you know that. But it will take me a long time. That's all I can tell you now, but I think you ought to be content." He was obliged to say that he was content, and they resumed their walk, in the direction of the hotel. Shortly before

they reached it Agatha exclaimed, with a certain irrelevance, "You ought to go there first; then you would know."

"Then I should know what?"

"Whether you would like it?"

"Like your great country? Good Lord! what difference does it make whether I like it or not?"

"No—that's just it—you don't care," said Agatha; "yet you said to my brother that you wanted immensely to go."

"So I do; I am ashamed not to have been; that's an immense drawback to-day in England to a man in public life. Something has always stopped me off, tiresomely, from year to year. Of course I shall go the very first moment I can take the time."

"It's a pity you didn't go this year, instead of coming down here," the girl observed, rather sententiously.

"I think my shoes I didn't," he responded in a very different tone.

"Well, I should try to make you like it," she went on. "I think it very probable I should succeed."

"I think it very probable you could do with me exactly whatever you might attempt."

"Oh, you hypocrite!" the girl exclaimed; and it was on this that she separated from him and went into the house. It soothed him to see her do so, instead of rejecting her mother and brother, whom he distinguished at a distance sitting on the terrace. She had perceived them there as well, but she would go straight to her room, she preferred the company of her thoughts. It suited Sir Rufus Chasemore to believe that those thoughts would plead for him and eventually win his suit. He gave a melancholy, lover-like sigh, however, as he walked toward Mrs. Grice and her son. He couldn't keep away from them, though he was so interested in being and appearing discreet. The girl had told him that her mother loved him, and he desired both to stimulate and to reward that inclination. Whatever he desired he desired with extreme definiteness and energy. He would go and sit down beside the little old lady with whom hitherto he had no very direct conversation, and talk to her and be kind to her and amuse her. It must be added that he rather despised all the niceness of these arts as he saw Marcella Grice, on becoming aware of his approach, get up and walk away.

IV.

"It sometimes seems to me as if he didn't marry on purpose to make me old badly." That was the only fashion, as yet, in which Lady Chasmonore had driven away her brother-in-law. The words fell from her lips some five years after Marcellus's visit to the lake at Chamonix—two years after her mother's death; a twelvemonth after her marriage. The same idea came into her mind in little whimsically, perhaps, only this time she didn't express it—as she shared by her husband's side on the deck of the steamer, half an hour before they reached the wharf at New York. Six years had elapsed between the sailing at Antwerp and their disembarkation at that city. Again he knew that Marcellus would be on the wharf to meet them; that that he should be there alone was natural enough. But she had a prevision of their return with him—she also knew he expected that—to the house, so narrow, but fortunately rather deep, in Thirty-seventh street, in which such a happy life had lived in the old days, before this unexpected thing upon the less perceptible change in her marriage had taken place in Europe. (Sir Rufus coming to her at Bologna in the very midst of the Parliamentary session; the moment he heard of her mother's death; the way really the sign of devotion that had won her—as the ceremony of her marriage took place, was a very quiet one, had been performed in Paris, without bridesmaids from her native land had had no bridesmaids; she had not seen the house since she left it with her mother for that remedial pilgrimage in the course of which poor Mrs. Grey, travelling up from Rome in the spring, after her third winter there, had been so far from suffering, was to succumb, from one day to the other, to inflammation of the lungs. She saw this coming now even before she left the ship, and felt in advance all that it would imply to find Marcellus living there as a bachelor struggling with New York servants, unaided and unrelieved by the sister whose married place ought to be the care of his establishment, as her natural reward would have been the honours of such a position. Lady Chasmonore was prepared to feel young again young when she should perceive how much less comfortably he lived than he would have lived if she had not quitted him. She

knew that there would come to her in Boston, whose sense of duty was so terrible, even her great mother, who never had a thought for herself, used to try as hard as possible to conceal her love from them, considered that she had, in a manner almost immoral, deserted him for the sake of an English note. When they were alone and away from with Marcellus, Agatha recovered rapidly the aggression she had expected her brother-in-law should have been, ungarnished, helpless, socially and financially weakling. He didn't know how to keep places naturally, and in New York, where one must in larger rooms than he, it was even difficult to do that, so that things at home. But Lady Chasmonore needed to be comforted no further at home to the one that he remained single out to journey. The situation was too serious on that point for any other thought.

It was a matter for the lawyer-in-law to spend two or three weeks to get her out, to get her out, while the remainder of the year was to be spent in America. Lady Chasmonore had promised to spend winter with her mother. By the time he arrived home, however, the mother's death, the father's death was in possession of the world, and the winter had already been. He had lost the opportunity to show her his house, and so it was, in a manner, made her extremely grateful, he had, indeed, considered for weeks, which Marcellus himself thought he knew that were the result of an unselfish, prepossessing and but appreciative. When her brother met her in Paris, he was that she was already lost to him. She had been so strongly, she had accepted the one of a British lord. It appeared that she was much in love with one person and that was the end of it. Marcellus offered no opposition, and she would have found it better if he had as it would have given her a chance to put him in the wrong a little more than formerly; at least, she had been able to do so. He knew that she knew what he thought and how he felt, and there was no need of saying any more about it. No doubt he would not have accepted a sacrifice from her, even if she had been capable of making it (there were moments when it seemed as if that even at the last, if he had appealed to her directly and with tenderness, she would have renounced). But it was none the less clear to her that he was deeply disappoint-

ed at her having found it in her heart to separate herself so utterly. And there was something in his whole attitude which seemed to say that it was not only from him that she separated herself, but from all her fellow-countrymen besides, and from everything that was best and finest in American life. He regarded her marriage as an abjuration, an apostasy, a kind of moral treachery. It was of no use to say to him that she was doing nothing original or extraordinary, to ask him if he didn't know that in England, at the point things had come to, American wives were as thick as blackberries, so that if she were doing wrong she was doing wrong with well, almost the majority; for he had an answer to such cheap arguments, an answer according to which it appeared that the American girls who had done what she was about to do were notoriously poor specimens, the most frivolous and rattle-brained young persons in the country. They had no conception of the great meaning of American institutions, no appreciation of their birthright, and they were doubtless very worthy recruits to a debauched and stultified aristocracy. The pity of Agatha's position was that *she* had been meant for better things, she had appreciated her birthright, or, if she hadn't, it had not been the fault of a brother who had taken so much pains to form her mind and character. The sentiment of her nationality had been cultivated in her; it was not a mere brute instinct or customary prejudice, but a responsibility, a faith, a religion. She was not a poor specimen, but a remarkably fine one; she was intelligent, she was clever, she was sensitive; she could understand difficult things and feel great ones.

Of course, in those days at Montblanc, in Paris, when it was arranged that she should be married immediately as if there had really been an engagement to Sir Rufus from the night before their flight from Cadenabbia, of course she had had a certain amount of talk with Macarthy about the matter, and at those moments she had almost wished to drive him to protest articulately, so that she might as explicitly reassure him, endeavor to bring him round. But he had never said to her personally what he had said to her mother at Cadenabbia—what her mother, frightened and distressed, had immediately repeated to her. The most he said was that he hoped she was conscious

of all the perfectly different and opposed things she and her husband would represent when they should find themselves face to face. He hoped she had measured in advance the strain that might arise from the fact that in so many ways her good would be his evil, her white his black, and *vice versa*—the fact, in a word, that by birth, tradition, convictions, she was the product of a democratic society, while the very breath of Sir Rufus's nostrils was the denial of human equality. She had replied, "Oh yes, I have thought of everything"; but in reality she had not thought that she was, in any very aggressive manner, a democrat, or even that she had a representative function. She had not thought that Macarthy, in his intensest soul, was a democrat either; and she had even wondered what would happen if, in regard to some of those leveling theories, he had suddenly been taken at his word. She knew, however, that nothing would have made him more angry than to hint that anything could happen which would find him unprepared, and she was ashamed to repudiate the opinions the general character her brother attributed to her, to fall below the high standard he had set up for her. She had, moreover, no wish to do so. She was well aware that there were many things in English life that she couldn't like, and she was never a more passionate American than the day she married Sir Rufus, the same.

To what extent she remained one, an observer of the department of this young lady would at best have had considerable difficulty in judging. The question of the respective merits of the institutions of the two countries came up very little in her life. Her husband had other things to think of than the great republic beyond the sea, and her horizon, social and political, became for the time exclusively English. Sir Rufus was immersed in politics and in administrative questions; but these things belonged wholly to the domestic field; they were embodied in big blue-books with terrible dry titles (Agatha had tried conscientiously to acquaint herself with the contents of some of them), which piled themselves up on the table of his library. The Conservatives had come into power just after his marriage, and he had held honorable, though not supereminent, office. His duties had nothing to do with foreign re-

lations; they were altogether of an intellectual and substantial kind. He performed them in a manner which showed, perhaps, that he was conscious of some justice in the reproach usually addressed to the Tories—their fondness for grief in the department of industry and finance. His wife was sufficiently in his confidence to know how much he had it at heart to prove that a Conservative administration could be strong on that side. He never spoke to her of her own country—they had so many other things to talk about—but if there was nothing to his behavior to verify the assumption that she had given it up, on the other hand, there was nothing to show that he doubted of her having done so. What he had said about a woman's country being her husband and children, her house and garden and yarding list, was very considerably verified; for it was certain that her ladyship's new estate gave her, though she had no children, plenty of occupation. Even if it had not, however, she would have found a good deal of work to her hand in loving her husband, which she continued to do with the most commendable zeal. He seemed to her a very magnificent person, and he didn't bully her half so much as she expected. There were times when it even occurred to her that he really didn't bully her enough, for she had always had an idea that it would be agreeable to be subjected to this probation by someone she should be very fond of.

After they had been married a year or so, became a permanent official, in succession to a gentleman who was made a peer on his retirement from the post to which Sir Rufus was appointed. This gave Lady Chasemore an opportunity to reflect that she might some day be a peeress; it being reasonably to suppose that the same reward would be meted out to her husband on the day on which, in the fulness of time and of credit, he also should retire. She was obliged to admit to herself that the reflection was undisturbed with any sense of horror; it exhilarated her indeed to the point of making her smile at the contingency of Macarthy's finding himself the brother of a member of the aristocracy. As a permanent official, her husband was supposed to have no active political opinions; but she could not flatter herself that she perceived any diminution of his Conservative zeal. Even if

she had, it would have made little difference, for it did not take her long to discover that she had married into a Tory family. There was a set in which people took for granted she had feelings that she was not prepared to publish on the house-tops. It was scarcely worth while, however, to explain at length that she had not been brought up in that way, partly because the people wouldn't have understood, and partly because really, after all, they didn't care. Of how little it was possible in general to care, her career in England helped her gradually to discover. The people who cared least appeared to be those who were most concerned that everything in the national life was going to the dogs. Lady Chasemore was not struck with this tendency herself, for if she had been, the belief would have worried her more than it seemed to worry her friends. She liked most of them extremely, and thought them very kind, very easy to live with; but she had found London much better than the country, it bored such when her husband's new post added to the number of months he would have annually to spend there, she needed by being there as much as any man, and had grave doubts as to whether she would have been able to "stand" it if her lot had been cast among those members of her own circle who lived merely on their acres. All the same, though when she had to bear she bore very easily, she indulged in a good deal of private meditation on some of the things that distressed and distressed her. She didn't always mention them to her husband, for she always intended to—she desired to—should not think that she swallowed his country whole, and she was stupidly indiscriminating. Of course he knew that she was not stupid, and of course also he knew that she could not fail to be painfully impressed by the misery and brainiery of the British population. She had never, anywhere else, seen anything like that. Of course, furthermore, she knew that Sir Rufus had given, and would give in the future, a great deal of thought to legislative measures directed to elevating gradually the condition of the lower orders. It came over Lady Chasemore at times that it would be well if some of these measures might arrive at maturity with as little delay as possible.

The night before she quitted England with her husband they slept at a hotel

at Liverpool, in order to embark early on the morrow. Sir Rufus went out to attend to some business, and the evening being very close, she sat at the window of their sitting-room, looking out on a kind of square which stretched in front of the hotel. The night was muggy, the window was open, and she was held there by a horrible fascination. Dusky forms of vice and wretchedness moved about in the stuffy darkness, visions of grimy, half-naked, whining beggary hovered before her, curses and the sound of blows came to her ears; there were young girls, rowzy and violent, who evidently were drunk, as every one seemed to be, more or less, which was little wonder, as four public houses flared into the impure night, visible from where Lady Chasemore sat, and they appeared to be gorged with customers, half of whom were women. The impression came back to her that the horrible place had made upon her and upon her mother when they landed in England years before, and as she turned from the window she liked to think that she was going to a country where, at any rate, there would be less of that sort of thing. When her husband came in he said it was of course a beastly place, but much better than it used to be—which she was glad to hear. She made some allusion to the confidence they might have that they should be treated to no such scenes as that in *her* country; whereupon he remonstrated, fiercely expressing a hope that they should not be deprived of a glimpse of the celebrated American drinks and bar-room fights.

It must be added that in New York he made of his brother-in-law no inquiry about these phenomena—a reserve, a magnanimity even, keenly appreciated by his wife. She appreciated altogether the manner in which he conducted himself during their visit to the United States, and felt that if she had not already known that she had married a perfect gentleman, the fact would now have been revealed to her. For she had to make up her mind to this, that after all (it was vain to shut one's eyes to it) Sir Rufus personally didn't like the United States: he didn't like them, yet he made an immense effort to behave as if he did. She was grateful to him for that; it assuaged her nervousness (she was afraid there might be "scenes" if he should break out with some of his displeasures)—so grateful that

she almost forgot to be disappointed at the failure of her own original intent, to be distressed at seeing, or rather at guessing (for he was reserved about it even to her), that a nearer view of American institutions had not had the effect which she once promised herself a nearer view should have. She had married him partly to bring him over to an admiration of her country (she had never told any one this, for she was too proud to make the confidence to an English person, and if she had made it to an American, the answer would have been so prompt, "What on earth does it signify what he thinks of it?" no one, of course, being obliged to understand that it might signify to *her*); she had united herself to Sir Rufus in this missionary spirit, and now not only did her proselyte prove unamenable, but the vanity of her enterprise became a fact of secondary importance. She wondered a little that she didn't suffer more from it, and this is partly why she rejoiced that her husband kept most of his observations to himself: it gave her a pretext for not being ashamed. She had flattered herself before that in general he had the manners of a diplomatist (he did not suspect that this was not the opinion of all his contemporaries), and his behavior during the first few weeks at least of their stay in the Western world struck her as a triumph of diplomacy. She had really passed from caring whether he disliked American manners to caring primarily whether he showed he disliked them; a transition which, on her own side, she was very sensible it was important to conceal from Macarthy. To love a man who would feel no tenderness for the order of things which had encompassed her early years, and had been intimately mixed with her growth, which was a part of the conscience, the piety, of many who had been most dear to her, and whose memory would be dear to her always—that was an irregularity which was, after all, shut up in her own breast, where she could trust her dignity to get, some way or other, the upper hand of it. But to be pointed at as having such a problem as that on one's back was quite another affair: it was a kind of exposure of one's sensitiveness, a surrender of private judgment. Lady Chasemore had by this time known her husband long enough to enter into the logic of his preferences: if he disliked or disapproved of what he saw in America,

ing or hunting or fishing), it may be said, though it sounds odd, that the two men met very little directly—met scarcely more than in the evening, or, in other words, always in company. During the twenty days the Chasemores spent together in New York they either dined out or were members of a party given at home by Macarthy, and on these occasions Sir Rufus found plenty to talk about with his new acquaintance. His wife flattered herself he was liked, he was so hilarious and so easy. He had a most appreciative manner, but she really wished sometimes that he might have subdued his hilarity a little; there were moments when perhaps it looked as if he took everything in the United States as if it were more than all else amusing. She knew exactly how it must privately affect Macarthy, this implication that it was merely a comical country; but, after all, it was not very easy to say how Macarthy would have preferred that a stranger, or that Sir Rufus in particular, should take the great republic. A cheerful view, yet untinged by the sense of drabness that would have been the right thing if it could have been arrived at. A half-cent (and this was something gained), if Sir Rufus was in his heart a pessimist in regard to things he didn't like, he was not superlatively so. And that he asked questions by the million, and what was curious but a hundred!

It will be inferred, and must correctly, that Macarthy, Greek was not personally in any degree, but his lordship knew the showman of the exhibition. He caused him to be conducted, but he didn't conduct him. He listened to his reports of what he had seen (it was at breakfast mainly that these fresh intimations dropped from Sir Rufus's lips) with very much the same cold patience (as if he were civilly forcing his attention) with which he listened to Arthur's persistent anecdotes of things that had happened to her in England. Of course with Sir Rufus, there could be no question of personal interest; he didn't care whether Macarthy cared or not, and he didn't stick to this everlasting subject of American institutions either to entertain him or to entertain himself; all he wanted was to lead on to further researches and discoveries. Macarthy always met him with the same response: "Oh, so and so is the reason I tell you all about that." If yet again I

will give you a letter to him." Sir Rufus always wished, and certainly Macarthy wrote, a prodigious number of letters. The inquiries and conclusions of his visitor (so far as Sir Rufus indulged in the latter) all bore special points; he was careful to commit himself to no crude generalizations. He had to remember that he had still the rest of the country to see, and after a little discussion (which was confined to Lady Chasemore and her husband) it was decided that he should see it without his wife, who would await his return among her friends in New York. This arrangement was much to her mind, but it gives again the measure of the degree to which she had renounced her early dream of interpreting the Western world to Sir Rufus. If she was not in fact at his side at the moment, on the spot, of course she couldn't interpret; he would get a tremendous start of her. In short, by staying quietly with Macarthy during his absence she almost gave up the great advantage she had hitherto looked forward to—more about America than her husband could. She liked however to feel that she was making a sacrifice, making one indeed, both to Sir Rufus and to her brother. The idea of giving up something for Macarthy (she only wished it had been something more) did her great good—sweetened the period of her husband's absence.

The whole season had been splendid, but at this moment the golden days of the Indian summer descended upon the shivering city, and cloaked it in a kind of two-monthly—five or six or three weeks New York seemed to Lady Chasemore, perched on the marble battlements looking down on the sleeping sunshine, and her native land prohibited, for the occasion, an atmosphere; vague memories came back to her of her younger years, of things that had to do, somehow, with the blazed brightness of the late autumn in the country. She walked about, she walked irresponsibly for hours; she didn't care as she had to care in London. She not loitered in the streets and loitered and walked with dreams and pleasures as simple as this occupied an exaggerated charm for her. She liked walking, and as an American girl had indulged the taste freely; but in London she had no time but to drive—besides which, there were other tiresome considerations. Macarthy came home from his office earlier and she went to meet him in

announcing his intention. She had said, "Of course it will be friendly—you'll say nice things?" And he had replied, "My poor child, they will abuse me like a pickpocket." This had scarcely been reassuring, and she had had it at heart to probe the question further, in the train, after they left Washington. But as it happened, in the train, all the way, Sir Rufus was engaged in conversation with a Democratic Representative, whom he had picked up; she didn't know how—very certain he hadn't met him at any respectable house in Washington. They sat in front of her in the car, with their heads almost touching, and although she was a better American than her husband, she shouldn't have liked hers to be so close to that of the Democratic Representative. Now of course she knew that Sir Rufus was taking in material for his book. This idea made her uncomfortable, and she would have liked immensely to squish him from his companion—she secretly knew why, after all, except that she couldn't believe the Republicanism presented anything very new. She persuaded herself to ascertain thoroughly, after they should be comfortably settled in England, the opinions with which the book was now written. She was a very good natured and she liked to talk as such. Her husband would not be able to escape her, and she foresaw the manner in which she should catechise him. It exercised her greatly in advance, and she was more agitated than she could ever have expressed by the whole question of the book. Meanwhile, however, she was content not to show her attitude to MacCarthy. She referred to her husband's opinion as eventually as possible, and the reason she referred to it was that this seemed more loyal, more loyal to MacCarthy. If the book, when written, should demonstrate to the security of its criticism and that in many qualities it would attract attention of the wildest character, Lady Chansmore could not doubt, she should feel more easy not to have had the air of coming from her brother that such a book was in preparation, which would also be the air of having a bad conscience about it. It was to prove both to herself and MacCarthy that she had a good conscience that she told him of Sir Rufus's design. The habit of detachment from others was inherited with her brother-in-law's selfishness. Was strong in him, nevertheless he was

not able to repress some sign of emotion—he flushed very perceptibly. Quickly, however, he recovered his appearance of considering that the circumstance was one in which he could not hope to interest himself much; though the next moment he observed, with a certain ineloquence, "I am rather sorry to hear it."

"Why are you sorry?" asked Agatha. She was surprised, and indeed gratified, that he should contain himself even so far as to express regret. What she had supposed he would say, if he should say anything, was that he was obliged to her for the information, but that if it was given him with any expectation that he must be induced to read the book, he must really let her know that such an expectation was positively vain. Sir Rufus's printed ideas could have no more value for him than his spoken ones.

"Well, it will be rather disagreeable for you," he said, in answer to her question. "Unless, indeed, you don't care what happens."

"But I do care." The lady will be sure to be very wise. Do you yourself disturb his peace. That would be disagreeable for me. You certainly it would; it would put me in a false and a ridiculous position, and I don't see how I should bear it." Lady Chansmore went on feeling that her conduct was generous and wishing it to be so. "But I don't allow it to be so. To prevent that, if it's necessary, I will write every word of it myself."

Seconded as the individual dislike, from an ill-concealed feeling in MacCarthy's face to know that he could lend himself to a rational treatment of their country. "I think," Mr. MacCarthy had better face at home, he said, "and if he thought I don't care, he should be more than satisfied to have him say, because he has no assurance for reading books to other nations. The self-complacency of your husband's countrymen is colossal and imperturbable, still, with the right place, and the right advice, and the guidance of the rest of the world upon them being what it is, it's grotesque, because those who sitting in their old judgment seat, and pronouncing upon the shortcomings of people who are full of the life that has so long since left them." MacCarthy then spoke slowly, mildly, with a certain dryness, as if he were discharging his duty for all and would not return to the subject. The goodness of his nature made

should be published it would have to encounter the objection that everything changed in America in two or three years, and no one wanted to know anything about a dead past.

Such had been the reflections with which Lady Chasemore consoled herself for the results of those inquiries she had promised herself in New York to make when once she should be ensconced in a sea chair by her husband's side, and which she had in fact made, to her no small discomposure. Meanwhile, apparently, he had stolen a march upon her, he had put his hand to *The Modern Warning* (that was to be the title, as she had learned on the ship), he had worked at it in his odd hours, he had sent it to the printers, and here were the first fruits of it. Had he had a bad conscience about it? Was that the reason he had been so quiet? She didn't believe much in his bad conscience, for he had been tremendously, formidably explicit when they talked the matter over; had let her know as fully as possible what he intended to do. Then it was that he relieved himself, that in the long unoccupied hours of their fine voyage he was in wonderful "form" at sea; he took her into the confidence of his real impressions—made her understand how things had struck him in the United States. They had not struck him well; oh no, they had not struck him well at all! But at least he had prepared for, and therefore smothered, he had nothing to hide. It was doubtless an accident that he appeared to have kept his work away from her; for sometimes, in other cases, he had put her intelligence to the complement (was it not for that, in part, he had married her?) of supposing that she could enter *pro et contra*. It was probable that in this case he had wanted first to see for himself how his chapters would look in print. Very likely, even, he had not written the whole book, nor even half of it; he had only written the opening pages and had then "set up"; she remembered to have heard him speak of that as a very convenient system. It would be very convenient for her as well, and she should also be much interested in seeing how they looked. On the table, in their neat little pocket, they seemed half to solicit him, half to warn her off.

They were still there, of course, when she came back from her dinner, and this time she took possession of them. She

carried them upstairs, and in her dressing room, when she had been left alone, in her wrapper, she sat down with them under the lamp. The packet lay in her lap a long time, however, before she decided to detach the envelope. Her hesitation came not from her feeling in any degree that this roll of printed sheets had the sanctity of a letter, a seal that she might not discreetly break, but from an insurmountable nervousness as to what she might find within. She sat there for an hour, with her head resting on the back of her chair, and her eyes closed; but she had not fallen asleep; Lady Chasemore was very wide awake indeed. She was living for the moment in a kind of concentration of memory, thinking over everything that had fallen from her husband's lips after he began, as I have said, to relieve himself. It turned out that the opinion he had formed of the order of society in the United States was even less favorable than she had reason to fear. There were not many things of which he had thought well, and the few exceptions related to the matters that were the most characteristic of the country, not idiosyncrasies of American life. The idiosyncrasies he had held to be one and all detestable. The whole spectacle was a colossal warning, a consummate illustration of the horrors of democracy. The only thing that had saved the misbegotten republic as yet was its margin, its geographical vastness; but that was now discounted and exhausted. For the rest, every democratic vice was in the ascendant, and could be studied there *sur le vif*; he couldn't be more than sad that he had not delayed longer to go over and study it. He had come back with a load full of lessons and a heart fired with the resolve to enforce them upon his own people, who, as Agatha knew, had begun to move in the same horrible direction. As she listened to him she perceived the mistake she had made in not going to the West with him; for it was from that part of the country that he had drawn the most formidable anecdotes and examples. Of those he produced a terrible array: no space by hand, he strove to write with lines and figures, and his wife felt herself submerged by the deep, bitter waters. She even felt when a pity it was that she had not dragged him away from that common little Congressman whom he had stuck to so to the very evening from Washington.

tail; yet he did not consider it right to publish a little book—the whole of these last fifteen years of the young man's career had been devoted to the study of his country. He pressed for hard-shouldered yet—compassionate—frankness that shone upon his face as he looked earnestly at the American youth. He thought he was really pleased. It would appear that their two countries were now nearly equal in ability as regards literature. Mrs. Redmont and she—before, when he was really pleased. Even his long chat with the American Congressmen and members of Congress in the time. His wife wrote to him the last week with the ability which had secured him to master so much knowledge in so short a time. He had not only greeted up him, he had recognized them as a magnificent country, and she was proud of his being so clever, even when he made her blind by the way he talked. He had had no intention whatever of this, and he was as much surprised as pleased when she broke out into a passionate appeal to him not to publish such hostile misrepresentations. She devoted her morning with exaltation, and so far as was possible in the face of his own flood of statistics of anecdotes of "lobbying," of the corruption of public life for which she was unprepared, endeavoring to gainsay him in the particulars as well as in the general. She maintained that he had seen every thing wrong seen it through the distortion of prejudice of a hostile temperament, in the light—no rather in the darkness—of wishing to find weapons to swing in England the opposite party. Of course America had its faults, but for the whole it was a much finer country than any other, finer even than his country, mangled old England, where there was plenty to do to sweep the house clean, if he would give a little more of his time to that. Proudly for herself she had found more since he came to England than all the years she had lived at home. She did not quote Marcellus to him who had reasons for not doing so, but something of the spirit of Marcellus flamed up in her as she spoke.

So Rufus smiled in his welcoming, he took it in perfectly good part, though it evidently left him not a little astonished. He had forgotten that America was hers—that she had any abundance of her own language of her manners. He had made her his own, and being the intense Englishman that he was, it had never occurred

to him to think that she now paraded of her manner in the same degree as himself. He had assumed her as it were completely, and he had assumed that she had assimilated him and his country with him—a process which would have for its consequence that the other country the only foreign experiment one would be as he himself pleased it to himself.

"Alas!" That it hadn't been was the proof of a false method sensibility, which weakness and time could still assuage. For Rufus was reason, he reassured his wife in the end, in the first place by telling her that he knew nothing whatever about her, and that some of it was mistaken, but that he'd more of the people in the country, and he knew about them, and in the second by promising her that he would use pains to send her such her approval as might be expected soon. She should remember, however, perhaps, if want to pass, and how steadily have the same without her own. She wished to know if he would be able to leave England on a moment's notice, as he said she had told him some days of her intention to leave home, but it was in vain to find herself misapprehended, and she said with thought of her own mind. He remembered the declaration perfectly, and knew that had he desired to, he was prepared to bring it, she, on the day, postponed saying him again that she would wait until he had put an answer of her intention positively. For she had not perceived her opportunity. For she had not perceived her opportunity. He had been perceptive to her she would have done what she had with him, and he had observed that she was like the lake in coming to the shore of the beach and going back with her person in the water. And so it was, and he had really meant it—upon his honor he had. As that of the conversation (and I mean not to say that was a bit low) which had gone on with him, with any sort of appearance. At all events now it was settled, he had given for himself—the temptation was great. Two points were very important, either in Lady Chesmore's eyes, or of the scene on the ship, and were her original assistance on the fact that he had not the smallest animosity to the American people, but had only his own English brothers in view, wished only to protect and give them, to point a certain point as a man had been pointed before, the same was his pledge that nothing should be made public without



MY DEAR FRIENDS, YOU MUST BE AN ACTIVE BODY.

her assent. As at last she broke the envelope of the packet in her lap she wondered how much she should find to assent to. More, perhaps, than a third person, judging the case, would have expected. Considering what had passed between them, Sir Rufus must have taken great pains to throw down his opinions—or at least the expression of them.

XII

He came back to Grosvenor Place the next evening, very late, and enquiring for his wife, was told that she was in her apartments. He was furthermore informed

that she was so much tired out, but had given up remounting the carriage at the last moment, and despatching a note instead. On Sir Rufus asking if she were ill, it was added that she had seemed rather poorly, and had not left the house since the day before. A servant later informed him in her very sitting-room, where she appeared to have been walking up and down. She stopped when he entered, and stood there, looking at him; she was in her dressing-gown, very pale, and she received him without a smile. He went up to her, kissed her, saw something strange in

The Modern Warning, but he would hear all about it, he would meet it in the news-papers, in every one's talk; the very voices of the air would distil the worst pages into his ear, and make the scandal of the participation even greater than—as Heaven knew—it would deserve to be. She thought of the month of renewed tenderness, of happy, pure impressions, that she had spent a year before in the midst of American kindness and memories more innocent than her visions of to-day, and the effect of this retrospect was galling in the face of her possible shame. Shame—shame! She repeated that word to Sir Rufus in a tone which made him stare, as if it dawned upon him that her reason was perhaps deserting her. That shame should attach itself to his wife in consequence of any behavior of *his* was an idea that he had to make a very considerable effort to embrace, and while his candor betrayed it, his wife was touched, even through her resentment, by seeing that she had not made him angry. He thought she was strangely unreasonable, but he was determined not, on his own side, to fall into that vice. She was silent about Macarthy, because Sir Rufus had accused her before her marriage of being afraid of him, and she had then resolutely never again to incur such a taunt; but before things had gone much further between them she reminded her husband that she had Irish blood, the blood of the people, in her veins, and that he must take that into account in measuring the provocation he might think it safe to heap upon her. She was far from being a fanatic on this subject, as he knew; but when America was made out to be an object of holy horror to virtuous England, she could not but remember that millions of her Celtic cousins had found refuge there from the blessed English dispensation, and he struck with his recklessness in challenging comparisons which were bitter but to sleep.

When his wife began to represent herself as Irish, Sir Rufus evidently thought her "off her head"; indeed, it was the first he had heard of it since she communicated the mystic fact to him on the lake of Como. Nevertheless he argued with her for half an hour as if she were sane, and before they separated he made her a liberal concession, such as only a perfectly lucid mind would be able to appreciate. This was a simple indulgence at the end of their midnight discussion, of

was not dictated by any recognition of his having been unjust: for though his wife reiterated this charge, with a sacred fire in her eyes which made them more beautiful than he had ever known them, he took his stand, in his own stubborn opinion, too firmly upon piles of evidence, revelations of political fraud and corruption, and the "whole tone of the newspapers" to speak only of that. He remarked to her that, clearly, he must simply give way to her opposition. If she were going to suffer so inordinately, it settled the question. The book should not be published, and they would say no more about it. He would put it away, he would burn it up, and *The Modern Warning* should be as if it had never been. Amen! amen! Lady Chasemore accepted this sacrifice with eagerness, although her husband it must be added did not fail to place before her the exceeding greatness of it. He didn't lose his temper, he was not petulant nor spiteful, he didn't throw up his project and his vision of literary distinction in a huff; but he called her attention very vividly and solemnly to the fact that in deferring to the feelings she so uncompromisingly expressed he renounced the dream of rendering a signal service to his country. There was a certain bitterness in his smile as he told her that *her* wish was the only thing in the world that could have made him throw away such a golden opportunity. The rest of his life would never offer him such a notion; but patriotism might go to the dogs if only it were settled that she shouldn't have a grudge. He didn't care what became of poor old England, if once that precious result were obtained, poor old England might pursue impure delusions and rattle down hill as fast as she chose, for want of the word his voice would have spoken—really inspired, as he held it to be, by the justice of his cause.

Lady Chasemore flattered herself that they did not part that night in acrimony; there was nothing of this in the long kiss which she took from her husband's lips, with wet eyes, with a grateful, comprehensive murmur. It seemed to her that nothing could be fonder or finer than their mutual confidence, her husband's concession was gallant in the extreme; but even more than this was it impressed upon her that her own affection was perfect, since it could accept such a renunciation without a fear of the after-taste. She had

long or live with Sir Rufus from the day he made her hand at Cambridge. For she was never in doubt of her position as during the weeks that immediately followed his withdrawal from her. It was almost impossible that any mother of whom would shudder at the circumstance again, but she at least, in private, looked on her immediate and undisturbed life. All was but a temporary reprieve. And a nightmare of my fears, and even in town, gave her freedom to solve that probably few men would have understood even if she were, who wanted much to understand herself, that in all its particular too she thoroughly appreciated it; if he really couldn't move—how she could feel as she did, it was all the more assurance of him to comply blindly to take her at her word, little as he could make of it. It did not become less obvious to Lady Chasmore, but quite the contrary, as the weeks went by, that *The Master's Warning* would have been a masterpiece of its class. In her room that evening, her husband had told her that the best of him, intellectually, had gone into it; that he believed he had uttered certain truths there as they never would be uttered again—contributed his grain of gold to the limited sum of human wisdom. He had done something to help his country, and then—to please her—he had undone it. Above all it was delightful to her that he had not been sullen or rancorous about it; that it didn't make her pay for his magnanimity. He didn't sigh or scowl, or take the air of a domestic martyr; he came and went with his usual step and his usual smile, and remained to all appearance the same, fresh-colored, decided, accomplished, high-spirited.

Therefore it is that I find it difficult to explain how it was that Lady Chasmore began to feel at the end of a few months that there diffidence had, after all, not to spare the more consciousness of a happy, nothing present, scarcely more than. What if the story continued, implicitly, unobtrusively, noted the system? She thought there had been no change, for now she suspected that there was at least a difference. She had read Emerson, and she knew the famous phrase about the little rift within the lute, its connection to her with a larger meaning, it haunted her at last, and she asked herself whether, when she accepted her husband's advice

and married a man from her happiness and his that she needed and flew away. In the light of this from the which herself as having lived in a more paradise, a misfortune from which she had ever prayed such deliverance. She wanted in every situation to know the truth; and in this case she had not known it, at least she knew it only in the shape of the form, and had had the Ruffes outward good nature, unexpressed his real reaction. At present she, being anxiously brooding over his late this reaction for granted, and to be satisfied of it in the very things which he had regarded at first as signs of resignation. She secretly watched his face; she privately counted his words. When he began to do this it was no very long time before she made up her mind that he had had become much lower, that Sir Rufus talked to her very much less than he had done of old. He took no revenge but he accepted, and in his coldness there was something hopelessly neutral. He looked at her less and less, uttered less words. His eyes had had no more agreeable occupation. She tried to look here if that her shadowy were written at all, and very often indeed to a just conclusion why. She remembered that Sir Rufus had told her she was morbid, and of the shadow had been this at the time she had first felt better than. But the effect of this reflection was only to suggest to her that Sir Rufus himself was morbid, and that her behavior had made him so. It was the last thing that would be in her mind; but she had suggested that nature to her mind organized again. He was feeling it now, he was feeling that he had looked on the dark of a good outcome, a good citizen being what he had ever most earnestly proposed to himself to be. Lady Chasmore noticed to her, but that he had turned toward her this when it was turned away from her, that he ground his teeth with shame at the weakness of the truth. Then it came over her with a speakable bitterness that there had been no real solution of their difficulty, that it was too good to be settled by so simple an arrangement as that, an arrangement harmonious for a complicated world. Nothing was less simple than to give one—gold and live without the in point. This a singular circumstance and suggesting perhaps a perversion of the imagination under the influence of distress, but Lady Chasmore at this time found

herself thinking with a kind of baffled pride of the merits of *The Modern Warning* as a literary composition, a political essay. It would have been dreadful for her, but at least it would have been superb, and that was what was, naturally enough, present to the defeated author as he tossed through the sleepless hours. She determined at last to question him, to confess her fears, to make him tell her whether his weakness—if he considered it a weakness—really did rankle; though when he made the sacrifice months before (nearly a year had come round), he let her know that he wished the subject buried between them for evermore. She approached it with some trepidation, and the manner in which he looked at her as she stammered out her inquiry was not such as to make the effort easier. He waited in silence till she had expressed herself as she best could, without helping her, without showing that he guessed her trouble, her need to be assured that he didn't feel her to have been cruel. Did he? *Did* he? that was what she wanted to be certain of. Sir Rufus's answer was in itself a question: he demanded what she meant by imputing to him such hypocrisy, such bad faith. What did she take him for, and what right had he given her to make a new scene, when he flattered himself the last pretext had been removed? If he had been dissatisfied, she might be very sure he would have told her so; and as he hadn't told her, she might pay him the compliment to believe he was honest. He expressed the hope—and for the first time in his life he was stern with her—that this would be the last endeavor on her part to revive an odious topic. His sternness was of no avail; it neither wounded her nor comforted her. It only had the effect of making her perfectly sure that he suffered, and that he regarded himself as a kind of traitor. He was one more in the long list of those whom a woman had ruined, who had sold themselves, sold their honor and the commonwealth, for a fair face, a quiet life, a show of tears, a bribe of caresses. The vision of this smothered pain, which he tried to carry off as a gentleman should, only ministered to the love she had ever borne him, the love that had the power originally to throw her into his arms in the face of an opposing force. As month followed month, all her nature centred itself in this feeling; she loved him more than ever

and yet she had been the cause of the most tormenting thing that had ever happened to him. This was a tragic contradiction, impossible to bear, and she sat staring at it with tears of rage.

One day she had occasion to tell him that she had received a letter from Macarthy, who announced that he should soon sail for Europe, even intimated that he should spend two or three weeks in London. He had been overworked, it was years since he had had a proper holiday, and the doctor threatened him with nervous prostration if he didn't very soon break off everything. His sister had a vision of his reason for offering to let her see him in England; it was a piece of appreciation, on Macarthy's part, a reward for their having behaved—that is, for Sir Rufus's having behaved—apparently under her influence, better than might have been expected. He had the good taste not to bring out his insolent book, and Macarthy gave this little sign the most mollified thing he had done as yet, that he noticed. If Lady Chasemore had not at this moment been thinking of something else, it might have occurred to her that nervous prostration in her brother's organism had already set in. The prospect of his visit held Sir Rufus's attention very briefly, and in a few minutes Agatha herself ceased to dwell upon it. Suddenly, illogically, fantastically, she could not have told why, at that moment and in that place, for she had had no such intention when she came into the room, she broke out: "My own darling, do you know what has come over me? I have changed entirely— I see it differently; I want you to publish that grand thing." And she stood there smiling at him, expressing the transformation of her feeling so well that he might have been forgiven for not doubting it.

Nevertheless he did doubt it, especially at first. But she repeated, she pressed, she insisted; once she had spoken in this sense, she abounded and overflowed. It went on for several days the had begun by refusing to listen to her, for even in touching the question she had violated his solemn injunction; and by the end of a week she persuaded him that she had really come round. She was extremely ingenious and plausible in tracing the process by which she had done so, and she drew from him the confession (they kissed a great deal after it was made)

that two manuscripts of *The Architect* Byron had not been destroyed at all, and was safely housed in a corner together with the interminable sheets of conclusions placed by his exertions in a large natural light that set out before him, able to do, for by night, would save the reader the exertion of following the impalpable glow which leads to the heart of the labyrinth. A month was still to elapse before Maerthy could show himself and during this time he had the leisure and freedom of mind to consider the sort of future which he should meet from his former making, virtually promised that he would send the book back to the printer. None of course, the prospect of a promotion or partnership, she had nothing to do with it, it might be whatever he liked, she gave him freedom rather than she should not even look at it after it was printed. It was his affair altogether now. It had ceased to be hers. A bond must have formed itself, in the course of a year, over a sensibility that was once so tender. Her side admitted was very strange, but it would be stranger still if with the same that he had originally set upon his opportunity he should not be best that he might throw his weight upon it. In this case the morbidity would be on his side. Several times, during the period that preceded Maerthy's arrival, Lady Chasemore saw on the table in the hall little packets which reminded her of the roll of proofs she had opened that evening in her room. Her courage never failed her and an observer of her present relations with her husband might easily have been excused for believing that the solution which at one time appeared so dim was now substantial and complete. Sir Rufus was immensely taken up with the resumption of his task. The revision of his original pages went forward the more rapidly that in fact, though his wife was unaware of it, they had repeatedly been in his hands since he put them away. He had retouched and amended them, by the midnight lamp, disinterestedly, platonically, hypothetically, and the alterations and improvements which suggested themselves when a work is laid by to rest, like a row of gems on a shelf, started into life and light. Sir Rufus was as happy as a man who after having been obliged for a long time to undertake a journey to court finds it recognized and

maintained, that that the obstacles are removed, and he may conduct his beloved to the throne.

Next morning—when Maerthy came alighted in the door of his sister's house—he had assumed in the last of her urgent request that he would make it his habit, on every occasion in London, to stop at her apartment of sudden alarm and distress. It was late in the afternoon, a supper of house-bread dinner, and it so happened that Sir Rufus dressed up at the moment the American traveller issued from the carriage that had been sent for him. Two persons exchanged greetings on the steps of the house, but to the next month Maerthy's first asked what had become of Amelia whether she had not come to the station to meet him, as she had promised to do when Sir Rufus had last been with her abroad.

It appeared that she had not accompanied her cousin. Maerthy had been informed, however, by someone, who had been with the Chasemores to America, and was certain on a point which recognized him. The company and Sir Rufus had not looked up had sent him down word an hour before the evening started, that she had altered her intention, and he went to meet her. By this time the door of the house had been thrown open, the ladies and the other gentlemen had come in, and had sat. They had not, however, had much conversation, the minute and the master's eye immediately saw that there was something wrong in the house. The apprehension was confirmed or doubled in the instant before he had time to ask a question. "We are afraid her ladyship is ill, sir, rather seriously, sir, we hope, but this moment discovered it, sir, her maid is with her, sir, and the other women."

Sir Rufus moved, he paused but a single instant, looking from one of the men to the other. "These faces were very white; they had a strange, scared expression."

"What do you mean by rather seriously?"

"What the devil has happened?" But he had sprung to the stairs—he was half-way up before they could answer.

"You had better go up, sir, really," and the ladies to Maerthy who was flustered then, and had turned as white as himself, "we are afraid she has taken something."

"Taken something?"

"By mistake, sir, you know, sir," qua-

vered the footman, looking at his companion. There were tears in the footman's eyes. Macarthy felt sick.

"And there's no doctor? You don't send? You stand gaping?"

"We are going, sir—we have already gone!" cried both the men together. "He'll come from the hospital, round the corner; he'll be here by the time you're upstairs. It was but this very moment, sir, just before you rang the bell," one of them went on. The footman who had come with Macarthy from Euston dashed out of the house, and he himself followed the direction his brother-in-law had taken. The butler was with him, saying he didn't know what—that it was only while they were waiting—that it would be a stroke for Sir Rufus. He got before him, on the upper landing; he led the way to Lady Chasemore's room, the door of which was open, revealing a horrible hush, and, beyond the interior, a hurried, gasping flight of female domestics. Sir Rufus was there, he was at the bed still; he had flung the room; two of the women had remained, they had held of Lady Chasemore, who lay there passive, with a lifeless arm that caught Macarthy's eye, calling howling, pushing each other, saying that she would come to in a minute. Sir Rufus had apparently been staring at his wife in stupefaction and horror, but as Macarthy came to the bed he caught her up in his arms, pressing her to his bosom, and the American visitor met his face, glowing at him over her shoulder, convulsed and transformed. "She has taken something, but only by mistake!" he was conscious that the butler was saying that again, he blind him, in his ears.

"My God, you have killed her! it's *your* infernal work!" cried Sir Rufus, in a voice that matched his terrible face.

"I have killed her?" answered Macarthy, bewildered and appalled.

"Your damned fantastic opposition—the fear of meeting you," Sir Rufus went on. But his words lost themselves, as he bent over her in violent kisses and imprecations, in demands whether nothing could be done, why the doctor wasn't there, in clumsy, passionate attempts to arouse, to revive.

"Oh, I am sure she wanted you to come. She was very well this morning, sir," the lady's-maid broke out, to Macarthy, contradicting Sir Rufus in her fright, and protesting again that it was nothing; that it

was a faint—for the very pleasure—that her ladyship would come round. The other woman had picked up a little phial. She thrust it at Macarthy with the boldness of their common distress, and as he took it from her mechanically he perceived that it was empty, and had a strange odor. He sniffed it, and with a shout of horror flung it away. He rushed at his sister, and for a moment almost had a struggle with her husband for the possession of her body, in which, as soon as he touched it, he felt the absence of life. Then she was in the bed again, beautiful, irresponsible, inanimate, and they were both beside her for an instant, after which Sir Rufus broke away, and staggered out of the room. It seemed an eternity to Macarthy while he waited, though it had already come over him that he was waiting only for something still worse. The women talked, tried to tell him things; one of them said something about the pity of his coming all the way from America on purpose. Agatha was beautiful; there was no disfigurement. The butler had gone out with Sir Rufus, and he came back with him, reappearing first, and with the doctor. Macarthy didn't even heed what the doctor said. By this time he knew it all for himself. He flung himself into a chair, overwhelmed, covering his face with the cape of his ulster. The odor of the little phial was in his nostrils. He let the doctor lead him out without resistance, scarcely with consciousness, after some minutes.

Lady Chasemore had taken something—the doctor gave it a name, but it was not by mistake. In the hall, drawn up, he stood looking at Macarthy, kindly, sadly, tentatively, with his hand on his shoulder. "Had she—had she some domestic grief?" Macarthy heard himself ask. He couldn't stay in the house

and with Chasemore. The servant who had brought him from the station took him to a hotel, with his luggage, in the carriage, which was still at the door—a horrible hotel, where in a dismal, dingy back room, with chimney pots outside, he spent a night of insupportable anguish. He could not understand, and he howled to himself, "Why, *why*, just now?" Sir Rufus, in the other house, had exactly such another vigil; it was plain enough that this was the case when, the next morning, he came to the hotel. He held out his hand to Macarthy—he appeared to take back his

monstrous words of the evening before. He made him come back to Grosvenor Crescent, he made him spend three days there, three days during which the two men savely exchanged a word. But the rest of the holiday that Margaret had undertaken for the benefit of his health was passed upon the Continent, with little

present evidence that he should find what he had sought. *The Western Wakening* has not yet been published, but it may still appear. This doubtless will depend upon whether this time the sheets have really been destroyed (buried in Lady Chatterbox's grave) or only put back into the cabinet.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST

BY EDITORS OF THE WESTERN

LYNCHING

SECOND HALF

THE country gets its impression of Chicago largely from the Chicago newspapers. In my observation the impression is wrong. The press is bold, vigorous, voluminous, full of enterprise, alert, spirited; its news columns are not venal in quantity, if not in quality; nowhere are important events, public meetings and demonstrations more fully, graphically, and satisfactorily reported; it has keen and competent writers in several departments of criticism—theatrical, musical, and occasionally literary; independence, with less of personal bias than in some other cities; the editorial pages of most of the newspapers are bright, sparkling, witty, not seldom spiced with knowing drollery, and strong, vivid, well-informed and well-written in the discussion of public questions, with an efficiency always to be made for the "personal equation" in dealing with particular men and measures—as little prejudiced in this respect as any press in the country.

But it lacks tone, elevation of purpose; it represents to the world the intelligence of a great city rather than the better, under a mistaken notion of the press and the public, not confined to Chicago, as to what is "news." It cannot escape the charge of being highly sensational; that is, the elevation and majesty of men, persons and events by every rhetorical and pictorial device. Day after day the leading news, the most displayed and most conspicuous, will be of vulgar men and women, and all the more expanded if it have in it a spice of scandal. This sort of reading creates a diseased appetite, which requires a stronger dose daily to satisfy. And people who read it lose their relish for the higher,

more dignified and popular news of the world. We compare the Chicago newspapers with any given paper in this country, and find more of the true. Even New York, long recently imagined successful, tells the reader in what is called Western journalism.

But it is argued from the Chicago newspapers that the impression has gone abroad that the city is pre-occupied with vulgar, personal, or scandalous that its society is fast, that it is vulgar and pretentious, that it is "shabby" and "rotten to the core." The laws of Illinois in regard to divorce are not more lax than in some European states; and divorces are certainly numerous; those of scandal are certainly numerous; than in some East-end cities. But while the press of the city has given merely an editorial line to the court, separating the Chicago papers from all the details and minutiae of their actions. Many people, so that to get a correct notion they avoid scandal at their tables, and because the Chicago papers reflect national facilities in being open every month to the year. Chicago has a young, mobile population, an immense foreign-born element. I watch of foreign news by the daily reports of divorces and scandals. Almost without exception they relate to the lower, not to any of the more virtuous portions of social life. In several years the city has had, I estimate, only two causes celebre in what is called great society—a remarkable record for a city of its age. Of course a city of this magnitude and mobility is not free from vice and immorality and fast living; but I am compelled to record the deliberate opinion, formed on a good deal of observation and inquiry, that the moral tone

in Chicago society, in all the well-to-do industrious classes which give the town its distinctive character, is purer and higher than in any other city of its size with which I am acquainted, and purer than in many much smaller. The tone is not so fast, public opinion is more restrictive, and women take, and are disposed to take, less latitude in conduct. This was not my impression from the newspapers. But it is true not only that social life holds itself to great propriety, but that the moral atmosphere is uncommonly pure and wholesome. At the same time, the city does not lack gayety of movement, and it would not be called prudish, nor in some respects conventional.

It is curious also that the newspapers, or some of them, take pleasure in mocking at the culture of the town. Outside papers catch this spirit, and the "culture" of Chicago is the butt of the paragraphs. It is a singular attitude for newspapers to take regarding their own city. Not long ago Mr. McClurg published a very neat volume, in vellum, of the fragments of Sappho, with translations. If the volume had appeared in Boston it would have been welcomed and most respectfully received in Chicago. But instead of regarding it as an evidence of the growing literary taste of the new town, the humorists saw occasion in it for exquisite mockery in the juxtaposition of Sappho with the modern ability to kill seven pigs a minute, and in the clearest and most humorous manner set all the country in a roar over the incongruity. It goes without saying that the business men of Chicago were not sitting up nights to study the Greek poets in the original; but the fact was that there was enough literary taste in the city to make the volume a profitable venture, and that its appearance was an evidence of intellectual activity and scholarly inclination that would be creditable to any city in the land. It was not at all my intention to intrude my impressions of a newspaper press so very able and with such magnificent opportunities as that of Chicago, but it was unavoidable to mention one of the causes of the misapprehension of the social and moral condition of the city.

The business statistics of Chicago, and the story of its growth, and the social movement, which have been touched on in a previous paper, give only a half-pic-

ture of the life of the town. The prophecy for its great and more hopeful future is in other exhibitions of its incessant activity. My limits permit only a reference to its churches, extensive charities (which alone would make a remarkable and most creditable chapter), hospitals, medical schools, and conservatories of music. Club life is attaining metropolitan proportions. There is on the south side the Chicago, the Union League, the University, the Calumet, and on the north side the Union—all vigorous, and most of them housed in superb buildings of their own. The Women's Exchange is a most useful organization, and the Ladies' Fortnightly ranks with the best intellectual associations in the country. The Commercial Club, composed of sixty representative business men in all departments, is a most vital element in the prosperity of the city. I cannot dwell upon these. But at least a word must be said about the charities, and some space must be given to the schools.

The number of solicitors for far West churches and colleges who pass by Chicago and come to New York and New England for money have created the impression that Chicago is not a good place to go for this purpose. Whatever may be the truth of this, the city does give royally for private charities, and liberally for mission work beyond her borders. It is estimated by those familiar with the subject that Chicago contributes for charitable and religious purposes, exclusive of the public charities of the city and county, not less than five millions of dollars annually. I have not room to give even the partial list of the benevolent societies that lies before me, but beginning with the Chicago Relief and Aid, and the Armour Mission, and going down to lesser organizations, the sum annually given by them is considerably over half a million dollars. The amount raised by the churches of various denominations for religious purposes is not less than four millions yearly. These figures prove the liberality, and I am able to add that the charities are most sympathetically and intelligently administered.

Inviting, by its opportunities for labor and its facilities for business, comers from all the world, a large proportion of whom are aliens to the language and institutions of America, Chicago is making a noble fight to assimilate this material into good citizenship. The popular schools are lib-

erally sustained, intelligently directed, and probably the most advanced and inspiring methods, and exhibit excellent results. I have not the statistics of 1887, but in 1886, when the population was only 703,000, there were 129,000 between the ages of six and sixteen, of whom 87,000 were enrolled as pupils, and the average daily attendance in schools was over 40,000. Besides these there were about 45,000 in private schools. The consular 1886 reports only 24 children between the ages of six and twenty-one who could neither read nor write. There were 91 school buildings owned by the city, and two rented. In these there are high-schools, one in each division, the newest on the west side having 1000 students. The school attendance increases by a large percent each year. The principals of the high-schools were men; of the grammar and primary schools, 35 men and 42 women. The total of teachers was 1440, of whom 60 were men. At the census of 1886 there were 100,029 children in the city under six years of age. No new derogations are admitted to the public schools, but the question of attending them is agitated. In the lower grades, however, the instruction is by object lessons, drawing, writing, arithmetic, and exercises that train the eye to observe, the tongue to describe, and that awaken attention without weariness. The alertness of the scholars and the enthusiasm of the teachers were marked. It should be added that German is extensively taught in the grammar schools, and that the number enrolled in the German classes in 1886 was over 28,000. There is some public sentiment for throwing out German from the public schools, and generally for restricting studies in the higher branches. The argument against this is that very few of the children, and the majority of those girls, enter the high-schools; the boys are taken out early for business, and get no education afterward. In 1885 were organized public elementary evening schools (which had, in 1886, 6709 pupils), and an evening high-school, in which book-keeping, stenography, mechanical drawing, and advanced mathematics were taught. The School Committee also have in charge day schools for the education of deaf and dumb children.

The total expenditure for 1886 was \$2,060,803; this includes \$1,023,394 paid to superintendents and teachers, and large sums for new buildings, apparatus, and

repairs. The total cash receipts for school purposes were \$2,091,251. Of this was from the school tax paid \$1,758,053 (the total city tax for all purposes was \$5,368,400), and the rest from State aid, bond and school fund bonds and miscellaneous sources. These figures show that education is not neglected.

Of the quality and efficiency of this education I have caught but two opinions, as seen in the schools which I visited. The high-scores on the west side is a model of its kind, but perhaps as interesting an example of popular education as any is the Franklin grammar and primary school on the north side, in a district of housing people. There were 470 pupils, all children of working people, mostly Swedes and Germans, from the age of six years upward. There were some of the children of the late anarchists, and no worse than the rest. A more interesting opportunity to observe the intelligent American citizen. The instruction, first through the several grades, from object lessons, drawing, mechanical reading and writing, and reading, even to elementary physiology, political and constitutional history, and geography. Then is taught to young children that they cannot learn at home, and to children already comparatively intelligent, the principles of the country, and the distinctive principles of our government, its constitution, and the growth, spread, and treatment of political parties, and the personality of the great men who have represented them. And the pupils retailed all this, without fairly well I had expected in traditions that were as precious as scripture. In this way this race of children, by their population after each class and it is hard to presume that the future generation will have conviction of the nature and value of our institutions that will save them from the inclination to destroy them.

The public mind is agitated a good deal on the question of the introduction of manual training into the public schools. The idea of some people is that manual training should only be used as an aid to mental training, in order to give definiteness and accuracy to thought; others would use actual trades taught, and others think that it is outside the function of the State to teach anything but elementary mental studies. The subject would require an essay by itself, and I only all-

lude to it to say that Chicago is quite alive to the problems and the most advanced educational ideas. If one would like to study the philosophy and the practical working of what may be called physico-mental training, I know no better place in the country to do so than the Cook County Normal School, near Englewood, under the charge of Colonel F. W. Parker, the originator of what is known as the Quincy (Massachusetts) System. This is a training school for about 100 teachers, in a building where they have practice on about 500 children in all stages of education, from the kindergarten up to the eighth grade. This may be called a thorough manual training school, but not to teach trades, work being done in drawing, modelling in clay, making raised maps, and wood-carving. The Quincy System, which is sometimes described as the development of character by developing mind and body, has a literature to itself. This remarkable school, which draws teachers for training from all over the country, is a notable instance of the hospitality of the West to new and advanced ideas. It does not neglect the literary side of education. Here and in some of the grammar-schools of Chicago the experiment is successfully tried of interesting young children in the best literature by reading to them from the works of the best authors, ancient and modern, and giving them a taste for what is excellent, instead of the trash that is likely to fall into their hands—the cultivation of sustained and consecutive interest in narratives, essays, and descriptions in good literature, in place of the scrappy selections and reading-books written down to the child's level. The written comments and criticisms of the children on what they receive in this way are a perfect vindication of the experiment. It is to be said also that this sort of education, coupled with the manual training, and the inculcated love for order and neatness is beginning to tell on the homes of these children. The parents are actually being educated and civilized through the public schools.

An opportunity for superior technical education is given in the Chicago Manual Training School, founded and sustained by the Commercial Club. It has a handsome and commodious building on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street, which accommodates over two hundred pupils, under the direction

of Dr. Henry H. Belfield, assisted by an able corps of teachers and practical mechanics. It has only been in operation since 1884, but has fully demonstrated its usefulness in the training of young men for places of responsibility and profit. Some of the pupils are from the city schools, but it is open to all boys of good character and promise. The course is three years, in which the tuition is \$80, \$100, and \$120 a year; but the club provides for the payment of the tuition of a limited number of deserving boys whose parents lack the means to give them this sort of education. The course includes the higher mathematics, English, and French or Latin, physics, chemistry—in short, a high-school course—with drawing, and all sorts of technical training in work in wood and iron, the use and making of tools, and the building of machinery, up to the construction of steam engines, stationary and locomotive. Throughout the course one hour each day is given to drawing, two hours to shop work, and the remainder of the school day to study and recitation. The shops—the wood-work rooms, the foundry, the forge-room, the machine-shop—are exceedingly well equipped and well managed. The visitor cannot but be pleased by the tone of the school and the intelligent enthusiasm of the pupils. It is an institution likely to grow, and perhaps become the nucleus of a great technical school which the West much needs. It is worthy of notice also as an illustration of the public spirit, sagacity, and liberality of the Chicago business men. They probably see that if the city is greatly to increase its importance as a manufacturing centre, it must train a considerable proportion of its population to the highest skilled labor, and that splendidly equipped and ably taught technical schools would do for Chicago what similar institutions in Zürich have done for Switzerland. Chicago is ready for a really comprehensive technical and industrial college, and probably no other investment would now add more to the solid prosperity and wealth of the town.

Such an institution would not hinder, but rather help, the higher education, without which the best technical education tends to materialize life. Chicago must before long recognize the value of the intellectual side by beginning the foundation of a college of pure learning.

For in nothing is the Western society of to-day more in danger than in the superficial half-education which is called "practical," and in the lack of *logic* and *philosophy*. The tendency to the literary side—awakening a love for good books in the public schools is very hopeful. The existence of some well-kept private libraries shows the same tendency. In art and archaeology there is also much promise. The Art Institute is a very fine building, with a vigorous school in drawing and painting and its occasional loan exhibitions show that the city contains a good many fine pictures, though scarcely proportioned to its wealth. The Historical Society, which has had the innumerable misfortune twice to lose its entire collections by fire, is beginning anew with vigor, and will shortly erect a building from its own funds. Among the private collections which have a historical value is that relating to the Indian history of the West made by Mr. Edward Ayer, and a large library of rare and scarce books, mostly of the Elizabethan Shakespeare period, by the Rev. Frank M. Bristoll. These, together with the remarkable collection of Mr. C. F. Gunther of which further mention will be made, are prophecies of a great literary and archaeological museum.

The city has reason to be proud of its Free Public Library, organized under the general library law of Illinois, which permits the support of a free library in every incorporated city, town, and township by taxation. This library is sustained by a tax of one half-mill on the assessed value of all the city property. This brings it in now about \$80,000 a year. When only its income for 1888, together with its fund and fines, about \$90,000. It is at present housed in the City Hall, but will soon have a building of its own on Dearborn Park, toward the erection of which it has a considerable fund. It has about 130,000 volumes, including a fair reference library and many expensive art books. The institution has been well managed hitherto, notwithstanding its connection with politics in the appointment of the trustees by the Mayor, and its dependence upon the city councils. The reading-rooms are thronged daily; the average daily circulation has increased yearly: it was 2263 in 1887—a gain of eleven per cent. over the preceding year. This is stimulated by the establishment of eight delivering sta-

tions in different parts of the city. The cosmopolitan character of the users of the library is indicated by the uncommon number of German, French, Bohemian, Polish, and Scandinavian books. Of the books issued at the delivery stations in 1887 twelve per cent. were in the German language. The encouraging thing about this free library is that it is not only freely used, but that it is as freely sustained by the voting population.

Another institution, which promises to have still more influence on the city, and indeed on the whole Northwest, is the Newberry Library, now organizing under an able board of trustees who have chosen Mr. W. B. Eady as librarian. The munificent fund of the donor is now received at about \$2,000,000, but the value of the property will be very much more than this in a few years. A temporary building for the library, which is already begun, will be erected at once, and the library, which is to occupy a square on the north side, will not be erected until the plans are fully matured. It is to be a library of reference and study solely, and it is in contemplation to have the books distributed to separate rooms for each department. Adequate facilities for reading and study in each room. If the library is built and the collections are made in accordance with the proper amount of resources and on the spirit of its proprietors, it will powerfully tend to make Chicago not only the money but the intellectual center of the Northwest, and attract to it hosts of students from all quarters. One can hardly overestimate the influence that such a library as this may be well have upon the character and the attractiveness of the city.

I hope that it will have ample space too, and that it will receive, certain literary collections, such as the glory and the attraction, both to students and sight-seers of the great chamber of the world. And this leads me to speak of the treasures of Mr. Gunther, the most remarkable private collection I have ever seen, and already worthy to rank with some of the most famous on public exhibition. Mr. Gunther is a really unworldly man who has an archaeological and "curio" taste, and for many years has devoted an amount of money to the purchase of historical relics that if known would probably astonish the public. Only specimens of what he has can be displayed in the large apart-

ment set apart for the purpose over his shop. The collection is miscellaneous, forming a varied and most interesting museum. It contains relics many of them unique, and most of them having a historical value—from many lands and all periods since the Middle Ages, and is strong in relics and documents relating to our own history, from the colonial period down to the close of our civil war. But the distinction of the collection is in its original letters and manuscripts of famous people, and its missals, illuminated manuscripts, and rare books. It is hardly possible to mention a name famous since America was discovered that is not here represented by an autograph letter or some personal relics. We may pass by such mementos as the Appomattox table, a sampler worked by Queen Elizabeth, a prayer-book of Mary, Queen of Scots, personal belongings of Washington, Lincoln, and hundreds of other historical characters, but we must give a little space to the books and manuscripts, in order that it may be seen that all the wealth of Chicago is not in grain and meat.

It is only possible here to name a few of the original letters, manuscripts, and historical papers in this wonderful collection of over seventeen thousand. Most of the great names in the literature of our era are represented. There is an autograph letter of Molière, the only one known outside of France, except one in the British Museum; there are letters of Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Madame Roland, and other French writers. It is understood that this is not a collection of mere autographs, but of letters of original manuscripts of those named. In Germany, nearly all the great poets and writers—Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Lessing, etc.—in England, Milton, Pope, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cowper, Hunt, Gray, etc.; the manuscript of Byron's "Prometheus," the "Auld Lang Syne" of Burns, and his "Journal in the Highlands"; "Sweet Home" in the author's hand; a poem by Thackeray; manuscript stories of Scott and Dickens. Among the Italians, Tasso. In America, the known authors, almost without exception. There are letters from nearly all the prominent reformers—Calvin, Melancthon, Zwingli, Erasmus, Savonarola; a letter of Luther in regard to the Pope's bull; letters of prominent leaders—William the Silent, John the Steadfast, Gustavus Adolphus,

Wallenstein. There is a curious collection of letters of the saints—St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Borromeo; letters of the Popes for three centuries and a half, and of many of the great cardinals.

I must set down a few more of the noted names, and that without much order. There is a manuscript of Charlotte Corday (probably the only one in this country), John Bunyan, Izaak Walton, John Cotton, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Lorenzo the Magnificent; letters of Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, Mary of England, Anne; several of Victoria (one at the age of twelve), Catherine de' Medici, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Marie Lannier; letters of all the Napoleons, of Frederick the Great, Marat, Robespierre, St. Just; a letter of Hernando Cortez to Charles the Fifth, a letter of Alvarez, letters of kings of all European nations, and statesmen and generals without number.

The collection is rich in colonial and Revolutionary material: original letters from Plymouth Colony, 1621, 1622, 1623—4 believe, the only ones known; manuscript sermons of the early American ministers; letters of the first bishops, White and Seabury; letters of John A. and Nathan Hale, Kosciuszko, Putski, De Kalb, Stenham, and of great numbers of the general and subordinate officers of the French and Revolutionary wars; William Tudor's famous 1794 account of the battle of Bunker Hill; a letter of Aide-de-camp Robert Olin to the Governor of Pennsylvania relating Braddock's defeat; the original of Washington's first Thanksgiving proclamation; the report of the committee of the Continental Congress on its visit to Valley Forge on the distress of the army; the original proceedings of the Continental Congress of the Congress at Cambridge for the organization of the Continental army; original letters of the Hessians captured at Princeton; orderly books of the Continental army; manuscripts and surveys of the early explorers; letters of Lafitte, the pirate, Paul Jones, Captain Lawrence, Bainbridge, and so on. Documents relating to the Washington family are very remarkable: the original will of Lawrence Washington bequeathing Mount Vernon to George; will of John Custis to his family; letters of Martha, of Mary, the mother of George, of Betty Lewis, his sister, of all his step and grand children of the Custis family.

In music there are the original manuscript compositions of all the leading musicians in our modern world, and there is a large collection of the oldest books from ancient monasteries and churches. There are exquisite illuminated missals on parchment of all periods from the eighth century. Of the large mass of Bibles and other early printed books it is impossible to speak, except in a general way. There is a copy of the first English Bible, Coverdale's, also of the very rare second Matthews, and of most of the other editions of the English Bible; the first Scotch, Irish, French, Welsh and German Father Bibles; the first Eliot's Indian Bible, of 1662, and the second, of 1685; the first American Bibles; the first American almanacs, newspapers, and the first patent, issued in 1791; the first book printed in Boston; the first printed accounts of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia; the first picture of New York city, an original plan of the city in 1709 and one of it in 1765; early surveys of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York; the earliest maps of America, including the first, second, and third map of the world in which America appears.

Returning to England, there are the Shakespeare folio editions of 1632 and 1685; the first of his printed *Poems* and the *Rape of Lucrece*; an early quarto of *Othello*; the first edition of Ben Jonson, 1616, in which Shakespeare's name appears in the cast for a play; and letters from the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, and Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, and Essex. There is also a letter written by Oliver Cromwell while he was engaged in the conquest of Ireland.

The relics, documents, and letters illustrating our civil war are constantly being added to. There are many old engravings, caricatures, and broadsides. Of oil-portraits there are three originals of Washington, one by Stuart, one by Peale, one by Polk, and I think I remember one or two miniatures. There is also a portrait in oil of Shakespeare which may become important. The original canvas has been remounted and there are indubitable signs of its age although the picture can be traced back only about one hundred and fifty years. The owner hopes to be able to prove that it is a contemporary work. The interesting fact

about it is that while it is not remarkable as a work of art, it is recognizable at once as a likeness of what we suppose from other portraits and the busts to be the face and head of Shakespeare, and yet it is different from all other pictures we know of that it does not suggest itself as a copy.

The most important of Mr. Gunther's collection is an autograph of Shakespeare. If it prove to be genuine, it will be one of the gems in the world, and a great possession for America. This autograph is pasted on the fly-leaf of a folio of 1632, which was the property of one John Ward. In 1680 there was published in London, from a manuscript in possession of the Medley family, a volume from the diary of John Ward 1618-1679, who was vicar and doctor at Stratford-on-Avon. It is to this diary that we owe certain facts theretofore unknown about Shakespeare. The editor, Mr. Stoughton, had this volume in his hands while he was compiling his book, and gave credit to his pretence. He supposed it to have belonged to the John Ward 1680, who kept the diary. It turns out, however, to have been the property of John Ward the vicar, who was at Stratford in 1710, was an enthusiast in the revival of Shakespeare, and played *Hamlet* there in order to raise money to repair the bust of the poet in the church. This book has the appearance of being much used. On the fly-leaf is written by Ward and his signature; there are marginal notes and directions in his hand, and several of the pages from which parts were torn off have been repaired by manuscript text neatly joined.

The Shakespeare signature is pasted on the leaf above Ward's name. The paper on which it is written is unlike that of the book in texture. The slip was noted on when the leaf was not as brown as it is now, as can be seen at one end where it is lifted. The signature is written out fairly and in full, *William Shakespeare*, like the one to the will, and differs from the two others, which are hasty scrawls, as if the writer were cramped for room, or finished off the last syllable with a flourish, indifferent to the formation of the letters. I had the opportunity to compare it with a careful tracing of the signature to the will sent over by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. At first sight the two signatures appear to be identical; but on

examination they are not; there is just that difference in the strokes, spaces, and formation of the letters that always appears in two signatures by the same hand. One is not a copy of the other, and the one in the folio had to me the unmistakable stamp of genuineness. The experts in handwriting and the microscopists in this country who have examined ink and paper as to antiquity, I understand, regard it as genuine.

There seems to be all along the line no reason to suspect forgery. What more natural than that John Ward, the owner of the book, and a Shakespeare enthusiast, should have enriched his beloved volume with an autograph which he found somewhere in Stratford? And in 1740 there was no craze or controversy about Shakespeare to make the forgery of his autograph an object. And there is no suspicion that the book has been doctored for a market. It never was sold for a price. It was found in Utah, whither it had drifted from England in the possession of an emigrant, and he readily gave it in exchange for a new and fresh edition of Shakespeare's works.

I have dwelt upon this collection at some length, first because of its intrinsic value, second because of its importance to Chicago as a nucleus for what (I hope in connection with the Newberry Library) will become one of the most interesting museums in the country, and lastly as an illustration of what a Western business man may do with his money.

New York is the first and Chicago the second base of operations on this continent—the second in point of departure. I will not say for another civilization, but for a great civilizing and conquering movement, at once a reservoir and distributing point of energy, power, and money. And precisely here is to be fought out and settled some of the most important problems concerning labor, supply, and transportation. Striking as are the operations of merchants, manufacturers, and traders, nothing in the city makes a greater appeal to the imagination than the railways that centre there, whether we consider their fifty thousand miles of track, the enormous investment in them, or their competition for the carrying trade of the vast regions they pierce, and apparently compel to be tributary to the central city. The story of their building would read like a romance, and

a simple statement of their organization, management, and business rivals the affairs of an empire. The present development of a belt road round the city, to serve as a track of freight exchange for all the lines, like the transfer grounds between St. Paul and Minneapolis, is found to be an affair of great magnitude, as must needs be to accommodate lines of traffic that represent an investment in stock and bonds of \$1,305,000,000.

As it is not my purpose to describe the railway systems of the West, but only to speak of some of the problems involved in them, it will suffice to mention two of the leading corporations. Passing by the great eastern lines, and those like the Illinois Central, and the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, which are operating mainly to the south and southwest, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, one of the greatest corporations, with a mileage which had reached 4921 December 1, 1885, and has increased since, we may name the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. Each of these great systems, which has grown by accretion and extension and consolidations of small roads, operates over four thousand miles of road, leaving out from the Northwestern's mileage that of the Omaha system, which it controls. Looked at on the map, each of these systems completely occupies a vast territory, the one mainly to the north of the other, but they interlace to some extent and parallel each other in very important competitions.

The Northwestern system, which includes, besides the lines that have its name, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, the Front, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley, and several minor roads, occupies northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, sends a line along Lake Michigan to Lake Superior, with branches, a line to St. Paul, with branches tapping Lake Superior again at Bayfield and Duluth, sends another trunk line, with branches, into the far fields of Dakota, drops down a tangle of lines through Iowa and into Nebraska, sends another great line through northern Nebraska into Wyoming, with a divergence into the Black Hills and runs all these feeders into Chicago by another trunk line from Omaha. By the report of 1887 the gross earnings of this system (in round numbers) were over twenty-six millions, expenses over twenty millions.

leaving a net income of over six million dollars. In these years the receipts for freight were over nineteen millions and from passengers less than six millions. Not to enter into confusing details the magnitude of the system is shown in the general balance-sheet for May, 1887, when the cost of road and stock, the sinking funds, the general assets and the operating assets foot up \$476,048,000. Over 3500 miles of this road are laid with steel rails, the equipment required 725 engines and over 23,000 cars of all sorts. It is worthy of note that a table under the earnings of 3000 miles of road 1887, only a little more than those of 3000 miles of road in 1882—a greater gain evidently to the public than to the railroad.

In speaking of this system territorially, I have included the Chicago & East, Minneapolis, and Omaha, but not the above figures. These four systems have the same president, but different general managers and other officials, and the reports are separate. To the over 3000 miles of the other Northwestern lines therefore are to be added the 1200 miles of the Omaha system (report of December 1886) since considerably increased. The balance-sheet of the Omaha system (December 1886) shows a cost of over fifty-seven millions. Its total net earnings over operating expenses and taxes were about \$2,300,000. It then required an equipment of 194 locomotives and about 6000 cars. These figures are not of course given for specific railroad information, but merely to give a general idea of the magnitude of operations. This may be illustrated by another item. During the year for which the above figures have been given the entire Northwestern system ran on the average 415 passenger and 732 freight trains each day through the year. It may also be an interesting comparison to say that all the railways in Connecticut, including those that run into other States, have 416 locomotives, 668 passenger cars, and 11,502 other cars, and that their total mileage in the State is 1405 miles.

The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy (report of December, 1886) was operating 4006 miles of road. Its only recent development was the recent Burlington and Northern, up the Mississippi River to St. Paul. Its main stem from Chicago branches out over northern and western Illinois, runs down to St. Louis, from thence to Kansas City by way of Han-

nah, has a branch line to Omaha, crosses across northern Missouri and southern Iowa skirts and pierces Kansas, and fairly occupies three quarters of Nebraska with a net-work of freight-sending out lines north of the Platte, and one to Cheyenne and Omaha, Denver. The whole amount of stock and bonds, December, 1886, was reported at \$155,320,000. The gross earnings for 1886 were over twenty six millions over maintenance of which was for freight and over five for passengers; operating expenses over fourteen millions, leaving over twelve millions net earnings. The system that year paid eight per cent dividends 148 1/2 cents for a long series of years, leaving over fixed charges and dividends about a million and a half to be carried to a reserve or construction railway. The equipment for the year required 619 locomotives and over 24,000 cars. These figures do not give the exact present condition of the road, but must indicate the magnitude of the same.

Both these great systems have been well treated, and both have been and continue to be great agents in developing the West. Both have been profitable for many years. For comparatively small cost of construction in the West and the profit hitherto have invited capital, and stimulated the construction of roads not absolutely needed. There are too many miles of road for capitalists. Are there too many for the accommodation of the people? What honesty would be willing to surrender its road?

It is difficult to understand the attitude of the Western Congress and the Western Legislatures toward the railways, or it would be if we could understand pretty well the nature of the country the world over. The people are everywhere crazy for roads, for more and more roads. The whole West we are considering is made by railways. Without them the larger part of it would be uninhabitable, the lands of small value, produce useless for want of a market. No railways, no civilization. Year by year settlements have increased in all regions touched by railways, land has risen in price, and freight charges have diminished. And yet no sooner do the people get the railways near them than they become hostile to the companies; hostility to railway corporations seems to be the dominant sentiment in the Western mind, and the one most naturally invoked by any political dema-

gogue who wants to climb up higher in elective office. The roads are denounced as "monopolies"—a word getting to be applied to any private persons who are successful in business—and their consolidation is regarded as a standing menace to society.

Of course it goes without saying that great corporations with exceptional privileges are apt to be arrogant, unjust, and grasping, and especially when, as in the case of railways, they unite private interests and public functions, they need the restraint of law and careful limitations of powers. But the Western situation is nevertheless a very curious one. Naturally when capital takes great risks it is entitled to proportionate profits; but profits always encourage competition, and the great Western lines are already in a war for existence that does not need much unfriendly legislation to make fatal. In fact, the lowering of rates in railway wars has gone on so rapidly of late years that the most active Granger Legislature cannot frame hostile bills fast enough to keep pace with it. Consolidation is objected to. Yet this consideration must not be lost sight of: the West is cut up by local roads that could not be maintained if they would not pay running expenses if they had not been made parts of a great system. Whatever may be the danger of the consolidation system, the country has doubtless benefited by it.

The present tendency of legislation, pushed to its logical conclusion, is toward a practical confiscation of railway property; that is, its tendency is to so interfere with management, so restrict freedom of arrangement, so reduce rates, that the companies will with difficulty continue operations. The first effect of this will be, necessarily, poorer service and deteriorated equipments and tracks. Roads that do not prosper cannot keep up safe lines. Experienced travellers usually shun those that are in the hands of a receiver. The Western roads of which I speak have been noted for their excellent service and the liberality toward the public in accommodations, especially in the cars and matters pertaining to the comfort of passengers. Some dining cars on the Omaha system were maintained last year at a cost to the company of ten thousand dollars over receipts. The Western Legislatures assume that because a railway which is thickly strung with cities

can carry passengers for two cents a mile, a railway running over an almost unsettled plain can carry for the same price. They assume also that because railway companies in a foolish fight for business cut rates, the lowest rate they touch is a living one for them. The same logic that induces Legislatures to fix rates of transportation, directly or by means of a commission, would lead it to set a price on meat, wheat, and groceries. Legislative restriction is one thing; legislative destruction is another. There is a craze of prohibition and interference. Iowa has an attack of it. In Nebraska, not only the Legislature but the courts have been so hostile to railway enterprise that one hundred and fifty miles of new road graded last year, which was to receive its rails this spring, will not be railed, because it is not safe for the company to make further investments in that State. Between the Grangers on the one side and the labor unions on the other, the railways are in a tight place. Whatever restrictions great corporations may need, the sort of attack now made on them in the West is altogether irrational. Is it always made from public motives? The legislators of one Western State had been accustomed to receive from the various lines that crossed at the capital trip passes, in addition to their personal annual passes. Trip passes are passes that the members can send to their relations, friends, and political allies who want to visit the capital. One year the several roads agreed that they would not issue trip passes. When the members asked the agent for them they were told that they were not ready. As days passed and no trip passes were ready, hostile and annoying bills began to be introduced into the Legislature. In six weeks there was a shower of them. The roads yielded, and began to give out the passes. After that, nothing more was heard of the bills.

What the public have a right to complain of is the manipulation of railways in Wall Street gambling. But this does not account for the hostility to the corporations which are developing the West by an extraordinary outlay of money, and cutting their own throats by a war of rates. The vast interests at stake, and the ignorance of the relation of legislation to the laws of business, make the railway problem to a spectator in Chicago one of absorbing interest.

In a thorough discussion of all interests it must be admitted that the railways have brought many of their troubles upon themselves by their greedy wars with each other, and perhaps in some cases by trusting *Engeströms* that have honored their instructions, and that tyrannies in management and unjust discriminations (such as the Inter-State Commerce Law was meant to stop) have much to do in provoking hostility that survives many of its causes.

I cannot leave Chicago without a word concerning the town of Pullman, although it has already been fully studied in the pages of this *Mag.* (1900). It is one of the most interesting experiments in the world. As it is only a little over seven years old, it would be idle to prophesy about it, and I can only say that thus far many of the predictions as to the effect of "paternalism" have *not* come true. If it shall turn out that its only valuable result is an "object lesson" in decent and orderly living, the experiment will not have been in vain. It is to be remembered that it is not a philanthropic scheme, but a purely business operation, conducted on the idea that comfort, cleanliness, and agreeable surroundings conduce more to the prosperity of labor and of capital than the opposites.

Pullman is the only city in existence built from the foundation on scientific and sanitary principles, and not more or less the result of accident and variety of purpose and incapacity. Before anything else was done on the flat prairie, perfect drainage, sewerage, and water supply were provided. The shops, the houses, the public buildings, the parks, the streets, the recreation grounds, then followed in intelligent creation. Its public buildings are fine, and the grouping of them about the open flower-planted spaces is very effective. It is a handsome city, with the single drawback of monotony in the well-built houses. Pullman is within the limits of the village of Hyde Park, but it is not included in the annexation of the latter to Chicago.

It is certainly a pleasing industrial city. The workshops are spacious, light, and well ventilated, perfectly systematized; for instance, timber goes into one end of the long car shop and, without turning back, comes out a freight-car at the other, the capacity of the shop being one freight-car every fifteen minutes of

the working hours. There are a variety of industries, which employ about 1500 workmen. Of these about 500 live outside the city, and there are about 1000 workmen who live in the city and work elsewhere. The company keeps in order the streets, parks, lawns, and shade trees, but nothing else except the schools is free. The schools are excellent, and there are over 1300 children enrolled in them. The company has a well-selected library of over 6000 volumes, containing many scientific and art books, which is open to all residents on payment of an annual subscription of three dollars. Its use increases yearly, and study classes are found in connection with it. The company rents shops to dealers, but it *owns* no more of its own. Wages are paid to employees without deduction, except to rent, and the women appreciate a provision that secures them a home beyond peradventure. The competition among dealers brings prices to the Chicago rates on buyers and then the great city is really accessible for shopping. Hence rent is a little higher for ordinary workmen than in Chicago, but not higher in proportion to accommodations, and living is reckoned a little cheaper. The reports show that the earnings of operatives exceed those of other working communities, *excluding* per capita (exclusive of the labor pay of the general management) \$300 a year. I noticed that piece-wages were generally paid, and always when possible. The town is a hive of busy workers; employment is furnished to all classes except the school-children, and the fine moral and physical appearance of the young women in the upholstery and other work rooms would please a philanthropist.

Both the health and the *morale* of the town are exceptional; and the moral tone of the workmen has constantly improved under the agreeable surroundings. Those who prefer the kind of independence that gives them filthy homes and demoralizing associations seem to like to live elsewhere. Pullman has a population of 10,000. I do not know another city of 10,000 that has not a place where liquor is sold, nor a house nor a professional woman of ill repute. With the restrictions as to decent living, the community is free in its political action, its church and other societies, and in all healthful social activity. It has several

ministers; it seems to require the services of only one or two policemen; it supports four doctors and one lawyer.

I know that any control, any interference with individual responsibility, is un-American. Our theory is that every person knows what is best for himself. It is not true, but it may be safer, in working out all the social problems, than any lessening of responsibility either in the home or in civil affairs. When I contrast the dirty tenements, with contiguous seductions to vice and idleness, in some parts of Chicago, with the homes of Pullman, I am glad that this experiment has been made. It may be worth some sacrifice to teach people that it is better for them, morally and pecuniarily, to live cleanly and under educational influences that increase their self-respect. No doubt it is best that people should own their

homes, and that they should assume all the responsibilities of citizenship. But let us wait the full evolution of the Pullman idea. The town could not have been built as an object lesson in any other way than it was built. The hope is that laboring people will voluntarily do hereafter what they have here been induced to accept. The model city stands there as a lesson, the wonderful creation of less than eight years. The company is now preparing to sell lots on the west side of the railway tracks, and we shall see what influence this nucleus of order, cleanliness, and system will have upon the larger community rapidly gathering about it. Of course people should be free to go up or go down. Will they be injured by the opportunity of seeing how much pleasanter it is to go up than to go

BATYUSHKA.*

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

FROM yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, aerial midnight chime—
"God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the grim citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Tsar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wring from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Tsar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batyushka! . . . How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then—
God save the Tsar!

* "Little Father," or "Dear little Father," a term of endearment applied to the Tsar in Russian folk-song.

ANNIE KILBURN

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWITTS

I.

AFTER the death of Judge Kilburn, his daughter came back to America. They had been eleven winters in Rome, always meaning to return, but staying on from year to year, as people do who have nothing definite to call their home. Toward the last Miss Kilburn tacitly gave up the expectation of getting her father away, though they both continued to say that they were going to take passage as soon as the weather was suited in the spring. At the date they had talked of for sailing he was lying in the Protestant cemetery, and she was trying to gather herself together, and adjust her life to his loss. This would have been easier with a younger person, for she had been her father's pet so long, and they had taken care of his helplessness with a devotion which was finally so motherly, that it was like losing at once a parent and a child when he died, and she remained with the habit of giving herself when there was no longer any one to reward the self-sacrifice. He had married late, and in her thirty-first year he was eighty-three; but the disparity of their ages, increasing toward the end through his infirmities, had not loosened for her the ties of custom and affection that bound them; she had seen him grow more and more fitfully cognizant of what they had been to each other since her mother's death, while she grew the more tender and fond with him. People who came to condole with her seemed not to understand this, or else they thought it would help her to hear up if they treated her bereavement as a relief from hopeless anxiety. They were all surprised when she told them she still meant to go home.

"Why, my dear?" said one old lady, who had been away from America twenty years, "*this* is home! You've lived in this apartment longer now than the oldest inhabitant has lived in most American towns. What are you talking about? Do you mean that you are going back to Washington?"

"Oh no. We were merely staying on in Washington from force of habit, after father gave up practice. I think we shall go back to the old homestead, where we've

always spent our summers, ever since I can remember."

"And where is that?" the old lady asked, with the sharpness which people believe must somehow be good for a broken spirit.

"It's in the interior of Massachusetts—you wouldn't know it; a place called Hatboro'."

"No, I certainly shouldn't," said the old lady, with superiority. "Why Hatboro', of all the ridiculous reasons?"

"It was one of the first places where they began to make straw hats; it was a clock-making place, and then they adopted it. The old name was Dorchester Farms. Father fought the change, but it was of no use, the people wouldn't have it. Farms after the place began to grow; and by-and-by they had got used to Hatboro'. Besides, I don't see how it's any worse than Hatfield in England."

"It's very American."

"Oh, it's American. We have Box-horn too, you know in Massachusetts."

And so it goes from Rome to Hatboro', Mass., and the old lady, trying to present the idea in the strongest light by abbreviating the name of the State.

"Yes," said Miss Kilburn. "It will be a change, but not so much of a change as you would think. I was always very happy there, and—it was father's wish to go back."

"Ah, my dear!" cried the old lady. "You're letting that weigh with you, I see. Don't do it! If it wasn't wise, don't you suppose that the last thing he could wish you to do would be to sacrifice yourself to a selfish whim of his?"

The kindness and interest expressed in the words touched Annie Kilburn. She had a certain beauty of feature; she was near-sighted; but her eyes were brown and soft, her lips red and full; her dark hair grew low, and played in little wisps and rings on her temples, where her complexion was clearest; the bold contour of her face, with its decided chin and the rather large salient nose, was like her father's; it was this, probably, that gave an impression of strength, with a wistful qualification. She was at that time rather thin, and it could have been seen that she would be handsome when her frame had

rounded out in fulfilment of its generous design. She opened her lips to speak, but shut them again in an effort at self-control before she said:

"But I really wish to do it. At this moment I would rather be in Hatboro' than in Rome."

"Oh, very well," said the old lady, gathering herself up as one does from throwing away one's sympathy upon an unworthy object: "if you really *wish* it—"

"I know that it must seem preposterous and—and almost ungrateful that I should think of going back, when I might just as well stay. Why, I've a great many more friends here than I have there; I suppose I shall be almost a stranger when I get there, and there's no comparison in sympathy and congeniality; and yet I feel that I must go back. I can't tell you why. But I have a longing; I feel that I must try to be of some use in the world—try to do some good—and in Hatboro' I think I shall know how." She put on her glasses, and looked at the old lady as if she might attempt an explanation, but, as if a clearer vision of the veteran worldling discouraged her, she did not make the effort.

"Oh!" said the old lady. "If you want to be of use, and do good—" She stopped, as if then there were no more to be said by a sensible person. "And shall you be going soon?" she asked. The idea seemed to suggest her own departure, and she rose after speaking.

"Just as soon as possible," answered Miss Kilburn. Words take on a color of something more than their explicit meaning, from the mood in which they are spoken: Miss Kilburn had a sense of hurrying her visitor away, and the old lady had a sense of being turned out-of-doors, that the preparations for the homeward voyage might begin instantly.

II.

Many times after the preparations began, and many times after they were ended, Miss Kilburn faltered in doubt of her decision; and if there had been any will stronger than her own to oppose it, she might have reversed it, and staid in Rome. All the way home there was a strain of misgiving in her satisfaction at doing what she believed to be for the best, and the first sight of her native land gave her a shock of emotion which was not unmixed joy. She felt forlorn among

people who were coming home with all sorts of high expectations, while she only had high intentions.

These dated back a good many years; in fact, they dated back to the time when the first flush of her unthinking girlhood was over, and she began to question herself as to the life she was living. It was a very pleasant life, ostensibly. Her father had been elected from the bench to Congress, and had kept his title and his repute as a lawyer through several terms in the House before he settled down to the practice of his profession in the courts at Washington, where he made a good deal of money. They passed from boarding to house-keeping, in the easy Washington way, after their impermanent Congressional years, and divided their time between a comfortable little place in Nevada Circle and the old homestead in Hatboro'. He was fond of Washington, and robustly content with the world as he found it there and elsewhere. If his daughter's compunctions came to her through him, it must have been from some remoter ancestry: he was not apparently characterized by their transmission, and probably she derived them from her mother, who died when she was a little girl, and of whom she had no recollection. Till he began to break, after they went abroad, he had his own way in everything; but as men grow old or infirm they fall into subjection to their women-kind; their rude wills yield in the suppler insistence of the feminine purpose; they take the color of the feminine moods and emotions. The cycle of life completes itself where it began, in helpless dependence upon the sex; and Rufus Kilburn did not escape the common lot. He was often complaining and unlovely, as aged and ailing men must be; perhaps he was usually so; but he had moments when he recognized the beauty of his daughter's aspiration with a spiritual sympathy, which showed that he must always have had an intellectual perception of it. He expressed with rhetorical largeness and looseness the longing which was not very definite in her own heart, and mingled with it a strain of homesickness poignantly simple and direct for the places, the scenes, the persons, the things, of his early days. As he failed more and more, his homesickness was for natural aspects which had wholly ceased to exist through modern changes and improve-

ments and for people long since dead, whom he could find only in an illusion of that environment in some other world. In the pathos of this situation it was easy for his daughter to keep him ignorant of the passionate rebellion against her own ideals in which she sometimes surprised herself. When he died, all counter-currents were lost in the tidal revulsion of feeling which swept her to the fulfathom of what she hoped was deepest and strongest in her nature, with shame for what she hoped was shallowest, till that moment of revulsion in which she saw the thickly roofed and many-towered hills of lustre grow up out of the western waves.

She had always regarded her soul as the battle-field of two opposite principles, the good and the bad, the high and the low. God made her, she thought, and He alone; He made everything that she was; but she would not have said that He made the evil in her. Yet her belief did not admit the existence of Creative Evil; and so she said to herself that she herself was that evil, and she must struggle against herself; she must question, whatever she strongly wished because she strongly wished it. It was not logical; she did not push her postulates to their obvious conclusions; there was apt to be the same kind of break between her conclusions and her actions as between her reasons and her conclusions. She acted impulsively, and from a force which she could not analyze. She indulged reveries so vivid that they seemed to weaken and exhaust her for the grapple with realities; the recollection of them abashed her in the presence of facts.

With all this, it must not be supposed that she was morbidly introspective, that her life had been ascetic. It had been apparently a life of cheerful acquiescence in worldly conditions; it had been, in some measure a life of fashion, one of the interests of other girls' lives, by any means; she had sometimes had fancies, flirtations, but she did not think she had been really in love, and she had refused some offers of marriage for that reason.

III

The industry of making straw hats began at Hatboro', as many other industries have begun in New England, with no great local advantages, but simply because

its founder happened to live there, and to believe that it would pay. There was a railroad, and labor of the sort he wanted was cheap and abundant in the village and the outlying farms. In time the work came to be done more and more by machinery, and to be gathered into large shops. The buildings increased in size and number, the single line of the railroad was multiplied into four, and in the region of the tracks several large, ugly, windowy wooden bulks grew up for shoe shops; a stocking factory followed; yet this business activity did not warp the old village from its picturesqueness or quiet. The railroad tracks crossed its main street, but the shops were all on one side of them, with the work people's cottages and boarding-houses, and on the other were the simple, square, roomy old houses, with their white paint and their garden borders, varied by the mud-red cedar and carpenter of French roof and eaves. The old houses stood quite close to the street, with a strip of narrow back yard behind them; the new mansions affected a certain depth of lawn over which lawn flowers presumably pushed a tempting formal avenue every summer evening after tea. The fences had been taken away from the new houses, in the face of some of the Boston suburbanists; they generally remained before the old ones, whose burning resented the ragged effect that their absence gave the street. The irregularities had hitherto been of an orderly and harmonious kind, such as naturally follows the growth of a country road into a village thoroughfare. The dwellings were placed nearer or farther from the sidewalk as their builders favored, and the chimneys that met in a low arch above the street had an illusive symmetry in the perspective; they were really set at uneven intervals, and in a line that wavered capriciously in and out. The street itself lounged and curved along, widening and contracting like a river, and then suddenly lost itself over the brow of an upland which formed a natural boundary of the village. Beyond this was South Hatboro', a group of cottages built by city people who had lately come in—idlers and invalids, the former for the cool summer, and the latter for the dry winter. At chance intervals in the old village new side streets branched from the thoroughfare to the right and the left, and here and there a Queen Anne cottage

showed its chimneys and gables on them. The roadway under the elms that kept it dark and cool with their hovering shade, and swept the wagon-tops with their pendulous boughs at places, was unpaved; but the sidewalks were asphalted to the last dwelling in every direction, and they were promptly broken out in winter by the public snow-plough.

Miss Kilburn saw them in the spring, when their usefulness was least apparent, and she did not know whether to praise the spirit of progress which showed itself in them as well as in other things at Hattboro'. She had come prepared to have misgivings, but she had promised herself to be just; she thought she could bear the old ugliness, if not the new. Some of the new things, however, were not so ugly: the young station-master was handsome in his railroad uniform, and pleasant to the eye than the veteran baggage-master, incongruous in his stiff silk cap and his shirt sleeves and spectacles. The station itself, one of Richardson's, massive and low, with red-tiled, spreading veranda roofs, impressed her with its fitness, and strengthened her for her encounter with the business architecture of Hattboro', which was of the florid, ambitious New York type, prevalent with every American town in the early stages of its prosperity. The buildings were of pink brick, faced with granite, and supported in the first story by columns of painted iron; flat-roofed blocks looked down upon the low wooden structures of earlier Hattboro', and a large hotel had pushed back the old-time tavern, and planted itself flush upon the sidewalk. But the stores seemed very good, as she glanced at them from her carriage, and their show-windows were tastefully arranged; the apothecary's had an interior of glittering neatness unsurpassed by an Italian apothecary's; and the provision-man's, besides its symmetrical array of pendent sides and counters in doors, had banks of fruit and vegetables without, and a large aquarium with a spraying fountain in its window.

Bolton, the farmer who had always taken care of the Kilburn place, came to meet her at the station and drive her home. Miss Kilburn had bidden him drive slowly, so that she could take in all the changes, and she noticed the new town-hall, with which she could find no fault; the Baptist and Methodist churches were the same as of old; the Unitarian

church seemed to have shrunk, as if the architecture had sympathized with its dwindling body of worshippers; just beyond it was the village green, with the soldiers' monument, and the tall white-painted flag-pole, and the four small brass cannon threatening the points of the compass at its base.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Bolton," said Miss Kilburn; and she put her head quite out of the carriage, and stared at the figure on the monument.

It was strange that the first misgiving she could really make sure of concerning Hattboro' should relate to this figure, which she herself was mainly responsible for placing there. When the money was subscribed and voted for the statue, the committee wrote out to her at Rome as one who would naturally feel an interest in getting something fit and economical for them. She accepted the trust with zeal and pleasure; but she overruled their simple notion of an American volunteer at rest, with his hands folded on the muzzle of his gun, as intolerably hackneyed and commonplace. Her conscience, she said, would not let her add another recruit to the regiment of stone soldiers standing about in that posture on the tops of pedestals all over the country; and so, instead of going to an Italian statuary with her fellow-townsmen's letter, and getting him to make the figure they wanted, she doubled the money and gave the commission to a young girl from Kansas, who had come out to develop at Rome the genius recognized at Topeka. They decided together that it would be best to have something ideal, and the sculptor promptly imagined and rapidly executed a design for a winged Victory, poised on the summit of a white marble shaft, and clasping its hands under its chin, in expression of the grief that mingled with the popular exultation. Miss Kilburn had her doubts while the work went on, but she silenced them with the theory that when the figure was in position it would be all right.

Now that she saw it in position she wished to ask Mr. Bolton what was thought of it, but she could not nerve herself in the question. He remained silent, and she felt that he was sorry for her. "Oh, may I be very humble; may I be helped to be very humble!" she prayed under her breath. It seemed as if she could not take her eyes from the figure: it was

such a modern, such an American shape, so youthfully inadequate, so simple, so sophisticated, so like a young lady in society indelicately exposed (for a *tabernacle* event). She wondered if the people in Hattboro' felt all this about it; if they realized how its revolutionary friskiness insulted the solemn memory of the slain.

"Drive on, please," she said, gently.

Bolton pulled the reins, and as the horses started he pointed with his whip to a church at the other side of the green. "That's the new Methodist church," he explained.

"Oh, is it?" asked Miss Kilburn. "It's very handsome, I'm sure." She was not sensible of admiring the large Romanesque pile very much, though it was certainly not bad, but she remembered that Bolton was a member of the Orthodox church, and she was grateful to him for not saying anything about the soldiers' monument.

"We sold the old buildin' to the Catholics, and they moved it down out the side street."

Miss Kilburn caught the glimmer of a cross where he beckoned, through the tatter of the foliage.

"They had to raze the steeple some to git their cross on," he added; and then he showed her the high-school building as they passed, and the Episcopal chapel, of blameless church-warden's Gothic, half hidden by its Japanese ivy, under a branching elm on another side street.

"Yes," she said, "that was built before we went abroad."

"I disremember," he said, absently. He let the horses walk on the soft, darkly shaded road, where the wheels made pleasant grinding sound, and set himself sidewise on his front seat, so as to talk to Miss Kilburn more at his ease.

"I d' know," he began, after clearing his throat, with a conscious air, "as you know we'd got a new minister to our church."

"No, I hadn't heard of it," said Miss Kilburn, with her mind full of the monument still. "But I must have heard and forgotten it," she added. "I was very much taken up toward the last before I left Rome."

"Well, come to think," said Bolton; "I don't know's you'd had time to heard. It hadn't been long a great while."

"Is he—satisfactory?" asked Miss Kilburn, feeling how far from satisfactory

the Victory was, and formulating an explanatory apology to the committee in her mind.

"Oh yes, he's satisfactory enough, as far forth as that goes. He's talented, and he's right up with the times. Yes, he's progressive. I guess they got pretty tired of Mr. Rogers, even before he died; and they kept the church a-goin' till all was snug, before they could settle on anybody. In fact they couldn't seem to agree on anybody till Mr. Peck come."

Miss Kilburn had got as far, in her tacit interview with the committee, as to have altered to replace at her own expense the Victory with a Volunteer, and she seemed to be listening to Bolton with rapt attention.

"Well, it's like this," continued the farmer. "He's progressive in his ideas, and at the same time he's spiritual-minded; you see I guess he suits pretty well all round. Of course you can't suit every body. There's always got to be a dig in the middle. It don't matter where you go, but if anybody was to ask me, I should say Mr. Peck suited. Yes, I don't know but what I should."

Miss Kilburn enthusiastically closed her conversation with the committee, removed the Victory, and had the Volunteer, marked with appropriate economies, opened with gusto by the Rev. Mr. Peck.

"Peck," she said, "Did you tell me how many you had?"

"Yes, an' an. Rev. Julius W. Peck. He's turned down Broadstreet way, in Mayne. I guess he's all right."

Miss Kilburn did not reply. Her mind had been upon all the monument for the moment by accident, like for the name of the poet laureate, and the Victory had seized the opportunity to get back.

Bolton sighed deeply, and continued in a diffusive strain, which at last became perspicuous to Miss Kilburn through her own imagination. "There's no more to say, I'm sure; that's bound to complain. I don't care what you do to accommodate 'em; and what I done I done as much to stop their clack as anything, and give him the right sort of a good old an' I guess I did. But Mr. Bolton she didn't know but what you'd look at it in the light of a libberty, and I didn't know but what you *would* think I no business to done it."

He seemed to be addressing a question to her, but she only replied with a dazed frown, and Bolton was obliged to go on.

"I didn't let him room in your part of the house; that is to say, not sleep there; but I thought, as you was comin' home, and I'd better be airin' it up some, anyway, I might as well let him set in the old Judge's room. If you think it was more than I had a right to do, I'm willin' to pay for it. Git up!" Bolton turned fully round toward his horses, to hide the workings of emotion in his face, and shook the reins like a desperate man.

"What *are* you talking about, Mr. Bolton?" cried Miss Kilburn. "Whom are you talking about?"

Bolton answered, with a kind of violence, "Mr. Peck; I took him to board, first off."

"You took him to board?"

"Yes. I know it wa'n't just accordin' to the letter o' the law, and the old Judge was always pootty p'tic'lah. But I've took care of the place goin' on twenty years now, and I hain't never had a chick nor a child in it before. The child," he continued, partly turning his face round again, and beginning to look Miss Kilburn in the eye, "wa'n't one to touch anything, anyway, and we kep' her in our part all the time; Mis' Bolton she couldn't seem to let her out of her sight, she got so fond of her, and she used to follow me round among the hosses like a kitten. I declare, I miss her; and we all do."

Bolton's face, the color of one of the lean ploughed fields of Hathorn, and deeply furrowed, lighted up with real feeling, which he tried to make go as far in the work of reconciling Miss Kilburn as if it had been factitious.

"But I don't understand," she said. "What child are you talking about?"

"Mr. Peck's."

"Was he married?" she asked, with displeasure, she did not know why.

"Well, yes, he *had* been," answered Bolton. "But she'd bin in the asylum ever since the child was born."

"Oh," said Miss Kilburn, with relief; and she fell back upon the seat from which she had started forward.

Bolton might easily have taken her tone for that of disgust. He faced round upon her once more. "It was kind of queer, his havin' the child with him, and takin' most the care of her himself; and so, as I say, Mis' Bolton and me we took him in, as much to stop folks' mouths as anything, till they got kinder used to it. But we didn't take him into your part,

as I say; and as I say, I'm willin' to pay you whatever you say for the use of the old Judge's study. I presume that part of it *was* a libbuttery."

"It was all perfectly right, Mr. Bolton," said Miss Kilburn.

"His wife died anyway, more than a year ago," said Bolton, as if the fact completed his atonement to Miss Kilburn. "Git ep! I told him from the start that it had got to be a temporary thing, an' 't I only took him till he could git settled somehow. I guess he means to go to house-keepin', if he can git the right kind of a house-keeper; he wants an old one. If it was a young one, I guess he wouldn't have any great trouble, if he went about it the right way." Bolton's sarcasm was merely a race sarcasm. He was a very mild man, and his thick-growing eyelashes softened and shadowed his gray eyes, and gave his lean face pathos.

"You could have let him stay till he had found a suitable place," said Miss Kilburn.

"Oh, I wa'n't goin' to do *that*," said Bolton. "But I'm 'bliged to you just the same."

They came up in sight of the old square house, standing back a good distance from the road, with a broad sweep of grass sloping down before it into a little valley, and rising again to the wall fencing the grounds from the street. The wall was overhung there by a company of magnificent elms, which turned and formed one side of the avenue leading to the house. Their tops met and mixed somewhat incongruously with those of the stiff dark maples which more densely shaded the other side of the lane.

Bolton drove into their gloom, and then out into the wide, sunny space at the side of the house where Miss Kilburn had alighted so often with her father. Bolton's dog, grown now so very old as to be weak-minded, barked crazily at his master, and then, recognizing him, broke into an imbecile whimper and went back and coiled his rheumatism up in the sun on a warm stone before the door. Mrs. Bolton had to step over him as she came out, formally supporting her right elbow with her left hand as she offered the other in greeting to Miss Kilburn, with a look of question at her husband.

Miss Kilburn intercepted the look, and began to laugh.

All was unchanged, and all so strange;

It seemed as if her father must have got down with her from the terrace and come to meet her from the house. The ground immediately took to the ground, and indeed, the parings of about twenty acres mixed with downy slopes and small weeds, and the sun was down long ago. Suddenly the fine net-work and lattice of the orchard and waving white profit in the surrounding and the light beyond the houses of the village houses and trees, the scattered standing with its low broad wings in the bay, and the white power that in contrast against the surrounding of the forest. Mrs. Bolton's feet were in the kitchen doorway.

"Did you think I could be hard about such a thing as that? It was perfectly right," Mrs. Bolton said. She stopped laughing and began to cry; she took away Mrs. Bolton's carefully offered hand, she threw herself upon the heavy arms of her bosom, and buried her face and head in the bosom of her mother.

Mrs. Bolton suffered her embrace above the old dog, who fled with a cry of the male apprehension from the neck of Miss Kilburn's skirt, and then came back and snuffed at them in a vain effort to reach her.

"Well, go in and lay down by the stove," said Mrs. Bolton, with a divided interest, while she beat Miss Kilburn's back with her long palm in sign of sympathy. But the dog went off up the lane and stood there by the pasture horse, turning abstractedly at intervals.

II

Miss Kilburn found that the house had been well aired for her coming, but an old earthy and mouldy smell, which it took days and nights of open doors and windows to drive out, stole back again with the first touch of cold weather. She had been built in the house and in the streets, and after opening her friends and scattering her dresses on beds and chairs, she spent most of the first week outside of the house wandering about the meadows and orchards to adjust herself anew to the estranged features of the place. The house she found homelike and smelt like home to her. The house had kept it up very well, and in spite of the earthy and mouldy smell, it was conscientiously clean. There was not a speck of dust anywhere; the old yellowish-white

paint was spotless; the windows shone. But there was a sort of rigidity in the perfect order and quiet which repelled her, and she felt her things tossed about, as if to break the ice of this propriety. In several places within and without, she found marks of the faithful hand of Bolton in occasional patches of the wood-work, but she was not sure that they had not been there seven years before, and there were patches in the carpets and curtains which offered her with the same box-wood of mystery and familiarity. Certain stains were about the place which smelt as compared with the prevalent odor of earthiness. She could not decide whether or not she remembered them of old, or was reminded of the odors she used to catch in passing the houses of the village.

Her father had never been sure that he would not return any year or month, and the house had always been ready to receive them. In his study everything was in order. His daughter looked for signs of Mr. Peel's occupation, but there were none; Mrs. Bolton explained that he had not had a table from the study sitting room to write at. The desk was in the study and his heavy wooden chair was pulled up to it as if he were there. The racks of law-books, in their yellow sheep-skin, with their red titles above and their black titles below, were in the order he had taught Mrs. Bolton to replace them in after study. She sat down on a stool above the window, looked over it with a long solemnity of an old woman, and Mrs. Bolton took it from the porch to show Mrs. Kilburn that there was not a moth in it, nor the least decay.

Miss Kilburn experienced here that release of the old associations to take the form of welcome which she had already felt in the earth and sky and air outside; nevertheless, there was a sense of the great separation. Her dead father was not among the wanted places, then the trees of the orchard, or the outline of the well-known hills, or the pink of the morning-glories. In her rooming about the house she pulled open a chest of drawers which used to stand in the room where she slept when a child. It was full of her own childish clothing, a little girl's linen and muslin; and she thought with a throes of despair that she could as well hope to get back from those outgrown garments, which the helpless piety of Mrs. Bolton

had kept from the rag bag, as to think of re-entering the relations of the life so long left off.

It surprised her to find how cold the Boltons were; she had remembered them as always very kind and willing; but she was so used now to the ways of the Italians and their showy affection, it was hard for her to realize that people could be both kind and cold. The Boltons seemed ashamed of their feelings and hid them; it was the same in some degree with all the villagers when she began to meet them, and the fact slowly worked back into her consciousness, wounding its way in. People did not come to see her at once. They waited, as they told her, till she got settled, before they called, and then they did not appear very glad to have her back.

But this was not altogether the effect of their temperament. The Kilburns had made a long summer always in Hatboro', and they had always talked of it as home; but they had never passed a whole year there since Judge Kilburn first went to Congress, and they were not regarded as full neighbors or permanent citizens. Miss Kilburn, however, kept up her childhood friendships, and she and some of the ladies called one another by their Christian names, but they believed that she met people in Washington whom she liked better: the winters she spent there certainly weakened the ties between them, and when it came to those eleven years in Rome, the letters they exchanged grew rarer and rarer, till they stopped altogether. Some of the girls went away; some died; others became dead and absent to her in their marriages and household cares.

After waiting for one another, three of them came together to see her one day. They all kissed her, after a questioning glance at her face and dress, as if they wanted to see whether she had grown proud or too fashionable. But they were themselves apparently much better dressed, and certainly more richly dressed. In a place like Hatboro', where there is no dinner-giving, and evening parties are few, the best dress is a street costume, which may be worn for calls and shopping, and for church and all public entertainments. The well-to-do ladies make an effect of out-door fashion, in which the poorest shop hand has her part; and in their turn they share her in-door simpli-

city. These old friends of Annie's wore bonnets and frocks of the latest style and costly material.

They let her make the advances, receiving them with blank passivity, or repelling them with irony, according to the several needs of their self-respect, and talking to one another across her. One of them asked her when her hair had begun to turn, and they each told her how thin she was, but promised her that Hatboro' air would bring her up. At the same time they feigned humility in regard to everything about Hatboro' but the air; they laughed when she said she intended now to make it her home the whole year round, and said they guessed she would be tired of it long before winter; there were plenty of summer folks that passed the winter as long as the June weather lasted.

As they grew more secure of themselves, or less afraid of one another in her presence, their voices rose; they laughed loudly at nothing, and they yelled in nervous chorus at times, each trying to make herself heard above the others. They showed that they were just the same gay, unaffected village girls that she used to know. Two of them were really women of very good minds; the other was a simpleton; but in these moments of demonstration they were all alike, and collectively they were inferior in mind and manners to the worst of their number.

She asked them about the social life in the village, and they told her that a good many new people had really settled there, but they did not know whether she would like them; they were not the old Hatboro' style. Annie showed them some of the things she had brought home, especially Roman views, and they said now she ought to give an evening in the church parlor with them.

"You'll have to come to our church, Annie," said Mrs. Putney. "The Unitarian doesn't have preaching once in a month, and Mr. Peck is *very* liberal."

"He's *most too* liberal for some," said Emmeline Gerrish. Of the three school-grown the stoutest, and from being a slight, light-minded girl, she had become a heavy matron, habitually censorious in her speech. She did not mean any more by it, however, than she did by her girlish frivolity, and if she was not supported in her severity, she was apt to break down

and disown it with a single stroke of the pen.

"Well, I don't know about his being too liberal," said Mrs. Wilmington, a loose and hearty woman, with long hair. "He makes you feel that you're a poor, insignificant worm," she made a grimace at "superior" Maggie.

"Mr. Gerrish says that's just the trouble," Mrs. Gerrish smiled at. "Mr. Vail don't put stress enough on the promises. That's what Mr. Gerrish says. You must have been surprised, Annie," she added, to find that had been saying to your house."

"I was glad Mrs. Bolton invited him," answered Annie, sincerely but not enthusiastically.

The ladies waited, with an exchange of glances, for her reply, as if they had talked the matter over beforehand and had agreed to find out just how Annie's feelings felt about it.

"Oh, I guess he paid for board," said Mrs. Wilmington, jocosely, rejecting the explosive implication that he had been the guest of the Boltons.

"I don't see what necessity to do with that little girl of his, without any mother, that way," said Mrs. Gerrish. "He ought to get married."

"Perhaps he will, when he's waited a proper time," suggested Mrs. Putney, demurely.

"Well, his wife's been too soon dead ever since the child was born. I don't know what you call a proper time, Ellen," argued Mrs. Gerrish.

"I presume a minister feels differently about such things," Mrs. Wilmington remarked, indolently.

"I don't see why a minister should feel any different from anybody else," said Mrs. Gerrish. "It's his duty to do it for his child's account. I don't see why he don't have the remains brought to Hallowell anyway."

They debated this point at some length, and they seemed to forget Annie. She listened with more interest than her concern in the last resting-place of the minister's dead wife really inspired. These old child friends of hers seemed to have lost the sensitiveness of their girlhood without having gained tenderness in its place. They treated the affair with a nakedness that shocked her. In the country and to small towns people come face to face with life, especially women. It

means more or less child bearing, household cares and burdens, neighborhood gossip, sickness, death, burial, and whether the corpse appeared natural. But even so much kindness goes with their disillusion; they are friendly but not embittered.

They ended by recalling Annie to mind, and Mrs. Putney said: "I suppose you haven't been in the cemetery yet? They've got it all turned over since you went away—darker land and mud paths and through, and everything. You'd better have put up family tombs, and they've taken away the old iron fence round the lots and put granite around. They have the grass all the same. How perfect garden!" Mrs. Putney was a small woman already beginning to shrivel, and she had been rather an odd girl. She had married a man whom Annie remembered as a mischievous, they left with a sharp tongue and a nervous temperament, but father had always liked him when he came about the house, but Annie had had a deal of him in the years that make small boys and girls love and hate to wait at college when one must stand. She had an impression of something unhappy in her friend's marriage.

"I think it's too lonely dead up myself," said Mrs. Gerrish. "You must suddenly to Annie: "You going to have your father buried here?"

The other ladies started a little at the suddenness of Annie's answer, it was not that they were shocked but they wanted to see whether she would not be so.

"No," she said, briefly. She added, hurriedly: "I won't know."

"I should have thought he would have liked to be buried alongside of your mother," said Mrs. Gerrish. "But the Judge always—over a little powder. I presume you can leave the room and the date put on the monument just the same."

Annie blushed at the friendly comment and suggestion from a woman whom as a girl she had never introduced to familiarity with her father had tolerated because she was such a forceful stepmother and being upon other girls whom she liked better. The word "monument" cowed her, however. She was afraid they would begin to talk about the father's monument. She answered bravely and began to ask them about their families.

Mrs. Wilmington, who had no children, and Mrs. Putney, who had one, spoke of Mrs. Gerrish's large family. She had four

children, and she refused the praises of her friends for them, though she celebrated them herself. "You ought to have seen the two little girls that Ellen lost, Annie," she said. "Ellen Putney, I don't see how you ever got over that. Those two lovely, healthy children gone, and poor little Winthrop left! I always did say it was too hard."

She had married a clerk in the principal dry-goods store, who had prospered rapidly, and was now one of the first business men of the place, and had an ambition to be a leading citizen. She believed in his fitness to deal with the questions of religion and education which he took part in, and was always quoting Mr. Gerrish. She called him Mr. Gerrish so much that other people began to call him so too. But Mrs. Putney's husband held out against it, and had the habit of returning the little man's ceremonious salutations with an easy, "Hello, Billy," "Good-morning, Billy." It was his theory that this was good for Gerrish, who might otherwise have forgotten when everybody called him Billy. He was one of the old Putneys; and he was a lawyer by profession.

Mrs. Wilmington's husband had come to Hatboro' since Annie's long absence began; he had capital, and he had started a stocking-mill in Hatboro'. He was much older than his wife, whom he had married after a protracted widowerhood. She had one of the best houses and the most richly furnished in Hatboro'. She had more mind than either of the others, and she and Mrs. Putney saw Mrs. Gerrish at rare intervals, and in observance of some notable fact of their girlish friendship like the present.

In pursuance of the subject of children, Mrs. Gerrish said that she sometimes had a notion to offer to take Mr. Peck's little girl herself till he could get fixed somehow, but Mr. Gerrish would not let her. Mr. Gerrish said Mr. Peck had better get married himself if he wanted a step-mother for his little girl. Mr. Gerrish was peculiar about keeping a family to itself.

"Well, you'll think *never* come to board with you *too*," said Mrs. Putney, in reference to Mr. Peck.

The ladies all rose, and having got upon their feet, began to shout and laugh again—like girls, they implied.

They staid and talked a long time after rising, with the same note of misparting

personality in their talk. Where there are few public interests and few events, as in such places, there can be no small talk, nothing of the careless touch-and-go of larger societies. Every one knows all the others, and knows the worst of them. People are not unkind; they are mutually and freely helpful; but they have only themselves to occupy their minds. Annie's friends had also to distinguish themselves to her from the rest of the villagers, and it was easiest to do this by an attitude of criticism mingled with large affection. They ended a dissertation of the community by saying that they believed there was no place like Hatboro', after all.

They went out on a tide of the most tolerant hilarity and exuberant local pride. Each felt that she had not made a good impression, but blamed the others for it, while she laughed and screamed to keep her spirits up. In the contagion of their pertinacious gaiety Annie began to scream and laugh too, as she followed them to the door, and stood talking to them while they got into Mrs. Wilmington's extension top-carry all. She answered with delectable promises when they all put their bumpers out of the carry all and called back to her to be sure to come soon to see them.

V

Mrs. Bolton made no advances with Annie toward the discussion of her friends; but when Annie asked about those families, she answered with the incisive directness of a country-bred woman. She delivered her judgments as she went about her work, the morning after the ladies' visit, while Annie sat behind the breakfast-table, which she had given her leave to occupy. As she passed in and out from the dining-room to the kitchen she kept talking; she raised her voice in the further room, and lowered it when she drew near again. She wore a dismal calico wrapper, which made no compromise with the gauntness of her figure; her reddish-brown hair, which grew in a fringe below her crown, was plaited into small tags or tails, pulled up and tied across the top of her head; the bare surfaces of which were conspicuously mottled with the *luncheon* which she sometimes put on her hair. Behind, this was gathered up into a small knob pierced with a single hair-pin; the arrangement left Mrs. Bolton's visage to the unrestricted expression of *phlegm*. She did not

for it expressed toward Anne an appreciation of the confidential relation; that was supposed to exist between people who have been as long time friends and servants. She had never remembered her relations with the kitchen in those terms. There was a middle Yankee gentle woman of undoubted respect, who, the next name as house-keeper to Judge Kilburn, twenty years ago, and she had not changed her nature in changing her condition by her marriage with Oliver Bolton; nor her exaltedness, when she comprehended, could comprehend a spot of vulgar economy upon her.

Annie went into her father's study, where she had in the house the Franklin stove on her way to breakfast. It had come on to rain during the night after the fine yesterday, which Mrs. Gerrish had disappointed as to her as a winter-weather. At first it rained softly, steadily, but toward morning Anne heard the wind rising and when she looked out of her window after daylight she found a storm threatening, soon descending and obliterating the landscape. Now across the flattened and frozen grass of the lawn the elms were writhing in the gale and swinging their long lean boughs to and fro; from another window she saw the ruffled and mistral rapids rushing their swift masses of foam and shuddering in the storm. She turned away, with a sigh of the desolate melancholy which a northwester inspires in people safely sheltered from it, and sat down before her fire. She recalled the three women who had visited her the day before, in the better remembered times of their childhood and young adulthood; and their present character did not seem a brother's promise. Nothing was really disappointed in it but the natural joy, the hoped-for of their young blood, which must fade and die with the happiest fate. She perceived that what they had come to was not unjust for what they had been; and as our own fate always appears to us accomplished a thing for the distant future to fulfil, she began to ask herself what was in the natural sequence of such a temperament, such mental and moral ends as bore that they had been so noble in anything but vague aspirations that she could ever reasonably expect the destiny of great usefulness which she had always more sensibly expected. The question came

home to her with such pain in the light of what her old companions had become, that she suddenly ceased to enjoy the misery of the storm out of doors, or the pressing comfort of the fire on the hearth of the stove in her room; the book she had taken down to read fell crumpled into her lap, and she gave herself up for a half-hour of such piercing self-question as only a high-minded woman can endure when the flattering promises of youth have proven vain and false.

There is no condition of life that is wholly unprofitable; but none that is not laborious. Anne Bolton had never consented to be comforted; she had become one without giving anything. At thirty she could not do for herself anything else, she even could herself no odd work, with the common possession that she was not too. She was formerly muscular; she remembered one year. Now when she opened her eyes of day as she had done many times before, she suddenly wondered if she should ever more; she wondered if she had agreed to her friends possibly that a person who would never more had no more such a thing in her hands. But she did not admit that; that had not been her own choice; even in her college days she had thought of her as a woman's girl. It was a great fact that as it was had felt her youth in Rome as in Rome, it had seemed to her that she could not if she were in "Hartford." A room of windows overlooked homesteads; some persons there she knew she realized that she was not in the world. She had to escape the pain and went to the window in the parson's study which looked toward the street, where she saw the figure of a young man, the first new thing before her since morning's darkness; on the wind that pushed him along, as he tucked on a coat with a voice; he bowed and bowed his head to escape the lash of the rain. She watched him till he turned into the lane leading to the house, and then, at a discreeter distance she watched him through the window at the other corner, making his way up to the front door in the teeth of the gale. He seemed to have a bundle under his arm, and as he stepped into the shelter of the portico and freed his arm to ring, she discovered that it was a bundle of books. Whether Mrs. Bolton did not hear the bell, or whether she heard it and decided that it would be absurd to

leave her work for it, when Miss Kilburn, who was so much nearer, could answer it, she did not come, even at a second ring, and Annie was forced to go to the door herself, or leave the poor man dripping in the cold wind outside.

She had made up her mind, at sight of the books, that he was a canvasser for some subscription book, such as used to come in her father's time, but when she opened to him he took off his hat with a great deal of manner, and said "Miss Kilburn?" with so much insinuation of gentle disinterestedness that it flashed upon her that it might be Mr. Peck.

"Yes," she said, with confusion, while the flash of conjecture faded away.

"Mr. Brandreth," said her visitor, whom she now saw to be much younger than Mr. Peck could be. He looked not much more than twenty-two or twenty-three; his damp hair waved and curled upon his temples and forehead, and his blue eyes lightened from a beardless and freshly shaven face. "I called this morning because I felt sure of finding you at home."

He smiled at his reference to the weather, and Annie smiled too as she again answered, "Yes!" She did not want his books, but she liked something that was cheerful and enthusiastic in him; she added, "Won't you step into the study?"

"Thanks, yes," said the young man, flinging off his gossamer, and hanging it up to drip into the pan of the hat rack. He gathered up his books from the chair where he had laid them, and held them at his waist with both hands, while he bowed her precedences beside the study door.

"I don't know," he began, "but I ought to apologize for coming on a day like this, when you were not expecting to be interrupted."

"Oh no; I'm not at all busy. But you must have had courage to brave a storm like this."

"No. The truth is, Miss Kilburn, I was very anxious to see you about a matter I have at heart—that I desire your help with."

"He wants me," Annie thought "to give him the use of my name as a subscriber to his book"—there seemed really to be a half dozen books in his bundle—"and he's come to me first."

"I had expected to come with Mrs. Munger—she's a great friend of mine; you haven't met her yet, but you'll like

her; she's the leading spirit in South Hatboro'—and we were coming together this morning; but she was unexpectedly called away yesterday, and so I ventured to call alone."

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Brandreth," Annie said. "Then Mrs. Munger has subscribed already, and I'm only second fiddle, after all," she thought.

"The truth is," said Mr. Brandreth, "I'm the factotum, or teetotum, of the South Hatboro' ladies' book club, and I've been deputed to come and see if you wouldn't like to join it."

"Oh!" said Annie, and with a thrill of dismay she asked herself how much she had let her manner betray that she had supposed he was a book agent. "I shall be very glad indeed, Mr. Brandreth."

"Mrs. Munger was sure you would," said Mr. Brandreth, joyously. "I've brought some of the books with me—the last," he said; and Annie had time to get him a row of small autumnal novalia from during their discussion of the books. She chose one, and Mr. Brandreth took her subscription, and wrote her name in the club book.

"One of the reasons," he said, "why I would have preferred to come with Mrs. Munger is that she is so heart and soul with me in my little scheme. She could have put a better you in so much better light than I can. But she was called away so suddenly."

"I hope for no serious illness," said Annie.

"Oh no! It's just the common cold. The son is one of our best men—Yankee and he's been in by a day."

"Oh!" said Annie.

"Yes; it's a great pity for Mrs. Munger. But I come to you for advice as well as co-operation, Miss Kilburn. You must have met a great many English people in Rome, and heard some of them talk about it. Were thinking some of the young people here about getting up some out-door theatricals, like Lady Archibald Campbell's, don't you know. You know about them?" he added at the landlady's in her face.

"I read accounts of them in the English papers. They must have been very original! But do you think that our community like Hatboro'—Are there enough who could—enter into the spirit of it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Mr. Brandreth.

ardently. "You've no idea what a place Hathorne has got to be. You've not been about much yet, Miss Kilburn?"

"No," said Annie; "I haven't really been all our own place since I came. The weather has been very disagreeable, and I've seen nobody but two or three old friends, and we naturally talked more about old times than anything else." But I hear that there are great changes."

"Yes," said Mr. Brandreth. "The social growth has been even greater than the business growth. You've no idea! People have come in for the winter as well as the summer. South Hatboro', where we live—you must see South Hatboro', Miss Kilburn!—is quite a famous health resort. A great many Boston doctors send their patients to us now, instead of Colorado or the Adirondacks. In fact, that's what brought us to Hathorne! My mother wouldn't have lived if she had tried to stay in Melrose. One lung all gone, and the other seriously affected. And people have found out what a charming place it is for the summer. It's cool; and it's so near, you know; the gentlemen can run out every night, only an hour and a quarter from town, and express both ways. All very agreeable people, too; and cultivated. Mr. Fellows, the painter, makes a long summer; he bought an old farm-house and built a studio. Mrs. Jennings, the flower-painter, has a little box there too; Mr. Chapley, the publisher, of New York, has built; the Misses Clevinger, Mrs. Valence, are all near us. There's one family from Chicago quite nice—New England by birth, you know; and Mrs. Munger, of course, so that there's a very pleasant variety."

"I certainly had no idea of it," said Annie.

"I knew you couldn't have," said Mr. Brandreth, "so you wouldn't have got any doubt about our having the material for the theatricals. You see, I want to interest all the new people in it, and make it a whole-town affair. I think it's a great pity for some of the old village families and the summer folks, as they call us, not to mingle more than they do, and Mrs. Munger thinks so too; and we've been talking you over, Miss Kilburn, and we've decided that you could do more than anybody else to help in a scheme that's meant to bring them together."

"Because I mean these summer folks are old village families?" asked Annie.

"Because you're both," retorted Mr. Brandreth.

"I don't see that," said Annie; "but we'll suppose the case, for the sake of argument. What do you expect me to do in theatricals, in-doors or out? I never took part in anything of the kind; I don't go on much beyond the end of my nose without glasses; I never could learn the simplest thing by heart; I'm clumsy and awkward. I feel confused."

"Oh, my dear Miss Kilburn, spare yourself! We don't expect you to take part in the play. I don't admit that you're what you say at all; but we only want you to lend us your countenance."

"Oh, is that all? And what do you expect to do with my countenance?" Annie said, with a laugh of misgiving.

"Everything. We know how much influence your name has—one of the old Hathorne names—in the community, and all that; and we do want to interest the whole community in our scheme. We want to establish a Social Union for the work-people, don't you know, and we think it might be much easier if it seemed to originate with the old village people."

Annie could not resist an impression in favor of the scheme. It gave definition to the vague sensations with which she had returned to Hathorne; it might afford her a chance to make reparation for the years of the southern imprisonment.

"I'm not sure," she began. "If I knew just what a Social Union is—"

"Well, at first," Mr. Brandreth interposed, "it will only be a reading-room, supplied with the magazines and papers, and well lighted and heated, where the work-people—those who have no families especially—could spend their evenings. Afterward we should hope to have a kitchen, and supply tea and coffee—and oysters perhaps—at a nominal cost; and recreation in the summer."

"But what have your out-door theatricals to do? But of course. You intend to give the proceeds—"

"Exactly. And we want the proceeds to be as large as possible. We propose to give our time and money to getting the thing up in the best shape, and then we want all the villagers to give their half-dollars and make it a success every way."

"I see," said Annie.

"We want it to be successful, and we want it to be distinguished; we want to make it unique. Mrs. Munger is going

to give her grounds and the decorations, and there will be a supper afterward, and a little dance."

"Such things are a great deal of trouble," said Annie, with a smile, from the vantage-ground of her larger experience. "What do you propose to do—what play?"

"Well, we've about decided upon some scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*. They would be very easy to set, out-doors, don't you know, and everybody knows them, and they wouldn't be hard to do. The ballroom in the house of the Capulets could be made to open on a kind of garden terrace—Mrs. Munger has a lovely terrace in her grounds for lawn tennis—and then we could have a minuet on the grass. You know Miss Mather introduces a minuet in that scene, and makes a great deal of it. Oh, I forgot. She's come up since you went away."

"Yes; I hadn't heard of her. Isn't a minuet at Verona in the time of the Scaligeri rather?"

"Well, yes, it is, rather. But you've no idea how pretty it is. And then, you know, we could have the whole of the balcony scene, and other bits that we choose to work in—perhaps parts of other acts that would suit the scene."

"Yes, it would be charming; I can see how very charming it could be made."

"Then we may count upon you?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she said; "but I don't really know what I'm to do."

Mr. Brandreth had risen; but he sat down again, as if glad to afford her any light he could throw upon the subject.

"How am I to 'influence people,' as you say?" she continued. "I'm quite a stranger in Hatboro'; I hardly know anybody."

"But a great many people know *you*, Miss Kilburn. Your name is associated with the history of the place, and you could do everything for us. You *won't* refuse!" cried Mr. Brandreth, winningly. "For instance, you know Mrs. Wilmington."

"Oh yes; she's an old girl-friend of mine."

"Then you know how enormously clever she is. She can do anything. We want her to take an active part—the part of the Nurse. She's delightfully funny. But you know her peculiar temperament—how she hates initiative of all

kinds; and we want somebody to bring Mr. Wilmington round. If we could get them committed to the scheme, and a man like Mr. Putney—he'd make a capital Mercutio—it would go like wildfire. We want to interest the churches, too. The object is so worthy, and the theatricals will be so entirely unobjectionable in every respect. We have the Unitarians and Universalists, of course. The Baptists and Methodists will be hard to manage, but the Orthodox are of so many different shades; and I understand the new minister, Mr. Peck, is very liberal. He was here in your house, I believe."

"Yes; but I never saw him," said Annie. "He boarded with the farmer. I'm a Unitarian myself."

"Of course. It would be a great point gained if we could interest him. Every care will be taken to have the affair unobjectionable. You see, the design is to let everybody come to the theatricals, and only those remain to the supper and dance whom we invite. That will keep out the socially objectionable element—the shoe-shop hands and the straw-shop girls."

"Oh," said Annie. "But isn't the— the Social Union for just that class?"

"Yes, it's *expressly* for them, and we intend to organize a system of entertainments—lectures, concerts, readings—for the winter, and keep them interested the whole year round in it. The object is to show them that the best people in the community have their interests at heart, and wish to get on common ground with them."

"Yes," said Annie. "The object is certainly very good."

Mr. Brandreth rose again, and put out his hand. "Then you will help us?"

"Oh, I don't know about that yet."

"At least you won't hinder us."

"Certainly not."

"Then I consider you in a very hopeful condition, Miss Kilburn, and I feel that I can safely leave you to Mrs. Munger. She is coming to see you as soon as she gets back."

Annie made no motion to detain him. Without regretting him, she found herself sadder when he was gone, and she threw herself upon the old feather-cushioned lounge to enjoy a moment's sleeping with the dreary storm outside. Was it for this that she had left Rome? She had felt, as every American of conscience feels abroad, the drawings of a duty, obscure

and helplessly, toward the future. The duty to come home and do something for it, to something in it. This is the impulse of accompaniment; it is perhaps the basis of the spontaneity which America spontaneously creates for the sake to help itself, and for each member of it to help all the rest.

But from the moment Annie arrived in Hatboro' the difficulty of being helpful to anything or any one had increased upon her with every new fact that she had learned about it and the people in it. To her they seemed terribly self-sufficing. They seemed occupied and prosperous, from her front parlor window; she did not see anyone want or who appeared to be in need of her, and unshrunk from a more thorough exploration of the place. Late and contented humanitarians, she fancied necessity coming to her and taking away her good works, as it were in a basket, till till Mr. Brandreth appeared with his scheme, nothing had applied for her help. She had always hated theatricals; they bored her; and yet the Social Union was a good object, and if this scheme would bring her acquainted in Hatboro' it might be the stepping stone to something better, something really or more ideally useful. She wondered what South Hatboro' was like; she would get Mrs. Bolton's opinion, which, if severe would be just. She would ask Mrs. Bolton about Mrs. Whitney too. She would tell Mrs. Bolton to tell Mr. Peck to call to dine. Would it be thought patronizing to Mr. Peck?

The fire from the Franklin-stove diffused a drowsy comfort through the room, the rain lashed the window-panes, and the wind shivered in the gables. Annie fell off to sleep. When she woke up she heard Mrs. Bolton laying the table for her one o'clock dinner, and she knew it was half past twelve, because Mrs. Bolton always laid the table just half an hour beforehand. She went out to speak to Mrs. Bolton.

There was no want of distinctness in Mrs. Bolton's opinion, but Annie felt that there was a want of perspective and proportion in it, arising from the narrowness of Mrs. Bolton's experience and her ignorance of the world; she was hemmed in, and she had always lived upon the outskirts of Hatboro', even when it was a much smaller place than now. But Mrs. Bolton had few visitors, and she had

lived in them freely; in a time when agnosticism extends among cultivated people to every region of conjecture, the social convictions of Mrs. Bolton were untouched by questioning. In the first place, she despised laziness, and as South Hatboro' was the summer home of open and avowed disoccupation, of an idleness so entire that it had to seek refuge from itself in all manner of pastimes, she held its population in a contempt to which her meagre phrase did imperfect justice. From time to time she had to stop altogether and read it by "Wells'" of varying aspects and intentions, but all expressive of earnestness and in shorts and snorts still more thorough in purpose.

Then she tried to find people who had nothing else to do ought at least to be exemplary in their idles, and she was merciful to the young men in South Hatboro', which had colonized on the south of Hatboro' by the elder village. When Annie came to find out what these were, she did not think them creditable; they were small flirtations and harmless intimacies between the gardeners of the summer cottages, which in the proximity of the village were constantly intruding on the privacy of some South Hatboro' wife, mother, grandmother. Mrs. Bolton believed the worst especially of the women.

"Up in, said Mrs. Bolton, that them women come up here for rest. I don't know what they want to rest *from*; but I am from here; winter all winter long, I am; they get over to the city post near where they come."

Perhaps Annie felt that it was useless to try to enlighten her in regard to the fatigues from which the summer sojourners felt themselves relieved so eagerly; the early sitting and going to lunches and dinners; the large afternoon teas; the late hours and the heavy suppers of evening receptions; the drain of charity-doing and play-going; the slavery of amateur art study, and parlor readings, and *musicales*; the writing of invitations and acceptances and refusals; the trying on of dresses; the calls made and received. She let her talk on, and tried to figure, as well as she could from her talk, the form and magnitude of the task laid upon her by Mr. Brandreth, of reconciling Old Hatboro' to South Hatboro', and uniting them in a common enterprise.

"What sort of person is Mr. Brandreth, Mrs. Bolton?" she asked, finally.

"Well, I suppose I'd ought to apologize to you for not comin' quicker to open the door for him," began Mrs. Bolton.

"You didn't come at all," said Annie, with an amused willingness to let her get at Mr. Brandreth in her own way.

"Well, no; you're right. I don't presume I did, or't I *should*. I guess I'd let him staid and soaked it out, if I'd had *my* way."

"Why, what is there wrong about him?"

"Wrong? There ain't *anything* about him. He don't amount to a row of pins. He *is* the greatest— Well, 'f I was his mother I guess I wouldn't stand a bug to have him following round with that Mrs. Munger the way he does."

"Why, Mrs. Bolton, you don't mean to say that Mr. Brandreth and Mrs. Munger are carrying on a flirtation?"

"I don't know what you call it. He's taggin' her round all the while, or her him."

"But, Mrs. Bolton! She's got a son in college! Where *is* her husband?"

"She *says* he's out West somewhere; Sent Paul or Sent Louis. He hasn't never troubled Hatboro' any. I guess he ain't never goin' to, either. But she's got plenty of money, and I don't suppose but what it's her money he's after. I guess if she *could* get a divorce she wouldn't let the church hinder her—well, not a great deal."

Annie had heard so much worse talk about very good people in the American colony at Rome that these dark hints of Mrs. Bolton's did not alarm her. "Mrs. Bolton," she said, abruptly leaving the subject of Mrs. Munger, "I've been thinking whether I oughtn't to do something about Mr. Peck. I don't want him to feel that he was unwelcome to me in my house; I should like him to feel that I approved of his having been here."

As this was not a question, Mrs. Bolton, after the fashion of country people, held her peace embarrassingly, and Annie went on:

"Does he never come to see you?"

"Well, he was here last night," said Mrs. Bolton.

"Last *night*!" cried Annie. "Why in the world didn't you let me know?"

"I didn't know as you wanted to know," began Mrs. Bolton, with a sullen defiance mixed with pleasure in Annie's reproach. "He was out there in my settin'-room with his little girl."

"But don't you see that if you didn't let me know he was here it would look to

him as if I didn't wish to meet him—as if I had told you that you were not to introduce him?"

Probably Mrs. Bolton believed too that a man's mind was agile enough for these conjectures; but she said she did not suppose he would take it in that way; she added that he staid longer than she expected, because the little girl seemed to like it so much. *she always cried when she had to go away.*

"Do you mean that she's attached to the place?" demanded Annie.

"Well, yes, she is," Mrs. Bolton admitted. "And the cat."

Annie had a great desire to tell Mrs. Bolton that she had behaved very stupidly. But she knew Mrs. Bolton would not stand that, and she had to content herself with saying, severely, "The next time he comes, let me know without fail, please. What is the child like?" she asked.

"Well, I guess it must favor the mother, if anything. It don't seem to take after him any."

"Why don't you have it home now, then," asked Annie, "if it's so much attached to the place?"

"Well, I didn't know as you wanted to have it moved," replied Mrs. Bolton, bluntly.

Annie made a "Tchk!" of impatience with her obtuseness, and asked, "Where is Mr. Peck staying?"

"Well, he's staying at Mis' Warner's till he can get settled."

"Is it far from here?"

"It's down in the north part of the village—Over the Track."

"Is Mr. Bolton at home?"

"Yes, he is," said Mrs. Bolton, with the effect of not intending to do it.

"Then I want him to latch up—now—at once—right away—and go and get the child and bring her here to dinner with me." Annie got so far with her severity, feeling that it was needed to mask a proceeding so romantic, so imprudently, she added, timidly, "Can he do it?"

"I d' know but what he can," said Mrs. Bolton, dryly, and whatever her feeling really was in regard to the matter, her manner gave no hint of it. Annie did not know whether Bolton was going on her errand or not, from Mrs. Bolton, but in ten or twelve minutes she saw him emerge from the avenue into the street in the carry-all, tightly curtained against the storm. Half an hour later he return-

She is white like the fall white lilies
 That sicken the air with sweet,
 And the yellow hair o'er her bosom bare
 Falls down to her sandal'd feet.

 Her eyes are as deep as the ocean,
 And calm as a forest pool;
 Her breath is as free as the sea winds on,
 And her lips with the dew are cool.

 She comes from the daisied meadows,
 By tender winds blown down;
 For May, the child who erst ran wild,
 Is now a woman grown.

 Behold! like a queen she cometh,
 So stately and fair and meek;
 And the lilies swoon in their own perfume
 To touch her softer cheek.

 O birds, be cease to your singing,
 Break forth this bloom red rose,
 For day's high priest cometh out of the east,
 And June thro' the garden goes.

 Her eyelids droop with the passion
 Her trembling lips would own;
 And the kiss of the sun has been upon
 A rose in every flower blown.

 Her long white arms to her ivory
 She lifts, and her parted lips
 Drink the light of his kiss as if use I was
 The secret of a life kiss.

 Sing loud, O ye birds, of love,
 Till all the world gives ear;
 For the sun is the love of the flowers above,
 And June the queen is here.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Alpine traveller, in climbing the famous mountain, reaches when he reaches what appears to him to be the summit, that there is still, above him and beyond, a higher point which the lower height concealed. The poet Beattie, or, as the wits would say, the alleged poet Beattie, begins his once famous poem, "The Minstrel," with the familiar lines: "All who can tell how hard it is to come." The story of the time spent to come to the summit.

Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, treating of the dandified body, notes sagaciously that according to the gospel of fashion as set forth in the sacred book of *Tallyho* it is permitted to man, under certain conditions, to wear white waistcoats.

These words of Carlyle and Beattie and the fortunes of the Alpine traveller are all recalled by the contemporary assertion to have been made to a reporter that the social elite in the city of New York comprise about four hundred persons. In other words, that is the *mobile number* of "society" or, as they are more often called, "society people." The word *mobile* is applied to certain words or things here because they are of the first class or class by distinction makes rather so superior that other classes are not mentioned. "Fertile first and best occurrence" with the charming word "society." It describes a mobile society people so loftily apart from all other circles that it absorbs and exhausts the name. You

may have the most accomplished and delightful friends and in witty, refined and charming intercourse the golden hours with those may pass—but 'was it the *virtuous*?'—(I thought and pondered among the chosen four hundred, they do not belong to *virtuous*), and *was it* to enjoy darkness and weeping and wandering at night.

This is the very motherhood of Mrs. Grundy and Brier Jenkins, and of all current comment little need be said. Here we are, all of us, sons and daughters to receive no further improvement of nature in another grove, and to have our weavers and farmers and haberdashers and blacksmiths and druggists and doctors and lawyers and ditchers and tobacconists and *grocers*—honest people many of them—turning a shrewd penny whenever they could, plucking, pinching, squeezing, spending, saving, and presently, for the price of but one happy stroke of a lance—or an invention, or superior thrift and sagacity and foresight, getting rich, building a fine house, setting up an equipage and an establishment, and so! we are presently 'old families' and 'nobles' and 'exclusive' and 'aristocratic' and with a coat of arms and a pedigree we enter the blissful realm of the immortal, the unspeakable four hundred.

The French Academy was also composed of immortals, and the biting wit wrote of a peer who could not pass the gate:

"Cherchez un peu de la noblesse
Pour entrer dans l'Académie."

The other evening a party of amateurs on Staten Island played with charming address and vivacity the amusing little comedy *New Men and Old Aves*. Lady Vasavour was there with refined insolence, elegant coquetry, and Marmaduke her husband, bristly but not respectably faithful. There were Mr. and Mrs. Bunter, frankly vulgar without the Vasavour veneer, and Berthold Blasenburgh, the incarnate spirit of mercenary trickery. Samuel Brown, honest British bourgeois, and Bertie Fitz-Five, the duke of high degree in a blazer, and John Vasavour, in whom the *Nova de Vere* has found at last a human heart, and Fanny Bunter—Blanche Amory and Falkland's Julia blended—all lived before our eyes. It was admirably done, but when Bunter in a neat and stately "grey" dismounted belonging to —'s four hundred, he was jesting with sa-

cred things, and we could not encourage him with a smile. But when his Mariar unrolled the Bunter pedigree and read of some, we saw ourselves in the faithful interest and laughed at our own absurdity.

If the four hundred should be submitted to social analysis, what a dull result we should see! Where and when was it that a king's son came to a republican city, and its Mrs. Grundy was in great agony of soul with a misgiving whom he would select as his partner in the dance at the subsequent ball of welcome, at which the grandmothers of the great grocers and haberdashers were the matrons and *grocers*—and a young lady did herself but the idealized charming belle daughter of the farmer, and a boy was she but the lovely granddaughter of—the shoemaker, was it, in the centre of the outdoor market? Where was the one who was never more a lady in the capitalised eye? The more she was the descendant of the weaver or the weaver or the farmer, the more aristocratic and impressive was the spectacle. The last of last was a country in which the rank was but the guinea's stamp, and the goldsmith's daughter was the acknowledged and worthy equal companion of the lady's son.

(How much more could this country
And suggest to the Nation, that?)

There are several more than four hundred each hundreded the pale is broader than such a number would import.

Remotely, grandly as would make dreadful havoc of our palaces and our old families. In one direction it would bring us very soon to a shabby old miser turning over in the street with his cane every pennyworth scrap of paper or heap of refuse; in another, to a stalwart mechanic, or plain garbaged, or money-changer, or apothecary, in a small town house or a mortgaged farm, to a shanty with stockings stuffed in the window, to a hall, to a saloon. All this is not so fine to the fancy as an earl at Crey or Poitiers, or a gentleman on the Field of Cloth of Gold, or a castle from the time of the Comptons, or a noble Elizabethan mansion, or an older home—Penshurst, for instance, with traditions of heroes and poets, of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Here is a poetic glamour which cannot be denied. It is a soft enchantment of the imagination, like that of Marathon and Troy. Those who can trace their lineage into that realm of fairy

constitute a freemasonry which we can understand, but which, of course, brethren, we cannot reproduce unless we can count our grandparents backward into those houses.

But not for that reason need we hide the facts of our own families, nor be ashamed of them. We need not try to convert the ancestral grocery into a large West Indian trade, and the smithy whence we sprang into great iron-works, and the thread and needle store into a vast wholesale importing house. Bigness will not cure what we foolishly hold to be the defect of our family tradition, and the man who thinks the fact a defect needing cure has descended in good truth a long, long distance from his manly ancestors. We need not hide the fact. The more widely it is published that the family proceeding from a poor farm of a hundred acres, by thrift, energy, enterprise, ability, courage, persistence, and commanding intelligence, has now advanced to this great estate, and this magnificent fostering of art and science, of religion and letters, the more the family name is honored and the family right to distinction vindicated. The youth who says that his ancestor fought in gold armor at Agincourt is well countered by the youth who replies that his grandfather gave a free library to his native town.

But it appears that it is suppression, rather than assertion, of the truth which opens the golden gates of the four hundred. Patience! when they are more truly American they will be wiser. Let the Grocer family, now master of millions, adopt a hogshhead or a loaf of sugar as its cipher and signet—the bee of its Napoleonic splendor. Let the yardstick dispute heraldic honors with the sword, and the cow grazing with the lion rampant, and to golden gules denoting valor, justice, and veneration, add the hammer, the cotton flower, the plough, and the anvil. In every way the lord or the lady in whose veins flows the blood that was shed at Agincourt publishes that heroic fact. If we are made of similar stuff, those who owe their comfort, their opportunity, their riches, to ennobling industry of any kind, will gladly tell the honorable truth.

If four hundred or four thousand of us wish to feel that *noblesse oblige*, let us not try to obliterate from history Grandpa Grocer, but remember that the descendant of that worthy need not hang his head

before the heir of the Right Honorable Sir William Kidd, nor of any Norman freebooter and courtier who came over with the earlier William.

ARISTIDES insists that the Easy Chair recently praised the press too warmly. When he wrote he had not seen Matthew Arnold's unsparing arraignment. But he says, with our English critic, whose comments are made at least in perfectly good temper, that our press is not a leader of public or party opinion, but a pander to it, and that far from illustrating or desiring fair play, it seeks only to "down" an opponent. He holds that its course, when apparently most sincere and upright, must be regarded as selfish until proved to be otherwise, and that a vindictive and personal motive may be always safely assumed for its most seemingly virtuous demonstrations. Aristides says further that nothing shows more clearly the debased condition of the public mind than the fact that newspapers which are made the arenas of disgusting personal controversies between the editors make profit of them, and he recalls the day when the proprietor of a paper issued an extra containing a highly colored account of personal indignities offered to himself. He adds to this fact, in further illustration of the disgraceful plight of the press, that a very large, if not the larger, part of its reports of news consists of the most extravagant, detailed, and repulsive descriptions of crimes, making the daily paper as demoralizing a nuisance as the dime novel.

The greater the circulation, the influence, and the power of the press, the greater is the shame of such conduct, says Aristides; and you do wrong, he adds, when you praise it without mention of this betrayal of a great trust and a great opportunity. What party newspaper in the country is manly and fair? he asks. Which of them honestly represents the position or arguments of the other side, or does not in every way, by insinuation, ridicule, and unmitigated lying, try to win by dishonesty? The reluctance of able and decent and honorable men to enter active political controversy as candidates for office is due to their knowledge of the pitiless storm of vituperation and calumny with which they are sure to be assailed. Their demand of simple honesty, and their antipathy to "shaky" and "shady" men

and answers envelope them in a whirl, without regard to their responsibility, and without any regard to the propriety. The press answers, "consider that the press is a free country, or mechanical blacksmith shop, which cannot be asked to make room for those who are established and drive at its own will, gibing at those who do not care to be spattered with filth in halcyon and melodrama—instead of the simple commonness of public affairs."

"I know a man," says Aristides, "who, in the proper exercise of his discretion, changed his vote in a nominating convention from one candidate to another, and instantly one of the organs of the candidate whom he discarded announced contemptuously that the vote had been changed dishonestly for a price. The next noon of the public servant who had dishonestly was withering. But a little while afterward the same journal let us all in," says Aristides, "the *Truth* that *Catoed*—earnestly supported, for a most responsible office, the man who would be declared, had venally sold his vote in the convention. The *Truth* that *Catoed* is a fine censor of public morality and political honesty, is it not? And when you denounce a man or a movement or a measure, you will credit it with patriotism and an intelligent interest in civility and progress and reform, will you?" asks Aristides. "You may if you choose. I shall not."

"Oh, again," he persists, "I know another paper which vehemently demands criminal proceedings against an unquestionable offender. Hailmabury *Virtue* thrice upon its editorial page to light the world to honesty. The culprit is arraigned, the trial begins, and before you would not a peep, not a shiver, from independent *Virtue*. Great *Kay-Chung*, writes Aristides, "do you ask the reason of this droll cessation of justice? It is very simple. A powerful interest transcends the culprit, and has therefore advertising patronage. How is *Virtue* has been privately told that if its editorial columns demand justice upon the culprit, its advertising columns will suffer grievously? Would the innocent *Kay-Chung* have any connection between that admonitory voice and the sudden silence of *Virtue*? Would it see in it still further proof of that noble devotion to the public welfare which the press unobscurely assumes?"

"The advertiser, with a lot of press

and an arsenal of 'gutter snipes,' or placards to be posted upon the curbstone, dominates somewhat as a thief, a rascal, a disreputable villain, etc., etc., or a noisy fiddler, or a shouting blunderer, shouting the same intelligence up and down Broadway, and in the exchanges is a great power unquestionably. But so," remarks Aristides, "a bone factory and Newtown Street have great power, incessant and persistent, toward the command of the attention of a hundred thousand intelligent minds for half an hour every morning, gives enormous power, and unscrupulous abuse of it is a public crime of which the press is largely guilty. But this is so manifestly the fact that the evil," remarks Aristides, "tends to correct itself."

"Even I," he continues, "was assailed the other morning on the daily *Truth-Tell* as a word of noxious verbiage which it is the interest of society to exterminate. There, and as I stepped into the elevated car I saw my neighbor reading that interesting and important news. When he had thoroughly mastered the facts in regard to me, he turned to me, and seeing me, he smiled and held out his hand. 'What have you been doing to this fellow?' he asked, pointing to the paper. It was curious. It did not seem to him that I was an old friend of verbiage, or that the editor thought so, but only that, for some purpose, it was his interest to say so. So also I perceived," writes Aristides, "when I perceived that the venerable editor and he had asked me to lunch with him. Do you think it is worth while? do you not think, on the contrary, that *Kay-Chung* that it is a great wrong, to invade respect for a huge power which is generally indiscriminately abused. Indeed, have not the above news come—that the public even discredit that to what is published as news, and almost certainly discredits it if it affects in any way the known interests of the papers?"

"Our press is a good deal like the old criminal law in England. It was so savagely indiscriminating, hanging the starving boy who stole a loaf equally with the sanguinary murderer and the wholesale pirate, that justice disregarded the law and the evidence, and allowed humanity and common-sense to determine the verdict. The excesses of the press are costing it its power. If a newspaper makes a violent personal attack upon ostensible personal grounds, the

public merely asks, 'Who is the colored friend in this wood-pile?' If it assumes the leadership of a humane reform, or of any apparently progressive movement, the same public, taught by much experience, smiles at the Protean agility of the genius of advertising. If it sends an expedition to Symmes Hole, or to ascertain whether human heads around the north pole are flatter than those around the equator, those in the temperate zone, which are not flat at all, recall with amusement the great Doctor Brandreth and his skill in imposing his pills upon mankind. No, no; the one great principle that I observe in the press," says Aristides, "is the determination to make money by hook and by crook, at the cost of private honor and public morality."

This is a tremendous accusation. Burke thought that he could not draw an indictment against a nation, but Aristides does not hesitate to tell off count upon count against the great power of modern times. Who will deny that he states much that is unquestionable? But who can doubt that his generalization is too unqualified? The Easy Chair must remind him that while it has a better opinion of the press than he entertains, and has acknowledged its excellent service when another great power, that of legal procedure, was invoked by money to outwit justice, yet that it has not been unmindful of its excesses. Compared with the English press, which it most resembles, it lacks a certain fairness to opponents, and it smears its pages with debasing accounts of crime. Party spirit in England is as fierce as with us, but, as the Easy Chair has heretofore said, if Mr. Gladstone makes a speech, the *London Times*, which distrusts him, prints it in full, with a perfectly just and accurate account of the meeting, but demolishes the arguments as well as found in its editorial columns.

It is, of course, true that as the press, in the sense of an aggregation of newspapers, is a peculiarly business enterprise undertaken primarily for personal advantage, and in no other sense for the public welfare than all business enterprises, it is largely controlled by business considerations. Whatever threatens its profits must be avoided if possible. But, unlike other business, it is involved with the public expression of opinion, and it is generally as difficult for a newspaper to change its professed opinions and retain

the support of its buyers as for a clergyman to change his theological views and retain the favor of his congregation. The popular and prosperous newspaper, again, is undoubtedly a fair index of the public taste. More than anything else it is the mirror held up to nature. When we look into it and see elaborate descriptions of shameful events, and the ridiculous fact that Mrs. Smith dined yesterday gorgeously arrayed, and that all the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons in their best clothes dined with her, and then see endless columns of accounts of a prize-fight, we may be aware that we are seeing what interests its most, and it is to supply the demand of our tastes that newspapers are published. But neither Aristides nor any other friend of humanity need despond. If he will look into the newspaper of twenty years ago and see the picture of Tweed largely muzzling the press, but whom the press at last overthrew, and then consider Jacob Sharp of yesterday, who, but for the press, would have been allowed the pleasurable enjoyment of his booty, he will agree that it has been of some benefit, however mixed its motives and disagreeable its method. The court, says Aristides, was competent to do its duty, or, if not, the fault was with the people. However that may be, the press made it easier for the court to do its duty, and helped, not hindered, the course of justice.

WENDELL PHILLIPS had a captivating lecture upon the Lost Arts, which was delivered probably more frequently than any lecture ever prepared for the Lyceum platform. In the earlier day of lectures, when he was asked his terms, he used to reply, "For an art-sayer, speak, nothing; for the Lost Arts, fifty dollars." It was a delightful "talk," but there are some vanished arts which Phillips's enchanting eloquence did not recall, and the Easy Chair was reminded of one of them by recently finding among some old papers "The Carrier's New-Year's Address." The art of writing such an address is gone with the secret of the exquisite opaline glass of which the prince's goblets. It belonged to the earlier day when, as it seems to the hurried backward glance of the eager citizen as he dashes along his way, life moved more leisurely, and as there was less to do, it could be done tranquilly and comfortably.

Perhaps it was not quite so. The gold-

on eye is always behind, but whether the eye light that burns over Boston is only in the distance can never be told. The morning paper in a town where there was but one was a kind of power which few newspapers now are. Every body reads his daily news with precisely the same flavor, and there was no universally diffused mind to question the moral errors by the manner from the events he chronicled. In the barber's shop and at the post office and at the druggist's shop or the grocery which served the little community for a club, there may have been voices of dissent. But they were single and of no color, and piped but a feeble and ineffectual protest.

In the one paper also all the germs of literary ambition and taste and hope tried to burst into blossom, and when one of them saw the light to print, it was fame itself, and the happy resident went floating through the street as if the whole town had become conscious of the new genius that had arisen, and was about to acclaim in chorus, "Hail, king, that shalt be!" Everything was on a smaller scale. Sixty years ago in Congress Mr. Webster said that if there were any man in New England who drove an equipage with four horses, and servants in livery, he did not know him. "It seems to me," said a great New York railway king recently "as if the old India merchants in Boston used to come down to their offices toward noon, and after transacting business in a staid and dignified manner, went home again in two or three hours." That, again, was hardly so. It was an instance of the enormous cherries of memory. The cherries that we used to eat in the time were very much larger than any cherries we ever see now in market. The magical air of youth is so dilating, so magnificently magnifying! Three hours of dignity and stately transaction of business! Perhaps so; but that spectacle is gone also with the carrier's New-Year's address.

That production was always in rhyme. At least the only one known to the Easy Chair which was not rhymed is the one that Hawthorne wrote for the Salem *Gazette*. The verses contained a jingling survey of mankind from China to Peru during the year, and they set forth the charms of virtue and exhorted to a moral life. They were printed upon a separate sheet, and the carrier left one with every subscriber who, in the English phrase, "took in" the paper, and he waited mod-

estly but confidently for the honorarium with which the address was acknowledged. Possibly even in the busiest and most crowded city the presentation of the honorarium to the carrier still survives. It is a practice which does not tend to become obsolete. But the address itself is with the lost books of Livy, or with the *magna opera* of the young author's ambition.

Perhaps those old days of the address compared with these as the plain simple well cooked and well-flavored joint and pudding of these old dinners with the profusion and splendor of the modern repast. We note and sip but we can hardly stay to eat, because of the long perspective of the coming feast. Indeed the carrier himself in the old sense is fast vanishing. He is replaced by the active, enterprising dealer or middle man who traffics in all the papers and periodicals and sends out his boy-students who do not buy at the stand. In the early days the carrier was an *attaché* of the office and left his share of the dignity of the great journal.

And the great journal, with its explorations to mid Africa and the polar sea, its interviews with emperors and soldiers and statesmen, its instant publication of the news in a hundred leaders of opinion upon every question that arises, its thoroughness, its wisdom and trained ability, its unlimited expense and enormous circulation—the whole history of a day that shames a whole century as grand as the deep language of the carrier's address. Doubtless we power has proportionately increased. Legislators and executive officers read it and are in it the drift of opinion more than ever before. It criticizes the orator in Congress, whose argument it makes public. It instructs the country and sways legislation. Its vast publicity makes it the greatest of forces. Its responsibility therefore is immense. There are those who recur fondly to the pleasant easy-going days of the carrier's address as also the golden age of the newspaper, an age of greater dignity, eloquence and sagacity. The Easy Chair has just been preaching from that text in the preceding section. It is very possibly in newspaper offices the age of brass, but no paper to-day is more politically ribald than the old *Aurora*, and the reader has gained in the paper which can afford to employ it a signal ability which the older newspaper did not possess, although it issued annually the carrier's New-Year's address.

Editor's Study.

I.

IN the case of a poet like Mr. Lowell, so worthy of honor and so secure of remembrance, there can be little profitable talk of defects or excellences, of better or worse, and little that is new of qualities and characteristics. Those who have read him know these already; his place is established, and neither what he says nor what any one else may say can much affect it. He is part of our literary history and of our political history; no one treating of American civilization could fail to name him, to dwell upon his work; not necessarily for what he has accomplished in it, but certainly for what it records and expresses. Voluntarily and involuntarily it is the record of an heroic cycle, a period which greatly believed, and achieved as greatly; and the measure of his sympathies is to be found in that poetry which expresses the unselfish endeavor, the fearless humanity of the long struggle against slavery, from the murder of Lovejoy to the murder of Lincoln. Reading his *Heartsease and Rue*, one is sometimes troubled with the fear that the poet fails of the import of conditions that he has himself so largely promoted. He has been so long the apostle of democracy that if we fancy him forgetting that the meaning of democracy is still before and not behind, we cannot escape a certain anxiety, a certain discomfort. But Mr. Lowell is right about some of our faults, and he has earned the right to tell us of them; besides, *Heartsease and Rue* is not the whole of Mr. Lowell; the poet in his historical entirety cannot reasonably be sought there.

What may be sought in almost every passage is the ripened richness of wording, which seems to us apter and finer at times than ever before. One comes again and again upon lines of a strenuous beauty rare in the verse of any time, and scarcely to be matched in that of ours; and feels in their robust force the joy given only by thought without a syllable of waste verbiage on it. This poet had always the power of striking the nail on the head, but here he seems to need noyer to hit more than once; and along with his truth of eye and power of hand there is

at times a caressing, melancholy tenderness, an exquisite kindness, which seems the refinement of all that showed itself sweetest in his nature earlier. Inevitably we fall into the vein of personality; but *Heartsease and Rue* is a very personal book, and none but the unwise will impute its personality to it for a fault. Between an author and the public an intimacy tacitly establishes itself, which in time neither wishes any longer to ignore; and with the poet it must come to some such effect as in this book, where the writer seems so often to be musing aloud. It breathes full Cambridge, and addresses itself directly and indirectly to the friends of the date and place of the greatest literary centre we have ever had; but none of its charm need be lost upon the general reader for that reason. The business of a book is to acquaint us with the author's way of thinking and feeling, and both by its inclusions and its exclusions *Heartsease and Rue* acquaints us with Mr. Lowell's way of thinking and feeling almost beyond any other book of his. This is what greatly forms its value, which the fact that it imperfectly represents the range of his thinking and feeling does not at all affect.

It would be hard to say why we think one passage from the very Lowell-like poem on Agassiz is more Lowell-like than anything else in the book; but we will venture to say so before trying to say why. For one thing, it appears to us a strain of sentiment peculiar to a poet often involved and withdrawn in his scholarship; for he who of all our great poets has come closest to the common life, and has made most of it as material for his art, is at times furthest from it in a sort of literary distance. But here, in these verses, he draws near to the reader's heart in frank avowal of things usually blundered on, glossed in spiritual hypocrisy.

Truly this life is pleasant to the eye,
And good the food of man, beneath the tree;
To lie in laurels and olive-leaves,
To feast in summer with the bee;
And watch the white clouds drift down with
 of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb.
One once more to face the sun;
As the ants feel to when it falls from sky,
Only once more to see the moon

Through hot crowded halls, of the great
 Palace, but with lights in the room,
 Where with one breath of her voice, a sweet
 Word, and promise of goodness, she
 In quiet hours of quietness, alone,
 To rest—December for the land.
 And thus the evening, come with quietness,
 While overhead the stars, could be seen
 (shout)
 And thus, from the dark, and
 Then the time, and
 Favored by our, and
 With high companionship of books,
 He dipped a line of
 And sweet, and
 Is better than to stop the cars with dust,
 To see the stars, and

This is a picture of the natural world, moved with no fond, a look of bottom to the meaning of good, but the life that the is a movement, through all my hands, in a most very characteristic of the people, late work. So one, the one, and how to imply, so fully, the reader, and by smiling, self consciously, helps, and with which we see this day, and when they begin to go, swiftly. The story is subtle, so often in *the* and *the* that it might be called the key, not of the book. With all the talent that plays through it, and sparkles into sunny fun at times, this is not a very bright cheer and its possibility, its bold, and natural, there is nothing of the dramatic make believe of a young poet of those spring days that produce the fall, the

II.

Yet we are very far from believing that such a poet as Mr. Lowell was here moved by his own pathos or wit in the degree that a number of well known novelists would permit us to believe in those moved by their work. These latter and gentleman, marshalled under the hundred banners of Howe and Mr. Walter Besant, are free to proclaim that they have suffered to rise and arrived at laughter in the work of wringing their reader's heartstrings and tickling his risibles. They accept Mr. Besant's declaration that "it is a fact that one possesses imagination if one can laugh and cry over the fortunes of one's own puppets, as a right version of Horace's 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipse fieri' though it is really not so, and they allege in proud and justification of their own the anguish and hilarity of Dickens, of Thack-

er, of George Eliot, in like moments. Not all of our fictionists, however, are of this emotional make. Some of them, like Mr. Deveraux, make a mark of the question asked serious. Mr. Fitzgerald does not believe any author worthy of note ever cried over his work when quite sober, and thinks that if an author loses control of himself, he loses control of his subject. Mr. Robert Grant holds that the fearful and hilarious sort ought logically to die with a Jordan hearted heroine or contract *dilettante* heroine with a leading villain. Mr. Lathrop does not think it necessary for an author to be hysterical in order to be moved himself or to move others. Mr. Bishop never knew but one author who "cried and howled over his characters," he was not of the first magnitude, and these characters were of but the faintest and most pathetic.

There seems to be the whole trouble. Seeing Mr. Besant's report it is no sign that one possesses imagination because he or she sob-cries over his or her puppets. It is merely a sign that he or she possesses great sensibility, or is in a nervous condition and ought to take a rest, or horseback exercise, or something. We do not go so far as to suppose that we are good men. We once had a novelist who could only write the book he said over his characters by lambshead. But yet he was a most estimable and charming person, an able business man, a good husband and father, an upright citizen, a great friend, and everything that one would wish to be on one's tomb stone.

III.

We do not attempt to settle this interesting question, and we suppose it can be settled only by a fair count, after the returns are in. Not all of our novelists have been heard from yet, and there are several back counties from which no poll has been reported, while others are coming in very slowly by townships and precincts. For example, there is nothing at all from the authors of three of the most striking novels which we have read for some time, we mean Mr. Joseph Kirkland's *Zury*, Mrs. Kirke's *Queen Money*, and Mr. E. W. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. Yet there are few passages in fiction more simply and truly touching than those in which Mr. Kirkland portrays the hard beginnings of pioneer life

in Illinois, with the death of Zury's little sister, and later that of his mother. If the inquiry is important at all, it would be valuable to know whether a writer who could move the reader so strongly melted over his work; but there is no evidence in the case, and in its absence we venture to think that he did not. Throughout his story there is proof, in the clear conception and the strong handling, that he is not one to lose his head in any situation. He has made it his business to realize for us the character of a man whom early hardship nerved to the acquisition of wealth, and who gave his whole life, up to a certain point, to getting value together in lands, flocks, and herds, not because he loved money as the miser does, but because he enjoyed its chase as men do the pursuit of any ambition. This is the modern type, the American type, and Mr. Kirkland has the credit of first putting it in fiction, so far as we know. There is nothing fine, or we had better say refined, about Zury Prouder; he exalts in his popular repute of the "meanest man in Spring County"; he is grasping and pitiless in acquisition; but there is and has always been a soft spot in his heart. When Mr. Kirkland tries to make this soft spot do duty for the regeneration of the man into a character adequate to some exigencies of the plot, his trouble begins; and to tell the truth, we do not think he altogether succeeds. The figure of the story whose evolution remains with the reader of the book as perfectly natural is Anne Sparrow, the pretty Lowell factory girl who comes out to her schoolmistress in Zury Prouder's district. She is a type of New England woman to whom justice has not been done before, and justice was none the less her due because she is not the highest type. She is very handsome, in a red-headed, freckled way; she is refined to a certain degree by reading; she is ambitious and resolute and brave; she is very feminine, and nervous in one sort; she is right principled; but it is only an inherited and rather superficial Puritanism in her that overlies a passionate and impulsive nature. The reader must go to the book for the part which Anne Sparrow plays in Mr. Kirkland's story; but we wish to speak of the admirable self-restraint with which he has respected her character, and never shown it for more or less than what it is, not yielded to the temptation of taking her quite out of the

range of the reader's sympathy, or of gifting her with a delicate-mindedness beyond her right claim upon it; he is faithful to a conception of character in her which is a very strong one. We cannot say that any of the people in his fresh and native story are weakly conceived; on the contrary, they all have the air of life, and they are racy of their time and place. Those gaunt, sallow, weary, work-worn women, those tireless, rude, independent, and mutually helpful men, belong to a period now driven to the furthest frontier; their look and speech are caught here with a certainty that can come only of personal knowledge. But personal knowledge alone does not suffice in such a case, and we are to be glad of an artist with clear eyes and an honest hand in the author of *Zury*—one incapable of painting life other than he has found it.

IV.

A sense of the brilliant workmanship throughout and of the dazzling successfulness of parts remains with the reader of *Queen Money* after he has perhaps closed the book with a grave misgiving as to what he can sincerely say in its praise. This seems certain: that no one among our novelists has a vividder touch or a finer skill in catching some aspects of worldliness than the author of this rather disappointing book. Her literary equipment is very uncommon; she can make people talk wittily, with the effect of having heard them talk so, and she can portray an order of aesthetes and fashionable folk so charmingly as to make you think you have seen just such persons in just such situations and conditions. But look a little closer, and you perceive something histrionic, solicited, operated, in the action and attitudes; a Charlottez quality, say. In *Queen Money* this is distinct; so when one of the young ladies proposes to rescue two foolish wives from their folly by winning for herself the young man they are letting their rival fancies stray after. We have often heard of young ladies doing this on the stage, but never off it, and we doubt if they ever do it in life. It is this error of putting probable people into theatrical postures, or rather of moving them by theatrical motives, which constitutes the defect of this author's singularly clever work. It does not disable it altogether; you remember that you were interested, you were

surprised you were amused, you were even provoked—but the best invention of a book is that it does not leave you with the sense that the things it touches have happened, but not shown you as comprehending and suffering from things which you can conceive yourself capable of. The final effect of *March Moon* is a regret, not for any fault in it, but for the accomplished artist who, for the sake of a plot below his skill, seems to have voluntarily denied you the privilege of taking all its lessons home to yourself.

X.

With a work in the realm of pure romance, with a book belonging, like Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, one can have an unqualified as well as a qualified, one realistic people with moral motives. You concede the premises, as in a poem, and after that you can hold the author only to a poetic consistency; but not for a legiance to the waking world. You may say that this is not the time of day for romances, for allegories, but that does not affect the quality of the kind of work which the author has chosen to do. Besides, the extraordinary effect which Mr. Bellamy's present romance has had with the public may well give pause to the doctor of literary laws, and set him carefully to revising his most cherished opinions. For here is a book which in the sugar-coated form of a dream has exhibited a dose of undiluted socialism, and which has been gulped by some of the most vigilant opponents of that theory without a suspicion of the poison they were taking into their systems. They have been shown the world as it is hoped to be a hundred years hence, when the state shall perform all the offices of manufacture, transportation, and distribution now abandoned to the anarchy of competition or combination, and they have accepted it as the product of a very charming condition of things, instead of shuddering at the spectacle in every line.

Mr. Bellamy's allegory started in 1886 is constructed almost exactly upon the lines of Mr. Combed's *Cooperative Commonwealth*, and it is supposed to come into being through the government requisition of the vast trusts and monopolies, just as the collected author teaches. These grow, the larger absorbing the smaller,

till the nation finally perceives their significance, and by a peaceful assertion of power possesses itself of them, and re-creates its own sole capitalist, producer, and distributor. The conditions which in Mr. Bellamy's book present themselves to a man of our time, carried far into the next century by a somewhat abnormal imagination, such as to make him heartily ashamed of our competitive civilization; but it is not only afraid to reproduce the shining picture. One cannot deny the charm of the author's art, which has made itself felt before now in *The Heidenreich's Process* and in *Miss Lyndal's Sister*. The present story, compared with these, is no story, and the character-drawing is of the slightest; there are to be met only a number of persons—wice extraneous to the survivors of the nineteenth century—the nature and extent of the change which has taken place. But there is a force of appeal in the book which keeps the attention, and which appears in the case of so many critics to have captivated the reason; and whether Mr. Bellamy is amusing himself or not with his concept of the socialistic state as an accomplished fact, there can be no doubt that he is keenly alive to the defects of our present civilization. Here, for instance, are passages from the supposed narrator's view of our existing system as he looked back upon it after waking from his peculiar slumber: "I cannot do better than to compare us—let us then say to a prodigious coach which the masses of humanity were harnessed to, and dragging tollingly along a very filthy and sandy road. The driver was, hunger. . . . The top was covered with passengers who never got down, even at the steepest ascents. These seats on top were very breezy and comfortable. . . . For all that they were so airy, the seats were very insecure, and at every jolt of the coach persons were slipping out of them and falling to the ground, when they were instantly compelled to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach on which they had before ridden so pleasantly. . . . At times the desperate straining of the toner, their agonized leaping and plunging under the pitiless lashing of hunger, the many who turned at the rope and were trampled in the mire, made a very distressing spectacle, and often called forth highly creditable displays of feeling

on the top of the coach. At such times the passengers would call down encouragingly to the toilers of the rope, exhorting them to patience, and holding out hopes of possible compensation in another world.... If the passengers could only have felt assured that neither they nor their friends would ever fall from the top, it is probable that, beyond contributing to the funds for the liniments and bandages, they would have troubled themselves extremely little about those who dragged the coach."

The reverse of this state of things is that to which the narrator wakes up in the year 2000, when, in a condition of absolute equality produced by the people's management of their economic affairs as well as their political affairs, there is no longer idleness or want, riches or poverty, and all the luxuries and delights of life are enjoyed in common by those who earn them. We should not be dealing honestly with the possible readers of this alluring allegory if we did not again warn them that the author has, wittingly or unwittingly, presented in it an image of the future as the socialists have long dreamed it; but we can only concern ourselves incidentally with its political significance. What interests us in it from a literary point of view is the employment of a form once so much a favorite with writers who had some didactic aim in view, and often used with charming effect. In our own century, Miss Martineau employed it in a realistic guise to enforce her ideas of political economy; and within a recent period Mrs. Lynn Linton, in her story of *Joshua Davidson*, in which she gave Jesus the Son of David modern circumstance, has powerfully used a vehicle which, with Mr. Bellamy's present achievement before us, we cannot venture to pronounce outworn.

VI.

The reversions or counter-currents in the general tendency of a time are very curious, and are worthy tolerant study. They are always to be found; perhaps they form the exception that establishes the rule; at least they distinguish it. They give us performances which have an archaic charm, but it is seldom that they embody anything so robustly pertinent to actual interests as Mr. Bellamy's

book. By and-by, as we have before asked the reader to observe, things captivate for reasons unconnected with their inherent beauty. They become quaint, and this is reason enough for liking them, for returning to them, and in art for trying to do them again. The attempt is made more or less frankly, but it is a misfortune of this sort of achievement that one involuntarily compares it with the first in its kind.

If one were to do this with the pretty book which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell have made about a tricycling tour in France, and called *Our Sentimental Journey*, because it was largely upon the lines of Sterne's, he might easily find it less important than its prototype, but he would also fail to do justice to its proper charm. It is a light and pleasant record in print and picture of things seen and suffered on a sufficiently adventurous little expedition. It appears that the tricycle affords fresh effects of landscape and figure to its riders, who, however, pay for this gain with a good many annoyances from the civilization and the weather. In the present case they bear them all courageously, and from Mrs. Pennell's story, very frank and ingenious throughout, one learns a great deal that is new about both. The writing is not humorous exactly; it is sprightly; it is usually sympathetic, but when it is antipathetic it is very antipathetic indeed; it is always neatly intelligent, without the slightest tendency to sentiment; upon the whole it is not much like Sterne. In the pictures Mr. Pennell seems to be at his very best, and the sunny sweetness of his work is to be praised without qualification. The page, in fact, flashes to the eye in those gay, bright illustrations as with so many gleams of veritable sunshine; they impart precisely the sentiment of the glimpses of roads, fields, canals, cottages, peasants, gargons, gen darmes, chamber-maids, and soldiers which the artist himself caught, and of the different interiors with which his fortunes or misfortunes brought him acquainted. The reader perceives that we celebrate, as usual, only the literary quality in these pictures; again, as always in such cases, we leave their technical shortcomings, if they have any, to those who may deny themselves a good deal of pleasure in detecting them.

Editor's Drawer.



tem of exchange of fictitious courtesies among the women; and it may be true that society at large—men are so apt, when left alone, to relapse—would fall into barbarism if our pastidious conventions were neglected. All honor to the self-sacrifice of woman!

THE Drawer would like to emphasize the noble, self-sacrificing spirit of American women. There are none like them in the world. They take up all the burdens of artificial foreign usage, where social caste prevails, and bear them with a heroism worthy of a worse cause. They indeed represent those usages to be a burden almost intolerable, and yet they submit to them with a grace and endurance all their own. Probably there is no harder-worked person than a lady in the season, let us say in Washington, where the etiquette of visiting is carried to a perfection that it does not reach even in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and where woman's effort to keep the social fabric together requires more expenditure of intellect and of physical force than was needed to protect the capital in its peril a quarter of a century ago. When this cruel war is over, the monument to the women who perished in it will need to be higher than that to the Father of his Country. Merely in the item of keeping an account of the visits paid and due, a woman needs a book-keeper. Only to know the etiquette of how and when and to whom and in what order the visits are to be paid is to be well educated in a matter that assumes the first importance in her life. This is, however, only a detail of book-keeping and of memory; to pay and receive, or evade, these visits of ceremony is a work which men can admire without the power to imitate; even on the supposition that a woman has nothing else to do, it calls for our humble gratitude and a recognition of the largeness of nature that can put aside any duties to husband or children in devotion to the public welfare. The futile round of society life while it lasts admits of no rival. It seems as important as the affairs of the government. The Drawer is far from saying that it is not. Perhaps no one can tell what confusion would fall into all the political relations if the social relations of the capital were not kept oiled by the sys-

tem of exchange of fictitious courtesies among the women; and it may be true that society at large—men are so apt, when left alone, to relapse—would fall into barbarism if our pastidious conventions were neglected. All honor to the self-sacrifice of woman!

What a beautiful civilization ours is, supposed to be growing in intelligence and simplicity, and yet voluntarily taking upon itself this artificial burden in an already overtaxed life! The angels in heaven must admire and wonder. The cynic wants to know what is gained for any rational being when a city full of women undertake to make and receive formal visits with persons whom for the most part they do not wish to see. What is gained, he asks, by leaving cards with all these people and receiving their cards? When a woman makes her tedious rounds, why is she always relieved to find people not in? When she can count upon her ten fingers the people she wants to see, why should she pretend to want to see the others? Is any one deceived by it? Does anybody regard it as anything but a sham and a burden? Much the cynic knows about it! Is it not necessary to keep up what is called society? Is it not necessary to have an authentic list of past-due acquaintances to invite to the receptions? And what would become of us without Receptions? Everybody likes to give them. Everybody flocks to them with much alacrity. When society calls the roll, we all know the penalty of being left out. Is there any intellectual or physical pleasure equal to that of jamming so many people into a house that they can hardly move, and treating them to a Babel of noises in which no one can make herself heard without screaming? There is nothing like a reception in any uncivilized country. It is so exhilarating. When a dozen or a hundred people are gathered together in a room, they all begin to raise their voices and to shout like post-boys in the noble rivalry of "various languidges," rasping their throats into bronchitis in the bidding of the conversational ring. If they spoke low, or even in the ordinary tone of conversation would be possible. But then it would not be a reception as we understand it.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A COLORED girl had been sent with a message to the house of Professor M —, in Boston, when his little daughter, who never before had closely observed a colored person, approached, and after looking at her with deep interest, and passing her hand softly over that of the messenger, asked, in the most earnest and reverential tone, "*Did God make you in the dark?*"

THE CAPTAIN'S REVENGE.

A STORY OF WESTERN POLITICS IN '49.

THE history of California and the West in the days of the gold fever of '49 can never be seriously portrayed, as an element of humor, more or less grim, entered into the plans and operations of the pioneers. The situations at times were such that although undertaken in all good faith and sober earnestness, the outcome was so ridiculous that a plain historical statement of the facts in the case would fall flat. The pioneers of those days afford a delightful contrast to the lugubrious "funny man" of to-day, who is proverbially of sad and solemn aspect, whereas the frontiersmen would joke in the very face of death. The following story, which is vouched for as being true, illustrates the politics of those days very well.

When Portland, Oregon, boasted of only a single main street, the little stores were built with great glass show-windows, which extended from the top of the one-story building to the bottom, so that all that was going on inside could be clearly seen from the street. It happened that on a certain day an election was held in the town. A sea-captain whose vessel had just come up from San Francisco stepped into one of the polling places, and with true American independence declared that he would vote. His Whig principles, however, were not in favor with the Democrats, who held the fort, and the result was that objections were raised to his asserting his right to vote, and the captain was finally conveyed to the door, very much against his will. The hardy sailor, a tall, well-built man, considered the advisability of "clearing the place out," but the counsels of a friend prevailed, and the captain walked back to his vessel, where, after sundry potions, he fell asleep. Early in the evening he awoke, and announced that he was going up into the town again. His faithful friend



"Will yo' hair reviverrin', sah, cause de return de it to de saluss o' my cranium?"

"Surely, sir. Will you like it grow curly, sir, or straight, sir?"

"Would you like a blundered invigorator, sah?"

"Straight, sah, is best, sah, straight, if yo' please, sah."

accompanied him to restrain any undue exhibition of animal spirits which might be the result of excessive use of another kind of spirits, and together they walked up the street. As they proceeded on their way the pair came upon a store where within, at a long table, sat the victors in the recent contest, feasting. The captain watched them for a minute, and as he gazed his teeth began to rub together—a sure sign that his anger was rising. A small pig sauntered leisurely down the street, picking up a precarious living from the gutter, and passed the captain. Suddenly the sailor stooped, and before his swinishship could utter a squeal, a great brawny fist closed over his snout, and another hand was under his haunches. One!—two!—three! (the porker, weighing fully ninety or a hundred pounds, swung to and fro like a pendulum)—four!—crash! and the pig, uttering the most frightful noises, broke through the glass, landed in the centre of the table, and cavorted down the board, sweeping the dishes before him like a whirlwind. "There!" exclaimed the captain, in a relieved voice. "There, — you, that's the kind of company you ought to keep!"

L. S. M.

A DREAM OF FORTUNATE FORTUNE.

Agony of the heart of "Barbed Allen," who, once a wealthy and happy man, the inflicting years of the Virginia cholera, had made him a beggar.

"I am given up, father of the poor."

"You were a wealthy man, were you?"

"I, with an income of twenty-five hundred."

"How much do you have now?"

"He asked me, but I could not tell."

"You were a wealthy man, were you?"

"Yes, with an income of twenty-five hundred."

"How much do you have now?"

"He asked me, but I could not tell."

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"Yes, with an income of twenty-five hundred."

A NEW WAY TO GET A LEGACY.

An old resident of Buffalo, New York, sick in bed and hardly able to move, had a lawyer to make his will, and he had a large estate of his life-long earnings and savings. He told the attorney that he had \$50,000, and proceeded to dictate his dispositions. To his wife he gave \$15,000, and \$20,000 to each of his three children. These bequests were to be paid, and then he went on to dispose of the residue. "Considering the love and affection that I bear to my beloved nephew Julius, I give and bequeath to him \$20,000. Considering the love and affection that I bear to my two nieces Sally and Polly, I give to each of them \$20,000." And he was going on, when the lawyer laid down his pen and counted.

"There—sum up in a work of supererogation."

"What do you mean?" inquired the testator, surprised at the remark.

"Why?" said the lawyer, "you say yourself that you have but \$50,000, and you have given all that money to wife and children; and I was thinking that if you have nothing more, but are willing \$20,000 apiece to your beloved nieces and nephews why, I don't see how they are going to get it."

The old man was nettled; his eyes showed some fire and—forgetting his weak state, as he murmured, "Well if they're going to get it—why, they ought to get it, and I had to do."

THE FATHER OF THE NEW YORK NEW YORK.

When General Washington was on his way from New York to Cambridge, he stopped over night at the Hotel Tavern in Waterbury, Oliver Ellsworth afterward Chief Justice of the United States, who lived at Windsor, where the family mansion even still to be seen from the passing train, and a message to Washington by his eldest son, inviting him to dine with him the next day.

Mr. Ellsworth appreciated the dignity of his position as one of the Generals, and the fact, very early, when he presented himself, that he could not see Washington.

"But I have a letter to him," said the boy.

"Well, you can read it to him."

"But my father and I was to deliver it in person."

"Who is your father?"

"Oliver Ellsworth."

"Oh—ah—Well, I'll see if you can go in."

Washington received the boy with dignity, too great civility. As to the invitation, the General said, "Tell your father with my thanks, that I cannot wait till dinner to see him, but I will breakfast with him." This he did, and made himself very agreeable to the Ellsworth family. Among the incidents of his stay it is related that he took the two younger children of his host to his lap, one on each knee, and sang to them the "Derby Ram." This anecdote, we fancy, throws a new light on the human quality of the Father of his Country.



SUCH A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

MRS. MCSWAMY. "O'm towld you dhould feel sure o' the way whidly Mrs. Clenchy?"

MRS. CLENCY. "Yist, an' av me thole man hadnt' been along jist at the right time, an' broke the fall wid the top of his head, me hav' 'd been kilt."

MRS. MCSWAMY. "Did it hurt yet, murther, now?"

MRS. CLENCY. "O! don't think so. It broke his neck, an' he dhouldn't a grown."

LINES A LA SWINBURNE.

[SEE ONE ON MARCH RECENTLY PUBLISHED.]

I sing of the months of the whirling years that are
fading far out of sight and of sound and of
motionless mind:

of the days without dreams and the dreams with-
out days, and the days and the dreams and the
dreams and the days grown silent and blind;

Gone mad with the vigor of spring and the blush of
the radish new blown in the meadows far kissed
by the lips of the Sound;

The maddest and gladdest and softest and blindest
and sweetest, completest and the best and the best
of days ever found.

I sing of them often in words that are winding, in
adjectives blinding, in dactyls and trochees with
cunning combined.

In lines that are long as a sentence or forty in
lines on the plan of the Washington Monument
deftly designed;

With wildering fancy of words and of musical syl-
lables weighted with little of thought and with
much less of rhyme.

I cover ten pages a sitting with verse that has value
in market, and readily getteth there every time.

And when the idea is the thinnest, may burst from

the void of the infinite nothing the zenith of
space where the nebulous ether is pregnant with
colovets of fancy laid down with the dewdrops
of slush.

I build up long lines such as never a poet, who was
not a crack in the subject of question, built
up; the purpose of drowning a sunning public
with torrents of stupid and meaningless gibbering
gush.

If the wind and the sunlight of April and August
and made of the past and heralded a single
adorable season whose life was a rapture of love
and of laughter for all of the maddest and faint.

I'd write you a poem with lines like the chime of
bells, and with rhymes on balustrades and stair-
cases; on measure and pleasure; on roses and
roses; on sterile, imperil; remember, September;
and hither and thither and whither; on shuck
and brack; on season and reason; on daffodil,
applauded; on dwindled, rekindled; on giving
and lying; on slumbers and murders; on blunder
and wonder; on stars and stars and more; on
wizard and gizzard and blizzard; on Blaine and
on Maine; and such things would be sure on
the end of a line just like this one I'm writing;
and the and having said you sorry they'd run
about eight to the page, and they'd order the
sells.

THURSDAY.

ANECDOTE OF LAFAYETTE.

While Lafayette was lost to his country, receiving ovations wherever he went, he was unrecognized anywhere with more ardent devotion than in New Orleans. He was initially perceived in the old Spanish building situated on Place d'Armes (now Jackson square), south of the cathedral. He was very affable and particularly agreeable to young men. Illustrative of his happy faculty of making himself popular by being in a "social way," all things to all men, "the following may be pertinent: Two young creole gentlemen were successively introduced to him:

"Are you married?" asked the Marquis of the first.

"Lang, fatal!" was the reply.

"Happy man! happy man!" said Lafayette, warmly pressing the youthful Benedict's hand.

The second made negative answer to the same question.

"Lucky dog! lucky dog!" said Lafayette, patting the bachelor on the back.

SOUR GRAPES.

"The melancholy days" are here—

I mean, you know, the May—

When winter things look mighty queer,

And furs must pack away;

When every shop has blossomed out

With all the spring's new styles,

And hats and gowns begin to appear

Along the way for miles

My last year's wrap is tinged with lace,

And jet is now the rage;

My hat's not tall enough for grace;

My bonnet shows its age;

The very buttons on my suit

Are out of vogue completely;

The very pattern of my coat

Escapes the style quite badly.

My parasol, unlike the shawl,

Has tanned indeed too long;

Not is my bag the latest fad;

Since Russia gives the cue

My tummy is not quite the thing;

My waist has no curves—

In fact, the fashions of the spring

To me are all new grapes.

I will not care what's worn to-day,

The joys of the week

Are singing such a waltz;

But not about dry goods.

The May flowers have not changed their suit

In color or in shape;

And every young and tender shoot

Still wears the same old green.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

While Professor K——— taught the asylum for paupers he found his watch about two minutes slower, and himself as much later, than he expected. Looking at his watch, he remarked: "I shall have no faith in my watch after this!"

"It is not *rich*, but *works*, you need," was the quick response of Professor J———.

REVISED ANECDOTES
HIPPOCRATES AND ARISTOTELIS.

HIPPOCRATES, the celebrated physician, having cured the monarch ARISTOTELIS of a Persian ague, the grateful king sent him an embassy with rich presents. These the physician declined contemptuously, and the ambassadors were fain to return to the Persian court, where they reported that the mighty healer had refused any payment whatever.

"Not he? They didn't derive hypocrisy from his name for nothing?" remarked the King, who, though illiterate, was possessed of much natural shrewdness. "He means to make out that his mental anxiety and loss of practice cost him a large sum; but I will see to that."

And he appointed a Commission to audit the bills, placing at its disposal for all contingencies one-half of the presents.

SALAMIS AND HIS ARMY.

The Persian conqueror SALAMIS, seated upon the heights of Salamis, having passed under review his powerful army, was observed to hold his breath.

Mardonius, his cautious general, having inquired the cause of this emotion, the monarch replied: "Of that vast army not one man will be alive at the expiration of Mortality tables; the average soldier in my host can only look forward with confidence to a life of thirty-six and six tenths years. I weep at the reflection that that is more than I can do."

REVERIES AND THE INQUISITION.

The inquisitor GARCIA, having taught the boys that the earth moved round the sun, and thereby incurred the execration of the people, who saw themselves menaced by a demand to purchase new geographies for their children, and so falsely accused the philosopher of standing in with the school-book ring, was called before the Holy Office, and given six minutes in which to make a complete retraction of his error.

This demand he promptly complied with, but as he had from his knees the great scholar was heard to mutter something.

"Did I hear you remark, *Ej meo amore*, my son?" asked the Grand Inquisitor, trying carefully with a third-screw as he spoke.

"Who? I?" replied the philosopher: "I never said anything of the sort. What I did say was I wondered how I ever could have made such a stupid mistake."

A LADY in New York heard some children at the table trying to recall the names of the successive Presidents, and feeling uncertain of her memory, tried to head them off. "Don't ask *me*; the only one I know is Wheeler and Wilson."

Some old manuscripts read "tortian ague," but that is manifestly a blunder.



"WHE GULLEY JOY YOU WAN DESEATH ME SOMEWHERE."

[See "Malaga's Revenge," page 208.]

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

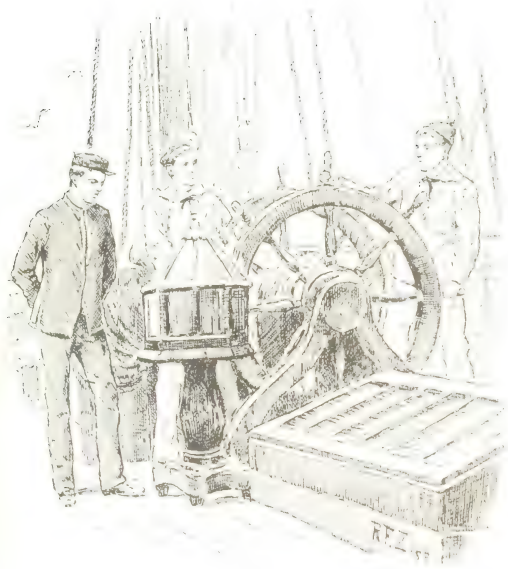
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THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, LIEUTENANT U. S. N.



IN a breezy chapter of that delightful volume now almost forgotten, where Kenny Meadows drew and other English Worthies described the Heads of the People, a sailor of the old school laments the decadence of the midshipman. "The must-head, we are told, knew him no more, and his place has been taken by that machine-made product—the young gentleman." Fortunately this dismal prophet deserves honor in no country, for is not his growth more ancient than Benbow's day, the barnacled protest of the Ancient Mariner against the jocund Reeper at the wedding feast, the burden of that litany wherein the elders tell how, since their prime, "the service has gone post-haste to the devil"?

It is, of course, a long cry from the rattling blades of Nelson's battles to the youngsters who trifle airily with the highest mathematics of our own, but if there

is anything in modern progress, the seamen of this year of grace must be, for the demands made upon them, quite as good, let us say, as those who sailed with Jervis and his fleet and humbled the proud Don. No better sea-officers ever lived than those of the last century, none achieved more glory, none left a greater heritage; but they were the results of conditions, the effective, though roughly tempered, instruments for necessities which have largely lost their importance. To a definite degree, they were survivals of a physical rather than of an intellectual environment, so that recalling a training where kicks were many and hap-pence few, one must be willing to concede the point of view from which they judged the young officers of their time. Sent to sea at a tender age, the midshipman of the last century began his career often in the shock of battle, always under circumstances rigorous enough to test the endurance even of the sturdiest man. His school had no royal tide to learning, and whether he crawled painfully through the hawse-pipes, or skipped lightly to the quarter-deck by the smoother channels of cabin windows, his education was acquired, not in consequence, but in spite of his opportunities. Beyond the art of bowlines and the science of carronades, knowledge had to be picked up hap-hazardly, mainly by unguided observation, somewhat by asking dangerous questions of seniors whose tempers were tried with the asperities of sea-life, and whose training had convinced them that hard knocks were the only educational fillips for sea-boys.

Sometimes a bowing acquaintance was scraped with the simpler mathematics, through the courtesy of officers able to devote odd half-hours of rare leisure to such bear-leading; but this fragmentary instruction was so much hampered by a

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hundred subscriptions, and make all the month's food depend upon individual intelligence and effort. Frequently a few midshipmen were enabled to attend navigation schools previous to joining, while on leave, and there were instances when the steerage or gun-room mess was landed on the beach for sporadic instruction. "During the company of the winter," writes Farragut, he was then twelve years old, and attached to the squadron assembled in 1841 at Newport, "the midshipmen were sent to school near Mr. Adams," and later, when he had returned from his cruise to the *Porpoise*, he said: "I was put to school in a good old individual named Neif, who had no books, but taught orally. The scholars took notes and were afterwards examined on these lectures." In the afternoon it was customary to go for long walks accompanied by our instructor. On these occasions Mr. Neif would make collections of minerals and plants, and talk to us about mineralogy and botany. We were taught to swim and climb and were drilled like soldiers." There is a nautical education for you, mineralogy and botany! and yet this pupil of Praxeogen Neif became one of the greatest sea-officers the world has known.

On board cruising ships chaplains were enjoined by regulations and tradition to instruct the midshipmen "diligently and faithfully in those sciences appertaining to their department"; but as these reverend gentlemen were not expected to know navigation, seamanship, gunnery, or foreign languages, the system was hardly broad enough to satisfy an eager craving for professional knowledge. Even at a later date, when school-masters were appointed to the line of battle ships, the favored youngsters of these bristling seventy-fours fared no better, for a monthly pay of twenty-five dollars naturally tempted only inferior instructors, who were willing to live with their pupils in steerages or gun-rooms—that is, in quarters which at the best were ungirdled by influences apt to lure scholars or teacher into the primrose paths of learning. I know this is heresy to the boyish reader of sea-tales; for to the lad who has shared the joys, the sweet sorrows, of Jack Easy, Tom Cringle, or the Green Hand, no rod of any one of the heroes set in the north of that galaxy spanning the skies of nautical romance, the steerage or gun-room was ever heaven, the scene of happiness unal-

loyed, the home of darling reefers who own the hearts they won long years ago, the abode of briny mirth, of tarry jollity, the stage where under the dreamiest of lime-lights, Cruikshanks's merriest hearts of oak trolled in rousing chorus the sweetest songs Charles Dibdin piped. *O, or, for parties?* Oh deluded youth! The junior officers then lived, and to a lamentable degree may live in murky, dingy, over-crowded, and unwholesome dens, where sunlight entered burglariously and quiet was unknown. To study within their riotous precincts was as easy as to wear the ever blighting in a foundry rattling at white heat, and to live there required the philosophy of Gil Blas when the fiddler's lubber hand and foot would thrice in their rat hole our adventurous philosophy of Gil Pons.

Living amid such influences and hardships it is not easy to understand how the officers who entered our service at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, learned so admirably the duties they had subsequently to perform as commanders of ships and squadrons. Treated by the government with shameful neglect, and denied adequate training in their surroundings, they earned through indigence and sheer victory the respect of foreign officers more happily nurtured. In contrast with the fortunes of their own country and consecrated to the illustration of freedom—universal truths, they commanded the admiration and respect of the most civilized nations by personal qualities and by professional accomplishments which, though self-acquired, luckily bridged an intimate knowledge of municipal and national law. By bravery in battle, skill in naval tactics, modesty in victory, intrepidity in defeat, wisdom in council, tact in diplomacy, and, best of all, courage in asserting the higher obligations of moral and of natural laws, they made peace in the Barbary States and the denial of man's rights upon the high seas equally, and for all time, odious.

Called by their duties to seas of activity where the just proportions and relations of all countries could be measured, they were among the first to prophesy the possibilities of the new republic; their wider horizons dissipated the mists of prejudice, and in the pure white light they recognized this nation's geographical importance, and foretold its coming influence as the World's Great Middle

Kingdom. They knew the perils that would beset it; they emphasized its necessities of offence and defence, and conscious of the unnecessary difficulties which had encumbered their own careers, they begged Congress to make the navy, by a *personnel* properly selected and trained, equal to any demands. In sea son and out, through good fortune and ill, they persisted in this fight. It was a long, a wearisome struggle for recognition and justice, but these old officers and their successors never faltered, and in the end succeeded so well that the Naval Academy, organized in 1845 by George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, is his and their monument and witness.

Honor to both—to the officers who fought fifty years for its establishment, and to the historian who realized their ambition.

II.

The students of this national college are called officially "naval cadets on probation," the traditional title of midshipman having been changed first to cadet midshipman, and subsequently—so the engineer pupils might be included—to that now employed. Their number is limited by law to one cadet for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives, and to eleven others—ten at large and one from the District of Columbia—appointed by the President. As the age of admission falls between the limits of fourteen and eighteen, and the course extends six years, it follows, unfortunately, that in certain districts appointments may not be open more than once in that period, thus making one-third of its boys unavailable by reason of age. The remedy proposed for this is only one of fifty good reasons why the course should be reduced from six to four years.

To pass successfully the candidate must be physically sound and of robust constitution, have a sufficiently thorough knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, English grammar, United States history, reading, writing, and spelling, and when appointed, be ready to take an oath to serve for eight years, including the probationary period. When a vacancy is likely to occur in any district, the Secretary of the Navy must notify its Congressional Representative as soon as possible after the 5th of March in each year, and if by the 1st of the following July no action has been taken, the privi-

lege lapses, and the Secretary is empowered to make the nomination. As this system permits the choice of a candidate to be deferred until the May examination is really over, or, as in the majority of cases, until the academic year is about to open, it would seem to be infinitely better if a candidate and an alternate were named at least one year previous to the May examination. This would enable the applicant to pursue a course specially fitted as a direct preparation for his professional studies, and if successful, to go at once upon a cruise, which would teach him definitely his immediate aptitude for a sea-life. On the other hand, should the principal fail, an alternate stood ready to face the same ordeal.

The low standard of admission is based upon the theory that the possibilities of the academy must be open so freely to boys of every condition as to make it—what it is undoubtedly—the most democratic government school in the world. Practically this very just theory impairs the efficiency of the academy, as it pins the qualifications at a point which rigorously prohibits the energies of the teachers and of the average scholars being directed immediately to the branches of education connected with the naval profession.

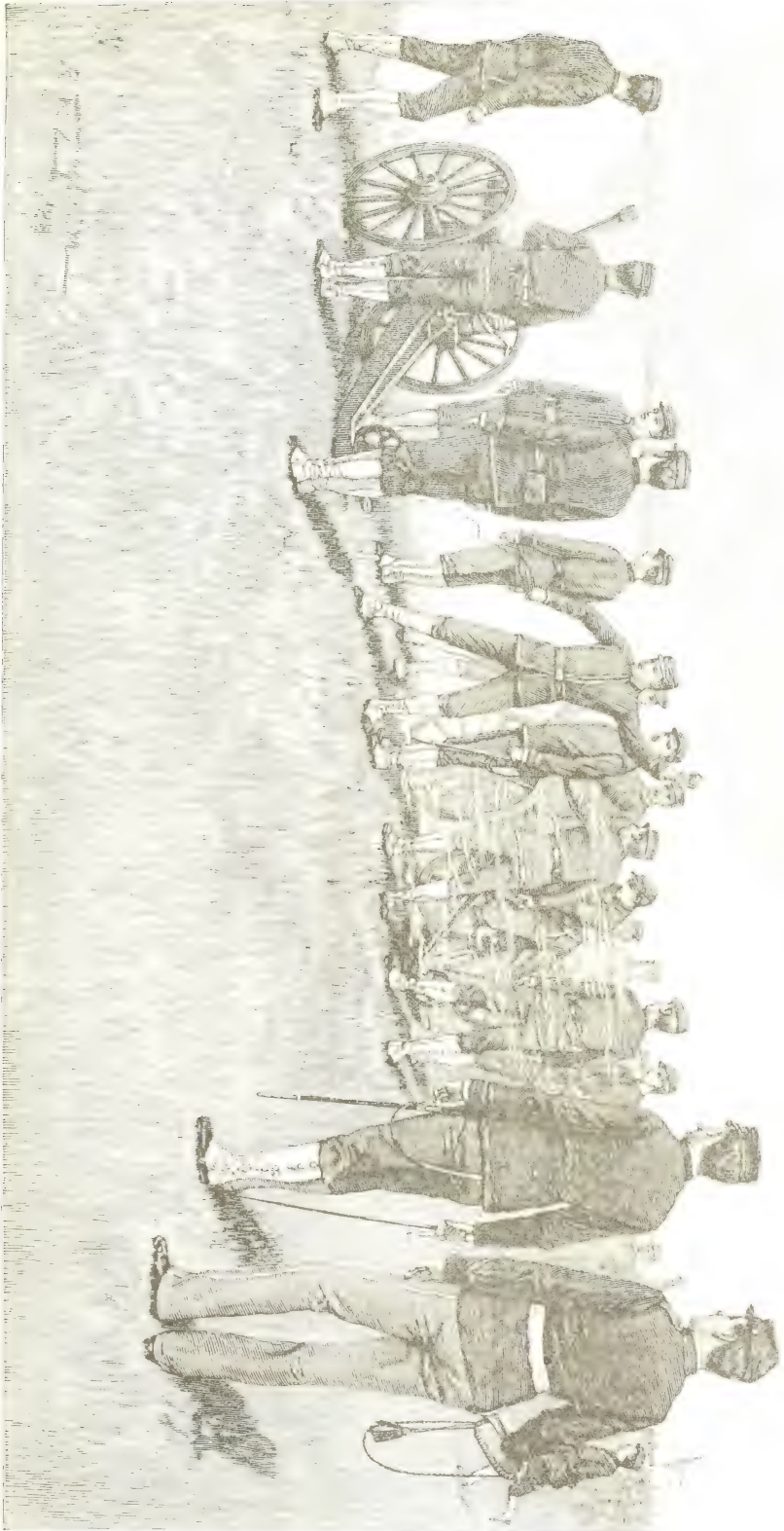
Entrance examinations are held in May and September, and should the candidate be nominated in time to attend the first, he sees the academy under its most favorable light. At this season the Annapolis spring is ripe with the promises of early summer in the North. Skies are bright, breezes are brisk, and the shining water and the air, laden with the perfume of growing grasses and of burgeoning buds, fill the drowsy old colonial capital with the sweet suggestions of the earth's new birth. Bayward, miles away, the woodlands of Kent Island lift a barrier of green to the tideways of the Chesapeake, while in days when light and wind are favorable the shadowy Eastern Shore is silhouetted on the sky, and the spires of Cambridge lift their pinnacles into a gleaming mirage. Within the academy walls trees and shrubbery are dowered with leaf and blossom; and shoreward, sometimes in terraces, often with inclines so gentle as hardly to be traced, the trim lawns steal softly to the river's banks. Streets, silvered with the sun-filtered mystery of leaves, and rambling roadways,

reveal beneath the evening twilight new vistas at every turn. Near the lower gate the library, for more than a hundred years the residence of Maryland's colonial and State Governors—is so happily situated as to merit the praise which even as late back as 1769, confessed that "but few mansions in the most rich and cultivated parts of England are adorned with such splendid and commodious scenery." Stretching on either side, between the marine barracks on the southwest and the cadets' new quarters on the northwest are the chapel, officers' quarters, and hospital. Neerer the view from the river, and less morning thick the steam-engineering building, and farther southward the observatory, museum, and seamanship and recitation halls join the old cadet quarters, now used principally as offices, and as apartments for the bachelor instructors. At right angles to these and almost in line with the library, the quaint, high-dormered houses dating from early days look with disparaging eyes upon the spick and span freshness of the superintendent's new house, and thank the fates which have given them a gentility, a little faded, a little shabby, it may be, but real, and still redolent of the good old times. Where the Severn meets an inlet from Chesapeake Bay, Windmill Point breaks with easy curve the shallow water, and carries, behind the gun park at its edge, the circular gymnasium, once a wretched redoubt built with a terrific distance of population at the foe that never came. The monitor *Passaic* and the steam-sloop *Wyoming* swing at their anchorages in the river, and flotillas of steam-launches and sailing cutters cluster about a long wharf that reaches deep water and holds in safe moorings the practice-ship *Constellation* and the school-ship *Scutawagon*. A quiet peaceful landscape this, from all that for these school-days prelude lives that will be filled later with many a struggle on stormy seas where Nature asserts herself.

If the candidate for admission is lighthearted by the hundreds of anticipations of light, he riots in the dissipations of drills looked at, when he ought to be "marching" for the examination men at hand, and for eyes kindle and his cheeks gladden as he sees the artillery battalion rushing in quick time, in column of platoons, down the campus and into the lower grounds. Drag-ropes are tense, wheels

are rattling, red-checked cadets scamper over the soft ground with springy feet, and then—when the bay view opens a shrill command rings out, "Fire to the front! Right front into line! In bat-tery! March a file!" and in an instant the world seems transformed at a bugle call. Where were guided tanks and evenly dressed rows is now the gleam of guns darting forward and sideways at every angle, a jumble of tossing arms, of shields, of white guttered feet, of fluttering guidons, and of waving banners. With sharp distinctness voices repeat the orders and mingle with the spinning of spike ladders, shreds the jungle and air of quacking-winged trail pieces, the clattering of ammunition boxes, the metallic ring of sponge and rammer; and then—at expectation's very edge—a loud "bang" awakens the echoes, mumbling and thundering. Althwart a sphere of flame-slitted smoke rolls cloud-like over the tide-way, and after this it is all noise and smoke, all smoke and noise, with dimly limned figures, loading, firing, sponging, and other forms spectrally outlined in the powder fog, dashing backward and forward between guns and quarter-gunner. At last the bugle rings with clarion call, "Cease firing!" and after the inevitably late proceeding had its deferred but obstinate last word, the fight is ended, the day is gallantly won.

When the candidate has passed the mental and physical examinations by reports to the superintendent, takes the oath of allegiance, and deposits twenty dollars for his books, and such an additional sum as may be required for the official coat. This amount is specified annual-ly, and reached just over a total of \$175; but this represents everything, and from it there is always deducted the value of such clothing brought from home as need not be of standard pattern. One month after admission he is credited with his actual travelling expenses to the academy, though this must be refunded if he resigns voluntarily within a year. His annual pay is \$500, and is given on appointment, but while he acknowledges its receipt and expenditure he controls over it is purely nominal. He pays for books, clothing, mess, laundry, barber, shoemaker, for everything; and all these expenses, after being certified by him and approved by the superintendent, are paid and charged monthly to his account. Every year sixty dollars are re-



ARTILLERY BATTALION.

served from his pay for a graduation outfit, and according to his conduct he receives a monthly reward of pocket money, usually so meagre as to keep him in the traditionally forebodings condition that everywhere is the hall and great tower of a shipshopman. As soon as his immediate material necessities are settled, he is assigned by the commandant of fortifications to his duties in the preliminary routine, is allowed to sport a uniform cap, and ordered to report at board his "get-toe." Unless he is a very good boy indeed, this is apt not to be his only acquaintance with the schoolship. Usually he becomes very impatient at once, and the justice of his ambitions is to go aloft, "to mount," as the shore parlour parlors put it—the dizzy tops—but the gun or hatch deck claims him as its own, and his first nautical achievement—slinging the hammock which will be his bed for the next two months or more—teaches him that in ways marine his fingers are all thumbs. He takes a keen delight in exploring his outfit and in stowing his locker with a kit that grows wonderful; and he is somewhat startled with the courtesy which splices *Mister* to his name.

The earliest experiences of a cadet are not in harmony with his new dignity; he is not altogether happy, for while he suffers from no direct hazing—Captain Ramsay and Secretary Chamberlainful that of ferbally—and undergoes no such "training" as my contemporaries endured, still the thing disguised magnificently. The thing though stinging soon, of the fourth class men are hard to bear. His awkwardness at formations are not soothed with fraternal sympathy—except he be a Kentuckian, for the cadets from that splendid State are traditionally clammy, and nearly always "kn" in and of the. He soon more words of *Santa* life are seen confidant, and with heading home, and happy merriment he joins the sailing *Edgar-Cadet* *lathum*. On a bright June morning the senior cadets tumble aloft, the topsails are mast-headed, and at last the youngster finds himself fairly afloat on his first practice cruise. Before this is ended he has learned a great deal of marine-spike seamanship, and has decided definitively as to his fitness for the profession; and, indeed, he has seen it in many interesting phases, from the simplest exercise with sails to that which teaches him the coolest and surest means of saving a man

overboard. For a week or two he has drills but no studies, and his days are set in ways which are a pleasant overture before the prompter's bell lifts the curtain from a stage where, major or minor though his part be, earnest labor is expected. These are rare days, too, in anticipation, and so filled with high resolves, let us hope, that the end of September, when the leave men return, is welcomed gladly.

The next day studies begin.

III.

The academic year is divided into two terms: the first ending on the Saturday nearest January 30th the second upon the last day of May, and during these eight months cadet life follows a routine which is carefully adjusted to the results demanded.

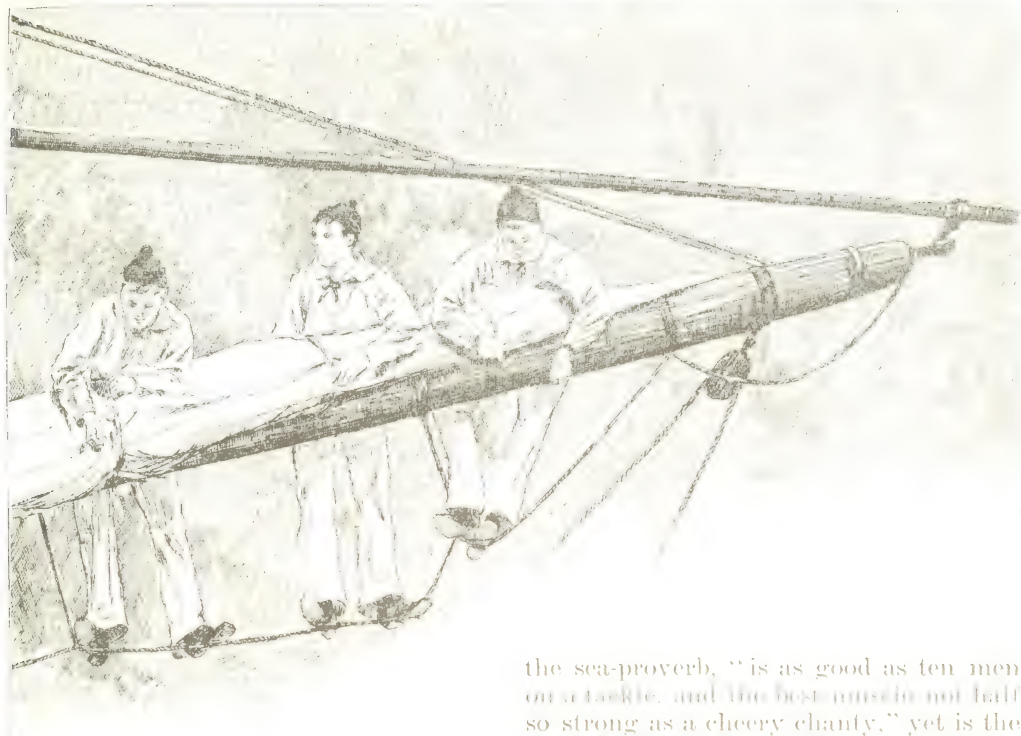
The new cadet is assigned to the fourth or lowest class, and becomes a unit in an organization assimilating, as far as may be, that of a ship of war. He is stationed in one of three crews, each of which numbers an equal proportion of the different classes. His immediate superiors are two cadet petty officers, chosen from the same crews and known as First and Second Cadets. Three crews form a division, commanded by a Cadet Lieutenant, and officered with a Cadet Master and Cadet Surgeon—all first class men. These four divisions make a battalion, having for its chief a Cadet Lieutenant-Commander, and for its Adjutant an additional Cadet Lieutenant. Special privileges are enjoyed by the student officers and orders coming through them are official and must be obeyed. At drills and practical exercises each crew mans a great gun, a howitzer section, or a boat, and each division forms a howitzer battery, a gun division an infantry company, or a boat squadron.

Two cadets are quartered in each room, and as discipline, like charity, begins at home, here at the very threshold the hardening processes commence. The surroundings are rigorously simple, as needs must be in a school organized upon the theory that the appointments which extinguish all distinctions of wealth forbid any of its manifestations. Every thing within quarters conforms to a standard pattern, and as the display of unauthorized articles is a serious misdemeanor, this regulation is rarely violated,



R. J. Zophar
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FURLING SAIL.

The room is always in charge of a cadet, and during his turn of duty, which alternates weekly, and begins at reveille on Sunday morning, he is responsible for its cleanliness, for the furniture, for government property, and for any violations of the interior discipline. He must sweep and arrange it carefully each morning for inspection; and in a ball of particulars as long as the main to bowline, he is directed what the outfit must be, how it must be arranged, and what care must be taken of it. He has an iron bedstead, a wooden chair, a wash-stand, looking-glass, rug, wardrobe, and a table, which he shares with his room-mate. No curtains, maps, or pictures can be hung; the books in actual use can alone be in evidence; and the gas can be lighted only when authorized and necessary. During study hours a cadet may not visit another room, nor be absent from his own unnecessarily; and as he is not allowed to sit up after taps, prepare food, or give the slightest entertainment in his quarters, those diluted Walpurgis night festivals so dear to the undergraduate marrow, so deadly to the matriculating digestion, are unhonored and unsung. "Though a fiddle," says

the sea-proverb, "is as good as ten men on a tackle, and the best music is not half so strong as a cheery chanty," yet is the cadet forbidden to practise upon any musical instrument during study hours, or at any time on Sunday, even if his psalmody seeks to lift itself in praise "with trumpets, also shawms."

Loose talking, dissipated conduct, and skylarking mean demerits innumerable, and the *Santee's* deepest deeps yawn for the hardened sailor who, like Powhatan in the play, is caught blowing away his ears with a dithoe, or raising the limit on a bobtail flush, or *horresco referens*—looking upon the Annapolis vintage when it is not in the cup. Of course many of the hard and fast regulations are broken daily, but rarely in serious matters, because the system is one of severe discipline for misdemeanors, and of liberal privileges for good conduct. Hence, in the lowest moral sense, it does not pay to be in trouble, as this deprives a student of the cakes and ale, and ginger-hot tea of the month tea of random life. Then there are traditions, stronger than any fear of punishment, which keep the youngster straight in the course he ought to steer; for, with Hotspur, he is taught to think, "I am not covetous of gold, but if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive." In many ways the cadet can never escape an unobtrusive but unwearied surveillance,

Recitations are heard by sections, which usually include from five to ten students, so that all instruction is individual and direct. While this imposes a great burden upon the teachers, still it is borne with an unselfish patience that entitles these gentlemen to the gratitude of the navy and of the nation. Every day there is a drill or exercise, which begins at 4.05 P.M., and may continue until 5.30 P.M. Though this instruction is distributed under forty heads, it may be grouped for illustration under the general branches of Seamanship, Gunnery, Infantry Drill, Naval Tactics, Small-arms, Signalling, Navigation, Surveying, and Physical Exercise. Drills are strictly progressive, and are held usually by divisions, though at in-

struction in the details of these sciences, from the manual labor of a landsman, coal-heaver, and powder-man, up to the command of the ship and battery, and to the charge of the machinery under way. After the daily drill there is recreation until evening roll-call at 6.30. This is followed by supper and another recreation period, which ends at 7.30. Studies continue until 9.30, and then, with gun fire and tattoo, the day's work is over. For a happy half hour books and stiffs and all the petty cares and failures of the hour are forgotten; the grim building is merry with boyish voices; the tinkle of guitars, the resonant twang of banjos, and the chorus of old-day songs are heard. But body and mind are tired, and



GENERAL DRILL

tervals the corps is assembled for general instruction. The fourth class is taught Seamanship, mainly rigging and boom; Great gun Exercise, Infantry Tactics, Field Artillery, Rowing, Swimming, and Dancing. The next year the last three are omitted, and Fencing and Target Practice with muskets and pistols are added. In the second class Physical Drill begins, the target practice is extended to Great Guns and Machine pieces, and there is a capital practical course in Steam Machinery and Signalling. In the first class year Steam Tactics, Monitor Exercises, Physical Target Practice, Torpedoes, Navigation, Surveying and Boating complete the course. Gunnery, Seamanship, and Steam Exercises take place at anchor and under way, so that before the four years are ended each cadet has received individual in-

by-and-by lights, disappear, voices grow lower, the faintest sound tips, and as it by magic the quarters slip into the darkness, and the world's long day is done.

Such is the brief and colorless record of daily life at the academy. Summed up, it gives a student eight hours for sleep, five and a half for studies, three for recitations, two for drills and formal duties, one and a half for mess, and four for recreation. Though during this play time official interruptions often make his leisure less than one-sixth of the day. Saturday is a half holiday and studies and recitations end at 12.45 P.M. and begin at 12.50 P.M. After Sunday breakfast and morning church service is held. This is non-sectarian in character, and attendance is obligatory except in the case of cadets who have, at the written request of their parents, an



HARD BOLD

dauntedly answers the youngster, with his first practice cruise still unsailed:—"Sir, what an awful humbug you can be sometimes!" In the academy world this imitative cruise is eagerly expected by the cadet who entered eight months before, because his surroundings have magnified its mysteries, and given no little self-importance to those who have made, if not the deep-water voyages of the old days, at least the run between the Capes of Virginia and the Isles of Shooals.

Curious enough, the academy's first practice vessel was a steamer, the *Ides Hermool*, though in the sailor's language of

1851 the establishment started at sea and all the crew of thirty in the ship called the *Piccola*. Today the current was discontinued as that vessel has sailed and none has intercepted her way for an interval of three years. Several other vessels bearing ship of war, but as they discharged the burden of destruction makes others already were found, a current was continuing through four successive years, with an annual private cruise was observed since 1851 vessels have never been omitted, except in the first year of the way, when the *Academy* was ordered to Newport. From the moment beginning with the *John Hancock* the value of the sea work was found to be to great and the grade had so much increased that the maintenance during and for some years after the war carried out in a single ship as at present, but in a squadron.

As soon as the first and third classes and all the new appointments report on board, with their bags and hammocks, they take up a routine which considers them purely and simply as man-o'-war's men. They are stationed, berthed, and messed upon the regular cruising ship system, though the first class men are divided into details the duties of which differ weekly and alternate weekly. In one group they act as officers of the fore-castle, tops, gun-way, and quarter-deck and as train of decks; in the other they are rated as petty officers and seamen. The junior class men are divided into watches and distributed as fore-castle men, fore, main, and mizzen top men, and after-guard. They pull the boats, run the gear, handle the sails, take the wheel, keep watch-and-watch at sea, stand lookouts and, indeed, perform all the duties except cleaning ship and ordinary seamanship and landwork on the sea-side. The regular crew of thirty soldiers man the starboard battery, the cadets the port battery; but in sailing and tacking about decks all work together. The first night on board is still mildly exciting for the new appointments and as it was in the old days, before "hazing," which is generally silly, often ludicrous and always useless, was stamped out.

Within a few days the routine descends into their places, and by going over the masthead every morning, scaling on and down the light spars, and being ordered to get a pull here and a pull there and a long pull altogether everywhere, during the best part of the morning

longer, they soon acquire a nautical air and a body-and-grip upon the strange surroundings. Part of three days later the *constellation* drops down the Annapolis Roads, about eight Chesapeake Bay, and the complicated ceremony begins. Practical work commences at once, and all the while is unintermittent, and they are made to sail ship head down the bay in the daytime, and anchors at sunset. Here they are made to see the varied scenery and the change of the dark night and take in some dark scenes, fore-castle and shaped sails, such as are usually miss-stays and are used to keep the ends of the deep-sea head-still sails and spars reef and stow on deck and bring the ship to anchor. All this time is doing various service herself, the hands get down and hands the water working without any help and be so used to "hazarding and going" that when light comes in a sail to turn in early and leave the hardships of anchor watch to those who have enjoyed the tramping of the quarter-deck. After Hampton Roads are reached the crew are at anchor for weeks or more, but there is busy work, and all day long there are great gun companies, posted on small arm dells, the gun-crews boats, and equipped or had various services for the crew and cadets are carried by "stomach ship." This drill is usually executed without previous warning, usually and might be needed in any sudden emergency, as in a collision or danger of foundering on the high sea; for a certain amount after the order rings out, after one half hour, some boys of the lower ranks stand ready over the rail, some authorized or paid stranger person not concerned with orders; the main-deck, port and starboard and water cock, are raised, some ammunition and nautical instruments; there is heard everywhere the noise of feet, the whisper of hoist falls as the derrick crane and complain with the strain and the weight of the ropes lowering themselves by stopper or halyards; from every gun-port willing heads pass down into the entries and when ready, each reports its name and number. In less than five minutes if the alarm be good, the crew is embarked in various whale boats, launches, gig and dingy, all submerged almost to their gun-ways, and the ship is abandoned—officially.

The distant, unvisited delights of For-



from Annapolis, about 111 miles. The Mississippi flows to the mouth with a strong and constant wind force from the westward, is there from the Chesapeake and the *Constitution* is decommissioned. For the most part, cruises are made to the northward and seaward—sometimes to Long Island Sound, and sometimes east and forthward—sometimes between Annapolis and the western limits of the Gulf-Stream.

In addition to the heavy business laid to the demands made by the navy—on weather upon a sailing-ship practical instruction is regularly given. The course is thoroughly progressive, and includes practical work in seamanship, navigation, and gunnery.

The *Constitution* will shortly sail seaward early in August, and arrive in Chesapeake Bay about the 15th. At Fort Monroe the proximity of the center is invariably broken by the angry explosion ball given at the Hygeia Hunt. Shortly the last weeks commences, and a very happy day is it indeed when the *Constitution* picks up her old anchorage in the inner harbor of Annapolis and the first, second, and third classes will go on leave for a month.

And by whom is this leave more appreciated or better deserved than by the second class men? Having the summer they have lived on board the *Santee*, and have been given ten weeks of thoroughly practical work in the machine shop, in running steam engines, in target practice afloat and ashore, with howitzers, machine pieces, and great guns, in deep drill, sail and steam races, and in signalling with the navy and the army codes. Fifty-four hours of this preparation spent

at the work benches of the steam engine, jumping landing or in running the ship rigging, and when the 1st of September gives them a well-earned holiday, they have something more than a rough acquaintance with workshop tools and appliances.

This cadet is now a proud and an ambitious class man, now a second, and almost before he begins to realize his dignity and honor in academic ways his graduation day has come. The Board of Visitors—those potent grace, and revered religious selection from the navy, from both Houses of Congress, and from civil life have heard him recite, have seen him drill, have looked wise and overburdened with the weight of responsibility, have written the capital report which is so complimentary, so frank, so full of recommendations that are worse than rarely read and seldom adopted. Our happy youth has won the company flag, has become of course a ranking cadet-officer, and has worked hard to make his division come in the traditional competition. There comes the solemn hour. His cheeks are flushed, his heart beats intermittently: he listens to the long address, he watches some entrance the loud roar of applause—his own division loudest, most earnest of all—receives his diploma, and his satisfaction is more than his word is all before him. Two years afterward he returns from sea and is examined: if he passes successfully, and there is a vacancy, he is appointed to the line, and to the engineering corps of the navy, so in the future corps of the navy is no place for him; he is given a certificate of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's pay.



It was a very pleasant dinner. Old Quatermain was in excellent humor, induced, I think, by the recollection of his triumph over the doubting Jeffries. Good, too, was full of anecdotes. He told us a most miraculous story of how he once went shooting ibex in Kashmir. These ibex, according to Good, he stalked early and late for four entire days. At last, on the morning of the fifth day, he succeeded in getting within range of the flock, which consisted of a magnificent old ram, with horns so long that I am afraid to mention their measure, and five or six females. Good crawled upon his stomach, painfully taking shelter behind rocks, till he was within two hundred yards; then he drew a fine bead upon the old ram. At this moment, however, a diversion occurred. Some wandering native of the hills appeared upon a distant mountain top. The females turned, and rushing over a rock, vanished from Good's ken. But the old ram took a bolder course. In front of him stretched a mighty crevasse at least thirty feet in width. He went at it with a bound. Whilst he was in mid air Good fired, and killed him dead. The ram turned a complete somersault in space, and fell in such fashion that his horns hooked themselves upon a big projection of the opposite cliffs. There he hung, till Good, after a long and painful detour, gracefully dropped alass over him, and pushed him up.

This moving tale of wild adventure was received with undeserved incredulity.

"Well," said Good, "if you fellows won't believe my story, when I tell it, a perfectly true story, mind, perhaps one of you will give us a better; I'm not particular if it is true or not. And he lapsed into a dignified silence.

"Now, Quatermain," I said, "don't let Good beat you; let's hear how you killed those elephants you were telling about this evening just after you shot the wood-cock."

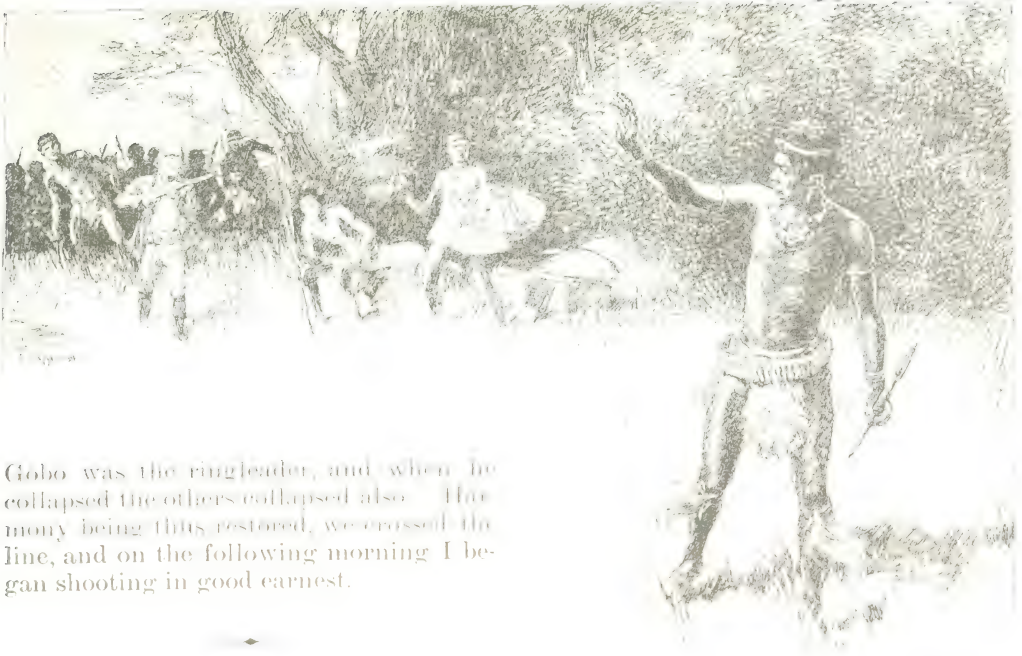
"Well," said Quatermain, slowly, and with something like a tremor in his brown eyes, "it is very hard killing for a man to have to follow on Good's 'spoor.' Indeed, if it were not for that wretched giraffe, which, as you will remember, Cretis, we saw Good hunt away with a Martini rifle at three hundred yards, I should almost have said that this was an impossible tale."

Here Good looked up with an air of indignant innocence.

"However," he went on, rising and lighting his pipe, "if you fellows like, I will spin you a yarn."

I was telling one of you the other night about those three hours, and how the hunter finished my unfortunate "woodcock" Jim-Jim, the boy whom we buried in the bread bag.

Well, after that little experience I thought that I would settle down a bit, so I went in for a venture with a man who, being of a speculative mind, had conceived the idea of running a store at Pretoria upon strictly cash principles. The arrangement was that I should find the capital, and he the experience. Our partnership was not of a long duration. The Boers refused to pay cash, and at the end of four months my partner had the capital and I had the experience. After this I came to the conclusion that store-keeping was not in my line, and having four hundred pounds left, I sent my boy Harry to a school in Natal, and buying an outfit with what remained of the money, struck upon a big trip. This time I determined to go further afield than I had ever been before, so I got a passage for a few pounds in a trading ship that ran between Durban and Delagoa Bay. From Delagoa Bay I reached inland, accompanied by twenty porters, with the idea of striking up north toward the Limpopo, and keeping parallel to, but at a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast. For the first twenty days of our journey we suffered no accident from fever—that is, my men did, not I think that I am fever-proof. Also I was hard put to it to keep the camp in order, for although the country proved to be very sparsely populated, there was but little game about. Indeed, during all that time I hardly killed anything larger than a jackal, and water-buff is as you know, not very appetizing food. On the twentieth day, however, we came to the banks of a sluggish river the hippopotamus it was called. This I crossed, and then struck inland toward a great range of mountains, a continuation as I believe, of the Drakensberg range that starts the east of Natal; the blue peaks on which we could see nothing on the distant horizon—like a shadow. From this main range a great spur shot out some fifty miles or so toward the coast, ending abruptly in one tremendous peak. This spur I followed.



Gobo was the ringleader, and when he collapsed the others collapsed also. Harmony being thus restored, we crossed the line, and on the following morning I began shooting in good earnest.

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING'S SPORT.

MOVING some five or six miles round the base of the great peak of which I have spoken, we came the same day to one of the fairest bits of African country that I have seen outside of Kukuanialand. At this spot the mountain spur that runs out at right angles to the great range, which stretches its mighty cloud-clad length north and south far as the eye can reach, sweeps inward with a vast and splendid curve. This curve measures some five-and-thirty miles from point to point, and across its moon-like segment the river flashed, a silver line of light. On the further side of the river is a measureless sea of swelling ground, a mighty natural park covered with great patches of bush, some of them being many square miles in extent, which are separated one from another by glades of grass land, broken here and there with clumps of timber trees, and in some instances by curious isolated Koppies, and even by single crags of granite, that start up into the air as though they were monuments carved by man, and not tombstones set by nature over the grave of ages gone. On the west this beautiful plain is bordered by the lonely mountain from the edge of which it rolls down toward the feverish coast, but how far it runs to the north I cannot

say—eight days' journey, according to the natives, when it is lost in a measureless swamp. On the hither side of the river the scenery is different. Along the edge of its banks, where the land is flat, are green patches of swamp. Then comes a wide belt of beautiful grass land, covered thick with cane, and sloping up very gently to the borders of the forest, which, beginning at about a thousand feet above the level of the plain, clothes the mountain side almost to its crest. In this forest grow great trees, most of them of the yellow-wood species. Some of these trees are so tall and have had in the top by which they would be out of range of an ordinary shot gun. Another peculiar thing about them is that they are, for the most part, covered with a dense growth of the ochel-la moss. Out of this moss the natives manufacture a most excellent deep purple dye, with which they stain tanned hides, and also cloth when they happen to get any of the latter. I do not think I ever saw anything more remarkable than the appearance of one of these mighty trees festooned from top to bottom with trailing wreaths of this sad-hued moss, in which the wind whispers gently as it stirs them. At a distance it looks like the gray

ignited a Torrance and with a flash from my gun and fire and smoke stirred with the risk bloom of credulity.

The night of that day when I had my little difference of opinion with Gobo we camped upon the edge of this great forest, and on the following morning at daylight I started out shouting. As my eye met of meat I determined to kill a buffalo, of which there were plenty about, before looking for human opponents. Not more than half a mile from camp we came across a trail like a cart-road, evidently made by a great herd of buffalo, which had passed up at dawn from their feed-ground in the marshes to spend the day in the cool air of the uplands. This trail I followed boldly, for such wind as there was blew straight down the mountain side—that is, from the direction in which the herd had gone—toward. About a mile further on the forest began to get dense, and the nature of the trail showed me that I must be close to my game. Another two hundred yards, and the bush was so thick that had it not been for the trail we could scarcely have got through it. As it was, Gobo, who carried my right horn rifle (the I had the .450 express in my hand), and the other two men whom I had taken with me, showed the very strongest dislike to going any further, pointing out that there was "no game to run away." I told them that they need not come unless they liked, but that I was certainly going on, and then, growing ashamed, they came. Another fifty yards, and the trail opened into a little glade. I knelt down and peeped and posted but no buffalo could I see. Evidently the herd had broken up here. I found that from the spur and penetrated the opposite bush in little troops. I crossed the glade, and choosing one line of spear, followed it for seventy yards, when it became clear to me that I was surrounded by buffalo, and yet so dense was the cover that I could not see one. A few yards to my left I could hear one rubbing its horns against a tree, while from my right came an occasional low hoarse grunt which told me that I was immeasurably near an old bull. I kept on toward him with my heart in my mouth, as gently as though I were walking upon eggs for a bet, lifting every little bit of wood in my path and placing it behind me, lest it should crack and warn the game. Behind me in single file came my three retainers, and I

don't know which of them looked the most frightened. Presently Gobo touched my leg. I looked round, and saw him pointing slantwise toward the left. I lifted my head a little and peeped over a mass of creepers. Beyond the creepers was a dense bush of sharp-pointed aloes, of that kind of which the leaves project laterally, and on the other side of the aloes, not fifteen paces from us, I made out the horns, neck, and the ridge of the back of a tremendous old bull. I took my oath here, and getting on to my knee, prepared to shoot him through the neck, taking my chance of cutting his spine. I had already covered him as well as the aloes leaves would allow, when he gave a kind of grunt and lay down.

I looked round in dismay. What was he doing now? I could not see to shoot him from down, even if my bullet would have penetrated his moving flesh, which was doubtful, and if I stood up he would either charge or mangle me. I reflected, and came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to sit down also, for I did not fancy wandering after other buffalo in that direction. The buffalo lay down, as though that he must get up again some time—so it is usually a case of patience—"fighting the fight of sit down," as the Zulus say.

Accordingly I sat down and lighted a pipe, thinking that the smell of it might reach the buffalo and make him get up. But the wind ran the wrong way, and it did not do him any harm, as soon I lit another. Afterwards I had cause to regret that pipe.

Well, as I waited like this for between half an hour and an hour or so, I began to grow horribly sick of the performance. It was about as dull a business as I had found of a long time. I could hear buffalo snorting and moving all round, and see the red-beaked tie birds flying up off their backs with a kind of boom—something like that of an English crossbill—, but I could not see a single buffalo. As for my old bull, I think he must have slept the sleep of the just, for he never even stirred. Just as I was making up my mind that something must be done to save the situation, my attention was attracted by a curious grinding noise. At first I thought that it must be a buffalo chomping the end, but was obliged to abandon the idea because the noise was too loud. I shifted myself round and stared through the cracks in the bush in the di-

rection whence the sound seemed to come, and once I thought that I saw something gray moving about fifty yards off, but could not make certain. Although the grinding noise still continued, I could see nothing more, so I gave up thinking about it, and once again turned my attention to the buffalo. Presently, however, something happened. Suddenly from about forty yards away there came a tremendous snorting sound, more like that made by an engine getting a heavy train under way than anything else in the world.

"By Jove!" I thought, turning round in the direction from which the grinding sound had come, "that must be a rhinoceros, and he has got our wind." For, as you fellows know, there is no mistaking the sound made by a rhinoceros when he gets wind of you.

Another second and there was a most tremendous crashing noise. Before I could think what to do, before I could even get up, the bush behind me seemed to burst asunder, and there appeared, not eight yards from us, the great horn and wicked twinkling eye of a huge charging rhinoceros. He had winded us on my pipe, I do not know which, and, after the fashion of these brutes, had charged up the scent. I could not rise I could not even get the gun up. I had no time. All that I was able to do was to roll over as far out of the monster's path as the bush would allow. Another second and he was over me, his great bulk towering above me like a mountain, and, upon my word, I could not get his sand out of my nostrils for a week. Circumstances impressed it on my memory—at least I suppose so. His hot breath blew upon my face, one of his front feet just missed my head, and his hind one actually tread upon the loose part of my trouser and pinched a little bit of my skin. I saw him pass over me, lying as I was upon my back, and next second I saw something else. My men were a little behind me, and therefore straight in the path of the rhinoceros. One of them flung himself backward into the bush, and thus avoided him. The second, with a wild yell, springing to his feet and bounded like an India-rubber ball right into the aloe bush, landing well among the spikes. But the third—it was my friend Gobo—could not by any means get away. He managed to gain his feet and that was all. The rhinoceros was charging with his head low. His great

horn passed between Gobo's legs, and feeling something on his nose, he jerked it up. Away went Gobo high into the air. He turned a complete somersault at the apex of the curve, and as he did so I caught sight of his face. It was gray with terror, and his mouth was wide open. Down he came, right on to the great brute's rump, and that broke his fall. But luckily for him, the rhinoceros never turned. He crashed straight through the aloe bush, only missing the man who had jumped into it by about a yard. Then followed a complication. The sleeping buffalo on the further side of the bush, hearing the noise, sprang to his feet, and for a second, not knowing what to do, stood still. At that instant the huge rhinoceros blundered right on to him, and getting his horn beneath his stomach, gave him such a fearful dig that the buffalo was turned over on to his back, while his assailant went on most amazing cropper over his carcass. In another moment, however, he was up, and wheeling round to the left, crashed through the bush down the hill toward the open country.

Instantly the whole place became alive with alarming sounds. In every direction troops of snorting buffalo charged through the forest, wild with fight, while the injured bull on the further side of the bush began to bellow like a mad thing. I lay quite still for a moment, devoutly praying that none of the flying buffalo would come my way. Then, when the danger lessened, I got on to my feet, shook myself, and looked round. One of my boys, he who had thrown himself backward into the bush, was already half-way up a tree; if heaven had been at the top of it he could not have climbed quicker. Gobo was lying close to me, groaning vigorously, but, as I suspected, quite unhurt; while from the aloe bush into which Number Three had bounded like a tennis-ball, came a succession of the most piercing yells. I looked, and saw that the unfortunate fellow was in a very tight place. A great spike of aloe had run through the back of his skin waist-belt, though without piercing his flesh to such a degree that it was impossible for him to move, while within six feet of him the injured buffalo bull, thinking, no doubt, that he was the aggressor, bellowed and ramped to get at him, tearing at the thick aloes with his great horns. That no time was to be lost if I wished to save the injured fellow was

and the line that he had followed, and as a rhinoceros can smell you for about a mile, it would not, I felt, be safe to follow his spoor any further. So I made a détour of a mile and more, till I was nearly opposite the ant-heap, and then once more searched the plain. It was no good; I could see nothing of him, and was about to give it up and start after some oryx I saw in the distance, when suddenly, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the ant-heap, and on its further side, I saw my rhino stand up in a patch of grass.

"Heavens!" I thought to myself, "he's off again." But no; after standing staring for a minute or two, he once more lay down.

Now I found myself in a quandary. As you know, a rhinoceros is a very short-sighted brute: indeed, his sight is as bad as his scent is good. Of this fact he is perfectly aware, but he always makes the most of his natural gifts. For instance, when he lies down he invariably does so with his head down wind. Thus if any enemy crosses his wind, he will still be able to escape or attack him, and if, on the other hand, the danger approaches up wind, he will at least have a chance of seeing it. Otherwise one might, by walking delicately, actually kick him up like a partridge if only the advance was made up wind.

Well, the point was how on earth should I get within shot of this rhinoceros. After much deliberation I determined to try a side advance, thinking that I might so get a shoulder shot. Accordingly we started in a crouching attitude, I first, Gobo holding on to my coat tails, and the other boy on to Gobo's muscra. I always adopt this plan when stalking big game, for if you follow any other system the bearers will get out of line. We got to within three hundred yards right enough, and then the real difficulties began. The grass had been so closely eaten off by game that there was scarcely any cover. Consequently it was necessary to go on our hands and knees, which in my case involved laying down the eight-bore at every step and then lifting it up again. However, I wriggled along somehow, and if it had not been for Gobo and his friend, no doubt everything would have gone well. But as you have, I dare say, observed, a native out stalking is always of that mind which is supposed to

actuate an ostrich. So long as his head is hidden he seems to think that nothing else can be seen. So it was in this instance: Gobo and the other boy crept along on their hands and toes with their heads well down, but, though unfortunately I did not notice it till too late, bearing the fundamental portions of their frames high in the air. Now all animals are quite as suspicious of this end of mankind as they are of his face, and of this fact I soon had a proof. Just when we had got within about two hundred yards, and I was congratulating myself that I had not had this long crawl with the sun beating on the back of my neck like a furnace, all for nothing, I heard the hissing notes of the rhinoceros birds, and up flew four or five of them from the brute's back, where they had been comfortably employed in catching flies. Now this performance on the part of the birds is to a rhinoceros what the word "*cave*" is to a school-boy; it puts him on the *qui vive* at once. Before the birds were well in the air I saw the grass stir.

"Down you go!" I whispered to the boys, and as I did so the rhinoceros got up and glared suspiciously around. But he could see nothing; indeed, if we had been standing up I doubt if he would have seen us at that distance. So he merely gave two or three sniffs, and then lay down, his head still down wind, the birds once more settling on his back.

But it was clear to me that he was sleeping with one eye open, and generally in a suspicious and unchristian frame of mind, and that it was useless to proceed further on that stalk, so we quietly withdrew to consider the position and study the ground. The results were not satisfactory. There was absolutely no cover about except the ant-heap, which was some three hundred yards from the rhinoceros upon his up-wind side. I knew that if I tried to stalk him in front I should fail, and so I should if I attempted to do so from the further side: he or the birds would see me. So I came to a conclusion: I would go to the ant-heap, which would give him my wind, and instead of stalking him I would let him stalk me. It was a bold step, and one which I should never advise a hunter to take, but somehow I felt as though Rhano and I must play the hand out.

I explained my intentions to the men, who both held up their hands in horror

Their fears for my safety were a little mitigated, however, when I told them that I did not expect them to come with me.

John breathed a prayer that I might not meet this walking about, and the other one sincerely trusted that my sword might look me way when the rhinoceros charged, and then they both departed to a place of safety.

Taking my eight-bore and half a dozen spare cartridges in my pocket, I made a detour, and reaching the hot heap in safety, lay down. For a moment the wind had dropped, but presently a gentle puff of air passed over me and blew across the monument. By the way, I wonder what it is that smells so strong across a man? Is it his body or his breath? I have never been able to decide that, but I saw somewhere the other day that in the duck decoys the man who is wearing the ducks holds a little piece of burning tar before his mouth, and that if for days they cannot smell him, which looks as though it were the breath. Well, whenever it was about me that attracted attention, the rhinoceros soon caught on, and within half a minute gave the puff of wind had passed he was up and turning round to get his head up went. Once he stood for a few seconds and sniffed, and then he began to move, first at a trot, then, as the speed grew stranger, at a furious gallop. On he came, snorting like a runaway engine, with his tail stuck straight up in the air; if he had seen me lie down there, he could not have made a better line. It was rather nervous work, I am told your horse has, waiting for his onslaught, for he looked like a man-of-war at sea. I determined, however, not to do this till I could plainly see his eye, for I think that eye always gives one the right distance for the game. So I rested my rifle on the hot heap and waited for him, kneeling. At last, when he was about forty yards away, I saw that the time had come, and running straight for the middle of the chest, I pulled.

That went the heavy bullet, and with a tremendous snort, overcame the rhinoceros beneath its shock, just like a shot rabbit. But if I had thought that he was done for I was mistaken, for in another second he was up and coming at me as hard as ever, only with his head held low. I waited till he was within ten

yards, in the hope that he would expose his chest, but he would do nothing of the sort. So I just had to fire at his head with the left barrel, and take my chance. Well, as luck would have it, of course the animal put on horn in the way of the bullet, which ran clean through it about three inches above the rest, and then glided off into space. After that things got rather serious. My gun was empty, and the rhinoceros was rapidly arriving so rapidly indeed that I came to the conclusion that I had better make way for him. Accordingly I jumped to my feet and ran to the right as hard as I could get. As I did so he moved full tilt towards me, head and horn flat, and for the second time that day went a most magnificent charge. This gave me a few seconds' rest, and I ran down wind, my rifle, I told you. Unfortunately, however, my another current was observed, and the rhinoceros, as soon as he got his legs under him, began to run after me. Now, perhaps my sixth cartridge was out, as an injured rhinoceros can get up, and I was at an important catch-up. But before my slight experience of the sort of thing, I looked for myself, kept my head, and as I did I managed to get my rifle, get two old cartridges out, and put two fresh ones in. To do this I had to stoop for the gun, and by the time that I had swapped the rifle in I heard the rhinoceros galloping away with me a few paces to the rear. I stopped, and as I did so rapidly caught the rifle, and aimed round upon my head. By this time the beast was within six or seven yards of me, but luckily his head was up. I fired the rifle and there it was. It was a snap shot, but the bullet struck him in the chest within three inches of the feet, and found its way into his lungs. It did not stop him, however, so all I could do was to bend to one side, which I did with surprising activity, and as he leaned past me hit the other breast with his rifle. That did for him. The ball passed in behind the shoulder and right through the heart. He fell over on his side, gave one most awful spasm, a dozen legs could not have made such a noise, and promptly died, keeping his wicked eyes wide open all the time.

As for me, I blew my nose, and going up to the rhinoceros, sat on his head, and reflected that I had had a capital morning's shooting.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST ROUND.

AFTER this, as it was now mid day, and I had killed enough meat, we marched back triumphantly to camp, where I proceeded to concoct a stew of buffalo beef and compressed vegetables. When this was done we ate the stew, and then I had a nap. About four o'clock, however, Gobo woke me up, and told me that the headman of one of Wanbe's kraals had arrived to see me. I ordered him to be brought up, and presently he came, a little, wizened, talkative old man, with a waist-cloth round his middle, and a greasy, frayed kaross made of the skins of rock rabbits over his shoulders.

I told him to sit down, and then abused him roundly. "What did he mean," I asked, "by disturbing me in this rude way? How did he dare to cause a person of my quality and evident importance to be awakened in order to interview his entirely contemptible self?"

I spoke thus because I knew that it would produce an impression on him. Nobody except a really great man, he would argue, would dare to speak to him in that fashion. Most savages are desperate bullies at heart, and look on insolence as a sign of power.

The old man instantly collapsed. He was utterly overcome, he said; his heart was split in two, and well realized the extent of his misbehavior. But the occasion was very urgent. He heard that a mighty hunter was in the neighborhood, a beautiful white man—how beautiful he could not have imagined had he not seen—(this to me!)—and he came to beg his assistance. The truth was that three bull elephants such as no man ever saw had for years been the terror of their kraal, which was but a small place, a cattle kraal of the great chief Wanbe's, where they lived to keep the cattle. And now of late these elephants had done them much damage, but last night they had destroyed a whole patch of mealie land, and he feared that if they came back they would all starve next season for want of food. Would the mighty white man then be pleased to come and kill the elephants? It would be easy for him to do—oh, most easy! It was only necessary that he should hide himself in a tree, for there was a full-moon, and then when the elephants appeared he would speak to them

with the gun, and they would fall down dead, and there would be an end of their troubling.

Of course I hummed and hawed and made a great favor of consenting to this proposal, though really I was delighted to have such a chance. One of the conditions that I made was that a messenger should at once be despatched to Wanbe, whose kraal was two days' journey from where I was, telling him that I proposed to come and pay my respects to him in a few days, and to ask his formal permission to shoot in his country. Also I intimated that I was prepared to present him with "hongo," that is, black-mail, and that I hoped to do a little trade with him in ivory, of which I heard he had a great quantity. This message the old gentleman promised to despatch at once, though there was something about his manner which showed me that he was doubtful as to how it would be received. After that we struck our camp, and moved on to the kraal, which we reached about an hour before sunset. This kraal was a collection of huts surrounded by a slight thorn fence; perhaps there were ten of them in all. It was situated in a kloof of the mountain, with a rivulet flowing down it. The kloof was densely wooded, but for some distance above the kraal it was free from bush, and here on the high deep ground brought down by the rivulet were the cultivated lands, in extent somewhere about twenty or twenty-five acres. On the kraal side of these lands stood a single hut, which served for mealie stores, which at the moment was used as a dwelling place by an old woman, the first wife of our friend the big damar.

It appears that this old lady, having had some difference of opinion with her husband about the extent of authority allowed to a younger and more amiable wife, had refused to dwell in the kraal any more, and by way of marking her displeasure had taken up her abode among the mealies. As the story will show, she was, as it happened, cutting off her nose to spite her face.

Close by this hut grew a large banyan-tree. A glance at the mealie grounds showed me that the old headman had not exaggerated the mischief done by the elephants to his crops, which were now getting ripe. Nearly half of the entire patch was destroyed. The great brutes had eaten all they could, and the rest they had

trampled down. I went up to their spoon, and started back in amazement. Never had I seen such spoil before. It was simply enormous, more especially that of one old bull that had, so said the natives, but a single tusk. One might have used any of the footprints for a hip-bath.

Having taken stock of the position, my next step was to make arrangements for the fray. The three bulls, according to the natives, had been spaced in the dense patch of bush above the kraal. Now it seemed to me very probable that they would return tonight to feed on the remainder of the ripening meadow. If so, there was a bright room, and it struck me that by the exercise of a little ingenuity I might bag one or more of them without exposing myself to any risk, which, having the highest respect for the aggressive powers of bull elephants, was a great consideration to me. First, then, was my plan: To the right of the bush we just look up the kraal and commanding the meadow lands, stands the banyan-tree that I have mentioned. Into that banyan tree I made up my mind to go. Then, if the elephants appeared, I should get a shot at them. I announced my intentions to the headman of the kraal, who was delighted. "Now," he said, "his people might sleep in peace, for while the mighty white hunter sat aloft like a spirit watching over the welfare of his kraal, what was there to fear?"

I told him that he was an august old brute to think of sleeping in peace while I, perched like a wounded cuckoo on a tree, watched for his welfare in wakeful sorrow, and once more he collapsed, and owned that my words were "sharp but just."

However, as I have said, confidence was completely restored, and that evening everybody in the kraal, including the important victim of jealousy in the little hut where the meale eoks were stored, went to bed with a sense of sweet security from elephants and all other animals that prowled by night.

For my part, I pitched my camp below the kraal; and then, having procured a beam of wood from the headman - rather a rotten one, by the way - I sat it across two boughs that ran out laterally from the banyan-tree at a height of about twenty-five feet from the ground, in such fashion that I and another man could sit upon it with our legs hanging down, and rest

our backs against the bole of the tree. This done, I went back to the camp and had my supper. About nine o'clock, half an hour before the moonrise, I summoned Godes - who, thinking that he had had about enough of the delights of big game hunting for that day, did not altogether relish the job - and despite his remonstrances, gave him my eight-bore to carry, I having the .578 express, and set out for the tree. It was very dark, but we found it without difficulty, though climbing it was a more complicated matter. However, at last we got up, and sat down like two little boys on a beam that is too high for them, and waited. I did not dare to smoke, because I remembered the danger, and feared that the elephants might wind the tobacco if they should come my way, and this made the business more wearisome. So I fell to thinking, and wondering at the wisdom of the scheme.

At last the moon came up, and with it a morning wind at the breadth of which the shadows began to shiver mysteriously. Look! enough in the new-born light, looked up with surprise of recognition, place and form, none like some twilight vision of a dream, some faint reflections from a fire wound of peace beyond one knew them the more face of gentle calm made silvery soft with sleep. Indeed, and it not seem too late that I was beginning to find the legs on which I sat very hard, I should have given quite a different name to the beautiful sight. But I was dully sensible to become sentimental when seated in the shadow on a very rough beam of wood half way up a tree. So I merely made a mental note that it was a particularly lovely night and turned my attention to the prospect of elephants. But no elephants came, and after waiting for another hour or so, I think that what between weariness and disgust I must have dropped into a gentle doze. Presently I awoke with a start. Godes, who was perched close to me, but as far off as the beam would allow - for neither white man nor black likes the aroma which each yawn is the peculiar and disagreeable property of the other - was faintly, very faintly, clicking his forefinger against his thumb. I knew by this signal - a very favorite one among native hunters and gun-bearers - that he must have seen or heard something. I looked at his face, and saw that he was staring excitedly toward the dim edge of the bush beyond the deep green

line of mealies. I stared too, and listened. Presently I heard a soft large sound, as though a giant were gently stretching out his hands and pressing back the ears of standing corn. Then came a pause, and then out into the open majestically stalked the largest elephant I ever saw or ever shall see. Heavens! what a monster he was! and how the moonlight gleamed upon his one splendid tusk—for the other was missing—as he stood among the mealies, gently moving his enormous ears to and fro, and testing the wind with his trunk! While I was still marvelling at his girth, and speculating upon the weight of that huge tusk, which I swore should be my tusk before very long, out stepped a second bull and stood beside him. He was not quite so tall, but he seemed to me to be almost thicker set than the first, and even in that light I could see that both his tusks were perfect. Another pause, and the third emerged. He was shorter than either of the others, but higher in the shoulder than No. 2, and when I tell you that, as I afterwards learned from actual measurement, the smallest of these three mighty bulls measured twelve feet one and a half inches at the shoulder, it will give you some idea of their size. The three formed into line, and stood still for a minute, the one-tusked bull gently caressing the elephant on the left with his trunk.

Then they began to feed, walking forward and slightly to the right as they gathered great bunches of the sweet mealies and thrust them into their mouths. All this time they were more than a hundred and twenty yards away from me (this I knew because I had played the distances from the tree to various points)—much too far to allow of my attempting a shot at them in that uncertain light. They fed in a semicircle, gradually drawing round toward the hut, near my tree, in which the corn was stored and the old woman slept.

This went on for between an hour and an hour and a half, till what between excitement and hope that maketh the heart sick I got so weary that I was continually contemplating a descent from the tree and a moonlight stalk. Such a net in ground so open would have been that of a stark staring lunatic; and that I should even have been contemplating it will show you the condition of my mind. But everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and sometimes too to him who doesn't, and so

at last those elephants, or rather one of them, came to me. After they had fed their fill, which was a very large one, the noble three stood once more in line some seventy yards to the left of the hut and in the edge of the cultivated lands, or in all about eighty-five yards from where I was perched. Then at last the one with a single tusk made a peculiar rattling noise in his trunk, just as though he were blowing his nose, and without more ado began to walk deliberately toward the hut where the old woman slept. I got my rifle ready, and glanced up at the moon, only to discover that a new complication was looming in the immediate future. I have said that a wind rose with the moon. Well, the wind brought rain-clouds along its track. Several light ones had already for a little while lessened the light, though without obscuring it, and now two more were coming rapidly up, both of them very black and dense. The first cloud was small and long, and the one behind big and broad. I remember noticing that the pair of them bore a most comical resemblance to a dray drawn by a very long raw-boned horse. As luck would have it, just as the elephant got within twenty-five yards or so of me, the head of the horse cloud floated over the face of the moon, rendering it impossible for me to fire. In the faint twilight which remained, however, I could just make out the gray mass of the great brute still advancing toward the hut. Then the light went altogether, and I had to trust to my ears. I heard him fumbling with his trunk, apparently at the roof of the hut. Next came a sound as of straw being drawn out, and then for a little while there was complete silence. The cloud began to pass. I could see the outline of the elephant; he was standing with his head right over the top of the hut. But I could not see his trunk, and no wonder, for it was *inside the hut*. He had thrust it right through the roof, and attempted, no doubt, by the smell of the mealies, was groping about with it inside. It was growing light now, and I got my rifle ready, when suddenly there was a most awful yell, and I saw the trunk reappear, and in its mighty fold the old woman who had been sleeping in the hut. Out she came through the hole like a porcupine on the point of a pin, still wrapped up in her blanket, and her skinny legs and arms stretched to the four points of the compass, and as she did so, gave three most

ruined abodes as vigorously as though he had just been stung by a scorpion.

I asked him what ailed him, and he burst out into a flood of abuse. He called me a wizard, a sham, a fraud, a bringer of bad luck. I had promised to kill the elephants, and I had so arranged things that the elephants had nearly killed him, etc.

This, still smarting, or rather aching, as I was from that most terrific bump, was too much for my feelings, so I just made a rush at my friend, and getting him by the ear, I banged his head against the doorway of his own hut, which was all there was left of it.

"You wicked old scoundrel," I said, "you dare to complain about your own trifling inconveniences, when you gave me a rotten beam to sit on, and thereby delivered me to the fury of the elephant?" (*dump! bump! bump!*) "when your own wife?" (*dump!*) "has just been dragged out of her hut?" (*dump!*) "like a snail from its shell and thrown by the Earth shaker into a tree?" (*bump! bump!*).

"Mercy, my father, mercy!" gasped the old fellow. "Truly I have done amiss; my heart tells me so."

"I should hope it did, you old villain?" (*dump!*).

"Mercy! great white man. I thought the log was sound. But what says the unequalled chief, is the old woman, my wife, indeed dead? Ah, if she is dead, all may yet prove to have been for the very best," and he clasped his hands and bowed up piously to heaven, in which the moon was once more shining brightly.

I let go his ear and burst out laughing, the whole scene and his devout aspirations for the decrease of the partner of his joys, or rather woes, were so intensely ridiculous.

"No, you old iniquity," I answered; "I left her in the top of a thorn tree, screaming like a thousand blue-jays. The elephant put her there."

"Alas! alas!" he said, "surely the back of the ox is shaped to the burden. Doubtless, my father, she will come down when she is tired;" and without troubling himself further about the matter, he began to blow at the smothering embers of the fire.

And, as a matter of fact, she did appear a few minutes later, considerably scratched and startled, but none the worse.

After that I made my way to my little camp, which, fortunately, the elephants

had not walked over, and wrapping myself up in a blanket, was soon fast asleep.

And so ended my first round with those three elephants.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST ROUND.

ON the morrow I woke up full of painful recollections, and not without a certain feeling of gratitude to the Powers above that I was there to wake up. Yesterday had been a tempestuous day, indeed, what between buffalo, rhinoceros, and elephant, it had been very tempestuous. Having realized this fact, I next bethought me of those magnificent tusks, and instantly, early as it was, broke the tenth commandment. I coveted my neighbor's tusks, if an elephant could be said to be my neighbor *de facto*, as certainly, so recently as the previous night, he had been *de facto* a much closer neighbor than I cared for, indeed. Now when you covet your neighbor's goods, the best thing, if not the most moral thing, to do is to enter his house as a strong man armed and take them. I was not a strong man, but having recovered my eagle bone, I was armed, and so was the other strong man, the elephant with the tusks. Consequently I prepared for a struggle to the death. In other words, I summoned my faithful retainers, and told them that I was now going to follow those elephants over the edge of the world, if necessary. They showed a certain hesitancy about the business, but they did not gainsay me, because they dared not. Ever since I had prepared with all due solemnity to execute the rebellious Gaba, they had received a great respect for me.

So I went up to bid adieu to the old headman, whom I found alternately contemplating the ruins of his loved and, with the able assistance of his old wife, thrashing the jealous lady who had slept in the mealie hut, because she was, as he declared, the author of all his sorrows.

Leaving them to work a way through their domestic differences, I found a supply of vegetable food from the land in consideration of services rendered, and left them with my blessing. I do not know how they settled matters, because I have not seen them since.

Then I started on the spoor of the three



quite well, reaching a soft ground, some-
 what greasy at the present time. Present-
 ly the water about their heads — one
 falling now and then upon their backs, and
 a constant sprinkling of a fine fog, both of
 which rendered the atmosphere somewhat
 disagreeable, but they were too fatigued to notice
 and refused my friendly overtures. I then
 took both muskets and gave chase, so
 loudly that I doubtless frightened the
 other animals. I shot three good ones
 and made several more.

After a time, when I was still hesitating
 what to do, my other two — one I shot and the
 other I wounded — appeared. At first they
 stood up, as if they were afraid of attacking still
 and determined to wait a considerable time.
 At last they came through covered by a com-
 mon umbrella, then suddenly leaping
 away, leapt to leap and vanished in the
 depths of the forest to the left. I waited
 for a little while longer to see if there
 were any more yellow lions about, and
 seeing none, came to the conclusion that
 the lions must have frightened the ele-
 phants away, and that I had had my share
 for nothing. But just as I was turning
 back, I thought I heard a hoarse roar
 upon the farther side of the glade, and
 rash as the proceeding was, I followed
 the sound. I crossed the glade as usual,
 by my own shadow. On its farther
 side the path went on. Albeit with many
 fears I went on too. The glade itself
 was so thick here that it almost cut off my
 head, leaving so small a passage for the
 light that I could scarcely see to go any
 way along. Presently, however, it widen-
 ed, and then opened into a second glade
 slightly smaller than the first, and there,
 on the farther side of it about twenty
 yards from me, stood the three enormous
 elephants.

They stood three immediately opposite
 and facing me was the stupider one,
 so called here. He was leaning his back
 against a dead thorn-tree, the only one in
 the place, and looked very sick indeed.
 Near him stood the second bull as though
 keeping a watch upon him. The third
 elephant was a good deal nearer to me,
 and broadside on. While I was still star-
 ing at them this elephant suddenly walt-
 zed off and vanished down a path at the
 back of the right.

There was now less chance to retreat
 either I could go back to the camp and
 advance upon the elephants at dawn, or I
 could attack them at once. The first
 was undoubtedly the best, but I was

coarse. Even for one elephant by moon-
 light and whose hand is a sufficiently
 rash proceeding: to tackle three was little
 short of lunacy. But, on the other hand,
 I knew that they would be on the march
 again before midnight and there might
 come another day of weary trudging be-
 fore I could catch them up, or they might
 escape altogether.

"No," I thought to myself, "I don't heart
 going back but I will. I'll risk it, and have
 fought them. But how? I could not
 advance upon the open for they would
 see me strike the right thing to do was to
 crawl round in the shadow of the bush and
 try to come upon them so. So I started
 off, at 280 yards of careful stalking
 brought me to the mouth of the path down
 which the third elephant had vanished. The
 other two were now about fifty yards
 from me, and the nature of the wall of
 bush between them and I could not see how to
 get to the bushes without being discovered.
 I hesitated and peeped down the
 path which the elephant had followed.
 About ten yards on, it took a turn round
 a bush. I thought that I would now have
 a look to see if I had obtained something
 that I should be able to catch a sight of
 the elephants and.

As I stepped into the corner I met the third
 coming round the corner. It is very dis-
 covering to come upon a creature whom
 you expect to see, but not and for a mo-
 ment I stood paralyzed almost under the
 very bushes. But for he was not five yards
 from me. He too halted, having either
 seen or winded me, probably the latter,
 and then threw up his trunk and stamp-
 ed, preparing to charge. I was in
 for it now, for I could not escape either to
 the right or left on account of the bush,
 and I did not dare turn my back. So I
 did the only thing that I could do, raised
 my rifle and fired at the black mass of his
 chest. It was too dark for me to pick a
 shot; I could only brown it, as it were.

The bull rose and the third elephant on the
 right rose and the elephant answered it
 with a scream, and then dropped his trunk,
 and stood for a second or two as still as
 though he had been cut in stone. I con-
 fessed that I lost my head. I ought to have
 fired my second barrel, but I did not. In-
 stead of doing so I rapidly opened my
 rifle, pulled out the old cartridge from the
 right barrel and replaced it. But before
 I could snap the barrel to the bull was at
 me. I saw his great trunk fly up like a

brown beam, and I waited no longer. Turning, I fled for dear life, and after me thundered the elephant. Right into the open glade I ran, and then, thank Heaven, just as he was coming up with me the bullet took effect on him. He had been shot right through the heart, or lungs, and down he fell with a crash, stone-dead.

But in escaping from Scylla I had run into the jaws of Charybdis. I heard the elephant fall, and glanced round. Straight in front of me, and not fifteen paces away, were the other two bulls. They were staring about, and at that moment they caught sight of me. Then they came, the pair of them—came like thunder-bolts, and from different angles. I had only time to snap my rifle to, lift it, and fire, almost at hap hazard, at the head of the nearest, the unwounded bull.

Now as you know, in the case of the African elephant, whose skull is convex, and not concave like that of the Indian, this is always a most risky and very frequently a perfectly useless shot. The bullet loses itself in the masses of bone, that is all. But there is one little vital place, and should the bullet happen to strike there, it will follow the channel of the nostrils

at least I suppose it is the nostrils—and reach the brain. And it was what happened in this case: the bull struck the fatal spot in the region of the eye and travelled to the brain. Down came the great bull all of a heap, and rolled on to his side as dead as a stone. I swung round at that instant to face the third, the monster bull with one tusk that I had wounded two days before. He was already almost over me, and in the dim moonlight seemed to tower above me like a house. I lifted the rifle and pulled at his neck. It would not go off! Then in a flash as it were, I remembered that it was on the half-cock. The lock of this barrel was a little weak, and a few days before, in firing at a ewe-eland, the left barrel had jarred off at the shock of the discharge of the right, knocking me backwards with the recoil; so after that I had kept it on the half-cock till I actually wanted to fire it.

I gave one desperate bound to the right, and, my lame leg notwithstanding, I believe that few men could have made a better jump. At any rate it was none too soon, for as I jumped I felt the wind made by the tremendous downward stroke of the monster's trunk. Then I ran for it.

I ran like the wind, still keeping hold of my gun, however. My idea, so far as I could be said to have any fixed idea, was to bolt down the pathway up which I had come, like a rabbit down a burrow, trusting that he would lose sight of me in the uncertain light. I sped across the glade. Fortunately the bull, being wounded, could not go full speed; but, wounded or no, he could go quite as fast as I could. I was unable to gain an inch, and away we went with just about three feet between our separate extremities. We were at the other side now, and a glance served to show me that I had miscalculated and overshot the opening. To reach it now was hopeless; I should have blundered straight into the elephant. So I did the only thing I could do: I swerved like a coursed hare, and started off round the edge of the glade, seeking for some opening into which I could plunge. This gave me a moment's start, for the bull could not turn as quickly as I could, and I made the most of it. But no opening could I see; the bush was like a wall. We were speeding round the edge of the glade, and the elephant was coming up again. Now he was within about six feet, and now as he trumpeted or rather screamed, I could feel the fierce hot blast of his breath strike upon my hand. Heavens! how it frightened me! We were three paces round the glade now, and about fifty yards ahead was the single large dead thorn-tree against which the bull had been leaning. I snatched my gun—it was my last chance of safety. But swift as I wanted it seemed hours before I got there. Putting out my right hand, I swung round the tree, thus bringing myself head to head with the elephant. I had no time to lift the rifle to fire. I had barely time to cock it and run sideways and backwards, when he was on to me. Crash! he came, striking the tree full with his forehead. It snapped like a cricket about forty inches from the ground. Fortunately I was clear of the trunk, but one of the dead branches struck me on the chest as it went down and swept me to the ground. I felt every my limb, and the elephant blundered past me as I lay. Mass my instant then, anything else I lifted the rifle with one hand and pulled the trigger. It exploded, and, as it afterward discovered, the bullet struck him in the ribs. But the recoil of the heavy rifle held thus was very severe. It bent my arm up and sent the butt with a

about in a manner that contrasted well with the lordly contempt of their previous conversation. But all the same they were in earnest in what they said about hunting the elephants any further, for before I had finished my coffee they came to me in a body, and said that if I wanted to follow those elephants I must follow them by myself, for they would not go.

I argued with them, and affected to be much put out. The elephants were close at hand, I said. I was sure of it: I had heard them trumpet in the night.

Yes, answered the men, mysteriously: they too had heard things in the night—things not nice to hear: they had heard the spooks out shooting, and no longer would they remain in a country so dreadfully haunted.

"It was nonsense," I replied. "If ghosts went out shooting, surely they would use air guns and not black powder, and one would not throw a gun. Well, if they were rewards and would not come, of course I could not force them to, but I would make a bargain with them. They should deliver those elephants for one half hour away from us, we failed to come upon them. I would abandon the pursuit and we would go straight to Wanda, chief of the Mbuti, and give him hongo.

To this compromise the men readily agreed. Accordingly about half an hour later we struck our camp and started and notwithstanding my aches and pains, I do not think that I ever put in surer spirits in my life. It is something to wake up in the morning and remember that in the dead of night one has single-handed, given battle to and avenged on three of the largest elephants in Africa, slaying them with three loads. Such a feat had never before been boldly done before, and on that particular morning I felt a very "full man" of my hands indeed. The only thing then I feared was that should I ever come to tell the story, nobody would believe it, the reason a strange tale is told by a frontier people are apt to think it is necessarily a lie, instead of being only probably so.*

Well, we passed on, till having crossed the first glade where I had seen the lions, we reached the neck of bush that separated it from the second glade where the dead elephants were. And here I began to take elaborate precautions, amongst others ordering Gobo to keep some yards ahead and look out sharp as I thought that the elephants might be about. He obeyed my instructions with a superior smile, and rushed ahead. Presently I saw him pull up as though he had been shot, and begin to faintly snap his fingers.

What is it? I whispered.

"The elephant, the great elephant with
one foot kneeling down."

I went up beside him. There knelt the bull as I had left him last night, and there lay the other bulls.

By these elephants sleep,³ I whispered
in the astonished Guder.

¹⁰ Yes. Maunaboan Hwy. stop.

“Dead?” He’s son they the dead. What
knew them.

What do people call me? Heba!

They call you *Manonwahan*.

And what does Mathematics tell us?

"Yes, and I am that man. Look, you idle, lazy cowards. While you slept last night I rose, and alone I hunted those great elephants—grabbed them by the mouth—brought them to camp, and cut my fork and knife out of them and left dead. Look," and I advanced into the glade, "here is my spoon, and here is the spoor of the peach-bloss cherry after me, and here follow men that I made college boys. See those beautiful shelled nuts in my charge, all you cowards, you who would give up the chase while the blood speed streamed beneath your nostrils, see what I did single-handed while you slept and he dreamed."

"*Die*" said the man: "*on*—*Kross*—*Kross*—*knoschen*!" control tightly closed—and there they held their fingers and went up to the three dead beasts, grazed upon them in silence.



MEET THE SONS WITH MRS.

form of salutation very common among the tribes of the Basutoland.

"What is it, girl? I asked her in Sisutu. "Are those medals for sale?"

"No, great white father," she answered in Zulu; "I bring them as a gift."

"Good!" I replied, "But tread down."

"A gift for a gift, white man."

"Ah!" I gasped, "the old story—nothing for nothing in this wicked world. What do you want—beads?"

She nodded, and I was about to tell one of the men to go and fetch some from one of the packs, when she checked me.

"A gift from the giver's own hand is twice a gift," she said, and I thought that she spoke meaningfully.

"You mean that you want me to give them to you myself?"

"Surely."

I rose to go with her. "How is it that being of the Mathek people you speak in the Zulu tongue?" I asked, suspicious.

"I am not of the Mathek," she answered, as soon as we were out of hearing of the men. "I am of the people of Nala, whose tribe is the Butiana tribe, and who

live there," and she pointed over the mountain. "Also I am one of the wives of Wambo," and her eyes flashed as she said the name.

"Any how did you come here?"

"On my feet," she answered humorously.

We reached the packs, and undoing one of them, I extracted a handful of beads.

"Now," I said, "a gift for a gift. Hand over the tokens."

She took the beads without even looking at them, which struck me as curious, and putting the basket of medals on the ground, emptied it.

At the bottom of the basket were some curiously shaped green leaves, something like the leaves of the ginkgo, but a little smaller, only somewhat thicker, and of a more fleshy substance. As though by magic the girl pulled one of these leaves out of the basket and snatched it. Then she handed it to me. I took the leaf, and supposing that she—(and how to snarl it also), was about to enlighten me by doing so, when my eye caught some queer scratches on the green surface of the leaf.

steel and as cool as ice. "I mean to work and work and work, to bring this to pass, and to bring that to pass, until at length it comes to pass that with these living eyes I behold Wambe dying the death that he gave to his child and my child."

"Well said," I answered.

"Ay, well said, Macumazahn; well said, and not easily forgotten. Who could forget—oh, who could forget? See where this dead hand rests against my side; so once it rested when alive. And now, though it is dead, now every night it creeps from its nest, and strokes my hair, and clasps my fingers in its tiny palm. Every night it does this, fearing lest I should forget. Oh, my child! my child! ten days ago I held thee to my breast, and now this alone remains of thee!" and she kissed the dead hand and shivered, but never a tear did she weep. "See now," she went on, "the white man, the prisoner at Wambe's knee, he was kind to me. He loved the child that is dead; yes, he wept when its father slew it, and at the risk of his own life told Wambe, my husband—ah, yes, my husband!—that which he is. He, too, it was who made a plan. He said to me, 'Oho, Maiwa, after the custom of thy people go purify thyself in the bush alone, having touched a dead one. Say to Wambe thou goest to purify thyself alone for fifteen days, according to the custom of the people. Then fly to thy father Nala, and stir him up to war against Wambe for the sake of the child that is dead.' This then he said, and his words seemed good to me, and that same night ere I left to purify myself came news that a white man hunted in the country, and Wambe, being mad with drink, grew very wrath, and gave orders that an Impi should be gathered to slay the white man and his people, and seize his goods. Then did the 'Smiter of Iron' (Every) write the message on the green leaves, and bid me seek thee out and show forth the matter, that thou mightest save thyself by flight; and behold, this thing have I done. Macumazahn, the hunter, the Slayer of Elephants."

"Ah," I said, "I thank thee. And how many men be there in the Impi of Wambe?"

"A hundred of men and half a hundred."

"And where is the Impi?"

"There to the north. It follows on thy spine. I saw it pass yesterday, but

myself I guessed that thou wouldst be nigher to the mountain, and came this way, and found thee. To-morrow at the daybreak will the slayers be here."

"Very possibly," I thought to myself; "but they won't find Macumazahn. I have half a mind to put some strychnine into the carcasses of those elephants for their especial benefit, though." I knew that they would stop to eat the elephants, as indeed they did, to our great gain, but I abandoned the idea of poisoning them, because I was rather short of strychnine.

"Or because you did not like to play the trick, Quatermain," I suggested, with a laugh.

"I said because I had not enough strychnine. It would take a great deal of strychnine to effectually poison three elephants," answered the old gentleman, testily.

I said nothing farther, but I smiled, knowing that old Allan could never have resorted to such an artifice, however severe his strait. But that was his way; he always made himself out to be a most unmerciful person.

Well she went on, at that moment Gobo came up, and announced that we were ready to march. "I am glad that you are ready," I said; "because if you don't march, and march quick, you will never march again, that is all. Wambe has an Impi out to kill us, and it will be here presently."

Gobo turned positively green, and his knees knocked together. "Ah, what did I say?" he exclaimed. "Impi walk about loose in Wambe's country."

"Very good; now all you have got to do is to walk a little quicker than he does. No, no; you don't leave those elephant tusks behind. I am not going to part with them, I can tell you."

Gobo said no more, but hastily directed the men to take up their loads, and then asked which way we were to go.

"Ah," I said to Maiwa, "which way?"

"There," she answered, pointing toward the great mountain spot which towered up into the sky some forty miles away, separating the territories of Nala and Wambe. "There, below that small peak, is one place where men may pass, and one only. Also, it can easily be blocked from above. If men pass out there, then must they go round the great

peak of the mountain, two days' journey and half a day."

"And how far is the peak from us?"

"All to-night shall you walk and all to-morrow, and if you walk fast, at sunset shall you stand on the peak."

I whistled, for that meant a five-and-forty miles trudge without sleep. Then I called to the men to take each of them as much cooked elephant's meat as he could conveniently carry. I did the same myself, and forced the woman Matwa to eat some as we went. This I did with difficulty, for at that time she seemed neither to sleep nor eat nor rest so heavily as she did on vengeance.

Then we started, Matwa leading us. After going for some half-hour over gradually rising ground we found ourselves on the further edge of a great bush-clad depression, something like the bottom of a lake. This depression through which we had been travelling was to a very great extent covered with bushes, piled almost altogether so, except where it was pitted with grades such as that where I had shot the elephants.

At the top of this slope Matwa faced, and putting her hand over her eyes, looked back. Presently she touched me on the arm, and pointed over the sea of forest toward a comparatively vacant space of country some six or seven miles away. I looked, and suddenly I saw something flash in the red rays of the setting sun. A pause, and then another quick flash.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is the spears of Wambe's kins, and they travel fast," she answered, quietly.

I supposed that my face showed fear. "But I liked the boys, for she went on:

"Fear not; they will stay to feast upon the elephants; and while they feast we shall journey. We may yet escape."

After that we turned and pushed on again, till at length it grew so dark that we had to wait for the rising of the moon, which lost us time though it gave us rest. Fortunately none of the men had seen that ominous flashing of the spears; if they had, I doubt if I could have kept control of them. As it was, they travelled faster than I had ever known loaded natives go before, so thorough-paced was their desire to see the last of Wambe's country. I, however, took the precaution to march last of all, fearing lest they should throw away their loads to lighten themselves, or, worse still, the tusks; for

these kind of fellows would be capable of throwing anything away if their own skins were at stake. If the pious Eneas, whose story you were reading to me the other night, had been a mongrel Delagoa Bay native, Ambros would have had a poor chance of getting out of Troy—that is if he was known to have already made a satisfactory will.

At midnight we started on again, and with short occasional halts travelled till dawn, when we were forced to rest and eat. Starting once more about half past five we crossed the river at noon. Then began the long Indian ascent through thick bush the same to which I shot the bull buffalo only some twenty miles to the west of that spot, and not less than a forty-five miles on the further side of Wambe's head. There were six or seven miles of this dense bush, and hard work it was to get through it. Next came a belt of scattered forest, which was easier to pass, though in several places the ground was rocky. This was about two miles wide, and we passed it by about four in the afternoon. Above this scattered bush lay a long steep slope of bush, scrubby and rocky, which ran up to the head of the little plain some three miles away. As before, and wiser we hurried on to this inhospitable plain, some of the men, looking round, caught sight of the spears of Wambe's kins moving rapidly above and more than a mile behind us.

At first there was a panic, and the bearers tried to throw off their loads and run; but I hurried them, calling out to them that I would severely shoot the first man who did so, and that if they should let themselves I would long fire through the mess. Now ever since I had killed those three elephants and wounded I had gained great influence over these men, and they had not to be won. So off we went as hard as ever we could go, the members of the African Club would not have been in it with us. We made the boulders leap, as a Frenchman would say. When we had done about a mile, the spears began to emerge from the belt of scattered bush, and the whoop of their bearers as they viewed us broke upon our ears. Quick as our pace had been before, it grew much quicker now, for terror lent wings to my gallant crew. But they were slowly tired, and the loads were heavy, so that run, or rather climb, as we would, Wambe's soldiers, a scrubby-looking lot of men with

big spears, small shields, but without plumes, climbed considerably faster. The last mile of that pleasing chase was like a fox-hunt, we being the fox, and always in view. What astonished me was the extraordinary endurance and activity shown by Maiwa. She never even flagged. I think that girl's muscles must have been made of iron, or perhaps it was the strength of her will that supported her. At any rate she reached the foot of the peak second, poor Gobo, who was an excellent hand at running away, being first.

Presently I came panting up, and glanced at the ascent. Before us was a wall of rock about one hundred and fifty feet in height, upon which the strata were so laid as to form a series of projections sufficiently resembling steps to make the ascent, comparatively speaking, easy, except at one spot, where it was necessary to climb over a projecting angle of cliff and bear a little to the left. It was not a really difficult place, but what made it awkward was that immediately beneath this projection was a deep fissure or donga, on the brink of which we now stood, originally dug out, no doubt, by the rush of water from the peak and cliff. This gulf beneath would at the critical point be trying to the nerves of a weak-headed climber, and so it proved in the result. After the projecting angle was passed, the remainder of the ascent was very simple. At the summit, however, the brow of the cliff hung over, and was pierced by a single narrow path out through it by water in such fashion that a single boulder rolled into it at the top would make the cliff quite impassable to people without ropes.

Wamba's soldiers were at this moment about a thousand yards from us, so it was evident that we had no time to lose. I at once ordered the men to commence the ascent, the girl Maiwa, who was familiar with the pass, going first to show them the way. Accordingly they began to mount with alacrity, pushing and lifting their loads in front of them. When the first of them, led by Maiwa, reached the projecting angle, they put down their loads upon a ledge of rock and chambered over. Once up, by going on their stomachs on a boulder they could reach the loads which were held up to them by the men beneath, and in this way drag them up over the awkward place, whence

they were easily carried to the top. But all of this took time, and meanwhile the soldiers were coming up fast, screaming and brandishing their big spears. They were now within about four hundred yards, and several loads, together with all the tusks, had yet to be got over the rock. I was still standing at the bottom of the cliff, shouting out directions to the men above, but it occurred to me that it would soon be time to move. Before doing so, however, I thought that it might be well to try and produce a moral effect upon the advancing enemy. In my hand I held a Winchester repeating carbine, but the distance was too great for me to use it with effect, so I turned to Gobo, who was shivering with terror at my side, and handing him the carbine, took from him my express. The enemy was now about three hundred and fifty yards away, and the express was only sighted to three hundred. Still I knew that it could be trusted for the extra fifty yards. Running in front of Wamba's soldiers were two men—captains, I suppose—one of them very tall. I put up the three hundred-yard flap, and sitting down with my back against the rock, I drew a long breath to steady myself, and covered the tall man, giving him a full sight. Feeling that I was on him, I pulled, and before the sound of the striking bullet could reach my ears I saw the man throw up his arms and pitch forward on to his head. His companion stopped dead, giving me a fair chance. I rapidly covered him, and fired the left barrel. He turned round once, and then sank down in a heap.

This caused the enemy to hesitate; they had never seen men killed at such a distance before, and thought that there was something uncanny about the performance. Taking advantage of the lull I gave the express back to Gobo, and slinging the Winchester repeater over my back, I began to climb the cliff. When we reached the projecting angle all the loads were over, but the tusks still had to be passed up, and this, owing to their weight and the smoothness of their surface, was a very difficult task. Of course I ought to have abandoned the tusks; often and often have I since reproached myself for not doing so. Indeed, I think that my obstinacy about them was downright sinful, but I always was obstinate about things, and I could not bear the idea of leaving those splendid tusks which had

cost me so much pain and danger to come by. Well, it nearly cost me my life also, and did cost poor Wambo his, as will shortly be seen to say nothing of the loss inflicted by my rifle on the enemy. When I reached the projection I found that the men were trying, with their usual stupidity, to hand up the tusks point first. Now the result of this was that those above had nothing to grip except the round polished surface of the ivory, and this, in the position in which they were, did not give sufficient hold to enable them to lift the weight. I told them to reverse the tusks and push them up, so that the rough and hollow ends came to the hands of the men above. This they did, and the first two were got up in safety.

At this point, looking behind me, I saw the Matsigen streaming up the slope in a rough, extended order, and not more than a hundred yards away. Closing the Winchester, I opened fire on them. I don't quite know how many I missed, but I do know that I never shot before in my life. It was exactly like pleasant-shooting at a hot corner. I had to keep shifting myself from side to side, never firing almost without getting a sight—that is, by the eye alone after the fashion of the experts who break glass balls. But quick as the work was, soon it stopped, and by the time that I had reloaded the carbine of us twelve witnessed the advance was for the moment checked. I rapidly pushed in some more cartridges, and hardly had I done so when the enemy, seeing that we were about to occupy them altogether, came on once more with a tremendous yell. By this time the two halves of the single tusk of the great bull alone remained to be passed up. I fired, and fired as effectively as before, but, notwithstanding all that I could do, some men escaped my trail of bullets and began to ascend the cliff. Presently my rifle was again empty. I slung it over my back, and drawing my revolver, tried to make a bolt of it, the attackers being now quite close; as I did so a spear struck the cliff close to my head. The last half of the tusk was now vanishing over the rock, and I sang out to Gobo and the other men who had been pushing it up to vanish after it. Gobo, poor fellow, required no second invitation; indeed, his haste was his undoing. He went at the projecting rock with a bound. The end

of the tusk was still projecting over and instead of grasping the rock, he caught at it. It twisted in his hand; he slipped; he fell. With one wild shriek he vanished into the abyss beneath, his falling body breaking as it passed.

For a moment we stood aghast, and presently the dull thud of his fall smote heavily upon our ears. That fellow, he had won the Fato-chich, as he had declared, wanted about here in Wambo's country. Then, with an antic, the remaining man sprang at two more, and clambered over to us safely. Ashamed at the foolishness of what had happened, I stood still, till I saw the great hands of a Matsigen spear pass up between my feet. This brought me to my senses, and I began to clamber up the rock like a cat. I was half-way up when I already had clasped the hand of that other old Matsigen who had come down to help me—the men having assembled to assist with the army, when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Well, Matsigen!" I gasped, and the next minute the poor Matsigen was a very muscular woman, and never before did I so keenly appreciate the advantages of the physical development of females. She tugged at me, I saw the savage ladies tugged at me, and, lo! till I began to gasp, and something most soothing gave way. Then, as I regained my position of rest, the Matsigen who when I first spoke out to her name, threw his body in law out of the window and carried the mattress down stairs. My right hand was still free, and it was my revolver, which was secured to me with by a leather strap. It was the best, and I simply bent it down wards and back. The result was that it snapped—and, so far as I was concerned, that was all. The bullet hit the man between the shoulders, I ate where I don't know where. At any rate, he let go of my leg, and plunged headlong into the gulf beneath to join Gobo. In another moment I was on the top of the rock, and going up the remaining steps like a conqueror. A single other soldier appeared in pursuit, but one of my boys at the top fired my elephant gun at him. I don't know if he hit him or only frightened him; at any rate, he vanished whence he came. I do know, however, that he very nearly hit me, for I felt the wind of the bullet. Another thirty seconds, and I and the woman Maiwa were at the top of the cliff, panting but safe.

My men, being directed thereto by Mai-wa, had most fortunately rolled up some big boulders which lay about, and with these we soon managed to block the passage through the overhanging ridge of rock in such fashion that the soldiers below could not possibly climb over it. Indeed, so far as I could see, they did not even try to do so; the heart was out of them, as the *Zadus* say.

Then, having rested a few moments, we took up the loads, including the tasks of ivory that had cost us so dear, and in silence marched on for a couple of miles or so, till we reached a patch of dense bush. And here being utterly exhausted, we camped for the night, taking the precaution, however, of setting a guard to watch against any attempt at surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A MIDSUMMER TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY LATELADO BLAENS

First Paper.

I

A LONG, narrow, graceful steel steamer, with two masts and an orange-yellow chimney, taking on cargo at Pier 49 East River. Through her yawning hatchways a mountainous piling up of barrels is visible below; there is much rumbling and rattling of steam-winchies, creaking of derrick beams, grinding of pulleys, as the freight is being lowered in. A breezeless July morning, and at daylight it is already

The sunboned look gives one suggestion of past and of coming voyages. Under the white awnings long foreign climes sprawl here and there, each with an occupant, smoking in silence and leaning with head drooping to one side. A young man, awaking as I pass in my cabin, turns upon me a pair of prominent blue eyes—traveller's eyes. He is from a West Indian.

The morning is still grey, but the sun is dissolving the haze. Gradually the gray vanishes; and a beautiful pale vapory blue—a spiritualized Northern blue—colors water and sky. A cannon-shot suddenly shakes the heavy air; it is our farewell to the American shore; we move. Back flows the wind, and becomes vapory, with a bluish tinge. Diaphanous mists seem to have caught the sky color; and even the great red storehouses take a faint blue tint as they recede. The horizon now has a greenish glow. Everywhere else the effect is that of looking through very light blue glasses.

We steam under the colossal span of the mighty bridge; then for a little while Liberty towers above our passing, seeming first to turn toward us, then to turn

away from us, the solemn beauty of her passionless face of bronze. Tints brighten: the horizon is growing a little bluer. A breeze springs up.

Then the water takes on another hue: pale green lights play through it. It has begun to sound. Little waves lift up their heads as though to look at us—patting the tanks of the vessel and whispering to one another.

Far off the sea begins to show quick white flashes here and there, and the steamer begins to swing. We are nearing Atlantic waters. The sun is high now, almost overhead; there are a few thin clouds in the tender colored sky—dusky, long drawn out, white threads. The horizon has lost its greenish glow. It is a spectral blue. Masts spits, ruzzing the white boats and the orange chimney; the longed look, tips and the snow rail cut against the colored light in almost dazzling color. Though the sun shines hot the wind is cool, a rest and vaporous presence that fans one into drowsiness. Also the monotonous chant of the engines—*do-do, hey! do-do, hey!*—lulls to sleep.

Toward evening the glaucous sea tint vanishes—the water becomes blue. It is full of great flashes, as of stars opening and reclosing over a white surface. It spits spray in a ceaseless drizzle. Sometimes it reaches up and slaps the side of the steamer with a sound as of a great naked hand. The viewless breath waxes boisterous. Swinging ends of cordage crack like whips. There is an immense humming that drowns speech—a humming made up of many sounds: whining of pulleys, whistling of riggings, flapping and fluttering of canvas,

The sky does not deepen its hue to-day—it brightens it; the blue glows as if it were taking fire throughout. Perhaps the sea may deepen its hue; I do not believe it can take more luminous color without being set aflame. I ask the ship's doctor whether it is really true that the West Indian waters are any bluer than these. He looks a moment at the sea, and replies, "*Oh yes!*" There is such a tone of surprise in his "oh" as might indicate that I had asked a very foolish question, and his look seems to express doubt whether I am quite in earnest. I think, nevertheless, that this water is extravagantly, nonsensically blue.

I read for an hour or two, fall asleep in the chair, wake up suddenly, look at the sea—and yell! This sea is absolutely ridiculous—absurdly, impossibly blue. The painter who should try to paint it would be denounced as a lunatic. Yet it is transparent; the foam clouds, as they sink down, turn sky blue—a sky blue which now looks white by contrast with the strange and violent splendor of the sea color. It seems as if one were looking into an immeasurable dyeing vat, or as though the whole ocean had been thickened with indigo. To say this is a mere reflection of the sky is nonsense—the sky is too pale by a hundred shades for that. This must be the natural color of the water—a blazing azure, unutterably magnificent, impossible to describe.

The French passenger from Guadeloupe observes that the sea is "beginning to become blue."

IV.

And the fourth day. Once again we are speakably lazy: this must be the West Indian languor. Some say, with a few more bright clouds than yesterday—always the warm wind blowing. There is a long swell. Under this trade-breeze, warm like a human breath, the ocean seems to pulse—to rise and fall as with a vast inspiration and expiration. Alternately its blue circle lifts and falls before us and behind us; we rise very high, we sink very low, but always with a slow, long motion. Nevertheless the water *looks* smooth, perfectly smooth; the billowings which lift us cannot be seen: it is because the summits of those swells are mile-broad, too broad to be discerned from the level of our deck.

Ten A.M.—Under the sun the sea is a flaming, dazzling lapis-lazuli. My French friend from Guadeloupe kindly confesses this is *almost* the color of tropical water. Weeds floating by, a little below the surface, are azure. But the Guadeloupe gentleman says he has seen water still more blue. I am sorry; I cannot believe him.

Mid-day.—The splendor of the sky is weird. No clouds above—nothing but blue fire. Up from the warm deep color of the sea circle, the edge of the heaven burns as if bathed in greenish flame. The swaying circle of the resplendent sea seems to flash its jewel color to the zenith.

Clothing feels now almost too heavy to endure; and the warm wind brings a languor with it as of temptation. One feels an irresistible desire to drowse on deck: the rustling speech of waves, the long rocking of the ship, the lakewarm caress of the wind, urge to slumber, but the light is too vast to permit of sleep. Its blue power compels wakefulness. And the brain is wearied at last by this duplicated azure splendor of sky and sea. How gratefully comes the evening to us, with its violet glooms and promises of coolness!

All this conscious blending of warmth and force in winds and waters more and more suggests an idea of the spiritualism of elements, a sense of world life. In all these soft sleepy swayings, these caresses of wind and sobbing of waters, Nature seems to confess some passionate mood. Passengers converse of pleasant, tempting things, tropical fruits, tropical beverages, tropical mountain breezes, tropical women. It is a time for dreams—those day-dreams that come gently as a mist, with ghostly reflection of hopes, desires, ambitions. Men sailing to the homes of Guiana dream of gold.

The wind seems to grow continually warmer; the spray feels warm like blood. Awakings have to be eluded up, and wind sails taken in; still, there are no white-caps, only the enormous swells, too broad to see, as the ocean rolls, and rises like the motion of a dreamer's breast.

The sunset comes with a great burning yellow glow, fading up through faint greens to lose itself in violet light; there is no gleaming. The days have already become much shorter.

Through the open ports, as we lie down to sleep, comes a great whispering. The

whispering of the sense sounds as of articulate speech under the breath, as of women telling secrets.

V

Fifth day out. Trade winds from the southeast; a huge tumbling of mountain-purple waves. The stunner canvas under a full spread of canvas. There is a sense of spring in the wind to-day; something that makes one think of the bourgeoning of Northern woods when the naked trees first cover themselves with a mist of tender green; something that recalls the first bird songs, the first climbings of sap to sun and gives a sense of vital plentitude.

Evening fills the west with our old woolly clouds—the wool of the Fleece of Gold. Then *Hesperus* beams like another moon, and the stars loom very brightly. Still the ship heaves under the even pressure of the warm wind in her sails, and her wake becomes a trail of fire. Immense sparks dash up through it continually, like an effervescence of the flame, and queer broad clouds of pale blue swirl by. Far out, where the water is black as pitch, there are no lights; it seems as if the steams were only grinding out sparks with her keel, streaking fire with her propeller.

VI

Sixth day out. Wind tepid and still stronger, but sky very clear. An indigo sea, with beautiful white caps. The green color is deepening; it is very rich now, but I think less wonderful than before. It is an opulent pearly tone. Close by the ship it looks black-blue, the color that bewitches in certain Celtic eyes.

There is a feverishness in the air. The heat is growing heavy; the least exertion provokes perspiration; below-deck the air is like the air of an oven. Above-deck, however, the effect of all this light and heat is not wholly disagreeable. One feels that vast elemental powers are near at hand, and that the blood is already aware of their approach.

All day the pure sky, the deepening of sea color, the lukewarm wind. Then comes a superb sunset. There is a painting in the west wrought of cloud-colors; a dream of high carmine cliffs and rocks outlying in a green sea which lashes their bases with a foam of gold.

Even after dark the touch of the wind has the warmth of flesh. There is no moon; the sea circle is black as Acheron;

and our phosphor wake reappears quivering across it, seeming to reach back to the very horizon. It is brighter tonight; looks like another Milky-Way, with points breaking through it like stars in a nebula. From our prow ripples rimmed with fire keep fleeing away to right and left into the night, brightening as they run; then vanishing suddenly, as if they had passed over a precipice. Crests of swells seem to burst into showers of sparks, and great patches of spume catch flame, smoulder through, and disappear. The Southern Cross is visible, sloping backward and sideways, as if propped against the vault of the sky; it is not readily discerned by the unfamiliarized eye; it is only after it has been well pointed out to you that you discern its position. Then you find it is only the *suggestion* of a cross; but stars of almost quaternary, fairly some brighter than others.

For two days there has been little conversation on board. It may be due in part to the somnolent influence of the warm wind, to part to the ceaseless humming of waters and rail of rigging, which drown more voices. But I fancy it is much more due to the impresses of space and depth and vastness; the impressions of sea and sky, which compel something akin to *trance*. There were a serious meditative expression, and looks as adverse to loud speech as if on some tremendous temple.

VII

Morning now the Caribbean Sea is calm, extremely dark indigo sea. There are lands on sight, high lands with sharp-peaked, unfamiliar outlines.

We passed other lands in the darkness; they no doubt resembled the shapes now, rising up around us now. For these are evidently volcanic creations—jagged, coned, fermented, *eccentric*. Far off they first looked a very pale gray; now as the light increases, they change hue a little, showing misty greens and smoky blues. They rise very sharply from the sea to great heights; the highest point always with a cloud upon it; they thrust out singular long spurs, push up mountain shapes that have an odd scooped-out look. Some, extremely far away, seem, as they catch the sun, to be made of gold vapor; others have a madderish tone; these are colors of cloud. The closer we approach them, the more do tints of green make themselves visible. Purplish or bluish masses



MIDSUMMER TRIP.

of coast slowly develop green surfaces; folds and wrinkles of land turn brightly verdant. Still the color gleams as through a thin fog.

The first tropical visitor has just boarded our ship: a wonderful fly, shaped like

a common fly, but at least five times larger. His body is a beautiful shining black; his wings seem ribbed and jointed with silver; his head is jewel-green, with exquisitely cut compound eyes.

Islands pass and disappear behind us.



The sun has now risen well. The day is a rich blue, and the forty-foot ship hangs in it. Blue fumes show through the water. In the south there are a few straggling small white clouds like a long trail of birds. A great grey mistiness happens up before us. We are steaming in Santa Cruz.

The island has a true volcanically-like sharp and high: the cliffs sheer down almost perpendicularly. The shape is all vapory, varying in coloring from purplish to bright gray, but wherever peaks and spurs fully catch the sun they edge themselves with a beautiful green gray. The interlying ravines seem filled with foggy blue.

As we approach, the shadowed heights change to a greenish blue; sun-tinged surfaces come out still more luminously green. Glens and sheltered valleys still hold blues and greys, but points farly illuminated by the solar glow show just such a new green as birds in the plumage of certain humming-birds. And just as the lustrous colors of these birds shift according to changes of light, so the island shifts colors here and there from emerald to blue, and blue to grey. But now we are near: it shows us a lovely heaping of high emerald hills in front, with a further coast line very low and long and verdant, fringed with a white beach, and tufted with spidery palm crests. Immediately opposite, other palms are joined; their fronds look like a display of unpolished silver, their leaves like imitations of immense feathered fans to frame

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But all the buildings look dilapidated: the stucco and paint are falling or peeling everywhere; there are fissures in the walls, crumbling façades, tumbling roofs. The first stories, built with a solidity worthy of an earthquake region, seem ridiculously heavy by contrast with the frail wooden superstructures above. The reason is that this city of Frederiksted was burned and sacked during a negro revolt in 1878. The Spanish basements resisted the fire astonishingly well, and it was found necessary to rebuild only the second stories of the buildings; but the work was done cheaply and flimsily, not massively and enduringly, as it had been done by the first builders. Decay is already visible.

There is great wealth of verdure. Cabbage and cocoa palms overlook all the streets, bending above almost every structure, whether hut or public building; everywhere you see the spitted green of huge banana leaves. In the court-yards you may occasionally catch sight of some splendid palm with silver gray stem so barred as to look jointed, like the body of an ammelid.

In the market place—a broad paved square crossed by two rows of tamarind-trees, and bounded on one side by a Spanish piazza—you can study a spectacle of singular and savage picturesqueness. There are no benches, no stalls, no booths; the dealers stand, sit, or squat upon the ground, under the sun, or upon the steps of the neighboring arcade. Their wares are piled up at their feet for the most part. Some few possess tiny tables, but usually the eatables are simply laid on the dusty ground, or heaped upon the steps of the piazza: reddish-yellow mangoes that look like great apples squeezed out of shape, bunches of bananas, pyramids of bright green cocoa-nuts, immense golden-green oranges, and various vegetables and other fruits—some very small, some monstrous—of which I did not learn the names. It is no use to ask questions. The black dealers speak no tongue comprehensible outside of the *Aquitos*; it is



YOUNG AFRICAN.

a negro English that sounds like some African tongue, a rolling current of vowels and consonants pouring so rapidly that no inexperienced ear can detect one solitary intelligible word. A friendly planter, coming up, enabled me to learn one phrase.

"Massa, youwanceocknerfoobuy?" (Master, do you want to buy a coconut nut?)

The market is quite crowded, full of bright color under the tremendous noon light. Buyers and dealers are generally of an absolute black; very few yellow or brown people are visible in the gathering. The greater number present are women; they are very simply, almost savagely, garbed, only a skirt or petticoat, over which is worn a sort of calico short dress which scarcely descends two inches below the hips, and is confined about the waist with a belt or a string. The skirt bells out like the skirt of a dancer, leaving the feet and bare legs well exposed, and the head is covered with a white handkerchief twisted so as to look like a turban. Multitudes of these bareheaded black women are walking past us carrying bundles or baskets upon their heads, and smoking very long cigars.



—SPRING LADY, DALLIES—

They are all stout and thick-set, and walk with surprising confidence, and with long, firm steps, carrying the bosom well forward. Their limbs are thick and finely rounded. Whether walking or standing, their pose is admirable—upright, but called graceful were it not for the absence of any grace of form in such compact, powerful little figures. All wear brightly colored calicoes or dresses, and the general effect of the costume is a large gathering of very agreeable, the dominant hues being pure white and blue. Half the women are smoking long thin rods of tobacco. All chatter busily, speaking their English, given with a push of voice totally unlike the English method of utterance as if some one were trying to pronounce English rapidly according to French pronunciation and push of voice.

These great orators have a delicious perfume that is almost overpowering. Each

one of them is sufficient to perfume the skin of the hands for the rest of the day, however often one may plunge to use soap and water. We smoke Porto Rico cigars, and drink West Indian lemonades strongly flavored with rum. The tobacco has a rich, sweet taste; the rum is velvety, sugary, with a pleasant, soothing effect; both have a delicious aroma. There is a pleasurable originality about the flavor of these products—a uniqueness which certifies irrefutably to their naïf purity; something as opulent and frank as the juices and odors of tropical fruits and flowers.

The streets leading from the plaza glow brightly in the strong sunlight; the ground almost dead-white, dazzles the eyes. There are few cars, few cabs, in the streets all are black, who pass, but through open shop doors one occasionally catches glimpses of a comely quadroon face, with numerous gleaming eyes—a face yellow like a ripe banana.

It is now after midday. Looking up to the hills or

along straight streets toward the shore, one sees a mass of foliage color most to the eye, gold-green, sage-green, bluish and though greened many times, reddish green, crimson-green. The same fields are broad streaks of beautiful gold-green, and nearly as bright are the masses of *passiflora frutescens*, the garrets of lemon and orange, while tamarinds and native trees are lovely shadows. Everywhere palm trees, some above the wood lines and bunched with a monadic shimmering in the blue light. Up through a ponderous the knees of tamarind rises the spire of the church: a skeleton of open stone-work, without glasses or lattices or shutters of any sort for its naked apertures; it is all open to the winds of heaven; it seems to be gasping with all its granite mouth for breath, panting in this azure heat. In the bay the water looks greener than ever; it is so clear that the light

passes under every boat and ship to the very bottom: the vessels cast only very thin green shadows—so transparent that fish can be distinctly seen passing through from sunlight to sunlight.

The sunset offers a splendid spectacle of pure color; there is only an immense glow in the west—a lemon-colored blaze; but where it melts into the blue there is an exquisite green light. We leave to-morrow.

Morning. The green hills are looming in a bluish vapor; the long faint yellow slope of beach to the left of the town, under the mangoes and tamarinds,

We move slowly out of the harbor, then swiftly toward the southeast. The island seems to turn slowly half round: then to retreat from us. Across our way appears a long band of green light, reaching over the sea like a thin protraction of color from the extended spur of verdure in which the western end of the island terminates. That is a sunken reef, and a dangerous one. Lying high upon it, in very sharp relief against the blue light, is a wrecked vessel on her beam ends, the carcass of a brig. Her decks have been broken in; the roofs of her cabins are gone; her masts are splintered off short; her empty



HAUSE TERRACE, ST. WILLIAM.

is already thronged with bathers—all men or boys, and all naked, black, brown, yellow, and white. The white bathers are Danish soldiers from the barracks; the Northern brightness of their skins forms an almost startling contrast with the rich deep colors of the Indians about them, and with the dark complexions of the natives. Some very slender, graceful brown lads are bathing with them, lightly built as deer; these are probably creoles. The black bathers are clumsy-looking, and have astonishingly long legs. Then little boys come down leading horses; they strip, leap naked on the animals' backs, and ride into the sea, yelling, screaming, splashing in the morning light. Some are a fine rich brown color, like old bronze. Nothing could be more statuesque than the dreamy attitudes of these bronze bodies in leaping, wrestling, running, pitching shells. Then simple grace is in admirable harmony with the graces of nature's green creations about them. Physics faultlessly with perfect self-balance, of the palms that poise along the shore.

Boats, and a thunder rolling of voices,

hold yavins naked to the sun; all her upper parts have taken a yellowish-white color, the color of sun-bleached hair.

Behind us, the mountains still float back. Their shining green has changed to a less vivid hue; they are taking dusky tones here and there; but their outlines are still sharp, and along their high sun slopes there are white specklings which are villages and towns. These white specks, however swiftly, dwindle to the dimensions of salt grains, finally vanish. Then the island grows uniformly dusky; it becomes cloudy, vague as a dream of mountains; it floats at last gray as smoke, and then melts into the horizon light like a mirage.

Another yellow sunset, much stronger by extraordinarily black, dense, fantastic shapes of land. Night comes; and again the Southern Cross glimmers before our eyes; and the two Milky Ways reveal themselves, that of the tropics and that ghostlier one which traverses the track over the black deep behind us. This alternately broadens and narrows—at regular intervals, concomitantly with the rhythmical swing of the steamer. Before us the bows point



CLARENCE, THE INTERPRETANT, BATHING

For a while while it continues to pour. But it is a heavy, spectral shower, not of actual vapor. The sea in that hour looks almost black; the southwest wind has turned no day with luminous mist, and the phantom of Nevis rises in the east, and dissolves utterly. Once more we are out of sight of land, in the center of a blue-black circle of sea. The water has now blackly against the immense light of the horizon—a huge white plume that flames up very high before it falls and melts into the eternal blue.

Along the sea. The island shape no longer, fragments, without changing color. It is not a cloud, but an island, its outlines begin to shimmer with faintest pencilings of color. Shadowy valleys appear, spectral hollows; phantom slopes or pallid blue or green. The appearance is so limbo-like that it is difficult to persuade one's self one is looking at real land after a night of dream. It seems to have stepped itself all suddenly out of the glowing haze. We pass many miles beyond it, and it vanishes into mist again.

Another and a larger glowy, but we swim straight upon it, until it narrows into an immense, shimmering, misty surface. It looms in our midst, hardly

Then a high white shape, like a cloud, appears before us on the purplish dark

belong to the islands we have already visited or passed—sunlit, dappled bright green, rather deeper, linked together by streaks of yellow. Above us looms prominently a heavy black shadow. At the base of the cone, half green, and the little white and red town, besprinkled with palms. The single shot of our cannon is answered by a hundred reverberations—a stupendous broadside volley of replies. Then comes a great surge, a fervid orange splendor, shading up starward into delicate rose and vermeil. Black battalions come down and hover freely for the purples of a rising and passing shadow. They wear the same funeral incense-scented garb which surrounded us at Santa Cruz and at St. Kitt's, and as they sweep and strike, gesticulating round the sunset light, their half-naked athletic, pervade unpleasant beauty they resemble huge black apes.

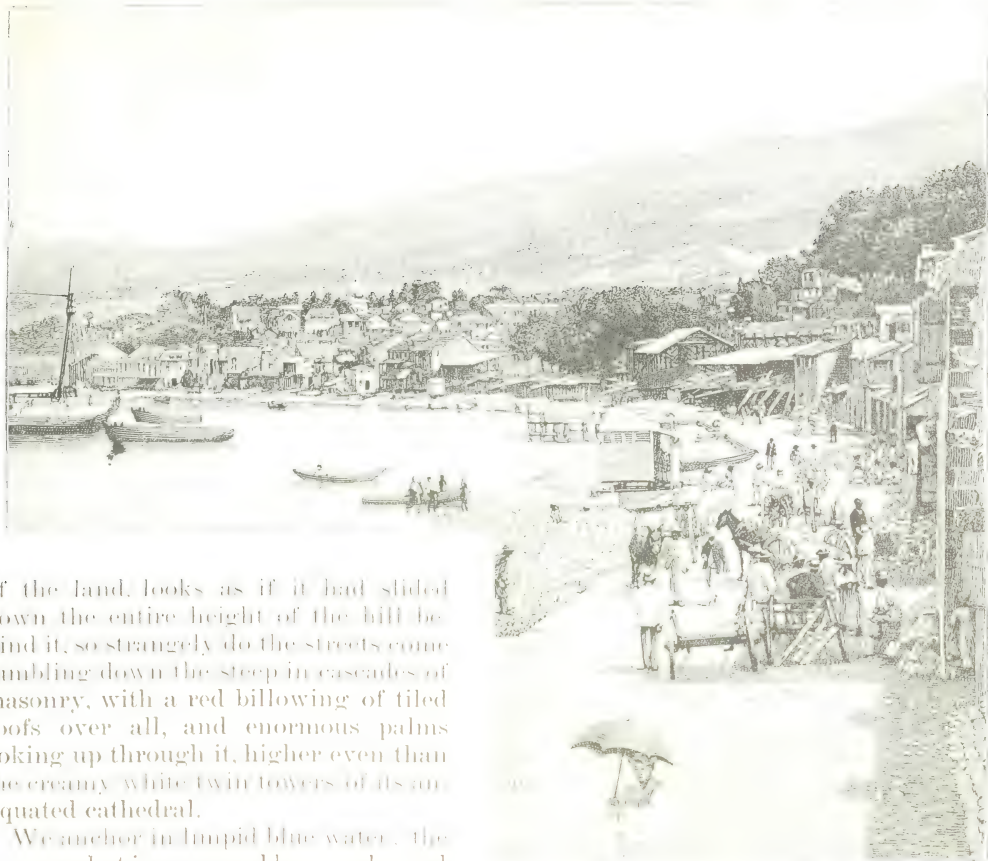
Under steam and off we are heading south again, with a warm wind blowing southeast—a wind very much very powerful and superior. Faring through it is almost red, but the wind now is sheltered from its fierce perpendicular bursts out. The ship heels over somewhat, swells, right falls very heavily, and there are surprising displays of phosphoric color.

At

Morning—a gold sunrise. The wind has fallen. It is a great warm caress. The sea is deep indigo; the sky a cloudless and tender blue. Martinique looms before us. At first it appears all gray, a vapory gray; then it becomes bluish-gray; then all green.

It is another of the beautiful volcanic family; it owns the same hill shapes with which we have already become acquainted; its uppermost height is hooded with the familiar cloud; we see the same gold-yellow plumes, the same wonderful variety of verdure; the same long green spurs reaching out into the sea, cloudless, saved by old lava torrents. But all this is more rounded, far more unspicuously more grander; it is wrought upon a larger scale than anything we have yet seen. The semicircular sweep of the harbor, dominated by the eternally veiled summit of the large Mont Pelee more natural than it is given to the very clouds, from which the land slopes down on either hand to the sea by gigantic, undisturbed, one of the fairest sights that nature can afford upon. Thus viewed, the whole island appears as a mass of foam, the green with streaks of shadows of deeper green here and there, gleams of blue, patches of lowering shadows of gold. The city of St. Pierre, on the edge





ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, FROM THE HARBOR.

of the land, looks as if it had slid down the entire height of the hill behind it, so strangely do the streets come tumbling down the steep in cascades of masonry, with a red billowing of tiled roofs over all, and enormous palms poking up through it, higher even than the creamy white twin towers of its antiquated cathedral.

We anchor in limpid blue water, the cannon-shot is answered by a prolonged thunder-clapping of mountain echoes.

Then from the shore a strange flotilla bears down upon us. There is one boat, two or three canoes; but the bulk of the craft are simply white wooden frames, flat-bottomed structures made from shipping-cases or lard-boxes, with triangular ends. In all of these sit naked boys, boys between ten and fourteen years of age—varying in color from a fine clear yellow to a deep reddish-brown or chocolate tint. They row with two little square flat pieces of wood for paddles, clutched in each hand, and these lid-shaped things are dipped into the water on either side with absolute precision, in perfect time, all the pairs of little naked arms seeming moved by a single impulse. There is much unconscious grace in this paddling, as well as consummate skill. Then all about the ship these ridiculous little boats begin to describe circles, crossing and intercrossing so closely as almost to bring them into collision, yet never touching. The boys have simply come out to dive for coins they expect passengers to throw to them. All are chattering excitedly, howl-

ing, and screaming shrilly; every eye, quick and bright as a cat's, watches the faces of the passengers on deck. "Ten-tion-là!" shriek a dozen sopranis; some passenger's hand has descended into a money pocket, and all are on the alert. Through the air, twirling and glittering, tumbles an English shilling, and drops into the deep water beyond the little fleet. Instantly all the lads leap, scramble, topple head-foremost, out of their little tubs, and dive in pursuit. In the blue water these little figures look perfectly red, all but the soles of their upturned feet, which show quite white. Almost immediately they all rise again; one holds up a coin—length above the water the recovered coin, and then puts it into his mouth for safe-keeping. Then after coin is thrown in, and as speedily brought up; a shower of small silver follows, and not a piece is lost. These lads move through the water without apparent effort with the suppleness of fishes. Most are decidedly blue-



looking boys with rudimentary, pectoral fins delicately fringed on the top. The best diver and swiftest swimmer, he is a hamonoid fish. The commonplace, but his slim figure

we accept are the reports descending to the bottom of flight to aid grosser sense-impression, avoiding throwing us to the same waste, and have the sensation of going from 1910. From certain openings in the upper arch—the Ros Vomer Horns—originate the semicircular tubes, a three-way

view of all the harbor with all its shipping. The roofs of the street below are under your feet, and other streets are rising behind you afar up to meet the mountain roads. They climb at an almost precipitous angle, occasionally breaking into steep stairs of lava rock, all grass-tufted and moss-lined.

have walls three feet in thickness. On one street, facing the sea, they are even heavier, and slope outward like ramparts, so that the perpendicular recesses of windows and doors have the appearance of being opened between buttresses. It may have been partly as a precaution against earthquakes, and partly for the sake of



THE TOWN OF CAIRO (FORMERLY CAIRO) IN THE WEST INDIES.

The town has a look of a thoroughly solid one. It is a creation of stone, made almost as if it had been hewn out of one monolith. Frequently instead of having been constructed stone by stone. At thought constantly existing of their stones and an apparently unbroken

solidness that the only robust architecture built here during the long reign of oppression or comparatively inhuman slavery with no room for none of the South of the River.

And even where rugged mountains are not and mountains are not, the

years ago by a curious sumptuary law, regulating the dress of slaves and colored people of free condition, a law which allowed considerable liberty as to material and tint, prescribing only form. But these fashions suggest the Orient; they offer beautiful audacities of color contrasts; and the coiffure, above all, is so strikingly Eastern that you cannot help wondering whether it was not first introduced into the colony by some Mohammedan negro slave. It is simply an immense Madras handkerchief, which is folded about the head with admirable art, like a turban; one bright end, pushed through at the top in front, being left sticking up like a plume. Then this turban, always full of bright canary color, is fastened with great golden or silver brooches, one in front and one at either side. As for the remainder of the dress, it is simple enough: an embroidered, low-cut chemise with sleeves, a skirt or *jupon*, quite short in front and very long behind, but caught up and fastened in front below the breasts so as to bring the hem every where to a level with the end of the long chemise; and finally a *foulard*, or silken kerchief, thrown over the shoulders. These *jupes* and *foulards*, however, are exquisite in pattern and color: bright crimson, bright yellow, bright blue, bright green, lilac, violet, rose, sometimes mingled together in plaids, or checkerings, or stripings; black with orange, sky-blue with purple. And whatever be the colors of the turban, which vary astonishingly, the brighter parts must be yellow—brilliant, flashing yellow: the turban is certain to possess yellow stripes or yellow squares. To this display add the effect of costly and gorgeous jewelry: immense ear-rings, each pendant being formed of five gold cylinders joined together (cylinders sometimes two inches long and an inch at least in circumference



THE SLAVE—A NEGRO WOMAN.

each, a necklace of double, triple, quadruple, or quintuple rows of large hollow gold beads—sometimes smooth, but generally engraved, the wondrous *collier chinois*. Now this glowing jewelry is not a mere imitation of pure metal: the ear-rings are worth 175 francs a pair; the necklaces of a Martinique quadrone may cost 500 or even 1000 francs. It may be the gift of her *lover* her *dansons*; but such ornaments are usually purchased on time, by small payments which may continue regularly for several years.

Many are less richly and brightly attired: the greater number of the women carrying *baratons* on their heads—poddling vegetables, cakes, fruits, or ready cooked food from door to door—usually wear a single plaity robe, very long by



"With Jockey to the Fair"



WAS in the flower'd May day
When birds were paired, all things were
Thought bids to sing and leaves to play,
And thrond the meadows gay,
Young Jockey rode as the morn
Arose and tipped the poplars down.

His Sundaye ead the southpunter
For Jentry had found some company
At the Appleton Tap-house.





THE cheerful peep-holes had rung
 With eager steps descending along
 Sweet flow'ry gardens round that ring,
 Which shepherds used to woe.
 He tapp'd the window. "Hush, my dear
 Jenny, impatient cried. "Who's there?"
 "'Tis I, my love, and no one near.
 Step gently down, you've naught to fear.
 With Jockey to the fair."



MY first acquaintance was made
 At home by accident and chance;
 And ere long we were joined in love;
 When I perceived you were
 And who can ever separate
 I went by all the usual ways
 And gave myself up to you
 Until we were married and true
 With love we live.



B

Hold the ring! the shepherd cried
 Will Jemmy be my chosen bride?
 Let Jemmy be my happy guide,
 And Hutton meet us there.

Then Jockey did his bows repeat
 His word inconstancy would be true;
 His word was proved. Away she flew
 With crosslips spudding with distress.
 With Jockey to the fair.



SAY THE WORD, and a perfect storm
From government's battle and you'll
Find some business will grow like
Cotton in the open field.

What does it mean, no doubt on this
All these years, we've been told
The nation's the business of
The nation's the business of

And the nation's the business of
The nation's the business of



THE DAYS OF CIVILIZATION.

1876, and then they too succumbed to the inevitable. Fortunately for Dakota, there were not enough people within her borders during these years to afford any comfort to the grasshoppers, and thus it happened that the sufferers, returning penniless to their Eastern homes, with woful tales of their sufferings, laid nothing to the credit of Dakota. Kansas and Nebraska, however, received a very thorough advertising from the evil, and the result was that when, with returning financial prosperity, in 1877 and 1878, the tide of surplus population again rolled westward, Dakota was the promised land; nor was it until Dakota was well filled by this influx that western Kansas and Nebraska received any benefit from it, several years later. This was a tidal wave, though it came over the border for now this territory is a part and parcel of the restless sea of population which is steadily rolling toward the Pacific shore.

But at what a cost has this final success been achieved? How many reverses and failures before a permanent foothold has been established in the desert by the sturdy pioneers? Surely 'God save the north.' I wonder if it is not true of all pioneers, as it is of these, that as a rule they were the poor devils of the community, who were forced by stern necessity to go to a new

country to strive again to make a stand in the battle of life? There are old stagers here who 'pioneered' it first in Illinois, next in Iowa, then in eastern Nebraska, western Nebraska, and who now lay a final card on view for their next stand. The wanderers whose lives were shaped by experience prove that it takes three sets of pioneers to make a permanent population. The first settler with rare exceptions does not a half-stayed existence, and he can make no headway for himself by the time his family and even he to sell and leave at the second crop of pioneers—men who bring a little money with them to fight the battle with more ease. Though the necessity of incurring debts to keep things going beats this second class, and they in turn give way to the third, farmers who come prepared and able to stay. For it must not be supposed that the original homesteaders are necessarily a failure. A frontier had all sorts and conditions of men among them, from agriculturists to cowboys, from bankrupt business men to the famed men from Russia. Allied above, together with professional men and tradesmen in the villages, and a fair number of bona fide farmers, appear in the ranks of the homesteaders.

And the address of these life 'what





A HOMESTEAD, DAKOTA

chapters of queer tales could be written of them! To begin with, the habitation of the homesteader is either a dugout or a house built of squares of sod taken from the prairie—Nebraska or Kansas brick, as they are facetiously termed. The dugout consists of a hole dug in the side of a cañon or any sort of depression on the prairie which will serve as a wind-break. This hole is roofed across, about two feet with the prairie, with rough boards, and these are covered with sod. A foot or so of stove-pipe protruding from the roof is the sole indication of a human habitation. One room generally serves all the purposes of the homesteader and his family. If he prospers for a season he adds to the front of his abode by erecting walls of sod on the sides and putting in a new front, the old one serving as a partition between the two rooms. This is considered a commendable dwelling. After riding over the quarter section looking for an owner, espying such an abode, and guiding your team carefully down a break-neck descent to the front door, would it surprise you, upon entering this hole in the ground, to find, for instance, a very modern organ with an imposing cathedral back towering high in one corner of the room? But this is no cause for astonishment.

very frequently organs and ornate designs in furniture are to be found in the dugouts. Or, if the lady of the house should invite you to remain for the meeting of the literary club there in the evening, would you stare at that? Not at all. Literary clubs, since the homesteaders all the way from five to twenty miles to attend and interestingly discuss with great earnestness everything from the latest political problem to the most abstruse point in metaphysics, are quite the regular thing with our homesteaders. But to behold the life so full of paradoxes in the midst of its incongruousness you should be a spectator in the dugout when a neighborhood dance is in full blast. The earthen walls have been skilfully tapestried for the occasion with calico, and when the fun begins, the clay floor speedily responds to the capering of the many tripping feet, and there rises a cloud of dust that would still an Apollo. But does you, they don't mind a bit of dust. A polished floor and the most perfect system of ventilation attainable could add nothing to their enjoyment.

The homesteaders are very honest. You can leave a house unlocked at all times and your stores are perfectly safe with the exception of what liquor you may



A NEBRASKA SCENE.

Let us glance further at the financial aspect of the situation in the desert. Money, of course, is the prime factor in all problems of civilization. Without the wealth which begets leisure, and the leisure which begets thought, there would be no progress in human affairs. But out here we must begin a step back of Buckle's proposition: we must first acquire the wealth. From what has been said it will be readily inferred that the homesteader did not bring it with him; rather to come because he lacked it; and it takes many a long and hard year of labor to accumulate it by farming, even under the most favorable conditions. Thus it follows of necessity that the new West is heavily in debt. The western frontier always has been, but as the border line steadily advances toward the Sierra Nevada, the mortgages are lifted from the older States, the rates of interest lessen, and the indebtedness is gradually extinguished.

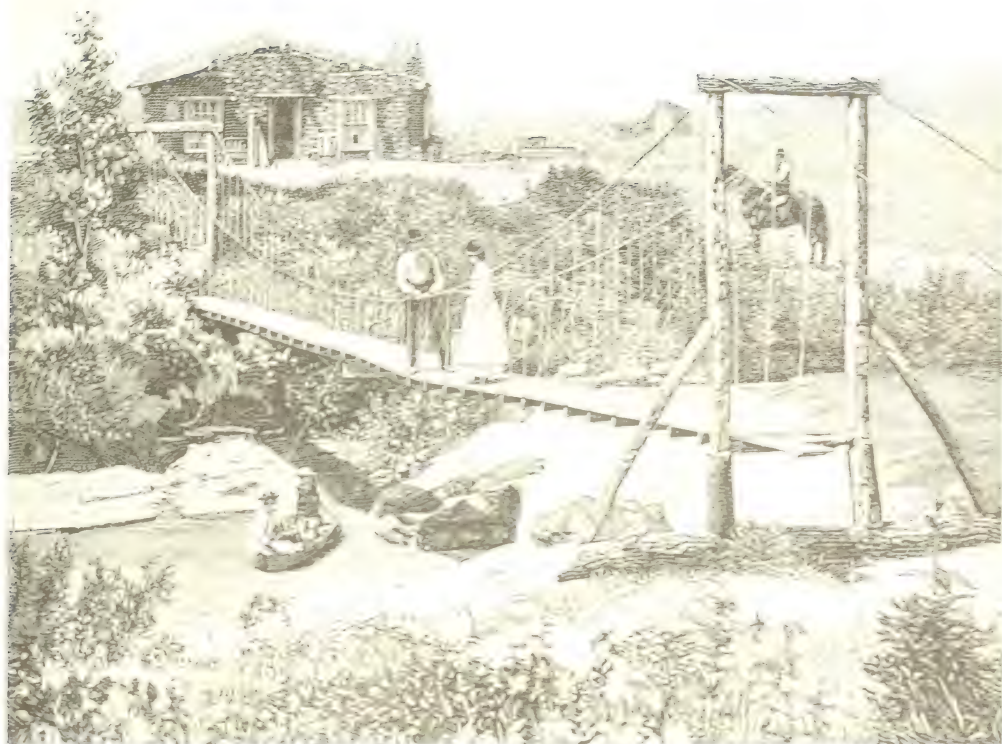
Twenty years ago, money was worth ten per cent. in Michigan; to-day it is worth six to seven per cent. Fifteen years ago it was still worth ten per cent. in Iowa; to-day it loans at seven to eight per cent. Fifteen years ago it was considered an oversight if a business loan in Chicago was not covered with a Boston mortgage. To-day not a little of the money which helps to develop the desert comes from Chicago—no longer a home loan, but a loan, in the world of finance.

It required millions upon millions of dollars of borrowed money every year to make possible the extraordinary progress of Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska during the past ten years. One of the first things to create surprise in the mind of a stranger is the great number of houses in these new Western towns. They are everywhere numerous. But their combined capital would not suffice to supply the insatiable fructifier of the demand for money in any territory. The great bulk of it comes from the East, New England particularly, in the way of farm loans. These are negotiated by loan and trust companies, whose name is before them are hundreds of them in the business. Their method of procedure is well understood here, but perhaps not so well known to Eastern readers. They have loan agents in every small town who take an application from the party wanting a loan, and forward it to the Western office of the company. Omaha, Kansas, for

Minneapolis, St. Paul, Lincoln, and Sioux City are the principal centres. The application, if accepted, is filed, and the necessary papers being made out, they are forwarded with the money to the front. The farmer signs a mortgage, running, say, five years, for one thousand dollars. The rate of interest he pays is ten per cent., but it is divided in this way: the principal mortgage draws seven per cent., and the semiannual interest coupons on this are for thirty-five dollars each. He then signs a second mortgage on his farm for an amount equal to three per cent. per annum for five years on the loan of one thousand dollars; this is divided into semiannual payments of fifteen dollars each, not bearing interest, as these are really interest notes—payable on the same dates as the interest coupons of the principal mortgage are. The loan company then sells the first mortgage drawing seven per cent. to the Eastern investor, keeping the second mortgage—or what is really the balance of the ten per cent. interest which the farmer pays for its profit. It will be observed that there is a handsome thing in



(REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES)



The idea is prevalent in the East that a location anywhere on the plains means living in a flat and featureless country, where the horizon presents in every direction a monotonous stretch of prairie, devoid of any objects of interest or natural beauty, and impressing upon one feelings of dreary loneliness. This is a mistake.

Certainly the most enthusiastic resident of the desert would not deny that the lovely groves of the East would be a great addition to our landscapes; but we are by no means in the poverty-stricken state in which our Eastern cousins have pictured us in respect to the beauties of nature. The vicinity of Waimeta Falls, in the Frenchman Valley, on the western edge of Nebraska, would not be esteemed commonplace even in Minnesota or Wisconsin, the homes of dainty eaters. In the view of them which we present there picturesqueness may be marred for some eyes by the rude but useful imitation of the Brooklyn Bridge which appears in the foreground. But to others this will exhibit the ingenuity of the homesteader applied to the scanty amenities of his command. The valley of the Republican River

away. The bluffs of the Missouri River have frequently been seen in towns forty miles east of them by means of this curious and beautiful phenomenon.

The soil of these prairies possesses such marvellous qualities in the way of productiveness that the stories told of it seem incredible; nor will I withhold upon the reader any tales of the enormous yield of grain, and of the vegetables and fruits of wondrous size which we yearly send east to astonish the farmers of the Middle States. Occasionally something occurs which astounds even the natives regarding the fertility of the soil, as when some immigrant, unable to find anything better to pre-empt, and lacking



or affords any number of beautiful landscape effects. The pure expanse and the great expanse of sky in every part of our country afford the loveliest cloud effects and the most magnificent sunsets to be found east of the mountains. Taunted by favored with the mirage within five or ten photographic clearness towns thirty miles

from the sea, bluffs or low hills in the distance show a quality peculiar to what we call the sand-hills, such as are found in portions of western Kansas and Nebraska. In the fall the soil produces from its barren one hundred and sixty acres of corn, and with melons, potatoes, pumpkins, and squashes of simply pro-

braska, which, it should be observed, lies on the extreme western frontier of the State. An editorial in a late number of the *New York Nation*, calling attention to General Morrow's observations, and the way in which the actual facts have upset the theories of the wondrous wise prophets of former days, quotes the *North American Review* in 1858 as saying that our people at that date, when there was scarcely a hamlet forty miles west of the Missouri River, had "already reached their inland western frontier," and describing the Missouri bluffs as "a shore at the termination of a vast ocean desert nearly one thousand miles in breadth," which it was proposed to traverse, if at all, "with caravans of camels, and which interposed a final barrier to the establishment of large communities—agricultural, commercial, or even pastoral." The closing comment of the editor of the *Nation* upon this is, "Yet before the close of 1880 Nebraska numbered half a million inhabitants," and he might have added, with equal truth and additional force, that to-day Nebraska numbers twice that many.

General Morrow instances 82,180 acres of land entered by homesteaders in a single county in Nebraska during three months of 1887. All the rural officers of the West tell the same story; their statistics sound like fables. The United States land office for the extreme southwestern part of Nebraska, embracing but a few counties, remitted last year to Washington five hundred thousand dollars to pay for homesteads and pre-emp-tions.

In view of these facts—this phenomenal increase in population in all parts of the new West—we naturally look for the new centres of population which supply this people, and to those in the words of the political platform, "we point with pride." If the facts herein set forth have been carefully considered, how easy to understand the *raison d'être* of the Omaha, Kansas City, Lincoln, and Wichita of today? These towns are simply a reflection of the farms of Kansas and Nebraska, and are dependent entirely on the desert for their business.

Of greater interest I have it, and reflecting more perfectly the substantial development of the new West than the great centres mentioned, are the well built, bright, and attractive inland towns of Ne-

braska, Dakota, and Kansas, cities of the second and third class, ranging from 3000 to 15,000 inhabitants. There are so many of these in the desert that it is almost a pity to single out a few for mention; but out of many of perhaps equal merit let us glance at Hastings, Nebraska, a town fifteen years old, with a population of 15,000 intelligent, enterprising, and prosperous people, possessed of all of the conveniences of city life, such as gas and electric light, water-works, street-cars, and a free mail delivery; its streets lined with blocks of handsome brick structures; a centre of heavy financial and industrial interests; its homes representing all that is modern and progressive in architecture. How surprised one would be, who has not seen this country for five years, at the towns numbered by the score in Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska which rival in every respect the most prosperous towns in New York and New England! Among the younger cities there is Mitchell, Dakota, less than seven years old (four thousand inhabitants), containing several churches, fine schools, refined society, substantial banks, large packing interests

enough to enable it to make life pleasant socially and prosperous financially. Or look at McCook, Nebraska, one of the newest and furthest west of all these towns—only about five years old—here there was nothing but a log house five years ago where the town of 2000 people now, nearly five hundred miles west of the Missouri River, in the midst of a fertile farming country, possessing everything necessary in the line of churches, schools, and social advantages to make any one content with a habitation in the desert, and whose founders had confidence enough in its future to supply it with a system of water-works equal in extent to that of Lincoln.

There are many types; there are dozens of such towns, not of the mushroom order of farming towns or centres of speculative activity. They are the legitimate product of a rich agricultural region, and are its necessary complement. They are here to stay, and in building them, and considering what they represent, the conviction forces itself irresistibly on one that the best advice ever offered to a young American was contained in the words—which have been bandied about in many a joke, but are as full of wisdom to-day as when Horner freely uttered them: "Go West, young man—go West."

THEATRE 811

INDEX

During all this time Adams—over the
and often very considerable—was made by
the fact that for a while Adams in fact con-
strong seemed to grow more and more
likely to attack of nervous breakdown or
excitability; and as these frequency and
increased in deep violence. Adams had to
be on the alert by night as well as by day.
It was so strange to be in this little room
that seemed filled with the shadowy pres-
ence of the dead works, and to watch the count-
less spotted, appealing faces and to hear
the murmured "Mother" which radiated
the way the soul was torn its last
moment of a body. Above the dead

frequently happened, some written communication from himself, addressed to Flora. He was in Egypt now, and on his way to India, where he vaguely hinted that there was some chance of his getting an appointment; but in the mean time the winter society in Cairo seemed extremely pleasant, and he was in no hurry to leave.

"But look here, my dear Miss Dimity," Flora wrote, in enclosing one of these epistles. "I don't quite understand why, in the midst of such gaiety, and with all those nice people being kind to him, he should be sighing and pining for his native land. If he wants to come home, what's to hinder? And there's such a lot to pine for at this present moment! You should see poor William now, Miss Dimity—dead, dead as a doornail, all the rowing-boats to and fro in the back yards, all the yachts gone, and the sea-birds find the place so uninteresting to them, that you can hear *cry-ey-ey-ey* whistling all along the shore and yachts sailing about and looking their heads within a stone's-throw of the house. There's no bustle *about* at the place when the *Moutainers* come—their *and* what the use of making your *and* sorry about and men and going down to look for when there's never a touch of wind, you see, or then the captain or perhaps a young married traveller board the *barques*. We're all ashen here. The weather perfectly clear and still, the hills and the lochs are as much in a *blaze* as we are, and when the dead *larks* on another far away he is, fires his pistol at some harmless bird on the shore, you would think the whole world *was* *blaze*. By the way, if Ludovick is disappointed and his southern quarters *why* cannot he come home for the winter shooting, which is very good about Oyno?—Hugh says he have come through from Edinburgh, and I should like to see the big *game* and, notwithstanding that he talks for *why* his poor women *creatures*. I don't understand why Ludovick should stop in Egypt, or in India either, if he would *come* to at home.

"But what is the man's *business* to that he should take such pains to write to me so minutely about himself and his doings. I was never so honored before, I assure you. Really, this sudden regard *show* is very flattering; and I begin to think I am not quite so commonplace as

being as Hugh would make me out, even if I can't throw a stone straight. And indeed I don't know that I am not betraying confidence in letting you see these letters; but then, on the other hand, I have sent him such news of you as I could, for let me tell you, my dear Miss Dimity, you are a pretty poor correspondent. I *did* think you might have told me a little more about the breaking off of that affair between you and Ludovick—*but* it was precious little I could get out of *him*, but I suppose in such a very delicate matter it is best for outsiders to remain *outside*, and I have no doubt that what you did was for the best. But I can't help being a little sorry sometimes; for, to speak honestly, he is a *real good fellow*, and I am sure he was very fond of you, and it would have been very nice for us to have had you as a neighbor at Oyno. However, it is no use talking now.

It was not the talking now, that was all gone and done with. Indeed, the matrimonial project that at the moment was before Alison's mind, or rather pressed in upon her attention, was of a very different cast. The Mrs. James Fergus was now twenty and apparently a sister for her father, though to be sure her mother did guard off the wedding bar here. But that resolute little woman had gone so far, that nothing was to be feared for from this point, and of her accompanying her parents to the Minister's home, and sitting on her knees until they were ready to come away again. It was in vain that her kind mother poured the *logic* of danger, sayings, and repeated sayings of his, which were mostly of her own invention and told her to—*but* into your *condition* with the Minister as long as the bath *was* *absolutely* *indisposed* *indisposed* had never a word for Alison, and indeed *covertly* and *quietly* *enclosed* her when there was a chance of meeting her in the street of *Edinburgh*. "So, so," said Mrs. Fergus, looking at her at a moment's private *glance*.

"Ye see, James," said she, with a fine *effort* *of* *her* *countenance*, "even *father* and me have never liked looking forward to *your* *laying* *Providence*, and you are the only son-in-law and nephew *to* think that even if ye married while as yet ye hadna a church, ye might bring your wife to the *burn*, and she would just help to end an *evil* *thing* *that* *of* *the* *best* *and* *possible*. For *my* *best* *friend* *about*

been conveyed to her that her father would be well pleased if she married the young minister; and she could understand that the congregation generally would approve of such a step; but, at all events, the time was not yet; and her brows gathered together a little when she found the farmer's wife taking the whole thing for granted.

But the most startling event that occurred this winter—or rather the early spring it was now—was a sudden and unexpected visit from Aunt Gilchrist, who descended like a blast from the mountains into this dull level of dreaminess. The tempestuous small dame had quarrelled with one of her fellow-patients at the Griffl Hydropathic Establishment; had instantly resolved to leave; and bestow her patronage on the rival resort in the island of Bute; and as she had to pass through Kilk o' Shields on the way, she wrote that she would arrive there on the following afternoon, and would stay the night. Alison read this letter with a quick joy in her heart. Here was some one associated with that happy and beautiful time she had spent in the Highlands; here was some one to whom she could talk about those kind friends in the north. And on the evening on which she got this note Kilk o' Shields was bright almost cheerful. A cold north-west wind had been blowing overingly, and some of the smoke was cleared away, so that there was a faint semblance of sunlight on the grey precipitous, and the spire of the Established Church, on the top of the little hill, rose and shone; but here and there grew thick and smoky a very suggestion of blue. But by the time it was necessary for Alison to go along to the station the afternoon of the same day was closing over, and the smoke clouds seemed to gather together again; so that Kilk o' Shields presented its usual appearance—with its crimson fires and white blasts of steam leaping and twisting and writhing into the desolation of the now darkening heavens.

"And here's my life-bark!" Aunt Gilchrist called aloud, the moment she stepped on to the platform, and the bright-eyed, fresh-complexioned, silver-haired little dame caught Alison by the shoulders, and kissed her again and again. "Well, well, it's just a delight to see you; for I've been a lone, lone woman, Alison, my dear, since I went to the Hydropathic;

and many's the time I've wished ye were with me, just to stand up for me and teach them no to tramp on a poor old creature like me. And I've booked all my luggage through to Glasgow, Alison, so that I've nothing but this bag here; and we'll get into a cab at once."

"A cab, Aunt Gilchrist?" said Alison, in dismay. "Do you really want a cab? For there isn't such a thing as Kilk o' Shields."

"Bless my soul and body! what kind of a town is this?" the old dame exclaimed, but she was in far too good humor over seeing her niece to be seriously put about. "And where's the gas? Do they no see it's dark? Or is this the only kind o' daylight they've got in this dreadful place?"

"If you would rather not walk, mind," Alison said, doubtfully, "I could send for a machine."

"Away wi' your machines!" Aunt Gilchrist cried. "We'll just sit out on foot; it'll serve to keep Periphery in proper subjection. And ye'll carry my bag for me, Alison, and be me heartiest thanks for it; for ye're a strong young lass for all your delicate complexion; and many's the time I wished an yore at school to fight me better for me. Ye would have taught them something, I'm thinking, for ye've a sharp tongue in your head when ye like it."

"I should not have thought you wanted any help in this way, aunt," her niece said, doubtfully, as they left the station.

"Now, Alison, blame don't be repeating to an old woman like me," Aunt Gilchrist made answer, with good some say, "that my moment I am—yes, the old woman—would have more to say or to such a bargain here as this. Almon, my me, it's like the bottomless pit! Surely it's worse since I was here last—how many years was that? It's enough to frighten a body—ye'd think ye'd got into one bad place to some bad one more, and without a chance o' getting out again. Does my young creature ever come here and carry me?"

"Oh, we don't mind it, Aunt Gilchrist; we're used to it," Alison said, cheerfully.

"And this morning the town was looking quite pleasant—ye could actually see the sun shining—or something like it. But I think it was getting your letter, aunt, that made the morning seem so bright and nice."

prepare her negus, Alison helping her the while. "Well, I'm no the country, and it never cursed me."

"I'm sure of that, Mrs. Gilchrist," said the farmer's wife, in her politest Edinburgh accent. "Everybody can see that. I'm sure ye take nothing but what is good for ye."

The scowl on the farmer's face grew darker as he heard his wife thus shamelessly go over to the enemy, but he held his peace. Perhaps in his dull brain there was some glimmering guess at the reason for her extraordinary complacency. Meanwhile the determined little wine-bibber at the table had begun to sip her negus with much satisfaction, never dreaming of the notable discrepancy she was shortly to make.

"Well, Minister," said she, "I'm thinking I would just like to take Alison away with me to Kildrummy for a week or two. I'm sure the poor thing wants a breath of fresh air after being so long in this dreadful town. A town? It's not like a town at all. It's like a prison—confinement. I should think ye would have more difficulty in describing its conditions than the terrors of the place of punishment—ye've but to bid them feed a wretched thing. And I would like to take her a walk for a week or two, just to cheer her up, for they're no so bad the Hydrogates after all. They have their fine collection of a dimer tow and garden and the like."

"Dargony!" exclaimed the boy under his solemnities. "I should be the best of a minister—damned failure to convince. We have with us—ye see—no Minister. We have what happened in the time of Herod the tetrarch."

"Herd the tetrarch?" said the important little dame with emphasis. "Do ye imagine that a young Scotch lass will not dance a Highland Schottische with an wirrnie skinkbaker hand-caved up in a shagreen?"

"Jane!" said the Minister severely. "I think your notion of acquiring things might be a little more respectful and becoming."

"Well, indeed, Mrs. Gilchrist," the farmer's wife interposed in making all things smooth and pleasant, "there may not be so much harm in dancing as people say. No, not *quite* so much as they say. I hardly approve of it when it's more than Alexander does; but neither there's not *quite* so much harm in it."

Besides, the younger people have newer ideas, so to speak, and I'm not sure that James would set his face altogether against dancing—dancing in moderation, that is—in reasonable sobriety and moderation."

Aunt Gilchrist directed a swift glance toward James; but the abashed probationer instantly lowered his eyes.

"I would like to take Agnes too," she resumed, turning again to the Minister. "But I'm afraid ye cannot spare them both; if ye can, I'll just be too glad."

"It's a kind offer, Jane," the Minister unhesitatingly answered, "and I'm sure the girls are obliged to you; but Agnes is hardly well enough to go anywhere at present, and as for Alison, I doubt if she could leave her various duties outside the house as well as in, with a clear conscience. She was a long time with your last summer."

"If I may speak," observed Mrs. Cowan, with an intriguing brightness. "If I may speak, I would say this, Mrs. Gilchrist, that it would be a useful experience for us all, but especially for Miss Agnes, if ye were to take Miss Blair away wi' ye for the time ye propose; for then we should have to learn how to do without her. And perhaps we may have heard the farmer's wife continued, with a significant little toss, "that we are expecting some such change."

"What's that?" said Aunt Gilchrist, doubtless not so alarmed with a sudden squint from the Cowan to Alison, and back again, and onward the white-faced young temptress, who had bravely looked up.

"Oh well," said Mrs. Cowan, not to overcomplicate the matter, for she could see that Alison was grievously confused.

"Ye young body naturally looks forward to changing her mind some or later, and it's just as well that her friends and her family should have learned to bear the loss for the sake your own," said Mrs. Gilchrist, "that it will be a good loss to them in the case of Miss Blair."

The plausible explanation in answer quoted Aunt Gilchrist's experience, and the first thing she did, as soon as the Cowans were gone, was to go to her room and summon Alison thither.

"Alison," said she, "what odd kind of simpering idiot of a woman mean? Is there a folk of your getting married?"

"I believe there is," said the girl, "and."

meanly suspicious of her advances, others "dour" to a degree—who made up her father's congregation. But especially was she kind and considerate toward James Cowan; for the poor pale-faced probationer, whatever his pathetic fancies may have been, did not bother her much; while his mother, despite her insinuating smiles and hints addressed to Alison, failed to drive the disheartened lad into any more resolute attitude. Alison was grateful to him for his silence; and she read the two or three sermons he timidly submitted to her; and comforted him with the assurance that they would be very useful to him when he received the long looked-for call.

But this tranquil life was about to be disturbed. Summer time found Aunt Gilchrist again at Fort William; and nothing would do the imperious small dame but that Alison should repair thither at once. Perpetually, she wrote, had been almost entirely snatched and detained both, though sometimes it returned and to-day tried to regain possession; she was going to make up for all the opposite time. Alison was to come and share in the worst of versions; and no longer need the bit lady fear being battered down by the fitting gusts of temper. And she was glad to hear, appeared to be quite strong again; very well, let her take a turn at occupying the Minister's house; the day was deserved a holiday; besides, Aunt Gilchrist demanded that she should come; and there was to be no argument, for marriage obedience.

When Alison received this summons her heart fell to beating with a marvellous rapidity; and she was somewhat breathless and bewildered, and at first a little resentful. Almost to her surprise, a proposal should so abruptly upset her peace of mind. For she had come to consider all that had happened in the previous summer as a sort of a dream, to be regarded with a sort of tender, perhaps, until it should really fade away and be forgotten. But this proposal of reawakening associations, of seeing some places that had become almost visionary to her, and of meeting, not the vague phantoms that dwelt in her solitary reveries, but the living people themselves, was altogether a startling thing. Instinctively she shrank back from it. And then again she began to argue with herself. What had she to dread? The days to you,

of anxiety, of bitter farewells, of hidden heartache, were all over now. She had schooled herself into acquiescence. And why should she be afraid to meet Ludovick Macdonell? He and she had promised to be fast friends; and what was the friendship worth if she was not prepared to abide by it? Probably by this time he had half forgotten her. In his numerous letters from Egypt and from India he had hardly ever mentioned her. If she went to Fort William she would merely find that she had one acquaintance the more; that is, if he happened to be in Lochaber at all.

Indeed, when the Minister's consent had been obtained and her brief preparations made, and when she was ready to set forth upon her northward journey, she had almost convinced herself that she could meet Captain Ludovick without any serious regret, and then, returning to Lochaber she was not asking the reawakening of any too poignant regrets. It is true that as she required the little station a sudden throb went through her heart, for she would not but remember the terrible day on which she had come up hither—a pale, trembling ghost of a creature to see the last train thunder away into the north. The remembered those long, empty lines of rail seemed to mock her sorrow. But that was a long time ago now; and here was Aunt Gilchrist with her last little kindnesses; and joyful anticipation, not the recollection of any unhappiness, was the natural mood for a traveller bent to enjoy upon a calm and pleasant holiday.

Moreover, this was a singularly clear and cheerful morning that was greeting her setting out. A fine breeze had set on, freely now, from the north and promised a very comfortable journey should she see the day again, a wonderful thing, for tomorrow, with soft white clouds in it that hardly stirred. The air was sweet and came in at the carriage window. And the weather and further northward that she got the more cool and more beautiful became her surroundings. The sun lay warm on the wide meadows through which the Forth winds its silver way, the gray battlements of Stirling Castle rose far into the blue. The rugged crags of the Pass of Leny was hanging in rich summer foliage; a thousand million diamonds flashed on the rippling waters of Loch Lathmar. And then she got away

had to take Flora down, and see that she was provided for; but instantly he was up again, and sitting beside this pretty, pale-complexioned, gray-eyed cousin from the south. He lit a cigarette (a newly acquired habit for him), and did not talk much to her, for he could see that she was occupied—and more than content.

Flora came on deck again, and the general conversation was resumed—about Aunt Gilchrist's newly developed passion for the game of poker, about the last exploits of the boy John, about the big mags of bream they had been getting on recent evenings, and so forth. But never a word was said about Ludovick Macdonell. Yet here was Appin, and vividly enough, as the boat slowed in to the pier, could Alison recall the broad-shouldered, slim built young fellow, with the laughing eyes and clear, sunburnt complexion, whom she had seen come down with his long swimming-pace to the steamer. There was no Captain Ludovick at Appin pier now; perhaps he was not even in Lochaber; perhaps he had got that appointment, and had retreated to India. And so the *Montcalm* went on its way, through the fair and bright day. Up here to it came the bay in a dead calm, long stretches of white and blue without a ripple, and where there was no stirring of wind, save the breeze and lurchy fall of King-o'-the-hill that usually are dark and purple, which showed their deeper, red growth, still green, silver, through a faint haze of summer heat and were even brighter than in fall. As the steamer left the pier, through the still water a double row of pines took it into their hands in each turn, and over and under them the broad carpet on the water, on the glaucous fern in distance to the sunlight as the city beating fish rolled over. The very heart of all the scene around them seemed to pulsate the generosity of the generous. There is another cigarette and down to get up and down the deck; Flora leaned her two hands on the railings, and her white on her hands, to look at the water then sailing for all of sea, while Alison watched the slow passing by of the summer, the rocky shores, the upward and downward mountains, the larger summits of the hills pressing into the almost shadowless day. There was but little looking, anywhere for Ludovick Macdonell; the name was not even mentioned.

And then at last they came to see the

the southern outskirts of Fort William—little white dots of houses among the trees, with pleasant green slopes rising behind them, and the vast bulk of Ben Nevis, seamed and scarred, towering far behind. Those pretty little villas set among gardens had a smiling and cheerful appearance as they were brought closer and closer, and Alison jumped to her feet to respond when she perceived that from certain windows a welcome was being waved to her. She knew the house well, and her heart warmed toward it. How often had she not sat and dreamed of it, in the drear winter nights of Kirk o' Shields, in the hushed parlor, with every soul in the house bent over a pious book—dreamed of it, and of all the kindness and new and wonderful experiences connected with it. As she waved her hand in relief to those unseen friends her eyes were moist. Indeed they had been kind to her, in their robust, happy-to-meet fashion.

And here awaiting their arrival, was the old John. But John was in an exceedingly bad temper. There had come down to the quay a band of itinerant musicians who were going away by the steamer, and they had been utilizing their leisure waiting by playing a series of loud and heavy strains. When instead of having any soothing effect upon John, only irritated him, for he was fond of music. And not only that, but even more was annoying. Alison, however, she following from one of those motions that the elderly lady, in her own in-laid to the newly finished party, who came down to meet them.

"Oh, an' away you!" he said with a scornful sneer. "The wretched man! You were never any use to me. I would sooner have left him, than just and you, you!" And with that he went to the door of his house, and most probably to bed, to sleep, to the night the difference between a person who could do honest work and an idle wandering street singer combined.

And Elizabeth was seated in the back garden, and a large stone of moss and sand, white of juniper, pale yellow and deep purple of sweetwillow, in every shade of sedition, and purple of eyes, and double happiness, and starburst, was just as bright and pleasant to look at as any of them. Her volume of love to lady was of the warmest.

they seem to come alive again when you least expect it—”

“Very well, let’s get out the gig, Flora,” was the brother’s suggestion, which was instantly adopted. “We’ll take Alison for a row, and she can steer. The oars are in the gig, so we can get off at once.”

And thus it was that Alison speedily found herself in command of the long and shapely boat, with her two cousins leisurely pulling a slow and measured stroke, out into the glassy plain. The warm afternoon sunshine was now streaming along Loch Linnhe, lighting up unbroken covered knolls, the grassy slopes of the hills, and the green and yellow patches of the moors along the shores, while the sea was so still that the shining spars of the yachts sent down reflections unbroken by any line or ripple. There was no particular designation before these voyagers. They went thus way and that, exploring the shores of the loch, the rowers rowing with little but vigorous stroke, Alison seeming to drink in the joy and calm and beautiful color all around her. Evening found them upon the mouth of Loch Eil; and now, while the western hills were darkening in shades of softest olive-green, the sea around them was a plain of burnished gold and ruby-red people. A small boat crossed the golden plain was itself of red oak, and as it went on its way it left behind it two long divergent lines of blue, like the out-spread wings of an eagle. When the vessel rested from their rowing, the shores around them were so silent, that they could hear the snarl of vipers coming across from the Corrach shore. This was not like Kirk o’ Shields.

On their way home to Fort William, Alison took Flora’s oar, and Flora went to the tiller, and sometimes the two were chatting to each other, and sometimes they would have Hugh translating the old Gaelic and that incomprehensible “Cow-boy” or perhaps Flora in a pause of silence would sing to her cousin, but with no great success. “*Am na h-eilanda o’ Holland*” —

“*The land that I had chosen*”

“*It was a land of peace*”

“*It was a land of peace*”

“*It was a land of peace*”

“*It was a land of peace*”

“*It was a land of peace*”

“*It was a land of peace*”

By the time they had leisurely got back to Fort William the evening was well on; but the darkness it had brought with it was confined to the massive bulk of the hills along the opposite shore; overhead there was a clear and luminous sky, with a few purple and orange-fringed clouds; while the loch around them had become a trembling silver-gray, for a slight wind had arisen, and the glassy surface was gone.

And it was still in a beautiful lambent twilight that they had supper, and there after took to cards, in a room looking to the west. This was a very unusual game of poker that Alison was now called upon to witness. Aunt Gilchrist’s object now seemed to be to engage in a battle royal with her brother the Doctor; and when these two combatants closed, the others having given up, the fun was, of course, over. For the Doctor knew too little of the game, and in his perplexity he invariably consulted his wife, who knew less, but was ever good humoredly ready with her advice. These non-enthusiasts, however, were innocently outspoken and above-board, so that Aunt Gilchrist could easily guess at what was in her opponents’ hands; and again and again her stout laugh or triumphant cry set the whole of the company from before the angry Doctor’s nose. It was a very frank and honest game of poker that was played to the simple folk, and as the game was so helplessly and the heart of both of the players there was no doubt of destruction to both of them.

It was during the progress of this happy-go-lucky game, however, that Alison incidentally made a notable discovery. Flora had advanced upon a bold piece of bluffing—a dangerous experiment for any one with such an expressive face and such merely unconscious habit as hers. The discovery of the indignation of her cousin resulted in her indignation. The young lady was “rattled,” and round to her cousin’s right and the hand was asked for.

“*Me you thought you were playing with Ludovick, did you?*” her brother said, scornfully. “When she’s playing against Ludovick she bluff’s like the very cats; but for the game at all. If he had been sure to it, he’d be was afraid of her, and put in his cards. The other night it was quite ridiculous. For what he was only pretending he had had hands.”

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

V.—THREE CAPITALS.

TO one travelling over this vast country, especially the northern and western portions, the superficial impression made is that of uniformity, and even monotony: towns are alike, cities have a general resemblance, State lines are not recognized, and the idea of conformity and centralization is easily entertained. Similar institutions, facility of communication, a disposition to stronger nationality, we say, are rapidly fusing us into one federal mass.

But when we study a State at its centre, its political action, its organization, its spirit, the management of its institutions of learning and of charity, the tendencies restrictive or liberal, of its legislation, even the tone of social life and the code of manners, we discover distinctions, individualities, almost as many differences as resemblances. And we see the saying truth in our national life—that each State is a wellnigh indestructible entity, an empire in itself, proud and conscious of its peculiarities, and jealous of its rights. We see that State boundaries are not imaginary lines, made by the geographers, which could be easily altered by the central power. Nothing, indeed, in our whole national development, considering the common influences that have made us, is so remarkable as the difference of the several States. Even on the lines of a common settlement, say from New England and New York, note the differences between northern Ohio, northern Indiana, northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Or take another line, and see the differences between southern Ohio, southern Indiana, southern Illinois, and northern Missouri. But each State, with its diverse population, has a certain homogeneity and character of its own. We can understand this when there are great differences of climate, or when one is mountainous and the other flat. But why should Indiana be so totally unlike the two States that flank it, in so many of the developments of civilized life, or be retarded action; and why should Iowa, in its entire temper and spirit, be so unlike Illinois? One State copies the institutions of another, but there is always something in its life that it does not copy from any other. And the perpetuity of the Union

rests upon the separateness and integrity of this State life. I confess that I am not so much impressed by the magnitude of our country as I am by the wonderful system of our complex government in unity, which permits the freest development of human nature, and the most perfect adaptability to local conditions. I can conceive of no greater enemy to the Union than he who would by any attempt at further centralization weaken the self-dependence, pride, and dignity of a single State. It seems to me that one travels in vain over the United States if he does not learn that lesson.

The State of Illinois is geographically much favored both for agriculture and commerce. With access to the Gulf by two great rivers that bound it on two sides and communicating with the Atlantic by Lake Michigan, enterprise has united these commercial advantages by covering it with railways. Stretching from Galena to Cairo, it has a great variety of climate; it is well watered by many noble streams, and contains in its great area scarcely any waste land. It has its contrasts of civilization. In the western half are the three great cities—the extreme southern portion, owing in part to a more abiding temperature, and in part to a less virile, ambitious population, still keeps its "Egyptian" vegetation. But the railways have already made a great change in southern Illinois, and education is transforming it. The establishment of a normal school at Carbondale in 1874-5 has changed the aspect of a great region. I am told by the State Superintendent of Education that the contrast in dress, manners, cultivation of the country, even which came to witness the dedication of the first building, and those who came to see the inauguration of the new school, twelve years later, was something astonishing.

Passing through the central portion of the State to Springfield, after an interval of many years, let us say a generation. I was impressed with the transformation the country had undergone by tree-planting and the growth of considerable patches of forest. The State is generally prosperous. The farmers have money, some

ty city of some 15,000, with elm-shaded avenues that suggest but do not rival New Haven—one of those intellectual centres that are a continual surprise to our English friends in their bewildered exploration of our monotonous land. In being the Western centre of Platonic philosophy, it is more like Concord than like New Haven. It is the home of a large number of people who have travelled, who give intelligent attention to art, to literary study in small societies and clubs—its Monday Evening Club of men long antedated most of the similar institutions at the East—and to social problems. I certainly did not expect to find, as I did, water-colors by Turner in Jacksonville, besides many other evidences of a culture that must modify many Eastern ideas of what the West is and is getting to be.

The Illinois College is at Jacksonville. It is one of twenty-five small colleges in the State, and I believe the only one that adheres to the old curriculum, and does not adopt co-education. It has about sixty students in the college proper, and about one hundred and thirty in the preparatory academy. Most of the Illinois colleges have preparatory departments, and so long as they do, and the various sects scatter their students, as even in many institutions the youth of the State who wish a higher education will be obliged to go West. The school is doing the most vigorous business, is the University of Illinois, University of Agricultural and Applied Science, and the Central Hospital for the Deaf, one of three in the State, under the supervision of Dr. Henry H. Gillette, a fine establishment, a model of cleanliness and good management, with one room for three hundred patients, about a third of whom do some light work on the farm in the house. A large conservation of plants and flowers is rightly regarded as a commercial agency in the treatment of the patients. Here also is a fine school for the education of the blind.

The Institution for the Education of Deaf Mutes, Dr. Philip H. Gillette, superintendent, is, I believe, the largest in the world, and certainly one of the most thoroughly equipped and successful in its purposes. It has between five hundred and six hundred pupils. All the departments found in many other institutions are united here. The school has a manual train-

ing department: articulation is taught; the art school exhibits surprising results in aptitude for both drawing and painting; and industries are taught to the extent of giving every pupil a trade or some means of support—shoemaking, cabinet-making, printing, sewing, gardening, and baking.

Such an institution as this raises many interesting questions. It is at once evident that the loss of the sense of hearing has an effect on character, moral and intellectual. Whatever may be the education of the deaf-mute, he will remain, in some essential and not easily to be characterized respects, different from other people. It is exceedingly hard to cultivate in them a spirit of self-dependence, or eradicate the notion that society owes them perpetual care and support. The education of deaf mutes, and the training of their hands, so that they become intelligent and productive members of society, is one of our greatest problems, among them, it is not the intention here to increase the number of deaf mutes? Dr. Gillette thinks not. The vital statistics show that congenitally deaf mutes are far more numerous than acquired deaf mutes, the latter being the result of the great number of the offspring of parents related by blood. Another defect is acquired almost as frequently as the congenital, the cause different in degree and deformity, in deafness, in imbecility, in blindness, in mental retardation, in epilepsy, even to such a degree that it is said to be a disease, not in relation of relations, but a disease, as the disease, from which the deaf mutes are descended, but 779 congenitally deaf mutes—during a period of 129 years, twelve of them had deaf-mute parents, and only twenty had one deaf-mute parent, the majority of three having been able to hear, and that to no one was the mother parent of a deaf-mute, for the people who have left this country have not been married to deaf mutes, and 13 hearing persons. These marriages have formed families with deaf mutes, and among them all only sixteen have deaf-mute children: in some of the families having a deaf child, there are other children who have. These facts are the report, clearly, however, that the probability of deaf offspring from deaf parents is a small one, and that the deaf mutes are not so numerous as is often said, and that a deaf person probably has or will have a deaf relation other than a friend.

sequence of these facilities the trade of the city in both wholesale and retail houses is good and increasing. With this increase of business there has been an accession of banking capital. The four national and two private banks have an aggregate capital of about three millions, and the Clearing-house report of 1887 showed a business of about one hundred millions, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. over the preceding year. But the individual prosperity is largely due to the building and loan associations, of which there are nearly one hundred, with an aggregate capital of seven millions, the loans of which exceed those of the banks. These take the place of savings-banks, encourage the purchase of homesteads, and are preventives of strikes and labor troubles in the factories.

The people of Indianapolis call their town a Park City. Occupying a level plain, its streets (the principal ones) with a noble width of ninety feet intersect each other at right angles; but in the centre of the city is a Circle Park of several acres, from which radiate to the four quarters of the town avenues ninety feet broad that relieve the monotony of the right lines. These streets are for the most part well shaded, and getting to be well paved, lined with pleasant but not ambitious residences, so that the whole aspect of the city is open and agreeable. The best residences are within a few squares of the most active business streets, and if the city has not the distinction of palaces, it has fewer poor and shabby quarters than most other towns of its size. In the Circle Park, where now stands a statue of Governor Morton, is to be erected immediately the Soldiers' Monument, at a cost of \$250,000.

The city is fortunate in its public buildings. The County Court-house (which cost \$1,000,000) and City Hall are both fine buildings; in the latter are the city markets, and above, a noble auditorium with seats for 1000 people. But the State Capitol, just finished within the appropriation of \$2,000,000, is pre-eminent among State Capitols in many respects. It is built of the Bedford limestone, one of the best materials both for color and endurance found in the country. It follows the American plan of two wings under a dome; but it is finely proportioned; and the exterior, with rows of graceful Corinthian columns above the basement story, is altogether pleasing. The interior is pre-

cious and impressive, the Chambers fine, the furnishing solid and in good taste, with nowhere any over-ornamentation or petty details to mar the general noble effect. The State Library contains, besides the law books, about 20,000 miscellaneous volumes.

When Matthew Arnold first came to New York the place in the West about which he expressed the most curiosity was Indianapolis; that he said he must see, if no other city. He had no knowledge of the place, and could give no reason for his preference except that the name had always had a fascination for him. He found there, however, a very extensive book-store, where his own works were sold in numbers that pleased and surprised him. The shop has a large miscellaneous stock, and does a large jobbing and retail business, but the miscellaneous books dealt in are mostly cheap reprints of English works, with very few American copyright books. This is a scandalous comment on the languishing state of the market for works of American authors in the absence of an international copyright law.

The city is not behind any other in educational efforts. In its five free public libraries are over 70,000 volumes. The city has a hundred churches and a vigorous Young Men's Christian Association, which cost \$75,000. Its private schools have an excellent reputation. There are 20,000 children registered of school age and 11,000 in daily attendance in twenty-eight free-school houses. Its methods of efficiency there are equal to any in the Union, as is shown by the fact that there are reported in the city only 525 persons between the ages of six and twenty-one unable to read and write. The average cost of instruction for each pupil is \$15.64 a year. In regard to advanced studies and unusual talents, Indianapolis schools claim to be pioneers.

The latest reports show educational activity in the State as well as in the capital. In 1887 the revenue expended in public schools was about \$7,000,000. The State supports the Indiana University at Bloomington, with about 300 students, the Agricultural College at Lafayette, with over 300, and a Normal School at Terre Haute, with an attendance of about 500. There are, besides, seventeen private colleges and several other normal schools. In 1886 the number of school children in

of 80,000 people, growing with a rapidity astonishing even for a Western town, with miles of prosperous business blocks (High Street is four miles long), and wide avenues of residences extending to suburban parks. Broad Street, with its four rows of trees and fine houses and beautiful lawns, is one of the handsomest avenues in the country, and it is only one of many that are attractive. The Capitol Square, with several good buildings about it, makes an agreeable centre of the city. Of the Capitol building not much is to be said. The exterior is not wholly bad, but it is surmounted by a truncated something that is neither a dome nor a revolving turret, and the interior is badly arranged for room, light, and ventilation. Space is wasted, and many of the rooms, among them the relie room and the flag-room, are inconvenient and almost unusable. The best is the room of the Supreme Court, which has attached a large law library. The general State Library contains about 14,000 volumes with a fair but not large proportion of Western history.

Columbus is a city of churches, of very fine public schools of many styles, libraries and societies, in which the intellectual element predominates and of an intelligent, refined, and most hospitable society. Here one may study the educational and charitable institutions of the State, many of the more important of which are in the city, and also the politics. It was threatened late in the last century, "Viceroy of the State," and the battle has been a constant field of many outside influences. This no doubt demoralized the politics of the State, and lowered the level of public morality. With the removal of the cause of this decline, I believe, the time is long when Recent trials for election frauds, and the rehabilitation of the Freedmen will show better things to come.

Ohio is growing in wealth as it is in population and is in better financial condition and more progressive than any State by its institutions of benevolence and of economic and business life. Nevertheless State provides more liberally for its unfortunate, or assistance for the insane, the blind, deaf and dumb, the child, the young waifs and strays, nor shows a more intelligent comprehension of the legitimate functions of a great commonwealth in the creation of boards of education and of charities and of mental and State inspection of workshops and factories to estab-

lishing bureaus of meteorology and of forestry, and a fish commission, and an agricultural experiment station. The State has thirty-four colleges and universities, a public school system which has established distinctions of order, and which by the reports is as efficient as any in the Union. Cincinnati, the moral tone of which, the Ohio people say, is not fairly represented by its newspapers, is famous the world over for its cultivation of music and its progress in the fine and industrial arts. It would be possible for a State to have and be all this and yet rise to the general state of civilization only to a splendid materiality, without the high institutions of pure learning, and without a very high standard of public morality. Ohio is in no less danger of materialism, with all its cultured intelligence, than other States. There is a perceptible limit to what a cultured level of education, say in thirty-four colleges, can do for the higher life of a State. I noted an address in the Capitol by ex-President Hayes on the expediency of adding a manual-training school to the Ohio State University at Columbus. The enactment of laws of the legislators on it was that we have altogether too much book learning, "which is much a workshop, in our schools and colleges." It seems to me, however, that whatever fact, discipline, and technical science Ohio needs it needs more for the best education and the training of citizenship, logic and ethics. In 1887 Governor Fessenden made a special message to the Legislature pointing out the fact that our descending the staircase of civilization (the State is a composite of many of these) is made more and more by the undervaluation of taxable property (the business world declines in the reported value of personal property), and the result is a common offence. "There must be a reform in our taxation," he said, "the wrong of cheating the State to have produced a series of things and our commonwealth has been a great one, and it has been a great one for a long time. Of course there is no doubt that our commonwealth is in this evasion of duty, but she helps to ruin the moral discipline of our commonwealth a great deal of education there is neither commercial nor industrial nor simply philanthropic."

It is impossible—and unnecessary for the purposes of this paper to speak in name of the public institutions of the State, even of those in theory. But the

The humanity of so maintaining these animals that they can have some enjoyment of life, and be occasionally of some use to their relations, is undeniable. But

gas that there has not been time to put all the pipes underground, and they are encountered on the surface all over the region. The town is pervaded by the odor of the gas, which is like that of petroleum, and the traveller is notified of his nearness to the town by the smell before he can see the houses. The surface pipes, hastily laid, occasionally leak, and at these weak places the gas is generally ignited in order to prevent its haunting the atmosphere. This immediate neighborhood has an oil field contiguous to the gas, plenty of limestone (the kilns are burned by gas), good building stone, clay fit for making bricks and tiles, and superior hard-wood forests. The cheap fuel has already attracted heavy manufacturing industries of all sorts, and new plants are continually made. I have a list of over thirty different manufacturing factories which are either in full operation or getting under way. Among the most interesting of these are the works for making window-glass and table glass. The superiority of the fuel for the glass-branches seems to be admitted.

From the end of the tube there was no flame, but beyond was a sea of fire sweeping the ground and rioting high in the air—billows of red and yellow and blue flame, fierce and hot enough to consume everything within reach. It was an awful display of power.

[illegible]

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Bates," said Auntie. "I've wanted to see you, and how glad I am that you found father's my old home when you first came to Hattboro'."

Mr. Pack's trousers were shot and badly kneeed and in forty yards he fell formlessly from his shoulders. He involuntarily took a patronizing tone that did him which was not facilitating to him.

"Thank you," he said, with the dignified solemnity which seemed to be a fixed expression of his presence. "I have been afraid that it seemed like an intrusion to you."

"You were very welcome - I hope you're comfortably placed where you are now."

"I'd heard so much of your little girl from Mrs. Brown, and her attachment to the house that I ventured to send for her to-day. And I believe I dare not venture

"Thank you," said Mr. Peck, seating himself beside the boys. "We must be getting home before a great while. It is nearly bedtime."

"I won't detain you unduly," said Annie.

Mrs. Bolton left them at her hint of something special to say to the minister. Annie could not have had the face to speak of Mr. Brandreth's theatricals in that grim presence; and as it was, she resolved to put forward their serious object. She began abruptly: "Mr. Peck, I've been asked to interest myself for a Social Union which the ladies of South Hatboro' are trying to establish for the operatives. I suppose you haven't heard anything of the scheme?"

"No, I hadn't," said Mr. Peck.

He was one of those people who sit very high, and he now seemed taller and more impressive than when he stood.

"It is certainly a very good object," Annie resumed; and she went on to explain it at second hand from Mr. Brandreth as well as she could. The little girl was standing in her lap and got between her and Mr. Peck, so that she had to look first around one side of her and then another to see how he was taking it.

He nodded his head, and said, gravely, "Yes," and "Yes," and "Yes," at each significant point of her statement. At the end he asked, "And are the means forthcoming? Have they rented the room for renting and furnishing the rooms?"

"Well, no, they haven't yet, but not quite, as I understand."

"Have they tried to interest the working people themselves in it? At this time to value its benefits it would be good to have something—self-denial, perhaps even."

"Yes, I know," Annie began.

"I'm not satisfied," the minister pursued, "that it is wise to provide people with even harmless amusements that take them much away from themselves. Those things are invented by well-to-do people who have no occupation, and think that others want pastimes as much as themselves. But what working people want is rest, and when they need no decent homes where they can take it. Besides, unless they help to support this union, they of themselves mean the bottom sinking; then they will feel wounded by its existence, as a sort of self-denial is implied."

"Yes, I see," said Annie. She saw this side of the affair with surprise. The minister seemed to have thought more about such matters than she had, and she noticeably recoiled from her first hasty generalization of him, and paused to approach

him on another level. The little girl began to play with her glasses, and accidentally knocked them from her nose. The minister's face and figure became a blur, and in the purblindness to which she was reduced she had a moment of clouded volition in which she was tempted to renounce, and even oppose, the scheme for a Social Union, in spite of her promise to Mr. Brandreth. But she remembered that she was a consistent and faithful person, and she said: "The ladies have a plan for raising the money, and they've applied to me to second it—to use my influence somehow among the villagers to get them interested; and the working people can help too if they choose. But I'm quite a stranger amongst those I'm expected to influence, and I don't at all know how they will take it." The minister listened, neither interrupting nor interrupting. "The ladies plan is to have an entertainment at one of the cottages, and elicit an admission and devotion to the proceeds to the union." She paused. Mr. Peck still remained silent, but she knew he was attentive. She pushed on. "They intend to have a representation in the open air of one of Shakespeare's plays—scenes from one."

"Do you wish me," interrupted the minister, "to promote the establishment of this union? I told why you speak to me of it."

"Why, I don't know why I speak to you of it," she replied, with a flush of embarrassment to which he was cold, apologetic. "I certainly couldn't ask you to take part in an affair that you didn't approve."

"I don't know that I disapprove of it. Properly managed it might be a good thing."

"Yes, of course. But I understand that you must not sympathize with that part of it, and then—say I told you of it," said Annie.

"What part?"

"The theatricals."

"Why not," asked the minister.

"I know—Mrs. Bolton told me that once—about." Annie blundered on. "You I didn't expect you would—of course."

"I read Shakespeare's plays," said Mr. Peck. "I know most of them in the theatre, but I should like to see some of his plays represented where I could see no one to offend."

"Yes," said Annie, "and this would be

an increase of expectance in her large clear eyes, and of impartiality in her whole face.

"Mr. Peck was here," said Annie, reluctantly, "and I tried it on him."

"Yes?" repeated Mrs. Munger, as immutably as if she were sitting for her photograph and keeping the expression.

Annie broke from her reluctance with a sort of violence which carried her further than she would have gone otherwise. She ridiculed Mr. Peck's appearance and manner, and laughed at his ideas to Mrs. Munger. She had not a good conscience in it, but the perverse impulse persisted in her. There seemed no other way in which she could assert herself against him.

Mrs. Munger listened judicially, but she seemed to take in only what Mr. Peck had thought of the dance and supper; at the end she said, rather vacantly, "What nonsense!"

"Yes; but I'm afraid he thinks it's wisdom, and for all practical purposes it amounts to that. You see what my influence has done at the outset, Mrs. Munger. He'll never give way on such a point."

"Oh, very well, then," said Mrs. Munger, with the utmost lightness and indifference, "we'll drop the idea of the invited supper and dance."

"Do you think that would be well?" asked Annie.

"Yes; why not? It's quite an idea. I don't think you've made at all a bad beginning. It was very well to try the idea on some one who would be really about it, and wouldn't go away and talk against it," said Mrs. Munger, rising. "I want you to come with me, my dear."

"To see Mr. Peck? Excuse me, I don't think I could," said Annie.

"No; to see some of his parishioners," said Mrs. Munger. "His tendency is to begin with, or his denizens' wives."

This seemed so much less than calling on Mr. Peck that Annie looked out at Mrs. Munger's basket-phaeton at her gate, and knew that she could go only with little more urgency.

"After all, you know your own son of his congregation; he may yield to them," said Mrs. Munger. "We must leave him. It only because he's hard to get. It'll give us much of what we go to contend with."

It had a very peculiar sound, it was

really like meeting the difficulties on their own ground, and it overcame the question of taste which was rising in Annie's mind. She demurred a little more upon the theory of her uselessness; but Mrs. Munger insisted, and carried her off down the village street.

The air sparkled full of sun, and a breeze from the southwest frolicked with the twinkling leaves of the overarching elms, and made their shadows dance on the crisp roadway, packed hard by the rain, and faced with clean sand, which crackled pleasantly under Mrs. Munger's phaeton wheels. She talked incessantly, "I think we'll go first to Mrs. Gerrish's, and then to Mrs. Wilmington's. You know them?"

"Oh yes; they were old girl friends."

"Then you know why I go to Mrs. Gerrish's first. She'll care a great deal, and Mrs. Wilmington won't care at all. She's a delicious creature. Mrs. Wilmington don't you think? That large, indolent nature; Mr. Brandreth says she makes him think of the land in which it's sown always afternoon."

Annie remembered Lynn Goodman as a long, lony, red-haired girl who laughed easily, and she could not readily realize her in the character of a Titianque beauty with a girl like humorous dramatics, which she had filled out into during the years of her absence from Hathers. But she said "Oh yes," in the necessity of polite acquiescence, and Mrs. Munger went on talking.

She's the only one of the Old Hathers people, as far as I know them, who has any breadth of view. Whoa! She pulled up suddenly beside a stout, short lady in a fashionable walking dress, who was passing in elegant personification with one hand, and shielding her companion with a creased sun umbrella in the other.

"Mrs. Gerrish!" Mrs. Munger called, and Mrs. Gerrish, who had already looked around at the approaching phaeton, and then looked away, so as not to have seemed to look, stopped abruptly, and after some exploration of the vicinity, discovered where the voice came from.

"Oh, Mrs. Munger!" she exclaimed, looking with pleasure at being called to in that way by the most high of wealth, and struggling to keep up a dignified indifference to the same time.

"Why, Annie!" she added.

pity you couldn't all find your way into the Church."

"Well, maybe it *would* be a good thing," said Gates, as Mrs. Munger gathered up her reins and chirped to her pony.

"He isn't a member of Mr. Peek's church," she explained to Annie; "but he's one of the society, and his wife's very devout Orthodox. He's a great character, we think, and he'll treat you very well, if you keep on the right side of him. They say he cheats awfully in the weight, though."

VIII.

Mrs. Munger drove across the street, and drew up before a large, handsomely ugly brick dry goods store, whose showy windows had caught Annie's eye the day she arrived in Hathershire.

"I see Mrs. Gerrish has got here first," Mrs. Munger said, indicating the perambulator at the door, and she dismounted and fastened her pony with a weight, which she took from the front of the phaeton. On either door-jamb of the store was a curved plate of polished metal, with the name GILBERT cut into it in block letters; the sills of the wide windows were of metal, and bore the same legend. At the threshold a very plain, enormous little man, spare and straight, met Mrs. Munger with a ceremonious bow, and a solemn "How do you do, ma'am, how do you do. I hope I see you well," and he put a small dry hand into the single strap of Mrs. Munger's gown.

"Very well indeed, Mr. Grayson. And it is a lovely morning. You know, Miss Kilburn, Mr. Gerrish."

He took Annie's hand into his right and covered it with his left, lifting his eyes to look her in the face with an old-merchant like cordiality.

"Why, yes, indeed!" delighted to see her. Her father was one of his best friends. "I may say that, however, that I am to Square Kilburn; he advised me to stick to commerce when I came thought of starting here. And to tell you, you look so handsome, Miss Kilburn. You see changes on the surface, no doubt, but you'll find the genuine old feeling here. Walk right back, please," he continued, releasing Annie's hand, to walk them before him toward the rear of the store. "You'll find Mrs. Grayson in my room there—my Growlery, as I call it." He seemed to think he had invented this name. "And Mrs. Gerrish tells me that

you've really come back," he said, leaning decorously toward Annie as they walked, "with the intention of taking up your residence permanently among us. You will find very few places like it."

As he spoke, walking with his hands clasped behind him, he glanced to right and left at the shop-girls on foot behind the counter, who dropped their eyes under their different bangs as they caught his glance, and bridled nervously. He denied them the use of chewing gum; he permitted no conversation, as he called it, among them; and he addressed no jokes or idle speeches to them himself. A system of grooves overhead brought to his counting-room the cash from the clerks in wooden balls, and he returned the change and kept the accounts with a pitiless eye for errors. The women were afraid of him, and hated him with bitterness, which exploded at times in excesses of hysterical impudence.

His store was an example of variety, promptitude, and quality. Upon the theory, true, which he deserved the credit of giving to a country place the advantages of one of the great city establishments, he was gradually gathering to their bosom the small concerns into his hands. He had already opened his doors through into the adjoining store, which he had bought out, and he kept every sort of thing desired or needed in a country town, with a tempting stock of articles below unknown to the shopkeepers of Hathershire. Everything was of the very quality represented; the prices were low, but inflexible, and cash payments, except in the case of some rich customers of uncomparable credit, were invariably exacted; at the same time every reasonable facility for the exchange currency of goods was afforded. Nothing could exceed the justice and fidelity of his dealing with the public. He had even some efforts of generosity in his dealing with his dependents: he furnished them free seats in the churches of their different persuasions, and he closed every night at six o'clock, except Saturday, when the shop-hands were paid off, and made their purchases for the coming week.

He stepped lightly before Annie and Mrs. Munger, and pushed open the ground-glass door of his office for them. It was like a bank parlor, except for Mrs. Gerrish sitting in her husband's leather-seathed swivel chair, with her feet born in her

desk very softly, and resumed with impressive quiet: "I never had any trouble but once. I had a porter in this store who wanted his pay raised. I simply said that I made it a rule to propose all advances of salary myself, and I should submit to no dictation from any one. He told me to go to—a place that I will not repeat, and I told him to walk out of my store. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, I suppose. I understand that he is drinking very hard. He does nothing to support his family whatever, and from all that I can gather, he bids fair to fill a drunkard's grave inside of six months."

Mrs. Munger seized her opportunity. "Yes; and it is just such cases as this that the Social Union is designed to meet. If this man had some such place to spend his evenings—and bring his family if he chose—where he could get a cup of good coffee for the same price as a glass of rum—Don't you see?"

She looked round at the different faces, and Mr. Gerrish slightly frowned, as if the vision of the Social Union interposing between his late porter and a drunkard's grave, with a cup of good coffee, were not to his taste altogether; but he said: "Precisely so! And I was about to make the remark that while I am very sorry—and obliged to be—with those under me in business, no one is more disposed to promote such objects as this of yours."

"I was *sure* you would approve of it," said Mrs. Munger. "That is why I came to you—to you and Mrs. Gerrish, first," said Mrs. Munger. "I was *sure* you would see it in the right light!" She looked round at Annie for corroboration, and Annie was in the social necessity of making a confirmatory inquiry.

Mr. Gerrish ignored them both in the more interesting work of celebrating himself. "I may say that there is not an institution in this town which I have not contributed my humble efforts to—er—establish, from the drinking fountain in front of this store, to the soldiers' monument on the village green."

Annie turned red. Mrs. Munger said shamelessly, "That beautiful monument!" and looked at Annie with eyes full of gratitude to Mr. Gerrish.

"The schools, the sidewalks, the water-works, the free library, the introduction of electricity, the projected system of drainage, and *all* the various religious en-

terprises at various times. I am proud—I am humbly proud—that I have been allowed to be the means of doing—sustaining—"

He lost himself in the labyrinths of his sentence, and Mrs. Munger came to his rescue: "I fancy Hatboro' wouldn't be Hatboro' without *you*, Mr. Gerrish! And you *don't* think that Mr. Peck's objection will be seriously felt by other leading citizens?"

"What is Mr. Peck's objection?" demanded Mr. Gerrish, perceptibly bristling up at the name of his pastor.

"Why, he talked it over with Miss Kilburn last night, and he objected to an entertainment which wouldn't be open to all—to the shop hands and everybody." Mrs. Munger explained the point fully. She repeated some things that Annie had said in ridicule of Mr. Peck's position regarding it. "If you *do* think that part would be bad or impolitic," Mrs. Munger concluded, "we could drop the invited supper and the dances and simply have the theatricals."

She bent upon Mr. Gerrish a face of candid deference that filled him with self-importance almost to bursting.

"No!" he said, shaking his head, and "No!" closing his lips abruptly and opening them again to emit a final "No!" with an explosive force which alone seemed to save him. "Not at all, Mrs. Munger, not on any account! I am surprised at Mr. Peck, or rather I am *not* surprised. He is not a practical man—not a man of the world; and I should have much preferred to have that is objected to in dancing and the play. I could have understood that; I could have gone with him in that to a certain extent, though I can see no harm in such things when properly conducted. I have a great respect for Mr. Peck; I was largely instrumental in getting him here; but he is altogether wrong in this matter. We are not obliged to go out into the highways and the hedges until the bidden guests have—er—declined."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Munger. "I never thought of that!"

Mrs. Gerrish shifted her baby to another knee, and followed her husband with her eyes, as he dismounted from his stool and began to pace the room.

"I came into this town"—he never said Hatboro'—"a poor boy, without a penny in my pocket, and I have made my own

"I am a thorough believer in the theory of evolution, and in the theory of the origin of man. I would not have any doubt as to the origin of man, but I do not believe in the progress of the human race, and I do not believe in the progress of the human race." "I do not believe in the progress of the human race," said Mr. Putney, with whimsical perversity, holding the door open. "I do not believe in the progress of the human race," said Mr. Putney, with whimsical perversity, holding the door open.

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public-spirited—more snap to it. I'm told that there's more enterprise in Hatboro', more real *crowd* in South Hatboro' alone, than there is in the Quirinal and the Vatican put together."

"You had better come and live at South Hatboro', Mr. Putney; that would be just the atmosphere for you," said Mrs. Munger, with aimless hospitality. She said this to every one.

"Is it about coming to South Hatboro' you want to consult me?" asked Putney.

"Well, it is, and it isn't," she began.

"Better be honest, Mrs. Munger," said Putney. "You can't do anything for a client who won't be honest with his attorney. That's what I have to continually impress upon the reprobates who come to me. I say, 'It don't matter what you've done; if you expect me to get you off, you've got to make a clean breast of it.' They generally do; they see the sense of it."

They all laughed, and Mr. Gerrish said, "Mr. Putney is one of Hatboro's privileged characters, Miss Kilburn."

"Thank you, Billy," returned the lawyer, with mock tenderness. "Now, Mrs. Munger, out with it!"

"You'll have to tell him sooner or later, Mrs. Munger!" said Mrs. Gerrish, with overweening pleasure in her acquaintance with both of these superior people. "He'll get it out of you any way." Her husband looked at her, and she fell silent.

Mrs. Munger swept her with a tolerant smile as she looked up at Putney. "Why, it's really Miss Kilburn's affair," she began; and she laid the case before the lawyer with a fulness that made Annie wince.

Putney took a piece of tobacco from his pocket, and tore off a morsel with his teeth. "Excuse me, Annie! It's a beastly habit. But it's saved me from something worse. You don't know what I've been; but anybody in Hatboro' can tell you. I made my shame so public that it's no use trying to blink the past. You don't have to be a hypocrite in a place where everybody's seen you in the gutter; that's the only advantage I've got over my fellow-citizens, and of course I abuse it; that's nature, you know. When I began to pull up I found that tobacco helped me; I smoked and chewed both; now I only chew. Well," he said, dropping the pathetic simplicity with which he had spoken, and turning with

a fierce jocularity from the shocked and pitying look in Annie's face to Mrs. Munger, "what do you propose to do? Brother Peck's head seems to be pretty level, in the abstract."

"Yes," said Mrs. Munger, willing to put the case impartially; "and I should be perfectly willing to drop the invited dance and supper, if it was thought best, though I must say I don't at all agree with Mr. Peck in principle. I don't see what would become of society."

"You ought to be in politics, Mrs. Munger," said Putney. "Your readiness to sacrifice principle to expediency shows what a reform will be wrought when you ladies get the suffrage. What does Brother Gerrish think?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Munger. "We want an impartial opinion."

"I always think as Brother Gerrish thinks," said Putney. "I guess you better give up the fandango; hey, Billy?"

"No, sir; no, Mr. Putney," answered the merchant, nervously. "I can't agree with you. And I will tell you why, sir."

He gave his reasons, with some abatement of pomp and detail, and with the recalcitrant eagerness of a solemn man who expects a supine rejoinder. "It would be a bad precedent. This town is full now of a class of persons who are using every opportunity to abuse their privileges. And this would be simply adding fuel to the flame."

"Do you really think so, Billy?" asked the lawyer, with cool derision. "Well, we all abuse our privileges at every opportunity, of course; I was just saying that I abused mine and I suppose those fellows would abuse theirs if you happened to hurt their wives' and daughters' feelings. And how are you going to manage? Aren't you afraid that they will hang around, after the show, indefinitely, unless you ask all those who have not received invitations to the dance and supper to clear the grounds, as they do in the circus when the minstrels are going to give a performance not included in the price of admission? Mind, I don't care anything about your Social Union."

"Oh, but *surely*," cried Mrs. Munger, "you *must* allow that it's a good object."

"Well, perhaps it is, if it will keep the men away from the rum holes. Yes, I guess it is. You won't sell liquor?"

"We expect to furnish coffee at cost

"Seems to consider it a *laughing* matter," said Putney to Mrs. Munger.

"Yes; and that is all your fault," said Mrs. Munger, trying, with the ineffectiveness of a large woman, to pout.

"No, no. I'm not laughing," began the doctor.

"Smiling, perhaps," suggested Putney.

The doctor went off again. Then, "I beg—I *beg* your pardon, Mrs. Munger," he resumed. "But it isn't a professional question, you know; and I—I really couldn't judge—have any opinion on such a matter."

"No shirking," said Putney. "That's what Mrs. Munger said to me."

"Of course not," gurgled the doctor. "You ladies will know what to do. I'm sure *I* shouldn't," he added.

"Well, I must be going," said Putney. "Sorry to leave you in this fix, Doc." He flashed out of the door, and suddenly came back to offer Annie his hand. "I beg your pardon, Annie. I'm going to make Ellen bring me round. Good morning." He bowed cursorily to the rest.

"Wait—I'll go with you, Putney," said the doctor.

Mrs. Munger rose and Annie with her. "We must go too," she said. "We've taken up Mr. Gerrish's time most unreasonably," and now Mr. Gerrish did not urge her to remain.

"Well, good by," said Mrs. Gerrish, with a genteel prolongation of the last syllable.

Mr. Gerrish followed his guests down the store, and even out upon the sidewalk, where he presided with unclouded hospitality over the supercilious politeness of Putney and Dr. Morrell in putting Mrs. Munger and Annie into the phaeton. Mrs. Munger attempted to drive away without having taken up her blotting weight.

"I suppose that there isn't a post in this town that my wife hasn't tried to pull up in that way," said Putney, gravely.

The doctor doubled himself down with another fit of laughing.

Annie wanted to laugh too, but she did not like his laughing. She questioned if it were not undignified. She felt that it might be disrespectful. Then she asked herself why he should respect her.

IX

"That was a great success," said Mrs. Munger, as they drove away. Annie said nothing, and she added, "Don't you think so?"

"Well, I confess," said Annie, "I don't see how, exactly. Do you mean with regard to Mr. Gerrish?"

"Oh no; I don't care anything about him," said Mrs. Munger, touching her pony with the tip of her whip-lash. "He's an odious little creature, and I knew that he would go for the dance and supper because Mr. Peck was opposed to them. He's one of the anti-Peck party in his church, and that is the reason I spoke to him. But I meant the other gentlemen. You saw how they took it."

"I saw that they both made fun of it," said Annie.

"Yes; that's just the point. It's so fortunate they were frank about it. It throws a new light on it, and if that's the way nice people are going to look at it, why, we must give up the idea. I'm quite prepared to do so. But I want to see Mrs. Wilmington first."

"Mrs. Munger," said Annie uneasily, "I would rather not see Mrs. Wilmington with you on this subject. I should be of no use."

"My dear, you would be of the *greatest* use," persisted Munger, and she laid her arm across Annie's lap as if to prevent her jumping out of the phaeton. "As Mrs. Wilmington's old friend, you will have the greatest influence with her."

"But I don't know that I wish to influence her in favor of the supper and dance. I don't know that I believe in them," said Annie, moved and troubled by the affair.

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," said Mrs. Munger impartially.

"All you will have to do is to keep still. I will put the case to her."

She alighted the pony before the bar which the flagman at the railroad crossing had let down, while a long freight train clattered deafeningly by, and then drove bumping and jouncing across the tracks. "I suppose you remember what '*Over the Track*' means in Harbors?"

"Oh yes," said Annie, with a smile. "Social perdition at the least. You don't mean that Mrs. Wilmington lives '*Over the Track*'?"

"Yes. It isn't so bad as it used to be, socially. Mr. Wilmington has built a very fine house on this side, and there are several pretty *quaint* Anne cottages going up."

They drove along under the eaves which

here about somewhat at random about the wide, grassless street, between the lean, windowless walls of the stone houses and the shops. The tops of the houses rose level from the windows about the same, and had hardened into a handsome, newly made road beyond the houses in the street yards. They passed some open lots and then, on a pleasant spot of ground, they came to a stately residence, lifted still higher on its underpinning of concrete blocks. It was built in a fashion common here of twenty years ago, with a bold, broad, sandstone and it was painted the same gray color which was once esteemed for being so quiet. The lawn before it sloped down to the road, where it ended smoothly at the brink of a neat stone wall. A black asphalt path curved from the steps by which you mounted over the stone to the steps by which you mounted to the heavy, ported doors; the massive black walnut doors.

The ladies were shown into the parlor, from which the ladies in a room were singing when they came, and Mrs. Wilmington rose from the mantelpiece to meet them. A young nurse who had been standing beside her turned away. Mrs. Wilmington was dressed in a light morning dress with a Watteau fall, whose delicate puffs and ruffles rose and swayed heightened the richness of her complexion and hair.

"Why, Annie," she said, "how good I am to see you! And you too, Mr. Munger. How *rejoice*!" Her words took value from the thick mellow tones of her voice, and passed for much more than they were worth intrinsically. She moved rapidly about and got them into chairs, and was not present when Mrs. Munger broke out with "How did you like it?—Have we? We had the strange bird yesterday, and we've been in all the meetings, and so we ladies noticed. They won't you shut the curtains?—are thanked over her shoulder." "Pardon my nephew, Mr. Jack Wilmington, Mrs. Kilmee, Mr. Wilmington and Mrs. Munger are old friends."

The young fellow bowed silently, and his heavy jaw, big eyes, and low forehead, almost hidden under a thick bang, expressed no pleasure in the ladies' visit. Alone usually and a dislike to him. He sat down crosswise on a chair and listened, with a scornful thrust of his thick lips, to their talk.

Mrs. Munger was not abashed by him. She opened her budget with all her solvent authority, and once more put Anne to silence. When she came to the question of the needed supper and dance, and having previously committed Mrs. Wainwright to the expense of the general scheme, asked her what she thought of that part, Mrs. Jack Wainwright answered (or hes) with a contemptuous humph:

And besides, there was Mr. Wilmington too I know. He was very supportive. I ought have been a head at this moment if Mr. Wilmington had not come along and forced me to be a head. The head of his house. And the question is, Annie, whether I oughtn't to remember my low beginning—

"I suppose we all like to be consistent," answered Annie, aimlessly, uneasily.

"Yes. Mrs. Manger broke in, but they were *not* your beginnings, Mr. Wilmington; they were your incidents--your accidents."

"It's very pretty of you to say so, Mrs. Munger," drawled Mrs. Wilmington. "But I guess I must oppose the little invited dance and supper, on principle. We all like to be consistent, as Annie says—even if we're inconsistent in the attempt," she added, with a laugh.

"Very well, then," exclaimed Mrs. Munger, "we'll *drop* them. As I said to Miss Kilburn on our way here, 'If Mrs. Wilmington is opposed to them, we'll drop them.'"

"Oh, am I such an influential person?" said Mrs. Wilmington, with a shrug. "It's rather awful—isn't it, Annie?"

"Not at all!" Mrs. Munger answered for Annie. "We've just been talking the matter over with Mr. Putney and Dr. Morrell, and they're both opposed. You're merely the straw that breaks the camel's back, Mrs. Wilmington."

"Oh, *thank* you! That's a great relief."

"Well—and now the question is, will you take the part of the Nurse or not in the dramatics?" asked Mrs. Munger, returning to business.

"Well, I must think about that, and I must ask Mr. Wilmington. Jack," she called over her shoulder to the young man at the window, "do you think your uncle would approve of me as Juliet's Nurse?"

"You'd better ask him," growled the young fellow.

"Yes, I know. But what do you think?"

"I think you could play any part you attempted."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilmington, with another laugh, "I'll think it over, Mrs. Munger."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Munger. "And now we must really be going," she added, pulling out her watch by its leathern guard.

"Not till you've had lunch," said Mrs. Wilmington, rising with the ladies. "You must stay. Annie, I shall not excuse you."

"Well," said Mrs. Munger, complying without regard to Annie, "all this diplomacy is certainly very exhausting."

"Lunch will be on the table in one moment," returned Mrs. Wilmington, as the ladies sat down again provisionally. "Will you join us, Jack?"

"No; I'm going to the office," said the nephew, bowing himself out of the room.

"Jack's learning to be superintendent," said Mrs. Wilmington, lifting her teasing voice to make him hear her in the hall, "and he's *been* spending the whole morning here."

In the richly appointed dining room, a glitter of china and glass and a mass of eleven oak—the table was laid for two.

"Put another plate, Noah," said Mrs. Wilmington, carelessly.

There was hamilton in tea-cups, chicken cutlets in white sauce, and luscious strawberry-berries.

"What a cook!" cried Mrs. Munger, over the cutlets.

"Yes, she's a treasure; I don't deny it," said Mrs. Wilmington.

(To be continued.)

STREET TREES OF WASHINGTON.

BY DEER HEDDERSON.

THE city of Washington, the capital of the nation, exceeds in beauty any city in the world. The grand conception of the plan of its broad streets and avenues paved with asphalt, smooth as marble, and its hundreds of palatial residences erected in the highest style of art, but above all, its magnificent trees, make it without a peer.

The streets radiate from the Capitol as a centre, each of the leading avenues being one hundred and sixty feet in width, and some of them, such as Pennsylvania Avenue, five miles in length. Although the conception of its lay-out dates back nearly half a century, the tree-planting that has added so much to Washington was begun

only in 1872. The street tree-planting began under the Shepherd Board of Public Works, which instituted a board under the name of the "Planting Commission," which consisted of William R. Smith, Superintendent of the Botanic Garden, William Saunders, Superintendent of the Horticultural division of the Department of Agriculture, and John Saul, a local nursery-man. Messrs. Smith and Saunders yet retain their positions, not only as the heads of their several departments, but as members of the "Planting Commission," and it is rare indeed that any municipality or government has been so fortunate as ours has been in having two such good heads of such important work. They

are thoroughly practiced men in all local regions of country and town alike.

Two types of tree planted were purchased from the propagator but it was soon found that an account in one hundred number required, and the difference of color the kinds desired, it was necessary to raise the most of the trees in their own nursery. The height and the growth of the trees were now changing the conditions. Washington were grown from seed sown in 1877. The grand results from the work of Messrs. Smith and Simmons are mostly due to the great care taken to every part of the work. The roots of all the kinds used were planted in the ground according to the local wood planted, ranging from eight to twelve feet and having a diameter of about an inch and a half inches. The average diameter of the trees is twenty-four feet. The height of the trees varied below the ground from six to eight feet. In planting the greatest care is taken, when the soil is not naturally good, holes are dug two feet deep and nine feet in diameter, and filled in with good rich loam. The trees are lifted from the nursery with the greatest care in preserving them as possible. The roots and in transit to prevent them from drying or freezing. In planting the soil is packed closely around the roots, and one copious watering is given. A tree protector was once placed around them for the purpose of preventing them from being shaken by the winds or gnawed by insects and perhaps what is most important of all to shade the stems of the trees until their own foliage is sufficient to do so. For this last reason the best and cheapest tree protector yet used is one made of wooden strips placed three inches apart and bound with iron hoops. This gives the necessary shade to the stem and at the same time allows free circulation of air. The best height for the tree box is six feet. This shading is very important when trees are growing in forests or in the nursery. They shade one another and it must be evident if set out without any protection from the blazing sun in the streets of a city they must suffer. Many thousands of deciduous trees both fruit and ornamental, perish annually the first year of planting through this cause. When taken from the closely planted nursery rows and exposed to the full sun and air the change is too great, and unless the season is especially favorable, however carefully the planting may have

been done, large losses must ensue unless the stems are shaded. Trees in orchards and other plantations can be shaded by wrapping the stems up to the lower branches with straw or anything that will shade the trunk from the sun, but for trees in streets or elsewhere, exposed to wind, the shaded box is the best method of shading. The grand success in planting two avenues in Washington is undoubtedly largely in the persistent use of this precaution, for it is never omitted, and the results attest its value. All trees for five years after planting are cultivated, but as if they were a crop of corn cultivated by the soil being stirred by a prepared hoe for twice or five feet from the stem in all directions.

The planting of street trees has been so much encouraged and has resulted from the fact that the following are the best kinds of trees are used in the greatest numbers. Lombards are planted with wind-suckers. 15 miles with *Ulmus* poplar, 10 miles with ash-leaved maple, 6 miles with Norway maples, in all, 37 miles. The other species numbering about 50 kinds representing 10,000 trees all the distance of miles of streets.

The most common tree used for the purpose of street trees is the Lombard, a variety of *Ulmus* which is hardy and grows well. The Lombard is found to be one of the most vigorous and most abundant the most beautiful in both color and form. It is similar to the European maple in shape but the leaves are more rounded and the leaves are larger and more glossy. It grows rapidly from cuttings and if it is found that it will bear a heavy shade a part of the trunk is covered with a rough bark which the atmosphere. In addition to these valuable it is a wonderful ornamentation, it is regarded as an ornamental tree because of its great capacity for absorbing water from the soil. Mr. Smith has named it the "American angel tree" and has used it most extensively in the lower portions of the city, and has given many thousands of it for planting on those sections of the Potomac that which have been reclaimed.

The Tree Commission have also discovered a method of cultivating another tree, which will flourish in Western cities in spite of smoke, but which has been generally abandoned on account of the disagreeable odor given out when it is in bloom; this is the *ailantus*, which is semi-tropical and beautiful in appearance, but

disagreeable in odor. The simple operation of cutting back the branches every second year, thus preventing it from flowering, removes the whole difficulty. It is therefore in contemplation to restore it to the streets of Washington.

Such is the effect of the wonderful growth of the street trees, seen from the Capitol or other high buildings, that it to some extent presents the appearance of a city built in a forest. Many streets are now completely arched by trees throughout their entire length. Malaria, once such a bane to Washington, has been materially checked, and the night temperature during summer, that used to be almost unendurable, has now been materially lessened. The unprotected sidewalks open

to the direct rays of the sun stored up heat during the day, which was rarely exhausted before morning, but now the shaded pavement absorbs little heat, and the nights are comparatively cool.

At present there are in all 240 miles of shade trees on the streets and avenues, or 120 miles of shaded streets. The care of them and the yearly additions cost less than \$20,000 a year—a little which it is considered that it may save millions, in conducting, as it does, so much to the health of the city.

The number and varieties of trees in the streets and avenues of Washington city, D. C., under control of the Park Commission, to the end of June 30, 1887, were as follows:

COMMON NAME	BOTANIC NAME	NUMBER
Soft or White Maple	<i>Acer dasycarpum</i>	23,395
Sugar and Black or Southern Maple	<i>saccharinum</i> & <i>negundo</i>	822
Norway Maple	<i>platanoides</i>	2,786
Scarlet or Red Maple	<i>rubrum</i>	564
Sycamore	<i>moenchii</i>	422
Ash-leaved Maple or Norway Maple	<i>acutifolia</i>	1,910
American Linden or Elm	<i>Tilia americana</i>	2,124
European " "	<i>ovata</i>	109
American Ash (mixed)	<i>Fraxinus americana</i> and other species	967
Sycamore or Buttonwood or European Plane Tree (mixed)	<i>Platanus occidentalis</i> & <i>orientalis</i>	4,000
American, European, Weinm. or White hooped slip, & grey Elm (mixed)	<i>Linum</i> { <i>canadense</i> <i>italica</i> <i>latifolia</i> <i>compositum</i> }	5,505
Carolina Poplar (mixed)	<i>Populus</i> { <i>monilifera</i> <i>quadrangulata</i> }	2,960
Lombardy Poplar	<i>italica</i>	40
Green " "	<i>italica</i>	464
Turkistan " "	<i>Populus</i> (near from Turkey)	7
Catalpa (mixed)	<i>Catalpa</i> { <i>bombayensis</i> <i>flammarum</i> }	844
Willow (mixed & supply)	<i>Salix</i> { <i>pyramidalis</i> <i>caprea</i> }	78
Ginkgo or Maidenhair Tree	<i>Ginkgo biloba</i>	149
Sweet Gum	<i>Liquidambar styraciflua</i>	43
Oaks (mixed)	<i>Quercus</i> { <i>macrocarpa</i> <i>phellos</i> <i>lobata</i> <i>alba</i> <i>rubra</i> <i>resinifera</i> <i>corbiniana</i> }	215
Horsechestnut	<i>Eucalyptus hippocastanum</i>	544
Kennedy Cufve	<i>Gleditsia triacanthos</i>	101
Honey-Locust	<i>Gleditsia triacanthos</i>	1,296
Tulip-Tree	<i>Liriodendron tulipifera</i>	1,712
Aspen Poplar	<i>Populus alba</i>	1,000
Almond	<i>Prunus glandulosa</i>	54
Corn or White Elm	<i>Ulmus americana</i>	15
Paper Mulberry	<i>Broussonetia papyrifera</i>	62
Cypress (mixed)	<i>Taxodium</i> { <i>distichum</i> <i>strictum</i> }	21
Zelkova Tree	<i>Parrotia persica</i>	3
	<i>Parrotia persica</i>	3
Total number		63,914

The old face took on a new light as I spoke. I began to recognize the old “mammy” of an *ante bellum* Southern home.

“Yes, sah, we alls used to call ‘er dat, ‘cause she wuz Marse Alleck’s widder: en atter while Young Miss cum erlong. Hit’s er pity you didn’ know Ole Miss. Lord, Lord, but she uz er lady fum erway back!”

“Dat she wuz,” interpolated the younger woman, who stood by while I drank the cooling draught from her long-handled gourd. “None er dese heah lifalutin’ kind; no, sah. She uz es tall ‘mos’ es you, en es straight es er lugin, which uz nat’chul, fur she cum fum Fieginy, en dey do say one ny ‘er great grandmas wuz pure lugin herself.”

The dog having, after the fashion of settlers, cooled himself in the spring, was stretched upon the ground, watching me with half shut eyes. The shade was refreshing and the rest welcome. I settled down in the white-oak chair, while the young woman resumed her pot-shelling, and let the garrulous old mammy continue with her memories. The show of attention was a small price to pay for the relaxation of limbs in this cool shade.

The speaker continued slowly: “But Ole Miss uz er lady, on er fine lady at dat, fum de time Ole Marse fereh ‘er down heah in de heridge, wid es prays jes er prancin’, till she uz laid out up yonner by ‘im, dead. Nobody nex’ saw ‘er when she warn’t dressed up like she ux er goin’ to er party. En las’! Well, sah, up ter de las’ ole silt, dress she had lef’ wuz splittin’ in de crosses she had er lace caps en collars, en lace on ‘er shoes en han’kerchiefs. When she washed she jes sutter nuxy erlong wid ‘er he’d ‘wag up yonner, en didn’t body lize she ux er stepp’n’ at all. Nobody nev’r knowed ‘er ter laf out loud; but she’d smile de sweetest, en ‘er yone uz sof’. Like de yin’ er yonner in de pines. But dat uz when she uz at peace wid us all, but jus’ you let ‘er git riled—on er took er heap ter wh’ er fence bed you—en ‘er eyes wd dance, en ‘er words cut de air like de combs’n’s whip on er bid nigger’s back. ‘Twuz de same way when she ux er gal. But kind en good! Lord! I seen ‘er many er time go down dem back steps en set up over yonner in de quarters wid er sack nigger all night long, orash’n’ fur ‘er like she uz white en kin; en she wd ‘er sing on faces on too! You know den dese wa’n’t nite

nigger on de place but ‘d er died fur Ole Miss, en well dey might, fur God knows she uz er good ooman, en had seen er heap er trubbl. Ef hadn’t er-been fur de baby, I don’t reck’n she’d er held out es long es she did.”

“So there was a baby?”

“Yes, sah. You see,” she continued, “Marse Frank uz erbout all de Cass’s dat uz lef’ when he uz killed up yonner at—at—watcher call it?—Getty—”

“Gettysburg?”

“Yes, sah. When Marse Frank uz killed, ev’y body sed de race uz gone; but bime-by er little gal cum, en er ma en Ole Miss all fell ter cryin’, en dey gave ‘er her pa’s name. But ‘er ma called ‘er Sweetheart, en so ev’y body got ter callin’ her dat.”

“En I reck’n,” said Mandy, “nair nuth’ er baby like ‘er nev’r lived.”

“You see,” said the first speaker, whose memories had been stirred, “Mandy heah used ter miss ‘er, ‘cause her ma uz weak en sickly; but nuth’n’ ud do but I nars’ ‘er’n gal ergin en ter’ dat baby. Dat uz ‘er gran’m’s noshun. Miss Carrie warn’t nuth’n’ but er gal ‘erself when Marse Frank tok ‘er right out ny er ballroom en back ‘er heah. But she uz er lady down ter ‘er heels, en es good, en kind en good er heart es de bes’. Only she didn’t know nuth’n’ ‘bout babies, en me en all de family, fum Ole Miss on, had ter he’p. But I warn’t ‘er fust de baby died.”

“Died?”

“Yes, sah, ‘er died. I know’d fum de fust what uz er goin’ ter happ’n. Sumthin’ ter back ter me ‘bout er baby, as er heap old er life ter. Dis wuz er er-long ter er erlong er ‘er but uz er work ole er I told Mandy den dat ‘er uz er had sign. Oh—No, sah. En she know’d ter ‘er de de names. Er erany body ‘d say, ‘Mammy,’ she set eyes on me; en ef dey call her ma’s name, she’d en er naps’ en body like she uz er lizin’. One night I wake up, en she uz er lay’n’ down long ‘er en er call’n’ ‘Papa,’ en ‘er body ter me like she uz er tell’n’ me som body wuz uz wid ‘er; but dey wuz n’ no body den, en ‘er pa uz de d’ en ‘erayd ‘er two years back. Lord! Lord! but de child’s ways dat every mo’ er I know’d what uz comin’. When she com ter say ‘Mamma,’ look ter me like Miss Carrie en kiss ‘er top dat; en den she wd say, ‘Ef ‘er pa wd only ‘erayd ‘er!’ En den she’d hug de baby er any erayd.”

“Miss Carrie uz er mighty good er

make no diffunce w'ere dat baby wuz. Ole Miss cum erlong putty soon. En hit took er heap er talk'n' ter get de baby back, 'cause ev'y time ennybody went dere, Bull show'd es teef, en dat uz ernuff. But bime-by she git up en cum off by 'ersef, en ole Bull sorter lay es he'd down on one foot, en sweep de groun' behin' 'em wid es tail, axin' 'er es plain es 'e could talk ter cum back. I know'd nuthin' warn't goin' ter hu't dat chile.

"Yes, sah, she kep' well too, 'cep'n' wid 'er teef. Dey uz mighty hard on 'er fun de fus, but she git erlong well ernuff tell dem eye-teef reddey ter cum. You see Miss Carrie uz er town gal, en es good er hearted ooman es ev'r lived. I ain' er say'n' nuthin' ergin 'er but she didn't know nuthin' 'bout de Cass'l babies; en w'en I brought er string er wood ants, jes same es Marse Frank cut teef wid, ter hang 'roun' de baby's neck, she laf 'ersef 'mos' ter def, en sed we uz 'soompstious niggers,' en she wouldn't 'low no sech doin's wid *her* baby. En w'en Mandy fetched er string er snail shells, w'ich es mighty good deyseys, she laffed ergin, en give 'er es silver quarter; but she wouldn't let 'em go on de baby nuth'r. Den ole 'Liza cum wun day wid er mule's foot, en hit couldn' go dere nuth'r. En w'en Ole Miss wanted er rabbit killed en hit's brains rubbed on de baby's gums, Lord! but sech cryin' en care'n' on you nev'r seed sence you uz born'd.

"Well, so hit went; en one day I seed Miss Carrie dancin' de baby up en down 'fo' de lookin'-glass, en dat sett' er. I tole Mandy den dere uz er goin' ter be troubl' sho. Ain' nuthin' hit me wuss 'n dat. I'd dun huf 'n tell I couldn' stan' hit no long'r, en wun day I seed Ole Miss er watchin' de chile w'en she tot nobody uz erroun', en I seed fun 'er face she warn't satisfied. Den I sed, lookin' her fair in de face, 'Ole Miss, dere's som'n' wrong wid dis heah chile; en you ought ter set store by 'er too much.' Bless your soul! you outer seem 'er; she shuk all ov'r, en 'er face turn white.

"'Hush!' she said, so loud hit like ter skeer'd de life out er me. En den she whispered, 'No! no! not dere's sum mussy lef' in Hobl'n yet,' en went straight ter 'er room. Den I know'd she'd dun seen hit too.

"Well, sah, troubl' cum right erlong. One day w'en I had been ov'r ter de Sim kinses' ter see my tuther gal w'at 'd mar-

ried er po' sort uv er nigg'r ov'r dere—en 'e ain' no better now 'n 'e wuz den—wud eam dat de baby uz mighty sick, en Ole Miss hed sont de kerridge fur me. W'en I got dere I foun' Miss Carrie settin' in 'er room wid de baby in 'er lap, en 'er eyes uz sot in er hard look. 'Mammy,' she said, jes es cool es I'm er-say'n' hit now, 'my baby es goin' ter die.' You see, hit ud dun cum ter 'er at las' jes like hit did ter me at fus. But I made b'lieve she uz only sorter skeered, en tuk de baby. Hit uz er-bu'n-in' up wid fev'r. Lord! Lord! how hit all cums back! She used ter lay 'er he'd down on my shoulder en sleep w'en she wouldn't sleep no uth'r way; en w'en I tuk 'er up, she jes say, loud ernuff ter heah, 'Mammy'; en I say, 'Yes, honey, mammy goin' ter stay wid yer.' En I lay 'er he'd down dere on my should'r. Well, sah, she uz es sile, rehle 'n I know'd; en w'en I look'd at 'er, I nev'r seed sech a change. Movin' 'er uz too much. 'Peared ter me like she uz already dead, en I uz er lookin' down in de grave at 'er. En I b'ieve ef I hadn't huf 'er down mighty quick, she would er died right dere. En all she sed uz 'Mammy.' Lord! I've hyard dat wurd ev'r sence—'Mammy.'

The old woman turned to the fire again, and made pretence to rearrange the chunks, while her daughter bent silently over the tray. Presently she resumed:

"Den wuz hard times. You see we ought'r had er leep we couldn' git. Quinine uz sevyace, en mammy couldn' buy hit, en we couldn' buy de boy er any uth'r way. En ter uz ev'r too. Well, we watched en tended, tell bime-by de doct'y tole Miss Carrie, en say she mus'es; en by dis time she mus'es well res', 'cause de baby didn' know nobody, en we all could do fer 'er heap better 'n hit er nuch. So Miss Carrie went erlong upstairs 'mos' de'd 'ersef, en I promys 'er she should see de baby 'fo' hit die. Well, I watch' all dat night en nex' day, en w'en de sun went down I see er new look on 'er face—a hund, de'd look—en 'er han's wore cool en stiff, en 'er eyes sot. Den I went up ter Miss Carrie's room, 'cause I know'd hit wuz time, but I didn' say nuthin'. 'I know,' she said. 'Lemme see my baby wunst mo'.' En all I could do uz ter cry en ter he'p 'er down stairs.

"Well, sah, I *own* stand'd den, sho nuff, ter see how she tle hit. I uz er holdin' 'er on my arm ter leep 'er tith fall'n' 'cause she uz mighty sick en weak



"HIS PRY'ER CAME—CLOSE THE DOOR, IT'S HIM—GIVE HIM THE ANSWER."

shut er minit, but not long—She hit up
one han' at las', on t'n' her po' ole white
face to, en cried out loud, wid de t'n' er
han' on de page, "Lord, my God! hude!
All gone! all! all! all!—all but dis lit-
tle one! Husband, fath'r, mudder, lo-
sers, sist'rs, sons—all!—all but dis little one!"
Have I cried out bafe? And I aint agin-
st ver?—One at Marnassus, one at Malyan
Hill, one at Shiloh, one at Gellinsburg—
fever en hilder, shot en shell, but none er
word, O my God! One by one they
brought 'em home—husband, fath'r, en
sons. Hit iz thy will. "These ole han's
closed me'r er eye. Hit iz thy will."

These w'ers reciv'd de las' messengers. Hit
iz thy will. I gave them, after thy
doep'n', en for dey country, w'en de call
down on you both 'em. I gave you I say
en no oys, so'd de f'ores me'm'—*"I thought
hit all a cu' dey march'd evenin'—I were
awake!"* My baby boy—*"dat ax'd de f'ather!"*
En dey t'n' me in evenin' and "Murder!"
w'en he fell. O my God! my God! did
you heah dat er?—I heah 'em and by y
day, s'ens. "T'n' now dis child dis child
my only one! Leave 'em for de age,
O my God! leave 'em de rate. I heah too
proud en too old! but I am briden now.
Leave my baby!"

“ Well, sah, right den en dere I seed sum’n’ w’at ’stonish me. Heah cum er-longer soger, en wark right upto de house en w’en Ole Miss cum out on de po’ch hit would er made yer cry ter seen ’em. He uz wellnigh barefooted, en his clo’es uz rags. He uz dat white bloo dat you’d er said he uz er clayeat’r, en es ’e stood dere ’e put es han’ on de rail ter steddly hisself. He warn’t no bad look’n’ man nuther, jus’ ’bout yo’ size en buil’, en de same forehead en curly hair, en er way er hold’n’ up es he’d made me think ’bout ’im jus tione I laid eyes on yer.

“ ‘Madam,’ he said, ‘sof’ like, er tak n’ off es hat. ‘I am er-makin’ my way back ter New Orlyans, en am mighty nigh starv’d fur de want my sum’n ter eat. ‘I mus’ ask yer ter help me, en tek de changes er gittin’ paid wen de war is ov’r, ‘cause I ain’ got no munny now. ‘But uz wut ‘e said, en bless yo’ soul!’ ‘e sed hit like ‘uz fresh from er battlooni, insad uz de hospit’l which ‘e wuz wid es ain’ gone, en so weak ‘e couldn’ stum’ steady. ‘But you oughter seen Ole Miss. ‘She stretch out ‘er arm en draws ‘im up ter ‘er hie, ‘e wuz ‘er son, er sayin’, ‘God durn sent you hyar, my boy. ‘I sees hit now. ‘You is my gies’, God sent. ‘ ‘Den she took ‘im in de house, en made ‘im set down by de big table, en de fus sing she did uz ‘im sent me down in de cellar ter git er battlooni wine. ‘Dere wuz’n but fife left, ‘cause she done car’d de battlooni ter Marsen ‘im de sick sogers long ergo. ‘Dey say hit uz made de year de stars fell, tangley nigh ‘bout forty years befo’. ‘Well, sah, she po’d out sum fur dat boy, en he didn’ back like nuthin’ but er boy, en ‘e stood up leanin’ ‘gainst de table en drink ter es country, ‘e ses, en es country’s symmon, jes like ‘e wuz at er party. ‘But she made ‘im set down, en fetch’d ‘im sum dinner wid ‘er own han’s. ‘En w’en she got durn dere uz eruff fur evn’ body. ‘Well, sah, de po’ nunn took sum battlooni wuz es rogh en lif’ et up two times ter es mouth, en den put er back wid es han’ er shak’n, en w’en Ole Miss ax ‘im wut de matter, he say es face wid es han’ en slung out er ey, sayin’ ‘e dat hunger ‘e couldn’ eat, dat ‘e hed been tined furr de boy de rest he uz ‘mus’ redde ter give et up. ‘But time by ‘e got so er nigh er nighen Ole Miss tek ‘im upstern en give ‘im er room er stay ter Marsen France’s chives, en er purt boots en er nice cap. ‘She look at dat cap er long time en kiss hit, ‘cause hit uz de cap o’

had on w'en he uz kill. But she put et on de soger's he'd herse'f, en give 'im sum munny too, en sont down ter de pasture en ketch Marse Frank's hoss, which wuz Beauregard, en put Marse Frank's saddle on em too, 'cause de gemman say 'e 'bliged ter go on. W'en 'e cum down, you wouldn't er know'd 'im. He wuz like er new man, but mighty weak. When he lass Ole Miss han' he hel' on tears dere. But Ole Miss, wid 'er han' on es shoulder, ses, 'In God's name I bid you fare well.' En 'e set ef de peers up er wile en mudd' er fustell, en de loxer up er baby boy, uz good, shud get 'er pay. But Ole Miss dum up en say de Lord dum soul' wid 'er already, en I know'd wat she wuz er-tarkin' about. Den 'e ride off, en out yinner he tum en take off es rap fud de las' time. He wuz ter write back ef 'e got dere safe, but nobody ain' hyard fum im, en ev'ybody sed 'e mus' er dijd erlong de way. But he didn't.

And what became of the family?

“ Well, sah, de wair entins d down hyah, en dey refugees away off xander ter firs one place en den another. En de house got bu’nt, en all de stock uz run off. Den Ole Miss died shaw’ero en uz sent back hyah, en Miss Carrie went back ter de folks, dey say, en all uz ‘om uz dun got so po’ dey couldn’ do nuth’n’ foe wa’l. One day Miss Carrie sent me a letter ter say I musn’ let Ole Miss geyo get los’, en I hant. En I sot up a board out dere en de tery’n’ ground; so den I scrape up little money fom de bushes en yards en en crention pards, it had becom ter put down dat sale.

It must have been considerable

His did, but not so much as et I learn ter him de stone already. She shifted herself uneasily in her chair, and looked down as she explained. "You see, Ole Sam (Bill Cass) ez forced up yinner row, wid er fine slab er a him, on 'ing de meens white man you ever seed wid a stone in," so I thought Ole Miss better put dat stone in ter him do thout no more white er wos ez forced but ever eaded de stone er politick on t'ing side. But he am ez jos right. None ez er coubly ead de time w on shoing t'ing d' goin', or w on sho'ed, er Miss Cass go on gone off ter er t'ere new place. I know er shoing t'ing d' w on Sunday er d' w on er Sander ter him er long time ago. So I put t'ole cut ter put Ole Miss on et. Ez I see ter

THE GRAND TOUR—THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

THE Western world is but gradually realizing the riches of the East—the true riches of the East—those which enrich the mind and imagination, and become part of a man's mental being, and which he carries with him for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. How few educated persons realize that there is a whole picture gallery of the ancient world, as old as the Exodus, still to be seen on the walls of Thebes! or let me more precisely ask of many of my readers who have been up the Nile and "done" the ancient Egyptians (and been done by the modern Egyptians): Pray did you visit the King of the Amorites? Did you admire the Philistines? What did you think of the Hittites? Or have you only a general sense of having been shooed on donkeys, and baked in the sun, and confused by interminable glaring walls covered with heterogeneous figures? I fear this last is your case.

Yet there stand on these gray walls the effigies of conquered kings and warriors of renown. There may you see the rages of mighty battles, the prancing horses, and the bounding chariots, a multitude of slain, and the frenzied captives, but of soul. There they have stood bleaching since the days when Egypt conquered the fresh world, as yet unwelded by any power, and passed into its dim homes of distant fables—when as yet there had not arisen the nations that lived on into what we call history. To walk around Thebes with open eyes is to make the grand tour of the ancient world, to see, to know, all the many peoples that lived from central Asia to Greece, and from the shores in the middle of the Mediterranean to the Syrian deserts.

Many attempts have been made—notably by Rosellini and Lepsius—to reproduce some of these priceless monuments, but no draughtsman, often working in uneasy postures and unfavorable lights, could copy them with satisfactory exactness. The differences between the drawings themselves were sufficient reason for distrusting any process of transcription, and it was generally felt by the Anthropological Institute (of London) that there should be no further delay in making some authentic copies of these remains, by photography, for the benefit of students

of both anthropology and history. The British Association, having been applied to, made a small grant toward the expenses of such an undertaking, and I agreed to do what was practicable in the course of a season's study last year in Egypt.

Armed, therefore, with a stock of photographic plates, and with the far more essential stock of paper for making moulds up "squeezes" from the stone, I began work on the temples of Thebes. In most cases the sculptured surface has lost all trace of its coloring, and it may then be washed and soaked without any harm. First drenching it with water, a sheet of soaked paper is then laid on it, and worked into the hollows by the fingers; next, this is beaten with a brush until it is thoroughly pulped into all the carvings, and even into the very grain of the stone itself. Every line and chip and flaw must receive the paper as closely as a coat of paint; then, after any broken parts of the sheet have had extra pieces beaten on over them, another sheet is laid on and beaten until the two seem like one layer of pulp. In a couple of hours or so this will be dry, and the sheets, light and unchangeable except by wet or heavy pressure may be packed up and carried in parcels without any damage. In many cases the great battle scenes or rows of captives cover whole walls up to twenty or thirty feet from the ground. Here it was needful to hang a rope-ladder over the wall from the top, and enjoining my Arab boy to stand steady on the end of it, and not to let go on any account whatever, I then seated up, gripping the long brush, with the paper wound round it, between my teeth. Hitching an elbow in over a step to keep myself up, I unrolled the paper, and brushing over the stone with the wet brush, spread the sheet out, and beat it on. In other cases a high stack of boxes served for steps, and contained my collections afterward. On reaching England, the paper impressions were soaked with wax upon a stove plate, and were thus brought into a state for making any number of plaster casts. From a set of casts the photographs were at last taken, far better and more easily than if taken direct from the stone; the lighting can be precisely arranged, so as

done, and looking round in the blackness, a faint patch of yellow shows where the candle flame is. Some of these magnesium-light photographs are among the most successful.

The Egyptians themselves, in the earliest times that we know of, were of a mixed type. The dominant race had small aquiline noses, well formed chins, and fine foreheads, while the lower race had long

ing. Notwithstanding the race after race that has been poured into the country—the Hyksos, the Ethiopians, the various slave races from central Africa, the Greek and Roman infusion, and the great Arab scourge—it will surprise any one who is familiar with the old types to see how constantly they may be met with in the streets and villages. The women show them more often than the men, just as in



—EAST ASIAN MUSEUM, TOKYO

snouty noses, prognathous mouths, and retreating foreheads. It is seldom that either race is seen without some tainture of the other: the blending appears to have begun long before the earliest monuments that we have, which are of the fourth dynasty, though it was not a case of entire fusion until far later times. The instance we have here in Khafnankh,* a son of King Khufu (or Cheops), will show that even in that early time there was some mixture of the coarse type in the royal family, though they were mainly of the high race. A most interesting tomb at Gizeh—now, alas! destroyed by the Arabs for stone—showed a man of the low, snouty type and his wife of the high race, she being called a royal cousin, while he had not that distinction. Most curiously, in the scene where they sat side by side, he had the high type given to his features, in order not to contrast unpleasantly with his wife, while where he was placed alone he appeared as a very inferior-looking be-

ing. the early sculptures the lower, snouty type is more often seen in women than in men. May it be true that female atavism reverts more often to an ancestress, and male atavism to an ancestor? or is a woman more influenced by climate and a man by race?

The origin of Egyptian civilization is a problem of long standing, and anything which throws light upon it is welcome. If any clue can be found to the source of the race, we have made a step toward the end. That the Egyptians are not of the fair or yellow stocks of the rest of North Africa, nor of the bushy-bearded Semites of Syria, nor of the woolly-haired negro peoples, is manifest; nor do they show any atavism to those types. But a large and important race near at hand has more claims to show. On both sides of the Red Sea, about its southern part, called by the Egyptians Pûn, there existed a good civilization in early times. To this day the marvellous terracing of the hills for cultivation up to a height of 6000 feet excites the wonder of the travellers and the was

* Tomb at Gizeh, east of the Great Pyramid.



seen in the whole account; they gain peace and return in peace. About a thousand years earlier another expedition for spices was sent to the same land of King Manlikiana, and again, in later times, we read that "the nobility of the distant land, going at the head of their tributaries," came to Koptos: "they anchor in peace, with the proclings they carried, and brought their tribute like marvels; their nobility laboring my fire, smoldering the ground, prostrated before me," says Hanesen III.

The high-class Egyptian mode of the early and mid-third century was a complete assimilation to this popular Phoenician style.

However, in the (bracketed) figures 101, 101 I, and 101 II, ; and not only in the fine type, but also in the coarse (bottom), and in those of K and 100, which may well be interpreted as the first map of Pto. above the map. When one considers the (fine) reconstruction of these several maps, and how exactly uniform was the treatment accorded to the (bracketed) in the Pto. from



HANDEL—VIOLIN WOMEN

that vouchsafed by them to any other race, we shall hardly be presumptuous in supposing that the high-class stock of ancient Egypt were immigrants from the divine land. If they penetrated Egypt from the Red Sea through the desert road at Koptos, which was the high-road to Pân in the earliest times, there would thus be explained the springing up of civilization in the midst of the Nile Valley, neither proceeding up from the sea nor down from Nubia. May not South Arabia hold the key to the beginnings of Egyptian art?

But it is also a question whether another and different development of the Pânite race may not have taken place in a migration to the Mediterranean. When we look at the Pulista,* as they are called, there is a strong resemblance in them to many of the Pânite heads. Unfortunately

and they were known as Cherethim to Ezekiel (xxv. 16) and Cheretines elsewhere in the Old Testament. These Philistines who fought naval battles with the Egyptians would thus be the same people as the Phœnicians, who were masters of the sea wherever they settled, whether in Palestine, Carthage, or Spain. And so close is the resemblance of their name, Poeni or Pœnici, to that of the land of Pân, that it needs some care to avoid the ambiguity of the name Punic—an ambiguity of place rather than of race, as we may well believe when we compare their faces.

Turning to a wholly different stock, we see in the Thahennu† of North Africa the fair race with European features who are represented to the present day by the Kabyles of Algeria. It may be questioned whether the name was a purely Eyp-



ASBOUTES.

every point cannot be illustrated in our present limits, but the resemblance between the second Pânite man above the chief and this Pulista will suffice to show the likeness between them. But who were these Pulista? That they belong to the Mediterranean is certain from the inscriptions; that they were a naval people is certain, as they continually fought in ships; and it is now agreed by all that the resemblance of Pulista and the Philistines or Philistines of the Bible is too strong to be gainsaid. But this does not necessarily prove that they came from Palestine, as the Egyptians never seem to have met with the Pulista there; they belong rather to the Pelisti in Crete, which island is supposed to have been their head-quarters.

* From triumph of Ramessu III. in Medinet Habu, Thebes.

than appellation, as has been supposed, from *lahen*, crystal or clear, as referring to their complexion, or whether it may not be a native name slightly altered, since in their district stood the classical towns of Thénœ, Thonœes, and Thénacusse, names which strongly recall the early Thahennu. These people appear as the most un-African race of Africa, the *Lah* or Labyans, the *Masharash* or Maxyes, and others, being of a coarser type. The historic interest of these tribes springs mainly from their great confederacies to swamp Egypt, first under Merneptah I., about 1300 B.C., and soon after, under Ramessu III. This confederation seems to have included nearly the whole power of the Mediterranean not

† From battle of Sidi Barrani, south side of Great Bitter Lake, Thebes.



HANEBU—HARRIS



HANEBU'S WIFE—HARRIS

only the African people, the Libu or Libyans, the Mushrusi or Mushru, and the Thahennu, but also "all the lands of the north of the great sea," the Akauasha, Tursha, Leku, Shardana, and Shakalsha, who were first mentioned by the Hebrews with the Achaeans, Etruscans, Lycians, Sardinians, and Siculi.* Difficulties exist in these identifications. However, that a great invasion of Mediterranean races was poured on to Egypt is undoubted. But they were thrust back largely by the help of the allies of Egypt, who were enrolled as regular auxiliary troops. "For the auxiliaries of his Majesty were six hours slaughtering them: They put them to the sword . . . When they were fighting, the vile chief of the Libyans looked on. His cowardly heart was averted. He stretched out his legs in flight; he threw his bow beneath his feet. His equipment was left behind, and all he had. Violent despair took him, and terror spread in his limbs."† His weapons and gold and vessels of bronze, his horses, ornaments, his garments, his bow, and all that he had brought with him fell to the Egyptians. Over nine thousand captives were brought away, armed with a bronze sword. 120-214 chariots of horses, with cattle, gold and silver drinking cups and human food, all were carried by the victors, and Egypt was once more safe. "Then the whole land

shouted to heaven, the villages and the countries were delighted at the triumph which had come to pass."‡ Again, under Ramses III, nearly the same struggle took place, and again with the same result. Knappe and the west were repelled from destroying the civilization of the world. In the second invasion the struggle was mainly on the sea, the Philistines and Sardinians having joined the confederacy in great force along with the Teuerians (Takkriu) of Asia Minor. After that the land had peace; a woman might walk without being made afraid, and the useful auxiliaries lay through all the length of their bows; they were not on the lookout, they did not attack Ethiopia or Syria; they ate and drank in jubilee, their wives with them, and their children at their side."§

Closely resembling the Thahennu is the head of a Greek woman, one of the Hanebu or "lords of the north."¶ The refined line and delicately pointed nose, the ample lips and full chin, agree with a high class of Aryan race; while the long wavy black hair and the ringlet in front recall the hair so constantly shown on the early Greek vases. Whether this woman were from Hellas or from Asia Minor is uncertain, as the name Hanebu was not very closely localized in early times;

* Description of Karnak of Merneptah translated in *Records of the Past*, viii, 46.

† *Ibid.*, viii, 46.

‡ Description of Karnak of Merneptah: translated in *Records of the Past*, viii, 46.

§ Harris papyrus: in *Records of the Past*, viii, 50. Triumph of Horemheb: Karnak.

but it certainly belongs to what we should broadly call a Greek people. That Greeks necessarily had what we know as a Grecian nose is of course a fallacy, the early vases showing us a very *retroussé* nose, and a face far removed from any type that we should call Greek. The type idealized by the sculptors was exceptional and not essential.

Passing through Asia Minor, where the Derdeni or Dardanians are identical in face with the Amorites, we come into Syria. The most European-looking race found there is undoubtedly the Amorite, known in the hieroglyphics as the Amar. "His height was as the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks," says the prophet Amos. This valiant people were powerful foes of the Egyptians, and were in constant alliance and intermixture with the Hittites. The group of three Amorites we have here are from a chariot in the great scene on the pylon at the Ramesseum, where the host of Hittite and Amorite chariots cover the field, each bearing three warriors. These people occupied the whole of Palestine, afterward divided among the twelve tribes, from the Lebanon and Mount Hermon in the north to Kadesh

Barnea in the south—perhaps the "Kadesh of the Amorites" named on the monuments. Mount Tabor, in Galilee by Nazareth, the "Tapur of the Amorites," was a great fastness of theirs. On the east of Jordan all Bashan was theirs, as Og, King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of Heshbon, are often named as the two kings of the Amorites, in Joshua and elsewhere, and they extended half-way down the east side of the Dead Sea to the Arnon. Judea was especially their stronghold, as their five kings, whose overthrow was the turning-point in the capture of West Palestine, were all grouped closely together to the south and west of Jerusalem. The tragic day of Makkedah, when their power was broken, was not, however, by any means the end of their race. Israel dwelt among the Amorites; they could not be driven out; peace was at last made with them under Samuel,

and they became tributary to Solomon. So strong was their influence on the Israelites, not only in faith but in blood, that Ezekiel says of Jerusalem, "thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite."*

That the Amorites were largely represented among the later inhabitants of Palestine is fully borne out by the likeness between the Judean captives of Shishak† and the Amorite portraits. The Judeans here have a somewhat thinner beard, more resembling the scanty beard of the Arabs or Shasu; and their expression is rather more subtle and town bred, lacking the bold, open, warrior type of the fighting Amorites. But they are evidently considerably Amorite; and of these places, like Jerusalem, the sentence is certainly borne out, "thy father was an Amorite." The captive bearing the name



MEN OF ASHKELON.

Jutehmalek was at first ascribed to the King of Judea; as, however, all the other captives in Shishak's list bear the names of cities, it is most likely that this figure represents some royal city in Judea, perhaps that known as Jehud. The other captive, with the name of Ganaata, represents the town or district still known as the Wady Ganāta.

Closely akin to these Judeans are the men of Ashkelon‡—Askaluna, as it is named on the monuments. Remembering that these men are earlier than the Israelitish invasion, and that the heads of Jutehmalek and Ganaata are done three centuries later from captives taken after the

* Ezekiel, xvi. 3.

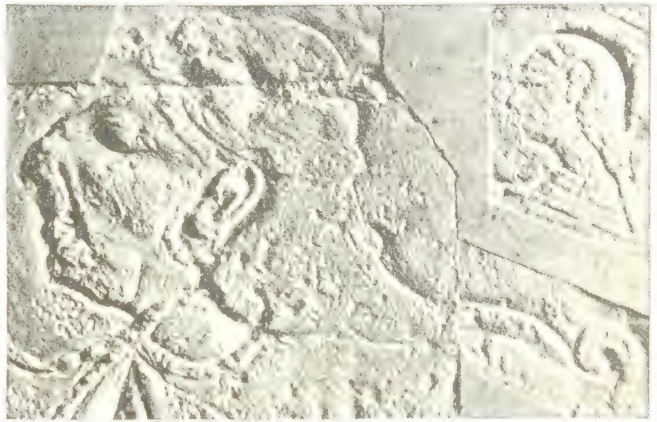
† Triumph of Shishak on south wall of Great Hall, Karnak.

‡ War of Ramesses II. south of Great Hall, Karnak.

tablishing and extending their dominion long before the Egyptians met with such a formidable and well organized resistance to the conquests of Ramessu II.; and we might well suppose that it was the movement of the Hittite race from their northern home into Syria which impelled the North Syrians forward into Egypt and caused the Hyksos conquest in the XIXth dynasty.

The great people known as Khiti (Hittites) in the Hebrew, and as Khita in Egyptian, formed a powerful state in North Syria and on the Euphrates, from Lebanon to the Great River being all of it "the land of the Hittites." Their appearance is peculiar:* always beardless, with very retreating foreheads running back into a pointed head, thus forming a considerable angle between the lower part of the face and the upper, with very deeply marked facial lines or wrinkles down the sides of the mouth, and with the forehead often, perhaps always, shaven. A long tail of hair hung down behind, and in some cases it appears to have been double, as two masses, one on each side of the face, are seen in some front views. Their portraits, as seen on their monuments, lately discovered in northern Syria, are strikingly like the representations of them on the Egyptian monuments. This people maintained a military supremacy in North Syria for many centuries. With Ramessu the Great (1900 B.) they were at constant war, defying the strength of the Egyptians, who very narrowly escaped a crushing defeat. Their powers were so nearly equal that at last a long treaty was made, with honorable stipulations on both sides, and the daughter of the Hittite king became a wife of Ramessu II. This treaty, however, does not appear to have been the first, as others between previous kings are mentioned in it. Later on we find Ramessu III. at war with them, and he carefully supplies, when decorating the outside of his palace at Medinet Habu with the sculpture of the King of the Khita, that the luckless ruler

was "taken captive alive." Later still the Khita appear as valued auxiliaries of the Israelite kings, Ahimelech the Hittite and Uriah the Hittite being among David's mighty men. It is only under the reign of Solomon that we read of their being a tributary race, and somewhat later the Syrians were panic-stricken at the thought of the kings of the Hittites and Egyptians coming against them.† That the Hittites and Amorites were continually fighting side by side is evident. The forts taken by the Egyptians are garrisoned by their



King of the Hittites.

joint forces, as we see at Tabor (Dapur) and at Kadesh (Kadesh), while in the battle scenes the chariots are mingled together, Hittite and Amorite alternately, and the bodies of troops are similarly mixed. That this was not merely because of a confederacy or alliance is shown by the accounts in Genesis‡ where, in the heart of the Amorite country, we find Abraham buying the cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite, and bowing himself to the people of the land, "even to the children of Heth." While soon after, apparently in Beersheba, to the southern limit of Palestine, Esau married two Hittite wives, not over-meek to their mother-in-law either, for she said, "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if I should take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these, what good shall my life do me?"• It seems not improbable that these Hittites settled among the Amorites

were those known as Hittunim to the

* From the pylon of the Ramesseum and the Great Hall of Karnak.

† Translated in *Reveries of the Pious*, 25.

‡ 2 Kings, x. 15.

Genesis, xiv. 13.

§ Genesis, xxiv. 10.

• Genesis, xxv. 20.

the Assyrians. Their country, the Hittite land, was destroyed while it was completely purged from its population, and the Assyrians, of course, had no objection to the Hittites, who were completely exterminated. The Hittites were not mixed with the Assyrians.

The Hittite empire was destroyed in 1180 B.C. and has been found before the Assyrians.

and triumph of Rameses II. Warring continually with the rival powers of Egypt and Assyria, they held their country for many centuries, until the cities of the western Hamath were regained by the Assyrians, from whom they had been wrested; and lastly their capital, Carchemish, was swept into the Assyrian empire by



CHITRE

Professor Sayce, and more by means of the explanation and juxtaposition of disregarded facts than by the discovery of fresh monuments.* The race appears to have come from the highlands of Cappadocia and Armenia, and thence to have seized on and spread over northern Syria on the one hand and Asia Minor on the other. Then capital cities were Carchemish, the Greek Hierapolis (whence the modern name Jerablûs), standing on a branch of the Euphrates nearest to Antioch, Hamath on the Orontes, and Karad on an island in the same river. Thence their power extended itself as a military supremacy over the people of northern Syria, and over the region of another Mesopotamian river, the Taurus. In Asia Minor they extended their dominion over the Hittite country, and thence to the westward, and finally to the westward, and finally to the westward. The Hittite empire was destroyed in 1180 B.C. and has been found before the Assyrians.

* See Harper's New Monthly Magazine, p. 388.

Assyria in 712 B.C. Thus ended a rule which had lasted for about a thousand years.

We have now made in brief the grand tour of the ancient world at the time when its various races began to extend their relations to one another, when the Egyptian and the Hittite were the powers apparently responsible for the civilization of the world, and when the old Babylonian culture had not yet been spread abroad by the Assyrians, whom we often now call the first of the great monarchies. As yet the influence which the west of the Mediterranean was destined to exert was as little foreseen as was the influence of the Celtic or Teutonic savages, who were then still roaming far east of their later homes. The course of empire for aught that could then be seen, might as well have gone eastward as westward. Here we have gone back through many cycles, and stood at the parting of the streams, when men know not as yet what would be the end or whether they would flow.

COMMERCE WITH THE SKIES.

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

EARTHLY sorrows surely vanish
Under these benignant skies!
See how swiftly heaven shall banish
Tears of maids and maiden sighs!
Seas with wide and tranquil bosom,
Earth with every sweetest blossom,
Each "commerce with the skies,"
Where milk-white argosies sail through
Some remote, mysterious portal,
Far and far and far unto
Quays of jasper built immortal,
Thence, with freight of sapphire stone
And opal gems, sail back alone,
Sail alone, dispersing these
All along new golden quays.

Buy, sweet maiden! Load thine eyes
With this immortal merchandise!
See! Thy very eyes shall shine;
Grief in thee shall grow divine.
Tears that rose from sorrow's sources
Shall fall pearls in shining courses,
Stole shall pale, and cypress wither;
Youth and gaiety come hither,
Clasped hands and rings thereafter,
Wedding bells and bridemaids' laughter;
Then sweet children, jasper-eyed,
To sport upon that holy ground—
A mother's bosom, lacent, round—
A doubled sweet thus sanctified,
And heavenly manna, fallen duly,
There be gathered daily, nowly.

So shall seas and summer skies
Banish dole from weeping eyes,
That, weeping, still behold their tears
Roll away in radiant spheres,
Each a world of sunset dyes,
Only barred with transient fears,
Which the sun, still unforgetting,
Shall himself illumine ere setting.
Youth is deepened, youth is chastened,
All its spring-time growth but hastened,
When along its verdant plains
Rush a sudden sorrow's rains,
When the blue lakes shoulder under
Forked fires and rattling thunder.
See! earth hardly waits till morn
Ere it flaunts its flowery banners,
And a thousand birds new-born
Sing upon the hills dozanous.

Buds are born in May, and blossoms
Shed their sweetest fragrance soon.
Oft ere June, by storms overtaken,
I have seen these blossoms shaken—
I have seen them fall ere June.
Buy, sweet maiden, ere the sun
Far along thy May be run;
Buy these gems that then are rarest!
Babes lie best on mother's bosom
When that bosom is the truest.
Buy, sweet maiden! Let thine eyes
Up from stole and cypress rise!
Let them commerce with these skies,
While you floating argosies
Linger at the golden quays
With their jasper merchandise!



NATURE VERSUS ART.

Text as Stedman is about to exhibit his record of the sublime and delightful sympathy
between the artist and the subject.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Horatian philosophy, to gather rose-buds while we may, is accounted Epicurean and self-indulgent. But although Longfellow was not a Horatian, it is the substance of his exhortation in the "Psalm of Life" to act in the living present, and Longfellow renders the *carpe diem* in his musical and famous line. The same wisdom lurks in the words which Paul Flemming reads upon the marble tablet in the chapel at St. Gilgen. "Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the future without fear, and with a manly heart."

There are many ways in which this wise philosophy can be applied, because there are many kinds of rose-buds. If we should put the Horatian wisdom in a phrase, and say, Lose no opportunity, it would not be an invitation to a mad dance merely, to the wine cup, and the rose wreath fading at sunset. The soldier's opportunity is battle and death. Every man's opportunity is helping somebody else. But opportunity certainly has its softer and alluring aspect when you please yourself, as the Easy Chair reflected recently, remembering that the Wallack company was to play its last nights in the familiar and most comfortable of theatres, in which it would appear in the old English comedy. In the spirit of the St. Gilgen inscription, the Easy Chair resolved wisely to improve the present.

There is persuasive music in those words, the old English comedy. It is something as unique, and often as remotely related to actual human life, as the art of a half-barbarous people. It is a world of its own, with grotesque and suggestive resemblances to the world that we know. It holds the mirror up to a realm beyond any nature with which we are familiar. The better name for it is that of Charles Lamb, the artificial comedy of the last century, except that Lamb meant an earlier play, which our stage would not tolerate. Such preposterous virtue, such astounding vice, such swift conversions, such noble sentiments, such overwhelming priggishness of goodness, are not found out of the domain of this old comedy.

There is Morton's *Town and Country*, which was played delightfully by the

Wallack company—was there ever anything in fairy lore more amazing? There is a hero who saves everybody's life, including that of the villain, and then saves everybody's soul, excepting the villain's, which resists his longest sermons. There is a brother whom he reclaims from the gambling-house to the home, a brother's wife whom he transforms from the Lania of fashion to the domestic Madonna, and all with phrases even more unctuous and incontrovertible than those of Joseph Surface. The moment this extraordinary and lugubrious hero appears, your prophetic soul awaits the uplifted eye and the solemn voice of Joseph declaring that "the man who" is dead to the finest sentiment.

Then there is John Gilbert as the good old uncle with bottomless pockets full of gold, who cures all ills and repairs all wrongs with that miraculous solvent, bringing the city tastes and habits of London into the country, and clearing up confusion with his cheery good sense and steady temper. It is very interesting, as the Easy Chair has heretofore remarked, to observe the delicate distinctions and admirable gradations in Gilbert's representations of the English squire and London merchant or gentleman. The rose-bud that it had in mind to gather was the last opportunity of seeing him in these parts with the admirable company which it is sad to think is disbanded. It was the end of the thirty-sixth season of the company known as Wallack's, and which as a company will play no more. *Town and Country* is not a very definite play, and it has no figures whose names are representative or familiar, like Sir Peter or Squire Hardcastle. But when the Squire himself made his appearance toward the close of the season the house was so full that it seemed as if the charm of the play might have filled it for many a week.

It is hard to conceive that Mr. Gilbert can have any adequate successor in his own parts. He has created the standard, and when living memory can no longer measure the comparative excellence of other performances of them, they will be tested by the traditions of Gilbert. The plain good-breeding of his Hardcastle has yet a rustic quality, or flavor rather, which

is delicately discriminated from the courtly refinement of his Sir Peter. There is the essential gentleman in both, but it is the country gentleman in one, and the city gentleman in the other. The touch of chuckling senility in Harcastle's pleasure with Diggory's enjoyment of his stories, and the anxious brightness of Sir Peter, are both of a kind, but they are not the same, and you feel the difference. Neither of these characters can be dissociated from Gilbert by those who have seen him in them, and to know that they will not be seen again under the same conditions and support is to be conscious of a public loss.

The humor of *The School for Scandal* is of that brilliant, staccato, literary kind which can be enjoyed without the acting. But *She Stoops to Conquer* requires to be seen that its humor may be fully perceived. If you had read it merely, you might be greatly surprised in the theatre to find how constant is the laugh during the representation. The enjoyment, indeed, is very various. There is, among other charms, the distinct pleasure of recognizing the unreality of the world which is depicted. There is no such place; there never was. There are no such people. But in history and in stories there are descriptions of a certain kind of life in England a century ago, and from those descriptions the whole drama is evolved. The squire from whom Harcastle is drawn was not a rural gentleman. Harcastle is made partly of the figures of the earlier comedies and partly of Goldsmith's fancy of the squires whom he saw. Addison's Sir Roger was probably much more realistic.

But, however devised, Harcastle, as impersonated by Gilbert, is a delightful character, and the whole plot of the play is natural and full of comedy. It has, indeed, the broad tone of the time, and probably of the life. Throughout there is a veiled coarseness, which is relieved and contrasted by the refinement of Harcastle, and the constant movement is amusing. The pleasure lies in the way in which the characters are represented, not in the characters themselves. Marlowe and his friend, and Miss Harcastle and her friend, and Tony Lumpkin and Mrs. Harcastle, are not edifying or interesting people. But they are all in high spirits, and there has been the fun of a good romp when the curtain falls.

When it fell at last upon the old Wal-lack company it closed a long series of admirable performances and a long season of innocent pleasure. That opportunity, at least, cannot be seized again, and it is a pleasure to leave upon this page a record of the admirable genius and art of Mr. Gilbert. All, indeed, were good, but all will concede that the finished elegance of his performance was the central charm, and that wanting him, the want would have been fatal. There seemed no reason to doubt that, if not in the old place and with the familiar conditions, yet with all the old facility and fascination, the performance might be renewed, and Harcastle and Sir Peter still increase "the public stock of harmless pleasure." To have increased it so long and so successfully is to feel that a life has not been ill spent, and the great public whom he has charmed so long will always regard Mr. Gilbert as a public benefactor.

THE visitor to the exhibition of the National Academy of Design this year who paused before the picture of "A Burgo-master of New Amsterdam," by the President of the Academy, Mr. Huntington, and which occupied the post of honor, if he glanced a little to the left and saw a large landscape by Mr. James M. Hart, called "Rain is Over," and a smaller work, "Charging an Earthwork," by Mr. Gilbert Gaul, would have seen side by side an illustration of the old exhibitions and of the new. The picture of Mr. Hart is one of the tranquil, simple, pleasing landscapes such as Durand used to paint, and which was the prevailing landscape type of those days. Mr. Gaul's work is a war picture. It recalls a great and all-absorbing national interest and movement, which in the day of Durand seemed as impossible as another Punic war, and yet which is already passed for nearly a quarter of a century.

The exhibition of this year was, upon the whole, perhaps the best in the history of the Academy. Looking about the rooms, the signal progress since the days in Beekman Street and at the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway was plainly visible. In those days, indeed, there were the vigorous and manly portraits of Henry Inman, and the velvet-smooth works of Ingham, Cole's brilliant landscapes and pretty and obvious allegories in color, and the graver, stately landscapes of Durand.

It was a simple, artless display of art, in which the chief works were those of these men. There were others who were beginning, and upon those old walls hung the first essays of artists whose names are familiar now. Charles Elliott soon overtook Inman, and easily passed with his vigorous stroke the ivory finish of Ingham, and his best works still stand among the fine American portraits; and Kensett, with his sensitive, delicate, refined, and faithful touch, wrote his name deep upon the record of American landscape painting, as he wrote it also upon the hearts of his friends.

A more gentle, modest, attractive man, more truthful and generous, a closer and more patient and accurate student of nature, than John Kensett, is not found in the host of our living and distinguished painters. He was singularly free from the foibles of the artistic temperament, as it is called. He was full of sympathy and appreciation for the work of others, and never spared his warm commendation. Envy, jealousy, and the huckstering spirit of the peddler had no place in his sweet, transparent nature. His steady, even temper kept the peace for all his comrades, and he was ruffled only by what he thought to be wanton injustice to his fellow-artists. If he cherished, but in vain, the dream that comes to youth, and walked for a time in the enchanted realm "Of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower,"

then saw the enchanting vision fade away, not less his manly soul with its natural sweetness accepted the fate which men may surmount but not control, and none who did not know all ever suspected the pang of that noble heart.

The exhibition of to-day reveals the wider range of study and experience by which our artists have been trained. But it is remarkable how little trace of the civil war now appears in the pictures. The constant revolutionary upheavals of France have affected its literature and art almost as much as politics and the government. It would be, however, difficult to infer from the six hundred pictures in this year's gallery of the Academy that heroes of the civil war are still young, and that changes so immense and momentous have been effected. Yet the little work that we have mentioned, "Charging an Earthwork," is a vivid and grim reminder both of the struggle and of the

fierce valor upon both sides with which it was waged. The scattered, desperate, hand-to-hand fight, the terrible bayonet thrust at close quarters, the gill-volley rifle shot, the courage, the tragedy, they are all in this little picture, as to the memory of thousands who stop and study it with a kind of interest which no other picture upon the wall commands.

The absence of such works is another sign of the peaceful oblivion into which not the significance or the consequences, but the incidents and details of the bloody strife in the field have happily fallen. Among the quiet spectators loitering about the galleries are the very men who in such sharp and sanguinary conflicts as the picture shows were brave and undaunted foes. But as they have long since exchanged the blue or gray uniform for the ordinary dress of citizens, so they have cherished no rancor of feeling, and leave to belated politicians to wage a furious sham-fight upon fields where real soldiers in heroic shocks of battle gained real victories. The absence of such pictures—for it was a civil war—marks the character of American civilization, and the essential generosity and humanity of the national character. There is no renunciation of a common gain. There is no recrimination in manly hearts. Even the infrequent picture attests the common courage.

Shall the observer in the gallery not add that the very prices named upon the catalogue for the pictures show the stronger grasp of the interests of art upon the public mind? Perhaps the prices illustrate the painter's own conception of the pecuniary value of his work rather than its comparative worth. But in that earlier day if some "jobber" of dry-goods in Pearl Street had ventured into Clinton Hall, and had seen on a Tyrolean landscape a small ticket indicating five thousand five hundred dollars as its price, he might have been impressed with a reverence for art in a way which he understood. If a picture of moderate size, Pearl Street might have reasoned, be worth that sum, painting pictures is an exceedingly gentlemanly business, and I shall not longer withstand my boy's inclination.

Moreover, as the observer will remark, it is not the loyal forest pictures which are marked sold. If the character of the exhibition has advanced, not less has

taste and discrimination in the choice of pictures. The influx of fine pictures for a generation, the fashion of collecting, has educated us all. It has raised the standard to which our own artists are obliged to conform. The exhibition of the Cole and Durand epoch, could it now be spread upon the Academy walls, would strike us as the illustrations in the first numbers of this Magazine now strike our eyes, educated by the marvellous development of American wood-engraving.

Even upon the swollen current of material prosperity float the symbols and the works of spiritual culture, reminding us of the great and permanent achievements of civilization. It is not the temple, it is the art in the design of the temple, which asserts the genius of Greece, and maintains over successive generations of civilized men the sway of a national power which as a state has practically ceased.

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
One spirit's reign from their urns."

are not Tyre and Sidon and the great marts of trade. They are the "reason powers" of the human mind which manifest themselves in religion and literature and art. It is in this view that the excellence of the Academy exhibition, the general interest in it, and those handsome figures upon the catalogue are all facts of the highest and pleasantest significance.

WHEN, after the fascinating and romantic voyage on your camel, "the ship of the desert," you arrive in Jerusalem, you find that the scenes and customs and costumes have a strange familiarity, which is not precisely intelligible until you remember that they were among the earliest impressions of your childhood. Unconsciously the child's mind while most plastic is filled with impressions of the Bible lands. His eye becomes familiar with the pictures which illustrate Eastern life, the most changeless of lives from generation to generation. The turbans, the flowing robes, the palm-trees, the camels, the domed mosques, the minarets, the flat-roofed houses, the veiled women, are all from the first inseparable parts of his mental world, and whenever he may actually see them they will have no alien air.

So with the Scriptural stories, the first that many children hear, and often repeated. In how many of them the house-top

is a peculiar phrase, but used in a manner almost incomprehensible to us. There is one of these phrases which haunts the memory of the imaginative child, "Let him which is upon the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house." It opens a realm in which he has no clew. The only denizens of the house-top that he has known are the little chimney-sweep of other years, crying from the awful mouth of the chimney, and the men who shingled the roof. It is to the child a fearful declivity, a guardless slope, down which, should he once venture through the scuttle, his foot would surely slip, and plunge him to a terrible fate. Gradually he perceives that in the Eastern countries the house-top is an important floor of the house. But just as he comes as a traveller to Jerusalem, and after he has eaten ascends to the roof, does he comprehend its charm and value.

It is the most delightful resort of the Eastern house, and that of the inn at Jerusalem will be forever memorable to him. The round dome which he sees, so light that the evening wind might float it away, is the Mosque of Omar, upon the site of the Temple. The narrow, barren defile beyond the walls is the Vale of Jehoshaphat. The gentle acclivity still beyond is the Mount of Olives. There is no more impressive, suggestive, historic landscape than the sad, bare panorama that he sees from the house-top in Jerusalem. But when his feeling has had its way, the intelligent American pilgrim looks around him, and contemplating the advantage and the comfort of the outer story of the house, asks himself why that stroke of domestic economy had not occurred to the American mind, and why in the crowded cities of his native land the beneficent space of the house-top has not been, in the characteristic phrase of that land, "utilized."

This is the precise question which has occurred with such force to a good physician of New York, Dr. Gouverneur M. Smith, that he has asked the question aloud, and called public attention to the "wasted sunbeams." Thousands of men and women and children in the city of New York require more fresh air and more sunshine, which are both waiting and ready to serve them. Thousands of acres of accessible upland, through whose purer air the sun shines unchecked, lie waste above

our heads. Kind women send little children and hard-worked girls to the seaside, to a sanatorium, into the country, for a week, a fortnight, a month. It is a beneficent generosity. But if, when the pilgrims return, the sanatory service could continue and the benefits be retained, how much the kindly blessing would be enhanced!

The good sense of skilful and thoughtful builders, as in the Equitable Building and in clubs, has already placed the kitchen on the upper floor, that the culinary fumes may not pervade the house. The change shows at least the overthrow of the tradition that the highest and airiest floor should be devoted to cells for domestics and dungeons for trunks and lumber. But the house-top can serve a much more generous and beneficent purpose than affording a slope for the easy escape of rain. It can be transformed into a garden, a play-ground, a promenade, a sanatorium. The sun-bath is the miracle-worker. The blue-glass mystery was simply the curative virtue of sunshine. The sun is the universal benefactor. In the very slums there are these opportunities, which may be readily adapted to substitute sun, air, space, exhilaration, and health, for the damp, dark, noisome kennel in which the hollow-eyed child of the poor wallows and sickens.

Dr. Gouverneur Smith has suggested a project which will open to us lordly possessions of our own of which we were ignorant. We are richer than we knew. There are possible hanging gardens which we have only to enter and cultivate, and aerial solar pavilions in which the sick and the feeble may be revived as in the pool of Siloam. The house-top which was so vaguely familiar to the boy reading of the East may become most happily familiar to the benevolent man proud of the West for its humane science and true charity. Goethe, in his ripe age, died saying "More light." It is the legend of the age in which he is so great a figure. In all its senses it is a cry for spiritual and material welfare. Dr. Smith's proposal is a clear echo of Goethe's cry.

DICKENS'S Rogue Riderhood, who says "Easy does it, guvner," was a very practical man. But there is no motto which is more susceptible of perversion. Mr. Seward said the same thing in his last great speech. "I early learned from

Jefferson that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would." It is not only plausible, but it is true. Yet its truth can be most readily abused to defeat everything for which it is urged.

"I weep for you," the wretch said;
 'I deeply sympathize.'
 With tears and sobs he sobbed out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes."

It was necessary that the walrus should eat, and it was very sad that the oysters should satisfy the necessity. But it is obvious that wicked walruses who have no intention whatever of not eating oysters would sob aloud with heart-rending vehemence as proof of a virtue which they do not possess. The foes of progress are always anxious that its friends should go easily. "Easy does it, guvner." But meanwhile they are anything but easy in obstructing. In the race, the sly gentleman who bets on Tom whispers confidentially to the jockey who rides Jerry that he had better "go easy." The friends of the saloon hope that the true friends of temperance are aware that the only way of success is to avoid fanaticism. But they omit to hide their bodies as well as their heads, for they are unsparing fanatics on their own behalf.

When Gustavus, in deference to his dear Griselda, promised to begin to reform the baleful habit of smoking, his Griselda was jocund as the dawn. But at the end of a week she did not observe that there were fewer cigars consumed, and she pleasantly asked him if the good resolution had escaped his memory. "By no means," he answered; "quite the contrary. But you remember what Rogue Riderhood said, 'Easy does it, guvner.' We must move warily upon the intrenched enemy, dearest Grizzle. Remember that Rome was not built in a day." Griselda remembered faithfully. But still the cigars continued, and upon a further gentle remonstrance Gustavus rejoined: "Certainly; but we must be reasonable. There are many steps, my dear Griselda. In siege operations the great masters of war approach by parallels, after making ample and thorough preparation. That is what I am doing. I am beginning to prepare to begin. Easy does it, you know. Don't forget Rome."

Still Gustavus smoked, and still Griselda waited, and at the end of six months

11

Yet some good things we have done, some great things we have done, and these is the abolition of that distinction, which Mr. Arnold feared haunting the our life. We have formed a disposition among the critics of his system, to dispute the fact, but it is his right to stand upon our conditions, that we should gladly accept as true. If we have really got rid of distinction of the sort it seems to prove, we have made a great advance on the lines of our fundamental principles. If we understood a height distinction of the sort that shows itself in manner and bearing toward one's fellow men is something that can exist only through their abeyance, not to say their abasement. Our whole civilization, if we have a civilization of our own, is founded upon the conviction that any such dis-

by our great men something that appears to be peculiarly American, and that we think more valuable than the involuntary assumption of superiority than the distinction possible to greatness among peoples accustomed to cringe before greatness.

III.

We have come to this rather lately, and we feel we have not come to it so fully as Mr. Arnold would have the world believe. But we may see the progress we have made in the right direction by the study of our own past, and especially of that formative period when the men who invented American principles had not yet freed themselves from the influence of European traditions. We spoke in a recent Study of the character of Franklin, and we think of him now as the great modern, the most American, among his contemporaries. Franklin had apparently none of the distinction which Mr. Arnold lately found lacking in us. He seems to have been a man who could do more to pose upon the imagination of men used to abase themselves before birth, wealth, achievement, or mastery in any sort, as very many inferior men have done in all times, than Lincoln or Grant. But he was more modern, more American, than any of his contemporaries in this though some of them were of more democratic ideals than he. His simple and plebeian past made it impossible for a man of his common-sense to assume any superiority of bearing, and the unconscious hauteur which comes of aristocratic breeding, and expresses itself at its best in distinction, was equally impossible to him. It was very possible, however, with other men as ardently and unselfishly patriotic and as virtuous as he, and distinction was not wanting to the men of the Republic's early days. Washington had it, and Hamilton; Jefferson tried hard not to have it, but *every* had it, and *Habeck* had it; and most of the great men whom New York contributed to that period of our history had it; and of course the Carolinians, as far as they were eminent. Above all, Gouverneur Morris had it, and he had it for the very reason that Franklin hadn't it, because he was well-born, because he was brought up in the heart of a rich, gay, patrician society, because all the foolish things which have been done since the world began to differentiate men from men socially had been done for him

in the full measure of the Colonial possibilities.

In the brilliant sketch which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has written of Morris's brilliant career (it is among the very best of Mr. Morse's "American Statesmen" series) the reader may study one of the most interesting characters of our history, with the advantages of a most suggestive, intelligent, and comprehensive authority, and it will be his own fault if he fails of that finer meaning of the book which is sometimes tacit even for the writer of it. The one thoroughly admirable thing in Morris, his prompt and unfailing patriotism, in which he was as American as his antitype, Franklin, remains the consolation of such as cannot admire his other qualities. These were the qualities of a brave, truthful, generous, impulsive, yet clear-headed man, and his greatness was limited chiefly by his want of sympathy with men outside of his own class. His wishes were given freely and fearlessly to his country. Yet what he did for nationality, for democracy, was done somewhat from that common inherited pride which is a common foible of the aristocratic temperament. In his long mission to France he saw too much of the nobility and too much of the mob for a man of his make to believe fully in either. He wrote of both with contemptuous sarcasm; but at home he was of those who distrusted the popular initiative, while foreseeing the future greatness of the country which that initiative could alone promote. In private life he was at least as blameless as Franklin, if that is not saying very much. He was not scrupulous about women, and he had those traits of a man of the world which all silly women admire, and some sensible women admire sillily. When a young man he lost a leg by an accident which his own coxcombry provoked, but he bore his misfortune through life with uncomplaining dignity and with bitter irony in about equal parts. His courage was cavalieresque, but he had an eighteenth century skeptical spirit, and he was neither saintly nor exactly heroic. In spite of his foibles, he was a man of great common-sense, and though he took himself seriously as a "gentleman," he did not take himself solemnly; he was too critical to be altogether disdainful. His political services were general rather than particular; as a statesman he forecast the material rather than

the political future of the country, and the social future growing out of it; he would not have liked or trusted modern Americanism any more than Mr. Arnold, to whom, if he could have appeared, he would certainly have appeared distinguished. Distinction, in fact, is what one feels throughout in regard to Gouverneur Morris, and in the end one feels that if he had been less distinguished he would have been greater; he would have been a lesson and an incentive, which, with all the respect his qualities inspire, one can hardly say that he was. Did his distinction, that effect of waning traditions, that result of the misfortune of being born with all the advantages, keep him just short of the highest usefulness to his generation as well as ours? Probably Mr. Arnold would not think so; but all the same, as a historical figure, he remains more decorative than structural; that is, the Revolution could have been without such a man as Morris infinitely easier than without such a man as Franklin. He was a brilliant finish, but the temple of our liberties in no wise rests upon him.

IV.

Far be it from us to say anything against the decorative in its place. It is something that we cannot afford to lose out of life; but somehow it must be had at less cost than hitherto, and we must not mistake it for anything vital. It is valuable, in a way it is even important, but it is not vital, and in our haste to be finer and politer than our critics will allow us to be, we ought not to seek it at the cost of anything vital, of anything that keeps men humble and simple and brotherly, the greatest with the meanest. Except as distinction can grow out of an absolutely unassuming attitude, and the first man among us appear distinguished from the rest only by his freedom from any manner of arrogance, we are much better without it. The distinction that abashes and dazzles, this is not for any people of self-respect to cultivate or desire; and we mean here precisely the best distinction that Mr. Arnold can mean. We do not mean the cheap and easy splendor of the vulgar aristocrat or plutocrat, but that far subtler effect in lives dedicated to aims above the common apprehension, and apart from the interests and objects of the mass of men; we mean the pride of great achievement in any sort, which in less fortunate conditions

than ours betrays itself to the humiliation of meaner men. The possessor of any sort of distinction, however unconscious he may be of the fact, has somewhere in his soul, by heredity, or by the experience of his superiority, the spark of contempt for his fellow-men; and he is for that reason more deplorable than the commonest man whom his presence browbeats. If our civilization is so unfavorable to the expression of contempt that Mr. Arnold could find no distinction among our great men, then we may hope that in time it may be wholly quenched.

We are so far from taking his discovery ill of him that we cheerfully excuse to it his failure to detect the existence of literature and art among us. Comparisons are odious, as we found ourselves when Mr. Arnold compared Emerson to his disadvantage with several second-rate British classics, and we will not match painter with painter, architect with architect, sculptor with sculptor, poet with poet, to prove that our art and literature are at least as good as those of present England. In some points we might win and in others lose, but in any case it would be an idle game. What we should like to do, however, is to persuade all artists intending greatness in any kind among us that the recognition of the fact pointed out by Mr. Arnold ought to be a source of inspiration to them, and not discouragement. We have been now some hundred years building up a state on the affirmation of the essential equality of men in their rights and duties, and whether we have been right or been wrong the gods have taken us at our word, and have responded to us with a civilization in which there is no distinction perceptible to the eye that loves and values it. Such beauty and such grandeur as we have is common beauty, common grandeur, or the beauty and grandeur in which the quality of solidarity so prevails that neither distinguishes itself to the disadvantage of anything else. It seems to us that these conditions invite the artist to the study and the appreciation of the common, and to the portrayal in every art of those finer and higher aspects which unite rather than sever humanity, if he would thrive in our new order of things. The talent that is robust enough to front the everyday world and catch the charm of its work-worn, care-worn, brave, kindly face, need not fear the encounter, though it seems

belong to the sort captured in the superlatives of the romantic, the inverse, the heroic, the distinguished, as the things alone worthy of painting or carving or writing. The great artist became homogeneous, and then we shall have the expression of America in art; and one reproach which Mr. Arnold is half right in thinking we shall have no justice to it. The implication of his remark was not so much that we had no literature to boast as that we had nothing that was strictly American in subject, but even in this he seems to have been speaking without the documents. Here and there a man has detached himself from tradition, and has struck something out of our life that is ours and no other's. Of late this has been done more and more in our fiction, which, if we were to come to those odious comparisons, we need not be afraid to parallel back our book with contemporary English fiction; and we can look at Mr. St. Clair's head of Sherman in the Academy and fail to see how possible the like achievement is in sculpture—at least in a St. Clair. It has no distinction, in Mr. Arnold's sense, no more distinction than he would have found in the great soldier's actual possession, but it seems to express the sentiment of a whole people, a free people, friendly, easy, frank, and very virile.

VI.

There is a lovely prose poem of Tourguénief's telling how he went into a

church when a boy, and knelt down beside a peasant. Suddenly it rushed into the boy's mind that this man was Jesus Christ, and for a while he could not look round at his companion for awe of his own hallucination; when he did so, there was only the plain, common man. Then it was forced upon him that Christ was really like that poor peasant when he was on earth, and only a plain, common man. There is, indeed, no evidence that the founder of our religion struck his contemporaries as "distinguished," and there is considerable proof in the record of his doings and sayings that he would hardly have valued distinction in others.

We need not at least impute it to ourselves as a serious moral shortcoming if we are without it, and we may find some consolation in the fact that we have in a measure accepted the Christian in the democratic ideal. There is something sweet, something luminous, in the reflection that apparently there is in the ordinary American the making of the extraordinary. American that the mass of our people were so near to such great men as Christ and Lincoln in sympathy and intelligence that they could not be awed from them to the distance that lends distinction. It was the humane and beneficent effect of such grandeur as theirs that did not seem distinguished, but so natural that it was like the fulfilment of the average potentiality.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

1890-91.

Congress closed on the 11th of May. The most important enactments of Congress during the month were as follows: Resolution upon the integrity of the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase United States bonds, with a credit to the Treasury, passed, House, April 20th; bill to provide for the admission of the State of Idaho into the Union and for the organization of the Territory of Lincoln, passed, Senate, April 20th; Read and Hatch Bill, passed, House, May 1st; Chinese Exclusion Amendment, Senate, May 7th; Chase International Copyright Bill, passed, Senate, May 11th; new treaty with Peru ratified, Senate, May 10th.

Up to April 20th, the one hundredth day of the first session of the Fifty-third Congress, the total number of bills and resolutions introduced in the Senate and House was 42,567;

bills passed by House, 420; by Senate, 331. Bills sent to the President for his approval, 150; by Senate, 24.

April 29th the nomination of Melville Westcott, Federal Judge, as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was sent to the Senate, and May 9th of Robert B. Roosevelt, at New York, as Minister to the Netherlands.

April 17th, Francis T. Nichols, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor of Louisiana by 57-86 majority.

The following bills were passed by the New York Legislature: Crosby High License, Senate, April 26th (vetoed by Governor Hill May 9th); Ballot Reform, Assembly, May 3d, Senate, May 10th; to provide for the execution of murderers by electricity, Senate, May 8th.

In the House of Commons the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister was passed April 15th; Local Government

Bill, read a second time without division, April 20th; Irish County Government Bill defeated, April 25th; Irish Land Commission Bill passed, on its second reading, April 30th.

April 18th, the Pope confirmed the declaration of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition condemning the use of means known as "the plan of campaign" and "boycotting" in the contests between landlords and tenants in Ireland. A circular embodying this decision was addressed to the Irish bishops April 20th.

The Panama Lottery Loan Bill was passed by the French Chamber of Deputies April 28th.

The new Dutch Ministry is as follows: Interior, Baron Mackay; Justice, M. Ruys van Beerenbroek; Finance, M. Godin de Beaufort; Foreign Affairs, M. Harlsen; Colonies, M. Kenchanius; War, Colonel Bergansius; Marine, M. Schimmelpenninck; Commerce, M. Havelaar.

The bill to abolish slavery in Brazil was approved by the Regent May 13th.

DISASTERS

April 16th.—Advices from Calcutta reported the death of over one hundred persons and injuries to over one thousand in a recent tornado at Dacca. News in London of the sinking of the steamer *Vena* in a collision with the steamer *Bela* off Deal. Ten of the crew lost.

April 19th.—Twenty-two persons killed by an explosion in a colliery at Workington, England.

April 29th.—The ship *Suzanne* sunk in a collision with the steamer *Mato* on the Isle of Wight. Thirteen persons drowned.

May 7th.—Advices from India announced the death of about one hundred and fifty persons in hail-storms at Delhi and Moradabad.

OBITUARY.

April 17th.—In Brooklyn, Ephraim George Squier, the archeologist, aged sixty-six years.

April 18th.—In New York, Dr. Cornelius Rea Agnew, aged fifty-seven years.—In New York, John R. G. Hassard, aged fifty-one years.

April 19th.—In Baltimore, A. C. Abell, founder of the Baltimore *Sun*, aged eighty-one years.

April 20th.—In New York, William B. Dinsmore, President of the Adams Express Company, aged seventy-seven years.

April 21st.—In Boston, Brigadier-General William Dwight, aged fifty-six years.—In Ottawa, Thomas White, Canadian Minister of the Interior, aged fifty-eight years.

April 22th.—In New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart Boggs, aged seventy-seven years.

April 26th.—In New York, Mrs. Clemence S. H. Lozier, M.D., aged seventy-four years.

May 2d.—In Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, John Henry Hobart Brown, Bishop of the Fond du Lac Diocese, aged fifty-six years.

May 3d.—In Ann Arbor, Michigan, Professor Edward S. Dunster, aged fifty-four years.

May 6th.—In Amherst, Massachusetts, Laurens Parsons Thiele, ex-President of Union College, aged eighty-nine years.

May 8th.—In London, Professor Leone Levi, aged sixty-six years.—Announcement of the death, April 14th, in Valencia, Spain, of Joseph S. Alemany, late Archbishop of San Francisco, aged seventy-four years.

May 12th.—In Toronto, Canada, John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, aged seventy-two years.

May 13th.—In Portsmouth, England, Vice-Admiral Sir William Edmund Wright Hewlett, aged fifty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.



naturalized;—that is, to be denationalized, to cast off the prejudice and traditions of one country and take up those of another, to give

up what may be called the instinctive tendencies of one race and take up those of another. It is easy enough to wear official garb, to a sovereign or a government, and to take on in intention new political obligations, but to separate one's self from the sympathies into which he was born is quite another affair. One is likely to remain in the immo-

passion of his heart in them, and as a final expression of his feeling for them, the given them of the dream, as the close of the romance. Therefore, no other sentiment is existing in a man as that of attachment to his wife, and possibly a sub-sentiment always remaining, whatever new and interesting attachment he may form. And yet the very power of his integral country, and long habit, and habit in it, but lying deep in a kind of attitude, something he cannot, and in truth may not need interest can change, and that is never unduly true. We see this opportunity in America more than anywhere else because here more more different cases than anywhere else with the serious intention of changing their nationality. And we have to believe that there is something in our atmosphere, opportunities, or our government, that makes this change more natural and unaccountably than it has been anywhere else in history. It is never a surprise to us when a born citizen of the United States changes his allegiance. But I mean a thing of course that a person of any other country should be so easily turned to our American, and we expect that the act will work a sudden change in him equal to the wrought in a man of whose and who had had a conviction of you. We expect that he will not only come into our family, but that he will at once assume all its traditions and attitudes, that whatever man have been his traditions in his own country, the most influence of his life hereafter will be the spirit of '76."

What is this naturalization, however, but a sort of paradox of human life. Are we not always trying to adjust ourselves to new conditions, to get naturalized into a new family? Does one ever do it easily? And how much of the happiness of the country lies in the failure to do it? It is a remarkable experiment, we all admit, to separate a person from his race, from his country, from his climate, and the habits of his part of the country, by marriage. It is only an experiment differing in degree to introduce him by marriage into a new circle of life. Is he ever anything but a sort of converted, educated, or educated alien? Does the time ever come when the distinction ceases between his family and hers? They say love is stronger than death. It may also be stronger than family—while it lasts; but was there ever a woman yet whose most ineradicable feeling was not the sentiment of family and blood, a sort of baseness in life upon which treaties and treaties always throw her back? Does she ever lose the instinct of it? We used to say in fact that a patriotic man was always willing to sacrifice his wife's relations in war; but his wife took a different view of it, and when it became a question of office, is it not the wife's relations who get them? To be sure, Ruth said, they people used to say people, and where they go, I will see much all over, and this beautiful sentiment has touched all time, and man

has got the historic notion that he is the lord of them. But is it true that a woman is ever really naturalized? Is it in her nature to do? Love will carry her a great way, and to far countries, and to many circumstances—and her capacity of self-sacrifice is greater than mine; but would the eye be entirely happy torn from her kindred, transplanted from the associations and surroundings of her native life? Does there anything really take the place of that entire ease and comfort she had once had in her, or the future being one of three—equality and equity? There are two theories about life, as about naturalization: one is that love is enough, that intention is enough; the other is that the whole circle of human relations and attachments is to be considered in a marriage, and that in one concern the question of family is a preponderating one. Does the gate of divorce open more frequently from following the one theory than the other? If we were to adopt the latter, that marriage is really a tremendous and almost equivalent of almost surrender on one side, the other of the deepest sentiments and possibilities of independence would then be a thing that is a thing—surrender they are not interested in surrendering to another. The answer has not yet been to such a deep question as this. There are people, my young naturalized and naturalized from any love of the institution of marriage. They can more easily get married here, and they really surrender none of their hereditary ideas, and it is only human nature that marriage should be made with one purpose and like men. These considerations do not however make the last chapter of the most happy marriages. Would it be any better if every man were educated and the most brotherhood of peoples were possible, and there was no other way of patronage or family, and marriage were as the family, and make a man's people think it natural? Yes, likely, if we could radically change human nature. But human nature is the most definite thing that the hereditary conventions have to deal with.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF BEING "EDUCATED."

THEY WOMAN LIZZIE: a good servant, was married to an unworthy husband, and made complaint of his indifference. One of the young ladies of the family in which she served declared of knowing how she happened to be so married, asked her about their love-making and marriage.

"I know what on earth did Watt say to you to make you marry him?"

"Law! Miss Sallie," answered Lizzie, "you know I couldn't make no answer to Watt when he come a-calling of me, 'cause Watt's educated." With grateful wisdom of words he "come calling of her." "And," she continued, "he got some on his words out de *parade* and some out de *shanty*. And so's, you know, Miss Sallie, I couldn't make no 'sistance to Watt."



THE TRIALS OF AUTHORS.

SCAPEGRAVE SON (*introducing his old father to Captain Lins-*) "Miss Gladys, the author of my being—"
 OLD GENTLEMAN (*turning*) "A work that has been much outlived!"

BACON'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

At a dinner held in New York not long ago, the guests fell to discussing the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Among the guests was an aged Western gentleman, who said very little and listened a great deal. Finally he was asked what he thought of the question.

"Well," he replied, deliberately, "of course I don't know much about it, but if Lord Bacon did not write those plays, he lost the greatest opportunity of his life."

For a wonder, this view of the controversy was received without a dissenting voice.

TWO QUIET SERVANTS.

A STORY OF CENTRAL RUSSIA.

"You talk of having trouble with your servants, Courtenay, my boy," said Captain Lansdowne, of the British Dragoon Guards, as he sat at the double window of his hotel in Moscow, watching the red winter sunset fade behind the great white battlements and green-tiled towers encircling the "Gorodskaya Tchast" city quarter. "Well, just you come and live in Russia for a year or two, and then you'll think all Western servants absolute perfection."

"That's so," assented Mr. Hiram Boyler, with

a dry smile upon his keen American face. "I've engineered three railroads between this and the Volga, and I ought to know what sort of creatures the Russians are!"

"But really, now, you know," expostulated Courtenay—who, as a new arrival, was being put through a course of Russian manners and customs by his two friends—"some of those stories that they tell about servants can't possibly be true. For instance, fancy anybody expecting me to believe that an officer's servant could bring his master two odd boons, and say: 'Faith, I don't know what's got into them boots today. There's another pair down stairs in that very same scrape, shure!'"

"Well, I'm sorry to contradict you, old fellow," said the captain, laughing, "but it happens that I saw that done myself, and the fellow was the senior major of our regiment."

"And if you want a parallel case," chimed in Mr. Boyler, "I guess we can accommodate you right away."

So saying, he stepped to the door and shouted into the passage, "Noye!" (*admiral*).

"Sei-tchass" (*directly*), answered a hoarse voice, and in came a short, square, low-browed fellow with a red canvas shirt outside all his other clothes, and a face whose profound and placid stupidity was worthy of a Tartar idol.

"Bring two logs for the stove," said the

answered: "I and him! Once may more, as long as you live the other!"

"That's natural human love like a plough-
share and returned possibly with the other
like a sharp but bright."

"Perhaps," cried Mr. Becker, "it is an ad-
mirable beloved thing!" "I think it is," said the
other, "and I think it is the best of things."
"You are not a little bit of a philosopher?"

"I have my doubts," replied the other, "but
I think I am a little bit of a philosopher."

"Well," said Courtenay, "I am a philosopher,
and I think I am a philosopher."

"You are not a little bit of a philosopher?"
said Courtenay, "I am a philosopher, and I think
I am a philosopher."

"A little bit of a philosopher," said Courtenay,
"and I think I am a philosopher." "I think I am
a philosopher," said Courtenay, "and I think I am
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said Courtenay, "and I think I am a philosopher."

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a philosopher," said Courtenay, "and I think I am
a philosopher." "I think I am a philosopher,"
said Courtenay, "and I think I am a philosopher."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," answered
the captain, with a slight smile, "and I can
pretty well guess what that something is. It
must be your coat and hat and some other
things. I think I am a philosopher, and I think
I am a philosopher." "I think I am a philosopher,"
said Courtenay, "and I think I am a philosopher."

"There they found," said Courtenay, "with
all the other things, and I think I am a philosopher."
"I think I am a philosopher," said Courtenay,
"and I think I am a philosopher." "I think I am
a philosopher," said Courtenay, "and I think I am
a philosopher." "I think I am a philosopher,"
said Courtenay, "and I think I am a philosopher."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the captain,
"and I think I am a philosopher." "I think I am
a philosopher," said Courtenay, "and I think I am
a philosopher." "I think I am a philosopher,"
said Courtenay, "and I think I am a philosopher."

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a philosopher." "I think I am a philosopher,"
said Courtenay, "and I think I am a philosopher."

THE HUMORIST

"My story is a sad one, and won't take long to
tell."

"Do not say that, for I am sure it will be well
told, and I will be sure to be sure before the end of
the day."

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told, and I will be sure to be sure before the end of
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FARMER JIMSON, *reading a long dissertation—'quoted from his pamphlet'—'The Farmer's Friend'.* "You see I like 'em; and there ain't no one appreciates 'em more. I do, and I am believe as I pay a hundred thousand dollars I'd be turned back enough to buy some of them things."

THE VISIT.

WEARING a suit of simple gray,
I called upon a friend to-day.

He straight unlocked his cedar room;
My senses swam with the perfume.

From shelves above, at wondrous height,
He took down wear that dimmed my sight.

Breeches that buckled at the knee—
"Smallelothes"—but much too large for me—

Laced doublets, and cross-gartered hose;
It was a wondrous wealth of clothes!

But 'twas not meant that I should show;
They were not brought for me to wear.

'Twas only meant that I should see
How very fine my friend could be.

And while he walked in luxury
I needs must sit in simple gray.

Think you, that when I left his door
I went much gladder than before?

CHARLES HENRY WHEELER.

IN the early days Kline's ranch, in south-western Colorado, was a famous stopping place for the stage-coaches, and there was always a goodly (and somewhat diversified) assemblage of travellers around the fireside every evening. One evening a tourist, who had been devoting the summer to trout-fishing in the Canadian, was telling some pretty good-sized fish stories

to a long-haired frontiersman, who, while listening, was evidently studying how he might "see" the tourist and "raise him" on the size of his corn. The tourist smiled. The frontiersman shifted his end of tobacco to the other cheek, and said: "Well, just as there was pretty good-sized trout-ye caught; but, Lord! ye should ha' bin with me up at the mouth of the Columby, in Oregon. Why, we used to catch salmon there every morning that would run all the way from ninety to a hundred and fifty pounds."

For a moment the tourist was silent, then, looking sadly at the triumphant frontiersman, he said: "My friend, I don't doubt your story in the least. On the contrary, I believe it fully and implicitly. I will only remark that my experience has taught me that in Colorado the man who tells the best story has a damned poor show."

STEAM-BOAT travelling on the Missouri is constantly afflicted by snoring, and the calls "Sis! Sis!" "Psyco and a halt!" "No bottom!" etc., are come to more often after a rough and hurried journey very much like accidents. A recent importation from the land of spirits, having been imported at the last second, having to work, and some other things ("The red," "The green," "The blue," etc.).

"What's that you are saying?" shouted the man.

"Oh," answered the man, "I am reminding the ship, but it is too long for the words to be heard."





"AT NOON, THE HAYMAKERS SET THEM DOWN."—From a drawing by E. A. Abbey.—[See "The Leather Bottle."]

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No. CCCCLIX.

A MIDSUMMER TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY LAFACIO HEARN.

Second Paper.

XIII.

FOLLOWING the wonderful Rue Victor Hugo in the direction of the fort, crossing the Rivière Roxelane, or Rivière des Blanchisseuses, whose rocky bed is white with unsoaped linen far as the eye can reach, you descend through some very tortuous and steep narrow streets into the market-place—a square, well paved and well shadowed, with a fountain in the midst. Here the dealers are seated in rows; one half of the market is devoted to fruits and vegetables; the other, to the sale of fresh fish and meats. On first entering you are confused by the press, and deafened by the storm of creole speech; then you begin to discern some order in this chaos, and to observe curious things.

Right in the middle of the pavement are lying long boats filled with fish—boats carried up from the water upon men's shoulders or upon rollers, and set down close to the market fountain. Such fish!—black, scarlet, lilac, gold, bright blue, roseate, green. No phantom tints these, but colors luminous and strong like fire. Then, again, you see heaps of long thin fish, looking like piled bars of polished silver, absolutely dazzling, of equal thickness from head to tail; further on you observe heaps of flat, bright pink creatures, a metallic carmine; further yet you perceive a mass of azure backs and gold-yellow bellies. Here also are the monsters, some twelve or fifteen feet long, of sinister dark colors—the eccentricities; some round, perfectly round disks, of amazing thinness, with fleshy, brilliant, long, wormy feelers instead of fins—feelers that look like depending silver fringe flickering in all directions; others bristle with spines; others are checkered in sat-

ury yellow and blue, others, serpent bodied, are so speckled in red, black, and white as to exactly resemble highly polished red granite. Ask their names, and you will be dazzled by the multiplicity of unfamiliar appellations: the *carally*, the *bécanne*, the *lane*, the *tazard*, the *balaon*, the *barracouta*, the *dorade*, the *aiguille de mer*, the *lambi*, the *coalton*, the *caringue*, the *boaniqui*, the *couronné*, the *zorphi*, the *moringue*, the *ton*, the *vermeil*, the *crapaud-de-mer*. As the sun gets high, banana leaves are laid over the fish.

Infinitely more puzzling are the astonishing varieties of green and yellow and party-colored fruits and roots and vegetables, out of the confusion of which you retain only a memory of calabashes and cocoas, guavas and sapotillas, barbadines and pommes-cythères, guinettes and bunches of tiny bananas about two inches long, immense oranges and lemons—the former extraordinarily sweet and juicy, the latter of an aroma and acid puissance without parallel. And among the vegetables you may catch sight of something you cannot even guess the nature of from observation alone—a huge cylindrical gray-white mass. It is palm pith, the edible core of the cabbage-palm, the brain of a noble tree, which had to be totally destroyed in order to procure it. It is eaten in a great variety of dishes, cooked in a score of ways—hashed, stewed, fried—and also eaten raw as a salad, with vinegar and oil. Also with the pulp are made those delicious little cakes called *marinades*, which you hear the colored peddlers calling out for sale: “*Mi moin, zen-fants!—ça qui vlé manger marinades!*” Perhaps you may likewise catch sight of the *ver-palmiste* in the market, esteemed

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have had wonderful success. I had large watermelons sent to me in the name of the safe and sound, and it is said to be so when cooked, like almonds. Again, there may be iguanas for sale, edible lizards; they are said to make a most luscious dish!

Then you begin to look about you at the black, brown, and yellow faces that are studying you curiously from beneath the yellow-striped Madras turbans, or from under the shadow of mushroom-shaped straw hats laden with umbrellas. Studying the bare backs, bare shoulders, bare legs and arms and feet, you find that the colors of flesh are more varied and surprising than the colors of fruits. And it is only with fruit colors that many of those skin tints can be compared at all, the only forms of comparison used by the colored people themselves being terms of this kind, such as *peau-sapotille*, "sapota skin." The sapota or sapotille is a juicy brown fruit, with a rind satiny like a human cuticle, and just the color, when ripe, of a fine reddish skin. But among the brighter half-breeds I think the colors are much more fruit-like: there are good tints, banana tints, orange colors, with occasional flashes of pink showing through, like the first part of the mango. Agreeable to the eye the darker tints certainly are, and often yet's remarkable, all tones of bronze being represented; but the brighter hues are decidedly beautiful in certain half-breed types—scarlet and quadroom. Standing perfectly naked at doorways, or playing naked in the sun, astonishing children may be seen, banana-colored and orange-colored ladies. But there is one peculiar type, hardly unlike all the rest—the skin is an exquisite tawny yellow, a perfect gold tone; the eyes are large and black; the intensely dark and lustrous hair falls over the back in a heavy mass of thick, rich, glossy curls that show blue lights in the sun. What mingling of races produced this beautiful type? There is some strange blood in the blending, not of scarlet, not of Africain nor of Chinese, although there are Chinese types here of indubitable beauty.*

* I subsequently discovered the source of this very strange and beautiful mixture, and one of the specimens of which may also be seen in Trinidad. Truly widely diverse elements have combined to form it: European, negro, and Indian; but, strange to say, it is the most strange of these three tints which enters the peculiar mixture. It is not a peak of this comely and extraordinary type without translating a passage from Dr. J. J. Cornillie, an

All this population is vigorous, graceful, healthy; all you see passing by are well made, there are no sickly faces, no scrawny limbs. If by some rare chance you encounter a person who has lost an arm or a leg, you can be almost certain you are looking at a victim of the ferdelance—the serpent whose venom putrefies living tissue. Without fear of exaggerating facts, I can venture to say that the muscular development of the working-men here is something which must be seen in order to be believed; to study fine displays of it, one should watch the blacks and half-breeds working naked to the waist—on the landings, in the gas-houses and slaughter-houses, even on the nearest plantations. They are not large men, perhaps not extraordinarily powerful; but they have the aspect of sculptural or even of anatomical models; they seem absolutely devoid of adipose tissue; their muscles stand out with a saliency that astonishes the eye. Fratricideyellows. At a burning-yard, while I was watching a dozen blacks at work, a young mulatto, with the mischievous face of a faun, walked by, wearing nothing but a cloth about his loins; and never and even in bronze did I see so beautiful a play of muscles. A demure Martinique physician who recently published a most valuable series of studies from the ethnology, phrenology, and history of the Antilles. In these he writes:

"When looking the type people of the Antilles, and their picturesque remarkable forms, their color, form, and their delicate features, their straight profiles, and regular features remind us of the inhabitants of Mediterranean Paradise. We ask ourselves in wonder—after looking at their long eyes, full of a strange and gentle melancholy, especially among the women, and at the heavily, rich, curly gleaming hair coming in abundance over the temples and falling in profusion over the neck—to what nation belongs this singular nature, in which there is a dominant characteristic that seems hostile, and always shows more and more strongly in proportion as the type is further removed from the African element. It is the Celtic blood blended with blood of Europeans and of blacks, which in spite of all subsequent crossings, and in spite of the fact that it has not been renewed for more than two hundred years, still conserves, as remarkably as at the time of the first interbreeding, the race characteristic that invariably reveals its presence in the blood of every being through whose veins it flows."—*Recherches ethnologiques et historiques sur l'Origine et la Prépondérance de la Race Latine aux Antilles*, Par J. J. J. Cornillie. Paris: Imprimerie du Gouvernement, 1886.

But I do not think the term "olive" always indicates the color of those skins, which seemed to me exactly the tint of gold; and the hair flashes with bluish lights, like the plumage of certain black birds.



NEW-F-P-PLACE, ST. PIERRE.



ONE OF THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Behind the cathedral, higher than the peaceful, stately roofs—and at the foot of the green mountains, the dead sleep, guarded by a wall whose every jointure is being attacked by vigorous little weeds, whose every stone is made green by a micro-scope and velvet moss. Most of the tombs are covered with small square black and white tiles, exactly set after the fashion of the squares upon a chess-board: at the foot of each stands a black cross, bearing at its centre a little white plaque, on which the name is graven in delicate and tasteful lettering. Oh, how pretty the little tombs are! It is almost like a toy cemetery. Here and there,

again, are tiny little marble chapels—little shrines built over the dead—containing Madonnas and white Christs and little angels, while flowering creepers climb around the pillars. Death seems luminous here; everything is bright and white and neat; the air is heavy with jasmine scent and odors of roses; and the palm—emblem of immortality—lifts its head a hundred feet above the walls. There are rows of them, these beautiful symbolic trees: two enormous ones guard the gate; the others spring from between

the tombs, white-stemmed, outspreading huge parasols of verdure far above the cathedral towers.

Behind all this the savage forest seems trying to descend from the height to invade the sleep of the dead. It is perpetually thrusting green hands over the wall, pushing vast serpent roots underneath, and it is no easy work to keep it back. Some day things will change, perhaps, in the little city of St. Pierre; there may be less money, less zeal, less remembrance of the lost. Then all the green embattled



SOUTHERN PART OF CEMETERY, ST. PIERRE.



PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI.

equalities are mountains from 4200 to 4800 feet in height, and valleys of equal profundity. All this is hidden, blended together, levelled by verdure in soft and immense undulations in enormous billowings of foliage. Only, instead of a blue line at the horizon, it is a green line; instead of flashings of blue, you see flashings of green, and with all the shades, all the combinations, of which green is capable—deep green, light green, yellow-green, black-green, . . .

"When your eyes grow weary, if it is indeed possible for them to weary, of contemplating the exterior of these tremendous woods, try to penetrate a little into their interior. What an inexhaustible chaos it is! The sands of a sea are not more closely pressed together than the trees are here—some straight, some curved, some upright, some toppling, fallen, or leaning against one another, or heaped high upon each other. Undulating lianas, which cross from one tree to the other, like ropes passing from mast to mast, help to fill up all the gaps in this treillage; and parasites—not timid parasites like ivy or like moss, but parasites which are trees grafted upon trees—dominate the primitive trunks, overwhelm

them, usurp the place of their foliage and fall back upon the soil, forming fictitious weeping-willows. You do not find here, as in the great forests of the North, the eternal monotony of birch, and here this is the kingdom of infinite variety: species the most diverse follow each other, interlace, strangle and devour each other; all ranks and orders are confounded, as in a human mob. The soft and tender *baltisac* opens its parasol of leaves beside the *gommier*, which is the cradle of the colonies; you see the *decandé*, the *comp. laurif.*, the *molegany*, the *leucler d'aillois*, the iron-wood—but as well enumerate by name all the soldiers of an army! One only, the *balata* forces the palm to lengthen itself prodigiously in order to get a few thin beams of sunlight; for it is as difficult here for the poor trees to obtain our sun, as for the King of the Woods, as for us subjects of a monarchy, to obtain one look from our monarch. As for the soil, it is needless to think of looking at it; it lies as far below us, probably as the bottom of the sea, it disappeared, even so long ago, under the heaping of débris, under a sort of manure that has been accumulating there since the creation; you sink into it as into slime; you walk upon



IN THE JARDIN DES FORTES

in time, and no artery or vein has been directly pierced, there is hope; but the danger is not passed when the life has been saved. Necrosis of the tissues begins; the flesh corrupts, tumors, mounds from the bone; and the colors of its putrefaction are frightful mockeries of the hues of vegetable death, of forest decomposition, the ghastly pinks and grays and yellows of rotting trunks and roots melting back into the thick fetid clay that gave them birth. You moulder as the trees moulder; you crumble and dissolve as dissolves the substance of the balatas and the palms and the acomats; the Death-of-the-Woods has seized upon you!

And this pestilence that walketh in darkness, this destruction that wasteth at noonday may not be exterminated. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The habits of the creature are in many cases inaccessible, inexplorable; its multiplication is prodigious; it is only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane fields, and makes the high-roads perilous after sunset, yet to destroy three or four hundred thanatophidia on a single small plantation during the lapse of twelve months has not been uncommon. The introduction of the mangouste (the ichneumon) may, it is hoped, do much toward

underneath the windows to the same side and on the road, and the physician found the malignant poisons are inward and the extent of death is thorough.

The exposure of her face revealed dangerous animals to discern the presence of the enemy while invisible to man. Your horse rears and plunges in the darkness, trembles and sweats; do not try to ride on until you are assured that you are clear. Your animal has perceived far ahead two scorching pains, two arrows, a shower of fire. Or your dog may come running back, whining, whivering, cowering, and baying. The general report about country residences lately learned is right for their lives, the hen battles hopelessly for her chickens, the owl tries to lose his scaly enemy, the pig gives more successful combat, but the creature who loses the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake who at some corner has discovered a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk in the very front of the serpent's winding range and begin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. How the emerald and the azure eyes glow then! they are flames. A moment more and the triangular head, rising from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the strong stroke of the metal paw that smites the horror aside, flinging it, mangled and gasping, in the dust. Nevertheless, press does not yet dare to spring; the enemy, still alive, life almost instantly reformed his coil; but who is again in front of him, watching—vertical pupil against vertical pupil! Again the lashing stroke; again the beautiful counter; the living death is hurled aside, the scathed skin is deeply torn, one eye-socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the lightning, quick, cutting blow. But now the trigonocephalus is blind is stupefied; having he can attempt to coil. Puss has leaped upon him, making her horrible thin head fast to the ground with her claws, her paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her! in vain! he will never lift his head, an instant more and he lies still; the fine white tooth of the cat have severed the vertebra just behind the triangular skull.

The Jardin des Plantes is not absolutely secure from the visits of the serpent;

for the trigonocephalus goes everywhere, mounting to the very summits of the cascades, swimming rivers ascending with Indians in palm thatched roofs, hovering in begonia heaps. But, despite what has been pointed to the contrary, this reptile fears man and hates light: it rarely shows itself voluntarily during the day. Therefore, if you desire to obtain some conception of the magnificence of Martinique vegetation, without incurring the risk of entering the primeval woods, you can do so by visiting the Jardin des Plantes, truly taking care to use your eyes well while climbing over fallen trees or passing your way through dead branches. The garden is less than a mile from the city on the slope of a mountain; and the second occasion for itself has been utilized in the formation of it. The greater part of the garden is a natural formation; nature has accomplished here infinitely more than man, although man has done much; and the result is I think, one of the wonders of the world.

Almost immediately after passing the gate you are in twilight, though the light of noon may be blinding on the high road without. Before you and about you is a zone gleaming up through which you see, in every direction, immense trunks booming to reach the sky. You follow a path that slopes upward, overlooking a continually deepening hollow; on your right is an emerald precipice; on your left, a foliage-shrouded cliff, towering up out of sight into tropic glens. Palms, rooted a hundred feet below you, hold their heads a hundred feet above you, yet they have not yet reached the sun. The ravine deepens, widens, and frames in a long lake, palm-ringed, and dotted with artificial islands, which are sentinels of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Demerara. Arching, semi-circular, of an Arabian elegance curve up from cliff edge or lake bank, and the great *adansia digitata* outspreads its colossal fan. Giant lianas droop down over the path in knots, in loops, in festoons; and roots descend, thick as cables, from enormous parasols that coil about the trees like bears. Trunks shooting up out of sight into the green wilderness above display no bark; you cannot guess what sort of trees they are: they are so thickly wrapped in creepers as to seem pillars of leaves. Between you and the sky, where everything is fighting for sun, there is an almost un-



CASCADE DU JARDIN DES CERNTAS



THE GARDEN OF THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MOUNTAIN

between vault of leaves, a dense, cloudy green confusion in which nothing particular is distinguishable.

You move in brighter now and then in the green steep to your soft ignorance created for cascades pouring down from one mossed basin of brown stone to another, or gaps occupied by big trees—some steps slippery with mosses and chocolate-colored by time. These steps lead to loftier paths through successions of terraces, and all the stone-work of the park, all the grottoes, bridges, terraces, basins, steps, walls, are worn and green, patterned, and chocolate-colored with age. It is very old, this garden, it is very quaint; it suggests an art spirit older than Versailles, older than Louis XIV.; but it is unutterably beautiful.

You reach the end where the green dimness is deepest, and the trees are hugest, and the sounds of crumbling and creeping and dripping make the greatest murmuring. Before you is the mountain itself. There is one break in the vault of green, and against the burst of descending light you discern a precipice verge. Over it, down a green furrow in its brow, tumbles the rolling form of a mountain. Like a column made to be caught midway by bare unreluctant basins of dark

stone. Look up again, and you will perceive on either side of the water-fall two palms, lifting their leaves so high into the light that the loftiness of them is dizzy, gives the sensation of vertigo. Did Josephine really walk these paths, dream among the stairways? How must they have haunted her dreams of the after-time!

The vast height, the extreme depth, the crepuscular shadowing, the solitude, the fantastical bulks, the strangeness of shapes—serpentine, columnar, contorted, union and twist and intertwined—creating fancies of agony, of aspiration, of triumph or despair—all combine to produce an impression of such terrible beauty as creates fear—fear of the Invisible. You are alone, you hear no human voice, you see no human face, but you observe all around you the labors of man in stone being gnawed and devoured by Nature—broken bridges, sliding steps, fallen arches; and your nostrils are filled with a pungent odor of decay. This odor, omnipresent and sinister, this stench of the vast chemistry of dissolution everywhere in operation, unpleasantly affects the æsthetic sense; it never ceases to remind you that when Nature is most puissant to charm, there also is she



STATUE DE JOSEPHINE



FORT DE JEANNE.

mightiest to destroy, to transmute, to obliterate forever.*

XX.

Fancy is crushed by the power of this Nature. Read in her presence, the pages of the greatest singers seem colorless, lifeless. The enormous silent poem of the woods and the heights—of color and light—so far surpasses imagination as to paralyze it, absorbing you, filling you with amazement, mocking the language of admiration, defying all power of expression. That which perhaps you were wont to deem the Impossible is before you, real, tangible—that which can never be painted or chanted, because there is no cunning of art or speech able to reflect it. Nature strikes you dumb by satiating your most hopeless ideals, by realizing your maddest dreams of the beautiful, even as one gives toys to a child.

The thinker, beholding before him the supreme terrestrial expression of the creative magic, finds thought numbed within his brain. In the great centres of civilization we only admire and study the results of mind, the best products of human endeavor; here one views only the work of Nature, studies only the eternal enchantment of her transformations. What is a city here? merely a little story point in the radiant and enormous ocean of green. Man bears scarcely more relation to the life about him than an insect; the most puissant results of human thought seem impotent by comparison with the operation of those vast blind forces which clothe the hills and crown the dead craters with prodigious and impenetrable woods. The very air seems inimical to thought; it is heavy with soporiferousness, thick with substance of vegetable being, pregnant with activities of dissolution so powerful that the mightiest tree melts like wax from the moment it has ceased to live, and man pays the penalty of the least rashness by falling at once within the range of these viewless

* The beautiful garden had been sadly injured before I saw it. Storms and continual rains had greatly damaged it, and no attempt had been made to repair the bridges washed away, or the grooves that had tumbled in. Still, nature alone could not have totally ruined the loveliness of the place; barbarism was necessary for such a devastation. And since the above lines were written I was shocked to learn that under the negro revolts and orders had been given for the destruction of trees a hundred generations old; marvels that can never be replaced were cut down and converted into charcoal for the use of the *tyôles*.

and terrible forces. To live is an effort; and in the perpetual struggle of the ideal to preserve the integrity of its conquests there is such an expenditure of vital energy as leaves little surplus for mental exertion.

Not less than poet or philosopher does the artist feel his helplessness. Wonderful street vistas, unequalled picturesque-ness of types, matchless forms and hues of costume, will fascinate him in the city; but once he finds himself face to face alone with Nature, he will discover that he has no colors. The very Garden of Eden seems to tower there before him, yet he cannot attempt to paint it.

I did see one fervent attempt, but it was enough to deter any artist who beheld it from all similar undertakings—an immense aquarelle that at first sight resembled a solid green surface. It represented the foot of a mountain; trees, smooth and in clumps and interlinked by flames; the verge of a wood reflected in perfectly green water. If the aquarelle were exhibited in New York, the public would certainly deem the artist stark mad, yet he was only telling the truth to the best of his ability; he could not make his painting greener and it was not green enough by one hundred shades; the luminosities of this foliage could only be imitated in flame. He who wishes to paint a West Indian wood must view it from a great distance; must make his landscape from some great height over some immense space, through which the colors come to his eye softened, subdued, toned with blues or purples.

It is now sunset, and there are witchcrafts of color. Looking down one narrow steep street leading to the bay, opening right on the water between two ponderous buildings of hewn stone, I see the motionless silhouette of a great steamer sitting on a perfectly green sea, under a lilac sky, against a prodigious orange light.

XXI.

You reach Fort-de-France, the capital of Martinique, by steamer from St. Pierre, in about an hour and a half. There is an overland route, but it is a twenty-five mile ride, and very wearisome under the hot sun, notwithstanding the indescribable beauty of the forests through which the narrow way winds like a thin white thread. And horses are not easy to hire

Rebuilt in wood after the destruction by an earthquake of its over-politaneous streets of stone, Fort-de-France (formerly Fort Royal) has little of interest by comparison with St. Pierre. There are not many trees outside of the barracks; the town lies in a marshy plain and has few fine buildings. But the Savanna itself, the great green place with its shadowy rows of tamarinds, is pleasant to see, and is made romantic by the marble memory of Desplaine.

I went to look at the white dream of her there, the wonderful statue, surrounded by master-sculptors erected by the caprices of the colour. It is absolutely lovely!

Sea-winds have bitten it; tropical rains have streaked it; some sombre microscopic growth has darkened the exquisite hollow of the throat. And yet such is the human loveliness of the figure that your fancy you are gazing at a living presence, that it almost seems as soon it would not be folly to speak to her. Perhaps the marble is less human—saturnine in the point of revealing the ideal. But when you look straight up into the sweet smile of face you can believe she lives; all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there.

She is standing just in the centre of the Savanna, robed in the fashion of the Directory, with generous arms and shoulders bare to the winds; one white hand leans upon a modillion sculptured with the eagle profile of Napoleon. Seven tall palms stand in a circle about her, lifting their comely heads into the blue glory of the tropical day. Within those radiant-ed ring you feel that you are treading sacred soil, the holy ground of artist and poet. Here, in the silence, all historical gossip is hushed; the recollections of Memoir writers vanish away; here you do not care to know how many years that she lived, or spoke, or laughed, or wept; only the bewitchment of her lives under the thin shadowing of those feminine palms, the soft creole grace, the whole spell of womanly sweetness. Over blue spaces of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she looks forever yearningly back to the dear, silent, drowsy place of her birth—back to emerald, old-fashioned Trois-Islets, always with the same half-dreamy, half-plaintive smile, unutterably touching.

And everybody loves her; you will not think it foolish for them to love her, once

you have looked into her face. Every one is proud of her, the black laborers, the brown marines, the market-women, the *brunettes*, all the curious many-colored population of this quaint little town. If they do not visit her often, if they do not twine flowers about her beautiful neck and lay bouquets before her white feet, it is only because they are so very, very lazy, dreadfully lazy (and everybody gets lazy sooner or later in this climate); it is not because their affection for her has given the best bit cold. There is no one black or brown or yellow (rather to all the contemptuous earthquake-shaken city who does not teach her baby to love "Monsieur Filin," the pretty white creole girl who became the bride of an emperor.

That is all they know about her, all they care to know, it is enough. To their childish fancy she always lives, immortal in the summer of her beauty, a dreamy, loving mistress of the older time, a true white queen, ready to be always petted, to be always revered, to be always approached with a smile. No doubt they often greet her on their morning way to the market—to bid their bankers with grotesque vegetables and fantastic fruit, with golden and scarlet and azure fish—white too in their many-cavelled, encreasing comic speech. "*Bonjour, chère, chère dame, bonjour, sweet!*" For they all talk to themselves, too. I do not know why even the white settlers fall into the habit—only to themselves and to imaginary beings, and to the trees, the clouds, and the eternal hills, like the women of the *Kalerala*. And they would lay down their lazy, happy lives to save her from the worst of sorrows.

Once she needed all their love very much indeed. It was after the fall of the Second Empire, when Republicanism, even in Martinique, was furious in its zeal to destroy every memory of the Napoleons. Even Manxelle Filin was doomed; preparations were made for her desecration; a rope was fastened about her white neck. But in this torrid, lazy land all things are done slowly, and the news of the design had time to spread far and wide before the statue could be moved.

It was never moved. One morning at sunrise the Radical workmen, entering the Savanna, were driven back by a host of turbaned women, brandishing axes, hatchets, cutlasses borrowed from the planta-

tions, knives snatched from the market stalls. "*Vidé! bande salopris! Ouè donc!—vini fouté lamain yonne fois ason statue là! On pas capab touché li! Vidé!*" All the passionate affection of the slave for the mistress, all the fierceness of African devotion to a fetich, thrilled in the wrath of the crowd that barred the way against the iconoclasts, and held it fearlessly—tigerish and terrible. The black Radicals recoiled, abandoned their purpose, and left "Manzelle

'Efine' to smile and dream in peace. Then the crowd cut the ropes away, the women garlanded their idol with flowers, wreathed jasmine blossoms about her throat, heaped bouquets before her white feet. And she stands unchanged in the heart of the drowsy town, in her circle of towering palms, always sailing as in reverie, always looking across the violet sea, through the azure light, toward the green shadows of silent Trois-Islets, where nobody now ever goes.

MAIWA'S REVENGE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLAN OF CAMPARIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that we had gone through, perhaps, indeed, on account of it—for I was thoroughly worn out—I slept that night as soundly as poor Gobo, round whose crushed body the hyenas would now be prowling. Rising refreshed at dawn, we went on our way toward Nala's kraal, which we reached at nightfall. It is built on open ground after the Zulu fashion, in a ring fence and with beehive huts. The cattle kraal is behind, and a little to the left. Indeed, both from their habits and their talk, it was easy to see that these Butiana belong to that section of the Bantu people which since T'Chaka's time has been known as the Zulu race.

We did not see the chief Nala that night. His daughter Maiwa went on to his private huts as soon as we arrived, and very shortly afterward one of his headmen came to us, bringing a sheep and some mealies and milk with him. "The chief sent us greeting," he said, and would see us on the morrow. Meanwhile he was ordered to bring us to a place of resting, where we and our goods should be safe and undisturbed. Accordingly he led the way to some very good huts just outside Nala's private enclosure, and here we slept comfortably.

On the morrow about eight o'clock the headman came again, and said that Nala requested that I would visit him. Accordingly I followed him into the private enclosure, and was introduced to the chief—a fine-looking man of about fifty, with very delicately shaped hands and feet, and

a rather nervous mouth. The chief was seated on a tanned ox-hide outside his hut. By his side was his daughter Maiwa, and round him, squatted on their haunches, were some twenty headmen or Indunas, whose number was continually added to by fresh arrivals. These men saluted me as I entered, and the chief rose and took my hand, ordering a stool to be brought for me to sit on. When this was done, he with much eloquence and native courtesy thanked me for protecting his daughter in the painful and dangerous circumstances in which she found herself placed, and also complimented me very highly upon what he was pleased to call the bravery with which I had defended the pass in the rocks. I answered in appropriate terms, saying that it was to Maiwa herself that thanks were due, for had it not been for her warning and knowledge of the country we should not have been here to-day, while as to the defence of the pass, I was fighting for my life, and that put heart into me.

These courtesies concluded, Nala called upon his daughter Maiwa to tell her tale to the headmen, and this she did most simply and effectively. She reminded them that she had gone as an unwilling bride to Wambe; that no cattle had been paid for her, because Wambe had threatened war if she was not sent as a free gift. Since she had entered the kraal of Wambe her days had been days of heaviness, and her nights nights of weeping. She had been beaten, she had been neglected, and made to do the work of a low-born wife—she, a chief's daughter. She had borne a child, and this was the story of the child. Then, amidst a dead silence, she told them

the world into which she had recently entered related to me. When she had finished my lesson I gave it back to her. "Look," they said, "that's Ma's own hand on the heart."

"Ay," she went on with flowing eyes, "that is Ma's hand. My mouth is as full of truth as a flower of honey, and for years my eyes are like the diamonds the girls at dance. It is here, but the dead eye. Here is the proof of it, councillors!" and she drew forth the little dead hand, and held it before them.

"Oho!" they said again. "That's the dead hand!"

"Yes," she continued, "it is the dead hand of my dead child, and I bear it with me, but I have never before, never before, since my dear child I have that I may see Wambe die, and be avenged. Will you leave with it, my father, that your daughter may see your daughter's dead hand to be so treated by a Madman? Will you bear the burden of my dead child?"

"No," said an old Induna, rising; "it is not to be borne. Though tears are offered at the hands of the Madman, and his hand brought back, but it is not to be borne."

"It is not to be borne indeed," said Nala; "but how can you have hand against so great a power?"

"Ask of him, ask of Mactumzahn the wise white man," said Maiwa, pointing at me.

"Here, and we welcome Wambe, Mactumzahn the hunter!"

"Here, and the hunter overtook the lion, Nala?"

"My reverence, Mactumzahn!"

"So shall you welcome Wambe, Nala."

At this moment an extraordinary report came. A man entered and said that messengers had arrived from Wambe.

"What is their message?" asked Nala.

"They come to ask that thy daughter Maiwa be sent back, and with her the white hunter."

"How shall I make answer to thee, Mactumzahn?" said Nala, when the man had withdrawn.

"Thus shall thou answer," I said, after reflection. "Say that the woman shall be sent, and I will do so, and then let the messengers be gone. Stay: I will hide myself here in the hut, that the men may not see me." And I did.

Shortly afterward, through a crack in the hut I saw the messengers arrive, and great truculent-looking fellows they were.

There were four of them, and they had evidently travelled hard. They entered with a swagger, and squatted down before Nala.

"A good morning," said Nala, frowning.

"We come from Wambe, bearing the orders of Wambe to Nala, his servant," answered the spokesman of the party.

Spoke, said Nala, with a cautious twitch of his nervous looking mouth.

These are the words of Wambe: "Send back the woman, my wife, who has gone away from my arms, and send with her the white man—the one dared to hunt to his country without my leave, and to slay my soldiers." These are the words of Wambe.

"And if I say I will not send them," said Nala.

"The great heart of Wambe we do not dare to disobey," Wambe said at last. He was a tall man. "Your hands shall be brought back," he said, with an expressive gesture he drew his hand across his forehead, there his complete mustache, the great shadow of the beard who stood beside Wambe.

"These are heavy words," said Nala.

"Let me think before I give an answer."

Then followed a little piece of acting that was not very creditable to the untrained actors. The heroines withdrew, but not out of sight, and Nala went forward, he stood at earnestly consulting his Induna. The old Mactumzahn, long since that day had disappeared to sweep the temples of purification, while he stood in the hands of thought in a still and reflection of mind. At length he announced the messenger's grave news, and ordered them to go. Nala, said Maiwa, heard very much of this.

"Wambe is a great chief," said Nala, "and this woman is his wife, whom he has a right to claim. She must return to him, but her feet are sore with walking; she cannot come now. In such days from this day she shall be delivered at the kraal of Wambe; I will send her with a party of my men. As for the white hunter and his men, I have naught to do with them, and cannot answer for their evil deeds. They have wandered farther than used by me, and I will deliver them back whence they came, that Wambe may judge them according to his law. They shall be sent with the girl. For you go your ways. Food shall be given you without the kraal, and a present for Wambe

in atonement of the ill-doing of my daughter. I have spoken."

At first the heralds seemed inclined to insist upon Maiwa's accompanying them then and there, but ultimately, on being shown the swollen condition of her feet, they gave up the point and departed.

When they were well out of the way I emerged from the hut, and we went on to discuss the situation and make our plans. First of all, as I was careful to explain to Nala, I was not going to give him my experience and services for nothing. I heard that Wambe had a stockade round his kraal made of elephant tusks. These tusks, in the event of our succeeding in our enterprise, I should claim as my perquisite, with the proviso that Nala should furnish me with men to carry them down to the coast.

To this modest request he and the headmen gave an unqualified and hearty assent, the more hearty, perhaps, because they never expected to finger them.

The next thing that I stipulated was that if we conquered, the white man John Every should be handed over to me, together with any goods that he might claim. His cruel captivity was, I need hardly say, the only reason that induced me to join in so hare-brained an expedition, but I was careful, from motives of policy, to keep this fact in the background. Nala accepted this condition. My third stipulation was that no women or children should be killed. This being also agreed to, we went on to consider ways and means. Wambe was, it appeared, a very powerful petty chief; that is, he could put at least six thousand fighting men into the field, and always had from three to four thousand collected about his kraal, which was supposed to be impregnable. Nala, on the contrary, could not at such short notice collect more than from a thousand to twelve hundred men, though, being of the Zulu stock, they were of much better stuff for fighting purposes than Wambe's *Matukus*.

These odds, though large, were not, under the circumstances, overwhelming. The real obstacle to my chance of success was the difficulty of delivering a crushing assault against Wambe's strong place. This was, it appeared, fortified all round with trenches or stone walls, and contained numerous caves and koppies in the hill-side and at the foot of the mountain which no force had ever been able to capture. It

was said that in the time of the Zulu monarch Dingaan, a great *Impi* of that king's, having penetrated to this district, had delivered an assault upon the kraal, then owned by a forefather of Wambe's, and been beaten back with the loss of more than a thousand men. Having thought the question over, I closely interrogated Maiwa as to the fortifications and the topographical peculiarities of the spot, and not without results. I discovered that the kraal was indeed impregnable to a front attack, but that it was very slightly defended at the rear, which ran up the slope of the mountain—indeed, only by two lines of stone walls. The reason of this was that the mountain is quite impassable, except by one secret path, supposed to be known only to the chief and his council-boss, and this being so, it had not been considered necessary to fortify it.

"Well," I said, when she had done, "and now as to this secret path of thine, knowest thou aught of it?"

"Ay," she answered; "I am no fool, Macumazahn. Knowledge learned is power gained. I won the secret of that path."

"And canst thou guide an *Impi* thereon, so that it shall fall upon the town from behind?"

"Yes, that can I do, if only Wambe's people know not that the *Impi* comes; for if they know, then can they block the way."

"So, then, here is my plan. Listen, Nala, and say if it be good; or, if you have a better, show it forth. Let my songers go out and summon all thy *Impi*, that it be gathered here by the third day from now. This being done, let the *Impi*, led by Maiwa, march on the morning of the fourth day, and crossing the mountains, let it travel along on the other side of the mountains till it come to the place on the further side of which is the kraal of Wambe; that shall be some three days' journey, and about 120 miles. Then, on the night of the third day's journey, let Maiwa lead the *Impi* in silence up the secret path, so that it comes to the crest of the mountain that is above the Strong Place, and here let it hide among the rocks. Meanwhile, on the sixth day from now, let one of the *Indunas* of Nala bring with him two hundred men that have guns, and take me and my men as prisoners, and take also a girl from among the Butiana people who by form and face is like unto Maiwa, and bind her hands, and pass by the road on

which we came, and through the cutting in the hill, on to the head of Wambe. For the men shall take no shields or plumes with them, only their guns and one front spear; and when they meet the people of Wambe, they shall say that they come to give up the woman and the white man and his party to Wambe, and in return atonement to Wambe. So shall they pass in peace, and travelling thus, on the evening of the seventh day we shall come to the gates of the place of Wambe, and near the gates there is, so says Maiwa, a koppie very strong and full of rocks and caves, but having no soldiers there, except in time of war, on all the years but a few such as can easily be overpowered.

"This being done, at the dawn of day must the Inipi on the mountain behind the town light a fire, and put out great fires on so that the smoke goes up. Then at the sight of the smoke will we to the Inipi begin to shoot into the town of Wambe, whereon all the soldiers will run to kill us. But we will hold our own, and while we fight the Inipi shall charge down the mountain side and climb the houses and put these who defend them to the usage, and then, falling upon the town itself, surprise it, and drive the soldiers of Wambe as the wind blows the dead horses from. This is my plan. I have spoken."

"Ohi!" said Naku, "that is a good and a very good. The white man will never own a jackal. Yes, so shall it be, and may the Smoke of the Butiana people destroy its tail and prosper the war for so shall we be rid of Wambe and the tyrannies of Wambe!"

After that the girl Marwa stood up, and once more producing the dreadful little dried hand, made her father and several of his head councillors swear by it and upon it that they would never end the war of vengeance in the future, and it was a very curious sight to see and the flight that ensued was, by the way, there after known among the tribes of that district as the "War of the Little Hand."

The next two days were busy ones for us. Messengers were sent out and every available man of the Butiana tribe was ordered up to "a great dance." The country was small, and by the evening of the second day some twelve hundred and fifty men were assembled, with their assegais and shields, and a fine hardy troop they were.

At dawn of the following day, the

hush from the departure of the Inipi, the main Inipi started, under the command of Naku himself, who, knowing that his life and chieftainship hung upon the issue of the struggle, wisely determined to be present to direct it. With them went Maiwa, who was to guide them up by secret paths. Of course we had to give them two days' start, as they had more than a hundred miles of rough country to pass, including the crossing of the great mountain range which ran north and south, for it was necessary that the Inipi should make a wide detour in order to escape detection. At length, however, gathered on the third day, I took the road, accompanied by my most unwilling bearers, who did not at all like the idea of their paths? Their heads into the lion's mouth. There was only the fear of "white spears" together with a vague confidence in myself that induced them to accept the adventure. With me also were about two hundred Butianas, all armed with guns of various kinds, for many of these people had grown tough and warlike and were proficient in the use of them. But they carried no shield and wore no head-dresses or ornaments; indeed, every warlike appearance was carefully avoided. With our party went also a soldier of Maiwa's, though by a different route, so skilfully concealed for in time and day, and whose mission it was to intercept the runaway wife.

That evening we encamped upon the top of the hill up which we had so easily escaped, and next morning at the first breaking of the field we rolled away the stones with which we had littered the passage some days before, and descended to the hill side beneath. Here the bodies, or rather the skeletons of the men who had fallen before my rifle still lay about. The Matuku soldiers had left their comrades to be taken by the victors. I descended the gully into which poor Gobo had fallen, and searched for his body, but in vain, although I found the spot where he and the other man had struck, together with the bones of the latter, which I recognized by the waist-cloth. Either some beast of prey had carried Gobo off, or the Matuku people had disposed of his remains, and also of my express rifle which he carried. At any rate, I never saw or heard any more of him.

Once in Wambe's country, we adopted a very circumspect method of proceeding.

About fifty men marched ahead, in loose order, to guard against surprise, while as many more followed behind. The other hundred were gathered in a bunch between, and in the centre of these men I marched, together with the girl who was personating Maiwa, and all my bearers. We were disarmed, and some of my men were tied together, to show that we were prisoners, while the girl had a blanket thrown over her head, and moved along with an air of great dejection. We headed straight for Wambe's place, which was at a distance of about twenty-five miles from the mountain pass.

When we had gone some five miles we met a party of about fifty of Wambe's soldiers, who were evidently on the lookout for us. They stopped us, and their captain asked where we were going. The headman of our party answered that he was conveying Maiwa, Wambe's runaway wife, together with the white hunter and his men, to be given up to Wambe, in accordance with his command. The captain then wanted to know why we were so many, to which our spokesman replied that I and my men were very desperate fellows, and that it was feared that if we were sent with a smaller escort we should escape, and bring disgrace and the wrath of Wambe upon their tribe. Thereon this gentleman, the Matuku captain, began to amuse himself at my expense and mock me, saying that Wambe would make me pay for the soldiers that I had killed. He would put me into the "Thing that bites" in other words, the lion trap—and leave me there to die like a jackal caught by the leg. I made no answer to this, though my wrath was great but pretended to look frightened. Indeed, there was not much pretence about it—I was frightened. I could not conceal from myself that ours was a most hazardous enterprise, and that it was very possible that I might make acquaintance with that lion trap before I was many days older. However, it was quite impossible to desert poor Every in his misfortune, so I had to go on, and trust to Providence, as I have so often had to do before and since.

And now a fresh difficulty arose. Wambe's soldiers insisted upon accompanying us, and what is more, did all they could to urge us forward, as they were naturally anxious to get to the chief's place before evening. But we, on the other hand, had excellent reasons for not

arriving till night was closing in, since we relied upon the gloom to cover our advance upon the koppie which commanded the town. Finally they got so importunate that we had to flatly refuse to move faster, alleging as a reason that the girl was tired. They did not accept this excuse in good part, and at one time I thought that we should have come to blows, for there is no love lost between Butianas and Matukus. At last, however, either from motives of policy or because they were so evidently outnumbered, they gave in, and suffered us to go our own pace. I earnestly wished that they would have added to the obligation by going theirs, but this they absolutely declined to do. On the contrary, they accompanied us every foot of the way, keeping up a running fire of allusions to the "Thing that bites" that jared upon my nerves and discomposed my temper.

About half past four in the afternoon we came to a neck or ridge of stony ground, whence we could plainly see Wambe's town, lying some six or seven miles away, and three thousand feet beneath us. The town is built in a valley, with the exception of Wambe's own kraal, that is situated at the mouth of some caves upon the slope of the opposing mountains, over which I hoped to see our Impi's spears come flashing in the morrow's light. Even from where we stood it was easy to see how strongly the place was fortified with schanses and stone walls, and how difficult of approach. Indeed, unless taken by surprise, it seemed to me quite impregnable to a force operating without cannon, and even cannon would not make much impression on rocks and stony koppies filled with caves.

Then came the descent of the pass, and an arduous business it was for the path—if it may be called a path—was almost entirely composed of huge water-worn boulders, from the one to the other of which we had to jump like so many grasshoppers. It took us two hours to get down, and travelling through that burning sun, when at last we did reach the bottom, I, for one, was pretty nearly played out. Shortly afterward, just as it was growing dark, we came to the first line of fortifications, which consisted of a triple stone wall pierced by a gateway so narrow that a man could hardly squeeze through it. We passed this without question, being accompanied by Wambe's soldiers. Then

came a belt of land three hundred paces or more in width, very rocky and broken, and having no trees upon it. It was in hollows in this belt that the cattle were kraaled in case of danger. On the further side were more fortifications, and the other small gateway stayed in. As I walked I noted just beyond and through it I saw the koppie we had wanted to come looking up against the line of mountains behind. As we went I whispered the suggestions to our captain, with the result that at the second gateway he halted the cavalcade, and addressing the captain of Wambe's soldiers, said that we would wait here till we received Wambe's word to enter the town.

The other man said that that was well, only he must heed over the prisoners to be taken up to the chief's house. Wambe he was "hungry to begin again there," and his "people" would not see the great man arrested before he should be "eye and sheep"; and as the prisoners were to be would wait him here. Our leader replied that he could not do what they desired, his orders were made over the prisoners to Wambe at Wambe's own word, and that might not be broken. How could he be responsible for the safety of the prisoners if he let them out of his hand? But they would wait there till Wambe's word was brought.

To this, after some shouting, the native man consented, and departed, promising that he would meet us back. As he passed me he called out, with a strong pointing, as he did so to the fading red in the western sky, "Look your last upon the light, white man, for the 'Thing that makes lives in the dark.'"

Next day it so happened that I shot this man, and do you know, I think that he is about the only human being who has come to harm at my hands for whom I do not feel sincere sorrow and, in a degree, remorse.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTACK.

JUST where we halted ran a little stream of water. I looked at it, and in it I struck me. Probably there would be no water on the koppie. I suggested this to our captain, and acting so the him, he directed all the men to drink what they could, and also to fill the seven or eight cooking pots

which we had with us with water. Then came the critical moment. How were we to get possession of the koppie? When our captain asked me, I said that I thought we had better march up and take it, and unconsciously we went on to do. When we came to the narrow gateway, we were, as I expected, stopped by two soldiers who were on guard there, and a third one followed. The captain answered that we had charged the men, and would follow on to Wambe's house. The soldiers said no; we must now wait.

To this we replied by pushing them to one side and marching in single file through the gateway, which was not distant more than a hundred yards from the koppie. When we were getting through, the men who had pushed away ran toward the town, and the men who were left that was presumably intended for, for in another instant we made our scores, and passed them without need to our stopping. So we ran to the koppie. As soon as I was informed what we were after, which was not far at first owing to the dimness of the light, they did their best to get on the koppie before us. But we had the start of them, and with the exception of one unfortunate man, who stumbled and fell, we were well on to it before they arrived. This man they captured, and when fighting began on the following morning, and he refused to give any information, they killed him. Luckily they had no time to torture him, for they would certainly have done so, for these Matsika people are very fond of torturing their enemies.

When we reached the koppie, the base of which extended about half an acre of ground, the soldiers who had been trying to get inside failed, for they knew the strength of the position. This gave us a few minutes, before the light had quite vanished, to examine the place. We found that it was unoccupied, fortified with a regular labyrinth of stone walls, and contained three large caves and some smaller ones. The next business was to post the men to such advantage as time would allow. My own men I was careful to put right at the top. They were perfectly useless from below, and what I feared was that they might try to escape and give information of our plans to Wambe. So I watched them like the apple of my eye, telling them that should they dare to stir they would be shot.



slings and pebbles coated with lead. The result was very prompt. The Marukus were so near that we could not miss them, and at thirty yards a lead-coated stone out of a gas-pipe is as effective as a Martini rifle or more so. Over rolled the attacking soldiers by the dozen, while the survivors, fairly frightened, took to their heels. We plied them with shot till they were out of range; I made it very warm for them with the elephant gun by the way, and then we loaded up in quite a cheerful frame of mind, for we had not lost a man, whereas I could count more than fifty dead and wounded Marukus. The only thing that dampened my ardor was that, stare as I would, I could see no column of smoke upon the most fatal crest.

I got up and then, soon enough, there was above the mountain, marking the first foreboding of the long planned descent, the line of Naka's warriors were making movement in battle, the bright light of the morning glancing on their spears. When, again, we discovered that the reason of their coming was that they had been stopped by a force in their road and could not reach the mountain road by descent. When they did reach it, however, they certainly saw that the fight was already going on, was "in flower," as they put it, and would succeed at once without a fight in their lines.

Meanwhile, even had we observed from the town, and parties of soldiers were clamping up the steep side of the town to occupy the scarp and the second line of fortifications behind them. The first line they did not now attempt to reach or defend. Naka passed them by once, but they got to the schouses or pits protected with stone walls and constructed in hold from a dozen to twenty men, and soon began to open fire from above and from isolated rocks. I turned my eyes to the gates of the town which were joined to the north and south. Already they were crowded with hundreds of fugitive women and children flying to the rocks and caves for shelter from the foe. As for ourselves, the appearance of Naka's force produced a wonderful change in the better in our position. The soldiers attacking us, reaching out the town was being assailed from the rear, simply turned, and re-embarking down the scarp, streamed off to protect their homes against this new enemy. In five minutes there was not a man left except Hano, who would move on once or were too sorely wounded to escape. I felt inclined to exclaim "Sweet," like the gentleman in the play, but did not, because the occasion was too serious. What I did do was to muster all the men and reckon up our losses. They amounted to fifty-one killed and wounded, sixteen men having been killed outright. Then I set out with the cooking pots to the stream for water, and we drank. This done, I set my hearth on being the most useless part of the camp, and from a fighting position, I turned to the task of attending the injured, and turned to watch the fray.

By this time Naka's force had climbed the first line of fortifications without opposition, and was advancing in a long

line upon the schouses or pits which were scattered about between it and the second line, singing a war chant as it came. Presently puffs of smoke began to start from the schouses and with my glasses I could see several of our men falling over. Then as they came opposite a schouse that portion of the long line of warriors would thicken up and advance with a wild rush. I could clearly see them leap on to the walls and vanishing to the depths beneath, some of their number falling backward on each occasion and for added to death. Next would come another set in the fray. One from the farther side of the schouse would pour such of the defenders as were with them, perhaps three or four, and perhaps a dozen, rushing for dear life with the scolding on their faces. One by one they would be caught then in flash of the great spear and down fell the pursued dead. I saw ten of our men leap obvious from schouses, but though I watched for some time, nobody came out. Afterward we occupied the place and found these all dead, together with twenty-three Matukus. Scarce side would give in and they had fought it out to the bitter end.

At last they opened the second line of fortifications behind which the whole remaining Matuku force, numbering some two thousand men, was rapidly assembling. Our little party got their breath, and they came at it with a rush, and a long wild shout of "*Bahala Matuku*" (Kill the Matuku) that went right through me. Then came an answering shout, and the sounds of heavy firing, and presently I saw our men retreating somewhat fewer in numbers than they had advanced. Their volleys had been a warm one for the Matuku, especially behind walls.

This decided me that it was necessary to create a diversion. If we did not do so it seemed very probable that we should be worsted after all. I called to the captain of my little force, and rapidly put the position before him. Seeing the urgency of the occasion, he agreed with me that we must risk it, and in two minutes more we were, with the exception of my own men, whom I left to guard the wounded, trotting across the open space and through the deserted town, toward the spot where the struggle was taking place, some seven hundred yards away. In seven or eight minutes we reached a group of huts, it was a headman's kraal, that was situated



THE FOLLOWING OF CHILDREN OF NAKA

thirty yards and twenty yards behind the fortified wall—and noble possession of it—unobserved. The enemy was too much cramped with the foe in front of them to notice us, and besides the broken ground was in a big hind-slope between. There we waited a minute or two and recovered our breath, while I gave my directions. So soon as we heard the Butana trumpet to charge again we were to run out in line to the brow of the big bank, and pour our fire into the mass of the defenders behind the wall. Then the guns were to be thrown down, and we were to charge with the assegai. We had no shields, but that could not be helped; there would be no time to reload the guns, and it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should be disconcerted at the moment that the main attack was delivered.

The men who were as plucky a set of fellows as ever I saw, and whose blood was now thoroughly up, consented to this scheme, though I could see that they thought it rather a large order as indeed I did myself. But I knew that if the Impi was driven back a second time the game would be up, and for me at any rate it would be a case of the "Thing that boys," and this sure and certain knowledge filled my breast with valor.

We had not long to wait. Presently we heard the Butana war-song, swelling loud and long. They had commenced their attack. I made a sign, and one hundred and fifty men headed by myself, poured out of the kraal, and getting into a rough line, ran up the steep seventy yards of slope that intervened between ourselves and the crest of the big-browed ridge. In thirty seconds we were there, and immediately beyond us was the main body of the Matuku host, waiting the onslaught of the enemy with guns and spears. Beyond now they did not see us; our intent was done upon the coming attack. I signed to my men to take careful aim and suddenly called out to them to fire, which they did with a will, dropping thirty or forty Matukus.

"Charge!" I shouted again, throwing down my smoking rifle and drawing my assegai, an example which they followed, snatching up their spears from the ground where they had placed them while they fired. The men set upon us, as before, and we started. I saw the Matuku warriors' spears round in hundreds, making a great glow at this new develop-

ment of the situation. And looking over them before we had gone twenty yards, I saw something else. For of a sudden, as though they had risen from the earth, there appeared above the wall hundreds of great spears, followed by hundreds of savage faces shadowed with drooping plumes. With a yell they sprang upon the wall, shaking their broad shields, and with a yell they bounded from it straight into our astonished foes.

"*Crash!*" we were in them now, and fighting like demons. "*Crash!*" from the other side. Nala's Impi was at its work, and still the spears and plumes appeared for a moment against the brown background of the mountain, and then sprang down and rushed like a storm upon the foe. The great mob of men turned one way and turned that way, astonished, bewildered, overborne by dumb and terror. Meanwhile the slayers stayed not their hands, and on every side spears thrust, and the fierce shout of triumph went up to heaven. There, too, on the wall stood Maiwa, a white garment streaming from her shoulders, an assegai in her hand, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing. Above all the din of battle I heard catch the tones of her clear voice as she urged the soldiers on to victory. But victory was not yet. Wanda's soldiers gathered themselves together and moving more close by the sheer weight of numbers. They began to give, then once more they rallied, and the fight hung doubtfully.

"Slay, you war-whelps!" cried Maiwa from the wall. "Are you afraid, you women, you chicken-hearted women? Strike home, or die like dogs! What— you give way? Follow me, children of Nala!" And with one wild, long cry she leapt from the wall as leaps a drunken athlete, and holding the spear poised on high, rushed right into the thickest of the fray. The warriors saw her, and raised such a shout that it echoed like thunder against the mountains. They massed together, and following the flutter of her white robe, crashed into the dense heart of the foe. Down went the Matuku before them like trees before a whirlwind. Nothing could stand before such a rush as that. It was as the rush of a torrent bursting its banks. All along their line swept the wild, desperate charge, and there, straight in the fore-front of the battle still waved the white robe of Maiwa.

Then they broke, and stricken with utter panic, Wambe's soldiers streamed away, a scattered crowd of fugitives, while after them thundered the footfall of the victors.

The fight was over; we had won the day; and for my part I sat down upon a stone and wiped my forehead, thanking

his arm. By his side stood Maiwa, panting, but unhurt, and wearing the same proud and terrifying air.

"They are gone, Macumazahn," said the chief; "there is little to fear from them; their heart is broken. But where is Wambe, the chief; and where is the white man thou camest to save?"



EVERY'S RESCUE

Providence that I had lived to see the end of it. Twenty minutes later, Nala's warriors began to return, panting. "Wambe's soldiers had taken to the bush and the caves," they said, "where they had not thought it safe to follow them," adding, significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

I was utterly dazed, and now that the fight was over, my energy seemed to have left me, and I did not pay much attention, till presently I was aroused by somebody calling me by my name. I looked up, and saw that it was the chief Nala himself, who was bleeding from a flesh wound in

"I know not," I answered.

Close to where we stood lay a Matuku, a young man who had been shot through the fleshy part of the calf. It was a trifling wound, but it prevented him from running away.

"Say, thou dog," said Nala, stalking up to him, and shaking his red spear in his face, "say, who is Wambe? Speak, or I slay thee. Was he with the soldiers?"

"Nay, lord, I know not," groined the terrified man. He fought not with us. Wambe has no stomach for fighting. Perchance he is in his kraal yonder, or in



flushed the dead hand of the child straight into his face, and then fell senseless on the floor. As for the demon in the trap, he shrank back as far as his poor limbs would allow, his eyes starting out of his head with pain and terror, and then once more began to yell.

The whole scene was more than I could stand.

"Nala," I said, "this must not go on! That man is a fiend, but he must not be left to die there. See thou to it."

"Nay," answered Nala, "let him taste of the food wherewith he hath fed so many; leave him till death shall find him."

"That will I not," I answered. "Let his end be swift. See thou to it."

"As thou wilt, Macumazahn," answered the chief, with a shrug of the shoulders. "First let the white man and Maiwa be brought forth."

So the soldiers came forward and carried Every and the woman into the fresh air. As the former was borne past his tormentor, the fallen chief, so cowardly was his wicked heart, actually prayed him to intercede for him, and save him from a fate which, but for our providential appearance, would have been Every's own.

So we went away, and in another moment one of the biggest villains on the earth troubled it no more. Once in the fresh air, Every quickly recovered. I looked at him, and horror and sorrow pierced me through to see such a sight. His face was the face of a man of sixty, though he was not yet forty, and his poor body was cut to pieces with stripes and scars and other marks of the tortments which Wambe had for years amused himself with inflicting on him.

As soon as he recovered himself a little he struggled on to his knees, burst into a paroxysm of weeping, and clasp- ing my legs with his emaciated arms, would have actually kissed my feet.

"What are you about, old fellow?" I said, for I am not accustomed to that sort of thing, and it made me feel uncomfortable.

"Oh, God bless you!" he moaned— "God bless you! If only you knew what I have gone through! And to think that you should have come to help me, and at the risk of your own life! Well, you were always a true friend—yes, yes, a true friend."

"Bosh!" I answered, testily; "I'm a

trader, and I came after that ivory," and I pointed to the stockade of tusks. "Did you ever hear of an elephant hunter who would not have risked his immortal soul for them, and much more his carcass?"

But he took no notice of my explanations, and went on God blessing me as hard as ever, till at last I bethought me that a nip of brandy, of which I had a flask full, might steady his nerves a bit. I gave it him, and was not disappointed in the result, for he brisked up wonderfully. Then I hunted about in Wambe's hut, and found a kaross for him to put over his poor bruised shoulders, and he was quite a man again.

"Now," I said, "why did the late lamented Wambe want to put you in that trap?"

"Because, as soon as they heard that the bolt was going against them and that Maiwa was charging at the head of Nala's Impi, one of the women told Wambe that she had seen me write something on some leaves and give them to Maiwa, before she went away to purify herself. Then, of course, he guessed that I had had something to do with your seizing the kaross and holding it while the Impi rushed the place from the mountain, so he determined to torture me to death before help could come. Oh heavens! what a mercy it is to hear English again!"

"How long have you been a prisoner here, Every?" I asked.

"Six years and a bit, Quatermain. I have been out of the odd months lately. I came up here with Major Aldey and three other gentlemen and forty bearers. That devil Wambe ambushed us, and murdered the lot to get their guns. They weren't much use to him when he got them, being breech loaders, for the fools fired away all the ammunition in a month or two. However, they are all in good order and lying up in the hut there. They didn't kill me because one of them saw me mending a gun just before they attacked us, so they kept me as a kind of armorer. Twice I tried to make a bolt of it, but was caught each time. Last time Wambe had me flogged very nearly to death: you can see the scars upon my back. Indeed I should have died if it hadn't been for the girl Maiwa, who nursed me by stealth. He got that accursed lion trap among our things also, and I suppose he has tortured between one and two hundred people to death in

it. It was his favorite amusement, and he would go every day and sit and watch his victim till he died. Sometimes he would give him food and water to keep him alive longer, telling him or her that he would let him go if he lived till a certain day. But he never did let them go. They all died there, and I could show you their bones behind that rock."

"The devil!" I said, grinding my teeth. "I wish I hadn't interfered. I wish I had left him to the same fate."

"Well, he got a taste of it, anyway," said Every. "I'm glad he got a taste. There's justice in it; and now he's gone to a place where I hope there is another one ready for him. By Jove! I should like to have the setting of it!"

And so he talked on, and I sat and listened to him, wondering how he had kept his reason for so many years. But he didn't talk, as I have written it, in good English. He spoke very slowly, and as though he had got something in his mouth, continually using native words, because the English ones had slipped his memory.

At last Nala came up and told us that food was made ready, and thankful enough we were to get it. I can tell you. After we had eaten we held a consultation. Quite a thousand of Wambe's soldiers were put *hors de combat*, but at least two thousand remained hidden in the bush and rocks, and these men, together with those in the outlying kraals, were a source of possible danger. The question arose, therefore, what was to be done: were they to be followed or left alone? I waited till everybody had spoken, some giving one opinion and some another, and then, being appealed to, I gave mine. It was to the effect that Nala should take a leaf out of the great Zulu T'Chaka's book, and incorporate the tribe, not destroy it. We had a good many women among the prisoners. Let them, I suggested, be sent to the hiding-places of the soldiers and make an offer. If the men would come and lay down their arms and declare their allegiance to Nala, they and their town and cattle should be spared. Wambe's cattle alone would be seized as the prize of war. Moreover, Wambe having left no children, his wife Maiwa should be declared chieftainess of the tribe, under Nala. If they did not accept this offer by the morning of the second day, it should be taken as a declaration that

they wished to continue the war. Their town should be burned, their cattle, which our men were already collecting and driving in in great numbers, would be taken, and they should be hunted down.

This advice was at once declared to be wise, and acted on. The women were despatched, and I saw from their faces that they never expected to get such terms, and did not think that their mission would be in vain. Nevertheless we spent that afternoon in preparations against possible surprise, and also in collecting all the wounded of both parties into a hospital which we extemporized out of some huts, and there attending to them as best we could. That evening poor Every had the first pipe of tobacco that he had tasted for six years. Poor fellow! he nearly cried with joy over it. The night passed without any sign of attack, and on the following morning we began to see the effect of our message, for women, children, and a few men came in in little knots, and took possession of their huts. It was, of course, rather difficult to prevent our men from looting, and generally going on as natives, and, for the matter of that, white men too, are in the habit of doing after a victory. But one man who, after warning, was caught maltreating a woman, was brought out and killed by Nala's order, and though there was a little grumbling, that put a stop to further trouble.

On the second morning the headmen and numbers of their followers came in in groups, and about mid-day a deputation of the former presented themselves before us without their weapons. They were conquered, they said, and Wambe was dead, so they came to hear the words of the great lion who had eaten them up, and of the crafty white man, the jackal who had dug a hole for them to fall in, and of Maiwa, Lady of War, who had led the charge and turned the fate of the battle.

So we let them hear the words, and when we had done, an old man rose and said that in the name of the people he accepted the yoke that was laid upon their shoulders, and that they more gladly because even the rule of a woman could not be worse than the rule of Wambe. Moreover, they knew Maiwa, the Lady of War, and feared her not, though she was a witch, and terrible to see in battle.

Then Nala asked his daughter if she

was welcome to hanging invitations of the tribe under him.

Matua, who had been very silent since her revenge was accomplished, and who told us that she was, and that everyone should be good and strive to be, to those who were good and gentle to her, let the forward and headstrong she would speak with a rod of iron, when, from my knowledge of her character, I thought overwhelmingly probable.

The headmen noticed that there was a good saying, and they did not complain at it, and so the morning ended.

Next day we spent in preparations for departure. Miao consisted chiefly in supervising the digging up of the stockpiles of ivory tusks, which I did with the greatest satisfaction. There were some five hundred of them altogether. I made inquiries about it from Every, who told me that the akavade had been there so long that nobody seemed to exactly know who had originally collected the tusks. There was, however, a kind of superstitious feeling about them, which had always prevented the chiefs from trying to sell this great mass of ivory. Every and I examined it carefully and found that although it was so old, its quality was really as good as new, and there was very little soft ivory in the lot. At first I was rather afraid lest, now that my services had been rendered, Nala should facilitate to part with so much valuable property; but this was not the case. When I spoke to him on the subject he merely said: "Take it, Macumazahn, who he you have owned it well." And to speak the truth, though I say it who shouldn't, I think I had. So we pressed several hundred Matua beams into our service, and next day departed off with the lot.

Before we went I took a formal farewell of Maiwa, whom we left with a body-guard of three hundred men to assist her in settling the country. She gave me her hand to kiss in a friendly sort of way, and then said: "Macumazahn, you are a brave man, and have been a good friend to me in my need. If ever you want help or shelter, remember that Maiwa has a good memory for friend and foe. All I have is yours."

And so I thanked her, and went. She certainly was a very remarkable woman. A year or two ago I heard that her father Nala was dead, and that she had succeeded to the chieftainship of both tribes,

which she ruled with great justice and firmness.

I can assure you that we ascended the pass leading to Watala's town with feelings very different from those with which we had descended it a few days before. But if I was grateful for the issue of events, you can easily imagine what poor Every's feelings were. When we got to the top of the pass he actually, before the white flag flapped down upon his knees and thanked Heaven for his escape, with the tears running down his face. But then, as I have said, his nerves were shaken, though now that his heart was tranquil and he had got some sort of comfort on his back and hope in his heart, he looked a very different man from the poor wretch whom we had rescued from death by torture.

Well, we separated from Nala at the little sanctuary on the top of the mountain, Every and I and the akavade going down the coast which we had come up a few weeks before, and the chief returning to his own house on the further side of the mountain. He gave us an escort of a hundred and fifty men, however, with instructions to accompany us for six days' journey, and keep the Matua heavers in order and their return. I hope that in six days we should be able to reach a district where porters were plentiful, and whom we could easily get the ivory conveyed to Delagoa Bay.

And did you find it up safe? I asked.

"Well, no," said Quatman. "We lost about a third of it in crossing a river. A flood came down suddenly, just as the men were crossing, and many of them had to throw down their tusks to save their lives. We had no means of fishing it up, and so we had to leave it, which was very sad. However, we sold what remained for nearly seven thousand pounds; so we did not do so badly. I don't mean that I got seven thousand pounds out of it, because, you see, I insisted upon Every taking a half share. Poor fellow, he had earned it, if ever a man did. He set up a store in the old colony on the proceeds, and did uncommonly well."

"And what did you do with the lion trap?" asked Sir Henry.

"Oh, I brought that away with me also, and when I got to Durban I put it in my house. But really I could not bear to sit opposite to it at nights as I smoked. Vi-

sions of that poor woman and the hand of her dead child would rise up in my mind, and also of all the other horrors of which it had been the instrument. I began to dream at last that it had me by the leg. This was too much for my nerves, so I packed it up and shipped it to its maker in Sheffield, whose name was stamped upon the steel, sending him a letter at the same time to tell him to what purpose the infernal machine had been put. I believe that he gave it to some museum or other."

"And what became of the tusks of the three bulls which you shot? You must have left them at Nala's kraal, I suppose."

The old gentleman's face fell at this question.

"Ah," he said, "that is a very sad story. Nala promised to send them with my goods to my agent at Delagoa, and so he did. But the men who brought them were unarmed, and, as it happened, they fell in with a slave caravan under the command of a half-breed Portuguese, who seized the tusks, and what is worse, swore that he had shot them. I paid him out afterward, however," he added, with a

smile of satisfaction: "but it did not give me back my tusks, which no doubt have long ago been turned into hair-brushes." And he sighed.

"Well," said Good, "that is a capital yarn of yours, Quatermain; but—"

"But what?" he asked, sharply, foreseeing a draw.

"But I don't think that it was so good as mine about the ibex—it hasn't the same *finish*."

Mr. Quatermain made no reply. Good was beneath it.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said, "it is half past two in the morning, and if we are going to shoot the big wood tomorrow, we ought to leave here at nine-thirty sharp."

"Oh, if you shoot for a hundred years, you will never beat the record of those three woodcock," I said.

"Or of those three elephants," added Sir Henry.

And then we all went to bed, and I dreamt that I had married Maiwa, and was much afraid of that determined lady.

THE END.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE.

BY S. HOXIE.

THE ancestry of these cattle may be traced unalloyed for more than two thousand years. The history of the Netherlands goes back three hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era. At that time that portion of country bordering on the North Sea was called Frisia. It extended over the present provinces of North Holland, Friesland, and Groningen, and over the German border to the river Ems. Its inhabitants were classed by the Romans with the "Northern barbarians." They differed from their neighbors in their love of peaceful pursuits, especially the care and breeding of cattle.

In 1282 came the decisive inundation that produced the Zuyder Zee—a broad and permanent channel from the sea far inland, separating these cattle breeders into two groups—the western occupying a stretch of country that was for a long time called West Friesland, now constituting the major part of North Holland; the eastern, the present provinces of Friesland and Groningen. In the west-

ern division the influence of Batavian and Celtic blood has rendered the inhabitants less conservative and changed the language to modern Hollandish. In both divisions the cattle are the same in blood; they are kept in the same manner and used for the same purposes. The farmers are all dairymen, and all combine the production of butter, cheese, veal, and beef in their pursuit.

The system of dairying pursued differs slightly in the two divisions. In Friesland butter-making takes precedence. From the skim-milk, cheese is made. The whey is fed to calves or older cattle, with an allowance of oil-cake. Their cattle are always kept in what American farmers would call superior condition. In North Holland the only material variation from this system is in making cheese from the milk immediately as it comes from the herd. The noted Edam cheese is produced. It will be noticed that these systems involve the utilization of every cattle product—milk, butter, cheese, veal, and beef. They thus draw profit from both the lead-

ing evidences of laying nature, with giving and flesh making. They give no credit to the theory that the functions of the one antedate those of the other. On the contrary, they have demonstrated on the largest possible scale that a continuous purity of the functions of both one comes, if an animal is generally developed, healthy, and well fed, to the activity of the functions of the other kinds. In looking on these breeds there is a strong impression that these peasant farmers are correct in their views. The broad horns and wide rumps of their cattle seem just the place for the most quality of beef, and equally the proper support of capacious udders.

At two years of age, with rare exceptions, they commence giving milk, and at six or seven years old they uniformly go loaded with flesh to the pasture. These dairymen do not lose their dairy plant at the end of every eight or ten years in a lot of old and worthless cows. They sell their cows well fattened at all ages when their flesh is of the best quality. The price obtained pays for extra food that may have been used, and renders them at a profit, with only a moderate loss.

As a race stock these cattle have to come widely noted. They have shot off shoots into all the richer grass sections of northern and central Europe. In some instances these have been established so long that, prevailing over the native cattle, and slightly changed by environments, they have taken names corresponding to their location. Some of the most renowned breeds of Europe are of such origin. Among these are the Friesian or Flamande breed of Belgium and France, the Breitenburg and Oldenburg breeds of Germany, and the Kolmogorian breed of Russia. Our Secretary of State in 1883 procured reports from our consuls upon the breeds and products of cattle throughout the world. From Belgium such reports call especial attention to "the Hollandaise or Dutch cow, and the Flamande or Belgian cow." In one of these reports the consul says: "The breeds to which I allude present in outward appearance, and in results for both the dairy and for beef, cattle that cannot be surpassed in the world."

The reports from France are confirmatory of those from Belgium. The origin of Flemish cattle, the pure Flamande breed, and the subbreeds that have taken

the names Hollandaise and Artesienne, are credited to importations from the shores of the North Sea, whence, says one of the writers, "came the breeds of Holland, Schuytwe, Thorsten, and Dithond, all remarkable for their milking qualities." Similar reports also come from Germany. The consul of the province of Silesia selected four hundred of the largest herds of cattle in his district with the view of ascertaining the favored breed. Two hundred and seventy-two handled exclusively pure Friesian cattle; the balance was occupied by a dozen or more of other breeds and their crosses.

The most interesting of all was that from Consul General Stanton of St. Petersburg. He found on the fertile lands at the mouth of the river Dwina, within two and a half degrees of the arctic circle, an offshoot of this race, named from the locality the Kolmogorian breed. It was originally a cross between this breed and the native cattle of Archangel, and dates from the time of Peter the Great. It is remarkable for its yield of milk, and the quantity of veal which it produces. It is the favorite breed at St. Petersburg, and is used to improve other Russian breeds.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries these cattle appear to have been directly imported into the British Islands, and became influential in the formation of some of the most renowned breeds of England and Scotland. Professor Low, whose writings are regarded as eminent authority on the British breeds, says: "The Dutch breed was especially established in the district of Holderness, on the north side of the Humber, whence it extended northward through the plains of Yorkshire, and the cattle of Holderness still retain the distinct traces [in 1840] of their Dutch origin, and were long regarded as the finest dairy cows of England. Further to the north, in the fertile district of the Tees, importations likewise took place of the cattle of the opposite countries, sometimes from Holland, and sometimes, by the way of Hamburg, from Horstern or the countries on the Elbe." He adds: "Of the precise extent of these early importations we are imperfectly informed, but that they exercised a great influence on the native stock appears from this circumstance, that the breed formed by the mixture became familiarly known as the Dutch or Holstein breed, under which

name it extended northward through Northumberland, and became naturalized in the south of Scotland. It was also known as the Teeswater, or simply the Short-horned breed." From whence our modern improved Short-horn breed originated. Sanford Howard, an equally eminent authority, in writing of the Ayrshire breed, says: "It is not improbable that the chief nucleus of the improved breed was the 'Dunlop stock' so called, which appears to have been possessed by a distinguished family by the name of Dunlop, in the Cunningham district of Ayrshire, as early as 1780. This stock was derived at least in part from animals imported from Holland."

The attention of American breeders has never been called to these cattle to any extent until within the last fifteen years. The fact of our using a common language with our English cousins, and the assumption of English breeders that they alone possessed breeds of cattle worthy of our attention, have been a bar to our study of the Continental breeds. One that even now is difficult for many to break over. Yet it is inferred that a strain of these cattle was introduced into this country at an early date. From 1621 to 1664 the eastern part of the State of New York was the Dutch colony of New Netherlands. During this period many Holland farmers settled along the Hudson River and in the rich valley of the Mohawk. They probably brought cattle with them from their native land, and crossed them with cattle purchased from the other colonies. Of one thing there is a certainty, for many years after, the cattle of the Mohawk Valley were called Dutch cattle, and were especially esteemed for their superior milking qualities. The first importation of which we have any positive knowledge was made more than a hundred years later. We are indebted to Mr. Dudley Miller, of Oswego, New York, for an interesting account of it. It consisted of six cows and two bulls, and was sent, in 1795, by the Holland Land Company, which then owned large tracts in the State of New York, to their agent, Mr. John Lincklaen, of Cazenovia. As described by one of the early settlers of that village, "the cows were of the size of oxen; their colors clear black and white in large patches; very handsome bodies and straight limbs; horns middling size, but gracefully set; their necks were seem-

ingly too slender to carry their heads." In 1810 a bull and two cows were imported by Hon. William Jarvis, and placed on his farm at Weathersfield, Vermont. About the year 1825 another importation was made by Herman Le Roy, a part of which were sent into the valley of the Genesee; the rest were kept near New York city. Still later an importation was made into the State of Delaware. No records were kept of the descendants of these cattle. Their blood was mingled and lost in that of the native cattle, yet its impress was long recognized in the various localities to which these importations went. The first permanent introduction of this breed was due to the perseverance of Hon. Winthrop Chenery, of Belmont, Massachusetts. His first two importations and their increase, with the exception of a single animal, were destroyed by the government of Massachusetts, in consequence of a contagious disease by which they were unfortunately attacked. He made a third importation in 1861. This was followed, in 1867, by an importation for Hon. Gerrit S. Miller, of Peterborough, New York, made by his brother, who had been attending the noted agricultural school at Eldern, Prussia, where this breed was regarded with great favor. These two importations, with an Oldenburg cow owned by Hon. W. H. Russell, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and three animals from East Friesland, imported by General William S. Tilton, of the National Military Asylum, Maine, formed the nucleus of the *Holstein Herd Book*, the first volume of which was published in 1872. The time was propitious for the introduction of a breed with the characteristics of these cattle. Dairying had become an important industry of the Northern States, and was extending to the prairie lands of the West, where especially large cattle were demanded. No breed ever spread with such rapidity. Its progress was opposed by strong prejudices, yet it seemed to gather new force from every public manifestation of such opposition, until now, in less than sixteen years from the publication of that apparently insignificant volume, it has become one of the largest and most popular breeds in our country.

It has greatly enlarged the possibilities of milk and butter production throughout our richer dairy sections. Our dairy-men have been awakened, and their views

clunged in regard to the capacity to which they may raise their herds. Thirty pounds of milk a day, 5000 pounds a year, and 7 pounds of butter a week were considered twenty years ago as large yields, and even now are above the capacity of unimproved cows. The progress of such change of view may be traced in the progress of records that have been made by cows of this breed and publicly credited. The cow Crown-Princess, owned by Hon. Gerrit S. Miller, of Peterborough, New York, in six years, from 1870 to 1876, made a record of 61,112 pounds of milk, an average of 10,185 pounds a year. This was followed by the record of Lady Chiffen, owned by Hon. William H. Russell, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. In 1875 she gave in 362 days 10,274 pounds; in 1876, in 282 days, 12,214 pounds; and commencing May 1, 1877, in 306 days, 15,232 pounds. The Maid of Twisk, owned by the Unadilla Valley Association, a company of dairy farmers in central New York, followed this by a record for 303 days, in 1876, of 12,564 pounds; for 123 days, in 1877, of 14,312 pounds; and for 336 days, in 1878, of 15,960½ pounds. Next came the records of the noted cows Aegle and Aggie, owned by Messrs. Smiths, Powell, and Lamb, of Syracuse, New York. In 1880, in 365 days, the former gave 16,823½ pounds, and the latter 18,903½ pounds. With the exception of Aegle, these were all imported cows, and it began to be questioned whether such cows could be produced in this country. The answer came in a test of the cow Lath, bred by Mr. Miller, and owned by Mr. F. C. Stevens, of Attica, New York. It was for two successive years, beginning March 19, 1882, and closing May 28, 1884. During the first year she gave 15,129½ pounds, and during the second year, after a brief rest of about ten weeks, she produced 23,775½ pounds. These records aroused the attention of dairy writers, especially in England. They were pronounced impossible. Plausible arguments were made to show the inconsistency of such records with the amount of material for making milk that a cow could digest. Public confidence in them was shaken for a brief period. At this stage of public sentiment a test was begun of the cow Clothilde, owned by Smiths, Powell, and Lamb. They invited the closest scrutiny. They offered to pay the expenses of some of the most prominent scientists to come and thoroughly investi-

gate this test. A number of gentlemen availed themselves of this offer. It was also placed in the official charge of the superintendent of the Holstein-Friesian Advanced Register, who from time to time sent official inspectors to watch the milkings, to test the scales upon which they were weighed, to examine into the accuracy of the account that was being kept, and into every other detail in which there might be a possibility of error. None was discovered, and the accuracy of the record was put beyond all reasonable doubt. The result was the production of 26,021½ pounds in 365 consecutive days.

A record of more than 2000 pounds above any that had been previously made. It seemed at that time that the extreme capacity of milk production by a single cow had been reached. But now, while this is being written, the cow Pietouille 2d, owned by Mr. Dallas B. Whipple, of Cuba, New York, has reached a year's record of 30,318½ pounds. The production of this has also been closely watched by disinterested parties; and the proof is so convincing that it will be received by the public with much less doubt than were the early records of half this amount. Since 1880 many other cows have exceeded Aggie's noted record. Among these are Ethelka, at 18,131½ pounds, and Jamaica, at 19,547 pounds, both owned by John Mitchell, Vails Gate, New York; Violet, at 18,677½ pounds, by Edgar Huidekoper, Meadville, Pennsylvania; Lady De Vries, at 18,818½ pounds, by L. H. Payne, Garrettsville, Ohio; Empress, at 19,711½ pounds, by Hon. G. S. Miller, Peterborough, New York; Glenburnie, at 20,135½ pounds, by B. B. Lord and Son, Sinclairville, New York; Rhoda, at 21,309 pounds, by F. C. Stevens, Attica, New York; Princess of Wayne, at 20,469½ pounds, and Aggie 2d, at 20,763½ pounds, both by T. G. Yeomans and Sons, Walworth, New York; Boukje, at 21,679½ pounds, by Stone and Carpenter, Waverly, Pennsylvania; Koningen van Friesland 5th, at 19,700½ pounds, by A. Bradley and H. D. Warner, Lanesville, Connecticut; Koningen van Friesland 3d, at 23,617½ pounds, by H. O. Warner, New Milford, Connecticut; Sultana, at 22,043½ pounds, by H. C. Jewett and Co., Buffalo, New York; and Albino 2d, at 18,484½ pounds (in two-year form), Netherland Belle, at 19,516½ pounds, Aggie Rosa, at 20,227½ pounds, Lady Fay, at 20,602½ pounds,



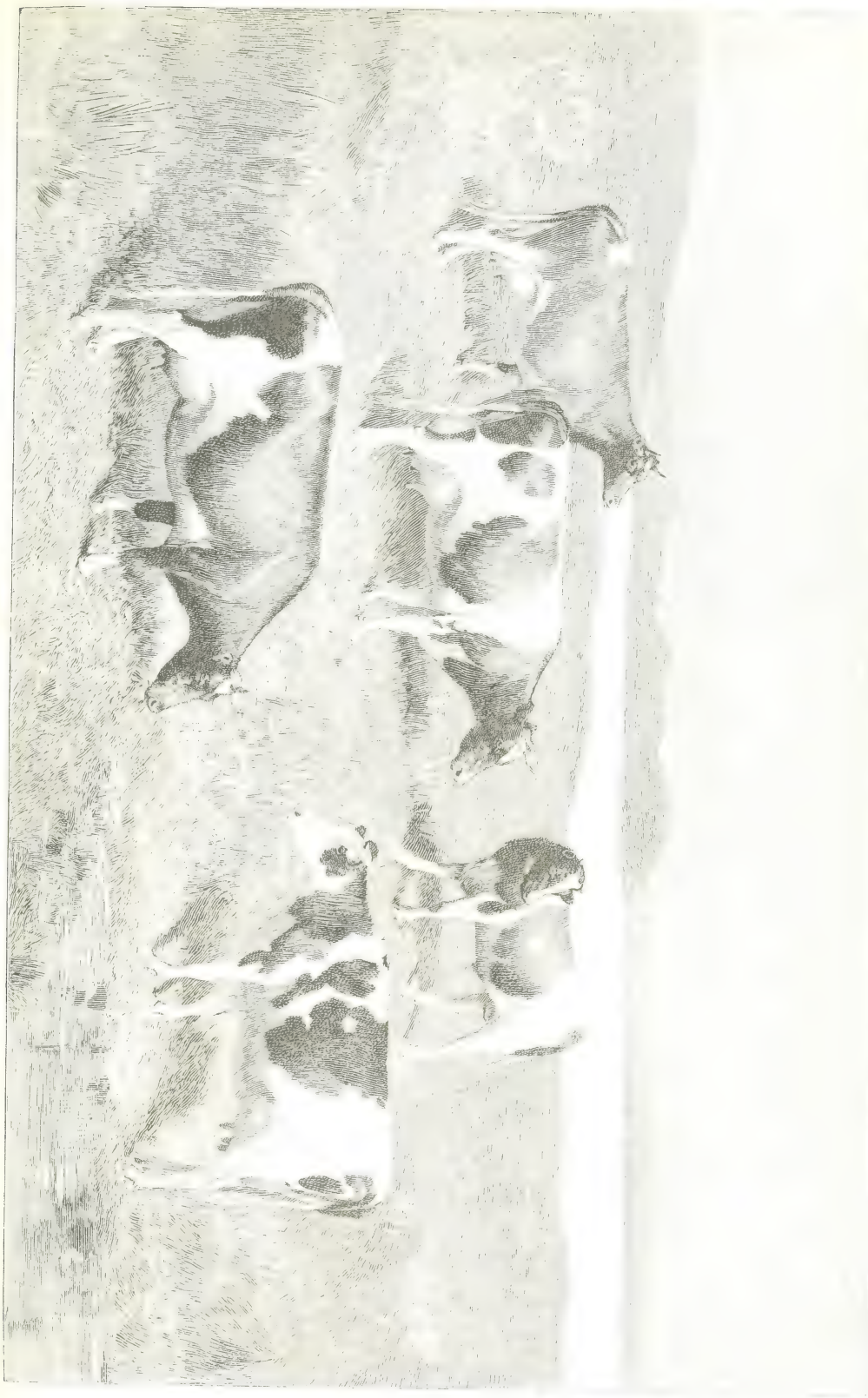
and Clothilde 2d, at 23,037 pounds by Smiths, Powell, and Lamb.

Such records have been of so much interest in this country that the breeders have given much more attention to the production of quantity than to quality of milk. They have fed and cared for their cattle to produce quantity. In consequence many have inferred that this breed is an excellent one for the production of milk and cheese, but that it is not adapted to the production of butter. Notwithstanding this impression it has now entered into a contest for the highest place as a butter breed, and the rapidity with which it is gaining such a position is a public surprise. The first step toward this was the winning of the Challenge Cup offered by the *Breeders' Gazette*, of Chicago, for the largest thirty days' butter record. The contest for this cup was open to the world and to all breeds until July 1, 1883. It was won by Mercedes, a cow of this breed, owned by Thomas B. Wales, of Iowa City, Iowa. Her record was 99 pounds 6½ ounces. This result awakened much controversy. Demands were made for further competitive trials. Several took place in the three years following, at cattle shows in the Western States, uniformly resulting in the success of this breed. Yet they were not considered conclusive, as the best cows of other breeds were not put in competition. At this stage of public opinion the New York Dairy Show of 1887 was conceived. Long before its opening it was widely known that one of its most important features would be a contest for the championship in butter production. This was to be decided by a twenty-four hours' trial in the hands of an impartial committee. It was entered upon for the purpose of testing the claims of the different breeds. Cattle clubs and breeders' associations were deeply interested in it, and gave every possible encouragement to the bringing forward of the best representatives of the breeds they maintained. Probably no similar contest was ever arranged and conducted on more even terms. No criticisms were made against the management up to the hour of announcing the result. The championship was won for this breed, the cow Clothilde receiving the first prize, and the three-year-old heifer Clothilde 4th the second prize, both owned by Messrs. Smiths, Powell, and Lamb. In other departments there were contests for quality

of butter, where the breeds were indirectly pitted against one another. In these contests this breed also won more than its proportionate share of prizes.

It is only within the last five years that the breeders of these cattle have been specially testing the butter capacity of their cows. Messrs. T. G. Yeomans and Sons were pioneers in this work. In tests made of their herd of less than 40 cows, 29 were found to average a seven days' production of 17 pounds 7½ ounces. Aggie 2d made 26 pounds 7 ounces in this length of time, 105 pounds 10½ ounces in thirty days, and 304 pounds 5½ ounces in ninety days. This was followed by tests of other breeders. Mr. Thomas B. Wales also found 29 cows owned by him that made an average of 17 pounds 2.67 ounces. One of these, Tritonia, at four years of age, made 25 pounds 3½ ounces. Messrs. Smiths, Powell, and Lamb find 100 cows owned by them that average 48 pounds 0.00 ounces in tests of the same length of time. Among these, Netherland Princess 4th, at twenty-eight months old, made 21 pounds 10¾ ounces; Albino 2d, at three years old, 25 pounds 14¼ ounces, while in thirty days she produced 106 pounds 14 ounces. Their cow Clothilde, at full age, made in seven days 28 pounds 2¼ ounces. In the small herd of Mr. Eugene Smith, of Nashville, Tennessee, 7 cows are reported with an average of 17 pounds 6.57 ounces in seven days. Among other noted tests is that of Florence Herbert, owned by Home Farm, Hampton, Iowa, at 27 pounds 13½ ounces in seven days, and that of Nietje Korndyke, the property of E. J. Burrell, Little Falls, New York, at 93 pounds 12 ounces in thirty days.

Notwithstanding the antiquity of this breed, its first herd-book was that issued by American breeders in 1872. This was followed in 1875 by one in the Netherlands, its original home. Five years later another was published in America by an association of breeders who objected to the name Holstein, by which they were generally known in this country, and against which there were strong protests from the breeders in Europe. In view of their origin and the source from whence they were imported, this association adopted the name Dutch-Friesian. In the same year another herd-book was issued in and for the province of Friesland, where the breed had been especially guarded for ages.



A GROUP OF THE CLOTHILDE FAMILY.



HOLSTEIN BULL "SETHIEL AND PRINCE."

Since then herd-books of these cattle have been published both in Belgium and Germany. In 1885 the two American associations compromised on the name Holstein-Friesian, and united their registry.

In their native country none but select cattle are admitted to the herd-books. It is not enough that they are pure bred; they must also be superior. This requirement is of the highest importance. Being the "common cattle" of the Netherlands, and handled by all classes of breeders, some of whom are indifferent to their standing, in whose hands they degenerate as in other hands they improve, there are great diversities in their build, quality, and capacity. To the credit of American importers, they have generally sought for the best. Yet it is beginning to be felt that continued selection is the basis of continued success. This is true not only of the breeders of these cattle, but also of those handling other leading breeds. In consequence of this, a system of advanced registration has been commenced in this country for this breed, conditioned on superior build and quality, and especially on capacity for milk or butter production. The first volume of this registry was published in 1887. The standard for butter production of this volume, below which no

full-aged cow was accepted, is 15 pounds in seven consecutive days, and the standard of milk production of cows of the same age is 10,700 pounds in ten consecutive months. It has proportionately lower standards for younger cows. It contains over seven hundred records. The actual average of these records for full-aged cows is 13 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of milk in ten months, or 18 pounds 13.6 ounces of butter in seven days. Below this, for four-year-old heifers the average is 12,901 $\frac{5}{16}$ pounds of milk, or 17 pounds 3 ounces of butter; for three-year-old heifers, 10,889 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds of milk, or 15 pounds 0.33 ounces of butter; and for two year old heifers, 9,135 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of milk, or 11 pounds 3 ounces of butter.

American skill and enterprise find in this breed peculiar material on which to work. It is as hardy as the American scrub, it has no hereditary tendencies to diseases of any kind, and it is peculiarly plastic in its adaptations, as may be seen by its perfect acclimation in the rigorous climate of Archangel as well as in the sunny climate of France. And as an object of pleasure and of beauty no cattle respond more generously, or appear more picturesque on a background of green fields, and none are more emblematic of rural wealth and content.



TWAS God above that made all things,
 The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein,
 The ships that on the sea do swim
 To guard from foes that none come in:
 And let them all do what they can,
 'Twas for one end the use of man,
*So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottel.*

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
 Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;
 For if the bearer fall by the way,
 Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay:
 But had it been in a leather bottel,
 Although he had fallen, all had been well.
*So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottel.*

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
 Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
 For if you chance to touch the brim,
 Down falls the liquor and all therein;
 But had it been in a leather bottel,
 And the stopple in, all had been well.
*So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottel.*



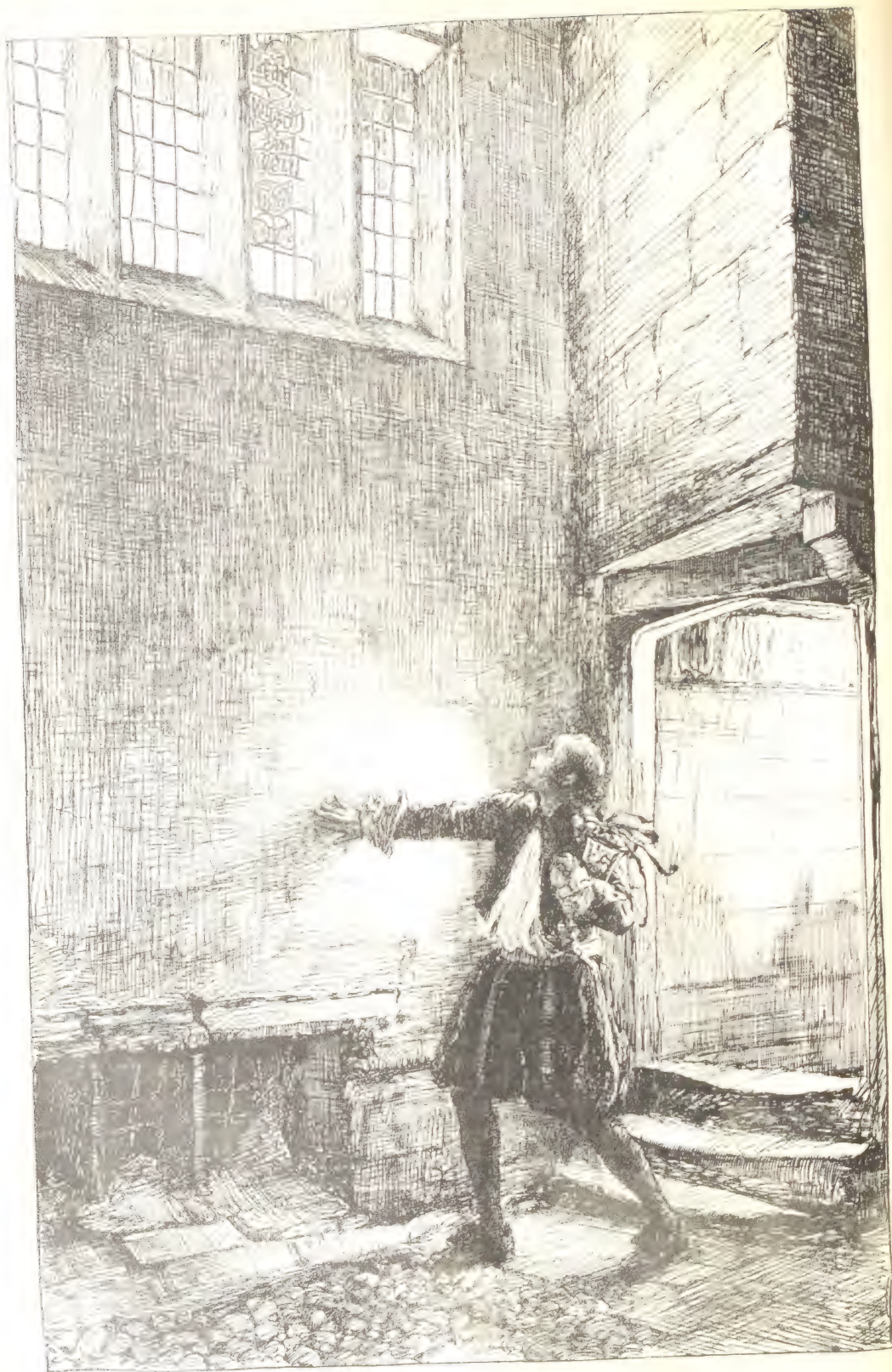
"NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THESE CANS OF WOOD?"



"IF A MAN AND HIS WIFE SHOULD NOT AGREE."

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
 If a man and his wife should not agree,
 Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
 In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
 And pull away till their hearts do ake,
 And yet their liquor no harm can take.
*So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottèl.*

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
 Oh, they shall have no praise of mine.
 For when a Lord is about to dine,
 And sends them to be filled with wine,
 The man with the flagon doth run away,
 Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
*So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottèl.*



"BECAUSE IT IS SILVER MOST GALLANT AND GAY."



A leather bottle we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,
For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield.



"FOR WHEN HE'S HUNTING OF THE DEER."



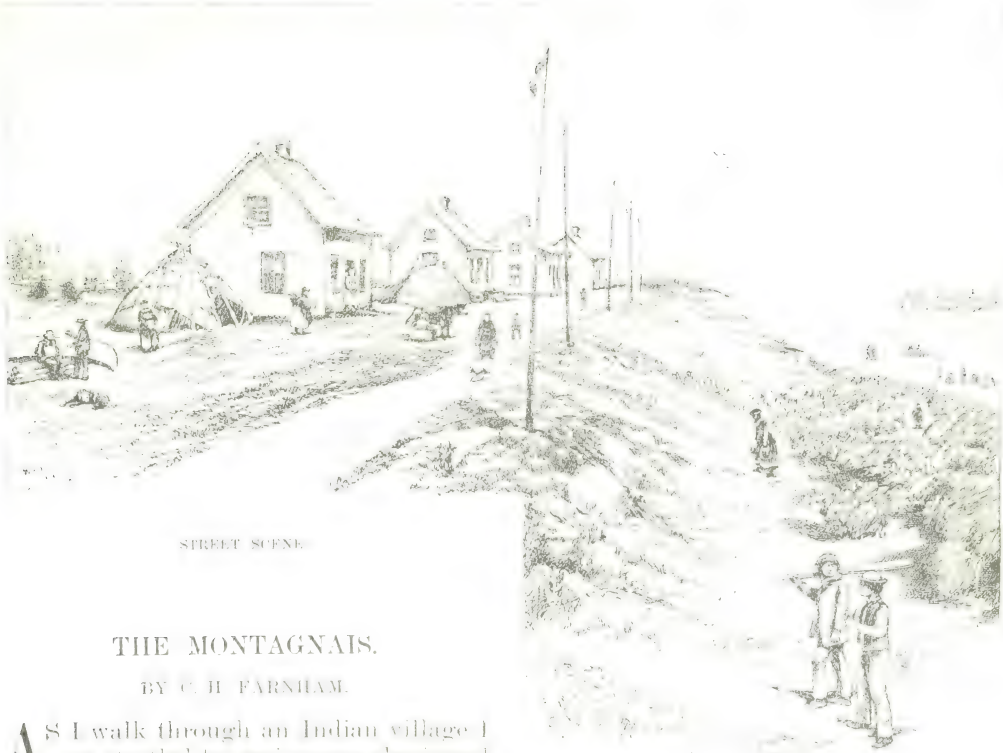
But a good leather bottle standing by,
Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry,
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

At noon the revellers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In winter too when the weather is warm,
A good bottle full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottle?
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

There's never a Lord, an Earl, or Knight,
But in this bottle doth take delight;
For every his hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottle of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottle of beer will oft do him good.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin.
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.





STREET SCENE.

THE MONTAGNAIS.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

AS I walk through an Indian village I am startled by seeing my aboriginal self. We rarely meet our prehistoric ancestors, but here I sit down on the earth with my disconnected forefathers; I talk with men and women who still are absolutely a part of nature. Although a man has no measure of his future progress yet he learns where he started when he meets a savage. Here I see how far we have come since my family left the woods. These untrodden wilds of human nature have a wonderful interest. They lead you on, by the fascination of discovery, from swamp to glades, through rugged gorges up to commanding summits, and they keep you meanwhile under the enchantment of nature's mysteries. I met yesterday on the beach an Indian coming from a seclusion of two years in the heart of the continent. He had lived without any of what we call the necessities of civilization, and yet he was quite like other men in flesh and limb. The shyness and quietness of nature were upon him so strongly that I would not break into his reserve, nor dissipate the awe I felt in his presence. He had a very different feeling for me; he knew a hundred men, even a whole tribe, far more skillful at getting a living out of the wilderness, so he had no wonder to waste on an inferior.

His wife and family disembarked, and they set up their lodge on the sands with lordly independence.

Betshiamits is the chief mission for these Montagnais Indians, about eighty miles east of the Saguenay. The chapel, parsonage, Father Arnaud's interesting museum of natural history and Indian antiquities, Hudson Bay Co.'s store, and about thirty small square houses are scattered along the bank rising above the sand beach. Across the mouth of the Betshiamits River is a lumber-mill and its attendant shanties. The forest comes down to the village and its fields, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence rolls in upon it, raising all about the mouth of the river a gleaming wall of breakers out on the bars. Their roar is in keeping with the wildness and solitude of the Labrador coast. The whitewashed Indians, with crude furniture, seem out of place in an Indian village. The Indians had them built many years ago; they find them convenient for lashing away the goods and chattels not taken to the woods, and for sleeping in if they arrive here too late in the day to put up their wigwags.



A MONTAGNAIS WOMAN.

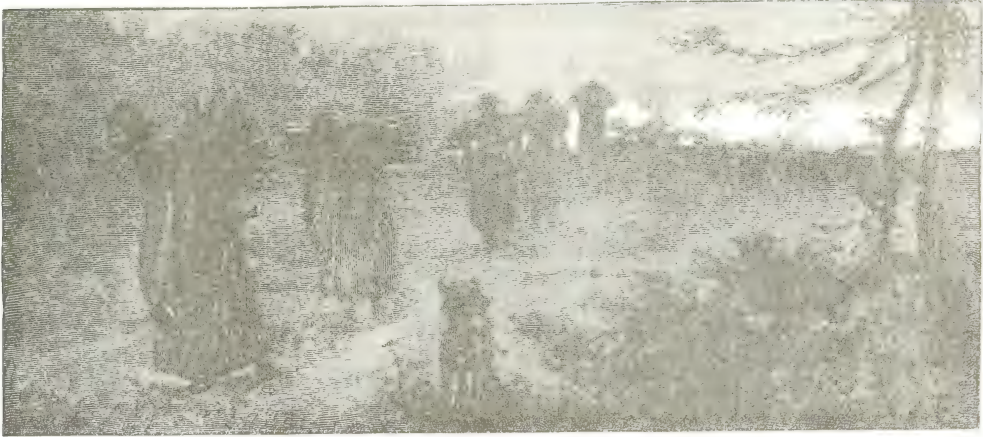
It is a common thing to see the family camping in the yard while the house stands empty. Indeed, they seem to be at home out-of-doors, with the canoe turned up near the wigwam, a few stones for a fire-place, and the unfenced world for their door-yard. The domestic economy is in full view. The amount of a Montagnais devotion is as rarely seen here as elsewhere; it is only a genius in affection that cuts wood and draws water for his squaw. When the sunset glows through the spruces you see a group of dark, toiling figures against the golden sky, each with her axe bends and plods along under a back-load of wood suspended by a tump-line across the forehead. At the lodge she drops her load, and without further ado is up to cook supper. She may take a day's trip with her canoe and paddle away toward the horizon; hours afterward she returns with a load—wood, the best of the season, coming with in some retired cove, and perhaps some fish. She carries her many armfuls across the beach, and gets another squaw to help her bring up the canoe. When a seal is brought in, the squaws and dogs do the butchering. The women often throw a shawl or blanket over some poles, and compose a picturesque group in the shade, sewing, splitting spruce roots for canoe-making, and chatting away as glibly as if they knew English. Their wash-day is

the most unelaborated I have seen. The good knolls or squats by the tub on the ground, while her beaux lounge close by, and contend for the smiles and the suds, and upon her straight black hair hangs down her back, while a younger sister combs it. The door-yard would seem empty without the children playing Indian house-keeping: they stand up poles, cover them with bark, and collect stones for a fireplace, the range of their fancy covers sleeping and eating.

The Indian's home, properly speaking, does not exist; he is not half so domestic as the beaver, which builds a house and raises its family in a given locality. He owns land, yet moves about more than a bird which nests in a tree. Even the bear is a better tenant, and the wood-chuck is an older settler in his neighborhood. These Indians by their mode of living seem to be the shyest and most nomadic and isolated of creatures; but in fact they surprise me with their strong social qualities. We shall see farther on that his material circumstances as well as his instincts mould the life and character of this wild natural man as much as they decide the features of our civilization. Betshiamits is the Indian's Newport, his summer resort by the sea-side, where he lives in comparative luxury, and enjoys a taste of civilization. The wigwam is still his favorite cottage, and certainly this primitive and picturesque shelter is the best suited to his life and character. It has a natural form, like the mound of a mole—an elliptical dome about seven feet high and eighteen feet long. It is made of bent poles sustaining long strips of birch bark. The windows are an irregular opening at each end covered with cotton, and the little door is closed with a curtain. As I stooped to look inside of a lodge, Louis, the Indian host, politely bid me come in. No one, however, arose to give me a chair—there were no chairs; but I crouched along under the roof and found a seat on a chest. The place was full of people, squatting, sitting, and lying about the floor in many different attitudes. The men wear the ordinary costumes of to-day with a red sash about the waist. The women have but one noteworthy article of dress, the Montagnais cap, with its alternate black and red pieces meeting at the top, and its band of bright silk embroidery; they wear a red kerchief or a shawl over the shoulders. Their

hair is bound up in a queer little club covering each ear. While the men lounged and smoked, the women chewed gum with remarkable energy. These sat on a piece of matting near the windows and embroidered their caps and moccasins. The children and dogs kept up a moderate activity in coming and going over the crouching figures. The lodge was furnished with a stove, guns, chests of personal effects, cooking utensils,

although it is *fragile* and portable. Yet it is essentially the same house that sheltered the men of this northern Indian age ago. I inferred that the *trap* families living there—*Alutod*, people and *mo* dogs—had each a certain part of the lodge, but no boundaries appeared to be established. At night they assembled on their respective plots of floor, I suppose, and drew their blankets over their respective families.



SQUAWS BRINGING WOOD INTO CAMP.

clothes hanging over poles on each side, and heaps of blankets and pillows pushed up against the wall; and there were bags, boots, and bottles enough to fill up the nooks. As there were no beds, shelves, table, etc., the poles of the roof held a great part of these domestic articles; shoes, stockings, and a pail of water were about my head; further on were a branch of tamarack blest for religious uses, vials of holy-water, chaplets, and pictures of the Pope. Even the baby was hung up on the wall in a rude hammock. The community comb is kept in a sheath attached to a piece of porcupine's tail armed with fine sharp quills; this device for cleaning is so efficient as to be rather suggestive. The low arched roof of white poles and rich bark was dimly lighted by the cotton windows near the ground; the walls were shaded by masses of dark clothes, relieved here and there by strong reds and yellows; and the full light fell upon the squaws at the window with bright silks on their laps. It had a domestic, cheerful aspect on that sunny day; but it was an odd little place as a home of ancient date. For

The inmates of this Indian home were the strangest part of the scene. The tidy women were squatting on the floor, some cross-legged like Turks, others sitting on one foot as a cushion, or on their toes turned inward under them, or on their knees and heels. They were quite erect, yet easy, in these attitudes, as comfortable as we are upon luxurious furniture.

One of them changed her dress by detachments at my elbow. The men were waiting for dinner; one slept curled up in a heap near the wall; another sat flat on the floor by his exit; and the other two lay stretched across the opposite end of the lodge. The children showed a remarkable capacity for stowing themselves away in grotesque shapes in nooks and corners, whence they stared at me with black bead-like eyes as expressionless as those of animals. Meanwhile the people kept up a general conversation in their own tongue; their voices were low, even in laughter, and expressive of a kind and considerate nature. You notice a good deal of abruptness in their talk; but this is due to their language, in which you



—LOUIS—

here nearly inarticulate grunts, short, brusque inflections, and long, disjointed, unmelodious words. But when they talk French, which the most of them understand, their speech is quite agreeable. I tried in many ways to encourage the squaws in conversation in this tongue, but they turned to me a deaf ear, in effect like deaf bands. It seems that the missionaries advise the tribe to learn but little intercourse with whites; they will often pretend not to understand you, or will grant your request without replying to your speech.

In addressing an Indian I confess that I am talking to nature; I feel a complex sentiment—doubt as to making myself understood, curiosity, sympathy, and awe at intruding upon his reserve. Louis was one of those heavy-faced Indians that seem alien, yet as unapproachable as a beaver. For a while his answers seemed to come as if by chance, as the happy children about a rock, or as if sent by some other Howard being; a certain comeliness pervaded his reserved manner, but expressed no assurance for a response; he was simply shy and refused to come out of his burrow. At last, however, he lost his restraint and became passively sociable.

"How was the hunting, Louis, last summer? Did you get a good lot of fur?"

"The weather was very good. The ground was to be found. The animals were to be found. Everything is so

scarce that we can hardly live. We go sometimes three or four days without anything to eat. It's a hard life some times."

"What does it cost you to live in the woods?"

"It costs you a good deal. Every year we buy about five barrels of flour, forty pounds of tea, eighty pounds of sugar, seventy pounds of lard, and eighty pounds of pork, that much for each family, four to six persons. We eat almost all of that here on the coast and on the way up to the hunting-grounds; for we take with us only enough provisions to last till we reach the woods, it is such hard work to make the portages. Our supplies, traps, clothes, etc., cost us about \$250 or \$300 per year. Some families spend more and some less. There in the woods we live on game and fish—no bread or pork, but we have tea there. We owned about 1000 beavers, 100 beavers, a great many fish. It costs the Indian a great deal to live. And if he gets short of food up to the woods, he can starve to death. There are some trading posts inland, but they sell flour at eight and a half cents a pound, and pork at thirty cents."

"How much do you make out of your furs?"

"That depends on the season. Some times the best hunters get \$100 worth of furs; one of our men has sold \$2200 worth of fur to this post; the most of us get from \$100 to \$200."

I may add that from the earliest times the Indian has always been so improvident as to exhaust all his resources each year; he gets his supplies on credit, with the understanding that he is to pay for them the next summer with his winter furs. This system worked well enough when the Hudson Bay Company was the only accessible trader. The Indians were both disposed and obliged to be faithful to their obligations, so much so as to have made that corporation one of the wealthiest in the world. But since the advent of unscrupulous traders the Indians have learned dishonest tricks, and many of them now sell their furs to other parties than the ones they owe.

The dinner meanwhile had been prepared by one of the squaws. She set out a number of plates on the floor, and Louis invited me to eat of their stewed ducks. I accordingly settled from the chest where I sat to the floor. Only the men came to the meal; for it is a custom among

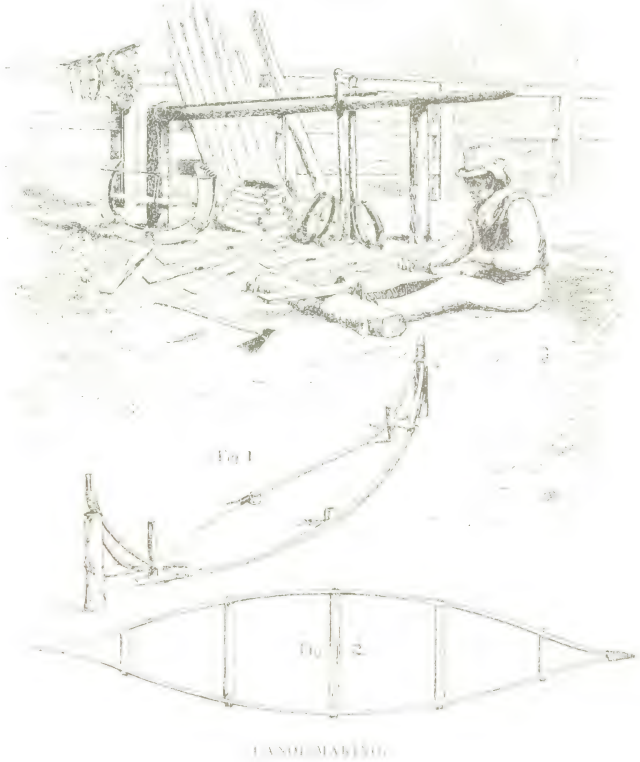
them to serve the men first; the women, having less exposure and travel to endure in winter, consider their needs as secondary; they will absolutely fast when provisions are scarce. And yet, notwithstanding their extra nourishment, in times of starvation the men always succumb first. We helped ourselves from the kettle; and when we had finished, two of the men rolled up into heaps and went to sleep. The women, children,

and dogs then gathered about the dishes. Each one had an attendant dog at her elbow, ready for any emergency. The meal was social and pleasant, with good-natured talking, and manners quite deferential. But the dogs were an aggressive element. They were eager and unscrupulous: if a hand remained too long away from the plate, a dog captured the contents. Now and then a yelp, or a crescent of ire on the word "ahwis," broke the calmness of the conversation. The dog of the prettiest maiden kept advancing his nose toward her plate, and she kept pounding his head with her spoon till he concluded to retreat. Another cur sat very quietly for some time beside a child; but at last he rose in open rebellion. I rushed to the plate. The child screamed, spoons flourished in the air, and screams resounded; and finally the dog settled back on his haunches with a revengeful snarl. When the women had

finished their meal they sat still and let the dogs struggle over their laps, and take possession of the entire culinary department. After setting things to rights the women resumed their sewing on the floor, and I left them chatting away the afternoon, more happily than many of our careworn house-keepers in their palaces of taste and educated discontent.

The bark canoe is the Indian's *chef-d'œuvre*. It seems to me not only a beautiful object, but a suggestive emblem of his life. It is the most natural boat in the world: to make it he peels the bark from a birch, splits a cedar for timbers and planks, binds it together with roots,

and closes the seams with pitch from the pine. His tools are merely a crooked knife, and an awl made of a deer's bone. No compass and square cover his weakness, for every piece tells the story of his hand and eye; not even a wind conveys him from the earth, nor a roof covers him from the sky; he kneels at his work. And the women, embody their attendance in the pitch they press into the cracks. It



CANOE MONTAGNAIS.

is nature's model, made by the wild man in the woods. The life of the bark canoe is equally poetic; it floats through mountain lakes with the beaver, and runs rapids with the otter; indeed, all of its companions are creatures of the forest; it is faithful to nature to the very last, when it retires to the shore of some lonely pond to mould under its mound of feathery moss. I never meet this most poetic of wrecks without recalling its romantic human interests. It was the home of a family; it was the scene of the whole tragedy of life, from the beginning to the end, strange with untamed characters, and intense with real storms, real misery, joy,

or being passing in the isolation of the wilderness.

Canoe-building is the chief industrial pursuit of the Indians' life. At the same time in building only three or three years, about one-third of the time is taken every summer. This important work is intrusted only to men of experience. And although they have some civilized tools, yet the whole operation is full of the Indian's originality. You see men at work sitting on the ground, holding a stick, perhaps between their feet to shape it, or on their knees, to plane it, and they depend mostly upon the eye, without measures, in shaping their symmetrical, graceful craft. I once learned about the canoe built by Paul at Okech, the patriarch of the tribe. Although he is one hundred and five years old, yet he is quite erect, sprightly, and still skilful with his axe and crooked knife.

Paul, how many canoes have you built?

"I don't know, about 75, but I shan't build many more: the Lord will soon give me another job. I am waiting for Him every day." And straightening up to his full height, he looked off to the horizon with a very expectant and practical expression.

"You must have travelled a good ways in these light craft now a hundred and five years?"

"Yes," and he turning over his stool on his narrow bench, "I've been every where—all over," swinging his long arm toward every point of the compass. Then as he went on shaving and shaping his sticks, I kept on talking to him, and he answered. The birch-bark canoe might be called a cedar or spruce canoe, for two-thirds of its material—the timbers and planks—are of wood. The timbers, or bones, are split out of green stuff and shaved down to a thickness of a quarter of an inch, and a width of two and a half to three inches. To the woods this is done with a knife, but here a plane bench and a drawing-knife facilitate the work. The timbers, after soaking a week or two, are bent in pairs over the knees and bound in bundles to season in the sun and steam required at various parts of the season. The gunwales also are bent to the desired curve, and seasoned in shape for the ground by the help of props and weights. After seasoning, the crossbars are measured into them. The planks or

battens are long strips from an eighth of an inch thick to a quarter along the bottom, and three to four inches wide. The choice of a bark is made with care, to secure one that is tough and free from knots or holes. A canoe generally requires three pieces of bark, the main one covering the bottom and bow and stern, and a smaller one sewed on to the main one on each side to reach the gunwales. After they are peeled from the trees they are tied up in rolls for transportation; and if they have been peeled some weeks before use, they are soaked several days to make them pliable. The loose layers on the outside are stripped away to leave only the tight layers; and the rough grain on the inside is scraped off to make it smooth. The bark is then set up in the general shape of a canoe, to be cut and sewed in the following manner: The main bark is laid on a smooth level ground, the inside surface downward, and a flat frame—shaped like the gunwales, but without any sheer—is laid on the middle of it and weighted with stones to keep everything in place. The bark is bent up along each side of this frame, and stakes are driven in to hold it. The gunwales are set up inside the stakes, and supported by props under the crossbars, and weighted to keep them in position; strips inside and outside the bark keep it flat along the sides. Each edge of the bark is then cut off to receive the additional pieces put on to reach the gunwale; the fulness of the bark along each side is taken out by cutting gores; the additional pieces are cut and pinned in place. Then the squaws come with their split spruce roots, thongs of deer's hide and awls, to sew up the seams, excepting those at the bow and stern. The long seam of each additional piece has a half-round spruce root laid along the outside, under the stitches, to prevent the rawhide from splitting the edge of the bark; the edges of the gores—not lapping but meeting—are held by a stitch here and there. The edge of the bark is then trimmed off all around, bent over the gunwale, and sewed fast to it with roots. After the canoe is otherwise finished, a lighter gunwale or strip is nailed or wrapped on top of the main gunwale, to cover this wrapping and the edge of the bark, and the crossbars are lashed to the gunwales by roots rove through holes near their ends. When the seams have been sewed and the gun-

wales finished, the stem and stern seams are sewed up, thus: A pair of light cedar strips a quarter by half an inch are bent to the desired curve of each end of the canoe; a strip is laid on each side of the bow as a kind of welt; the rawhide thongs, passing through the bark and over these strips, draw the two barks closely and firmly together. The bark is then trimmed off along these curves.

The weights and the bottom frame are now removed, and the inside of the canoe is covered with a coat of pitch—resin and grease—and this, again, is covered with some thin pieces of bark. The bark has now been cut to the general shape of a canoe, and secured to the gunwales, and the seams have been sewed up; it is ready to receive the planks and timbers that are to hold it in the desired form. Beginning at the bow, the long thin planks or battens are nicely fitted into the canoe, forming a lining running fore and aft. The peculiarly shaped stem-post is slipped into place. The gunwales had been bevelled on the under and outer corner, to form a groove between them and the bark, to receive the ends of the timbers. Beginning at the bow again, the first timber is cut of the proper length, the ends are slipped under the gunwale at their proper place, and the timber is driven, at its centre, forward over the lining till it stands plumb. It thus stretches the bark taut, and keeps its place. Thus the timbers are successively fitted in, working from the bow and the stern toward midships; they are the moulds that decide the shape of the canoe. And as they are a series of inverted arches springing from the gunwales across the bottom, and standing about half an inch apart, they form the strongest lining of the canoe. The craft is now capsized, the seams are packed full of warm pitch mixed with a dry red pigment, and those of the bow and stern are, moreover, covered with a strip of muslin. The bark canoe is a remarkable invention for beauty, lightness, and strength; I doubt that even the most learned inventor could make anything better adapted to its uses.

The Canadian Indians have a remarkably complete history, dating from the advent of the Jesuits, who first tried to civilize them, and plausible speculation leads us still further back. I have always felt proud of a scalp and a bark

canoe as the most original productions of America. But "one has only to read the narratives of Martin Scouër, Alouéthy, and Santini in order to see that birch bark canoes, houses and baskets, skin dresses and lodges, snow shoes and calumets, quill-work and moccasins, were, and are probably still in use among the Tungus, who must have invented them ages before they appeared in the Western Continent; so also scalping, a practice unknown among Malays or any Old World people of the present day, was an accomplishment of the ancestors of Asiatic Koriaks and American Iroquois in the far-off days of Herodotus." If we lose our scalps, there is indeed nothing new for us under the sun. Columbus, after all, may have to surrender the palm to one of our brother canoeists from Asia. "There is no difficulty," says Dr. Prichard, "in supposing them to have passed the strait which divides the two continents. The habitations of the northern Americans are only thirty or forty leagues distant from the dwellings of the Tchuk-tchis. These people carry on a trade of barter with the Americans. They employ six days in passing the strait, directing their course from island to island, the distances between which are so short that they are able to pass every night on shore. Such was the information obtained by persons sent into the country of the Tchuk-tchis by the Russian government in 1700. In winter the two continents are joined by ice, and the people pass over in one day with their reindeer." If the Asiatics peopled the northern part of our continent, they left very inadequate traces and legends by which we can follow their movements and divisions into the tribes of North American Indians. The two principal Canadian races, the Iroquois and the Algonquins, were found to be generally at war by Cartier in 1535, first one and then the other getting possession of the St. Lawrence. Champlain in 1609 accompanied the Algonquins to Lake Champlain, and with one discharge of his blunderbuss put their enemies to rout. The Iroquois thus became the sworn enemies of the Canadians, and as they inhabited the Mohawk Valley, they naturally became more or less the allies of the Dutch and English colonists. The contrast between the United States and Canada is very striking in the treatment of the Indians. From the very first we kept them

in resistance, and then brought our countrymen outside the white-purged zone policy of extermination. We may grant the position of our Indian allies as a challenge with an uncivilized and unreliable race, and it is possible to explain that our tribes were warlike, aggressive, that they did not diminish as fast as immigrants in-

their relations with civilization have been comparatively intimate in four powerful elements, the government, the commerce in furs, the social life by marriage, and the religious influence of the missionaries. The government found its Indian question very much simplified by the Iroquois, who exterminated the Hurons and



— CANOE OF TWO —

creased, and that they occupied lands needed by the growing nation; but all this and much more will never excuse our injustice to the Indians.

The Canadians met but few national reproaches from their Indians. While the English came to America for their own salvation, the French came largely for the salvation of the Indians. Champlain therefore inaugurated at once the equitable and permanent policy of the French Canadian government in making them his allies, and that fostering spirit has always prevailed in the Dominion. The Canadian Indians therefore have been taken into the body of the national life far more than our outcast tribes.

Algonquins, and thus settled their titles to the soil. The other tribes diminished faster than immigrants arrived, and, moreover, they occupied lands not very desirable for agriculture. The slow-growing nation, having room enough to stretch itself, has never found it necessary to turn anybody out—excepting the Huguenots in early days. The Hudson Bay Company controlled the commercial relations of the Indians. It saved them from much of the demoralizing influence of border life; it carefully excluded settlers from encroaching on their hunting grounds; it dealt with them in a uniform and reliable manner, though at an outrageous profit, and it kept them in their

wild natural life, sometimes helping them in distress, yet making them earn their own living. It was, on the whole, a powerful conservative of the Indians by its patriarchal management. Intermarriage and immoral intimacy with European races was quite an element in their lives. It is not very clear that this has been prejudicial to their physical existence, for their means and habits of living have not been changed, and certainly their social life has been improved by civilization. Their chief defects in contact with the whites are immorality, which has decreased, drunkenness, which is not general enough to be injurious, and dishonesty in trading, which we white men can scarcely admit to be fatal. It is a significant fact that although even the faintest trace of Indian's blood predominates over that of the more effeminate yet conquering blood of Europeans, yet the pure-blooded Indians have almost disappeared, while the half-breeds now compose the Canadian tribes. The disappearance of the Indians must be due to some hidden psychological influence rather than to any adverse material conditions. Even here, under the best attainable relations with civilization and the least possible change of habits, they are diminishing about as fast as our abused tribes. Scrofula and small-pox are their most common diseases, and they injure their health by unnecessary exposure, overloading on the carries, inordinate feasting and fasting, and excessive labor in running down the reindeer and moose, and their losses are not made up by their small families. Sickness is much dreaded, and if one or two die in a place, any one else who is indisposed thinks he also is to die, and the others gather about and express the same opinion. Those writers err who assert that insanity and deformity are unknown among them; they have a superstition that an evil spirit is taking possession of such persons, to change them into a supernatural creature that will wander about the woods and devour men. They therefore strangle the demented and many of the ill-formed.

The Catholic missionaries are the most interesting and influential element in the Indians' life. Their courage in following the savages into the wilderness, their heroism in dreadful martyrdoms, and their persistent zeal are vividly set forth by Mr. Francis Parkman in his work *The Jesu-*

its in North America. The devoted, and disciplined order of Jesuits never followed a more unselfish aim than in christianizing the American Indian. And these striking figures of Canadian history displayed unsurpassable zeal and courage in their discouraging labors, their dangerous journeys, their disgusting experiences, and their awful martyrdoms. And perhaps no effort requiring so much intelligence and self-sacrifice ever produced such temporary results. They established themselves at Quebec as early as 1625, and built a college even in 1637, where they formed their small army with their renowned perfection of organization. As soon as they had learnt the intricate Indian tongues, they went into the vast wilderness with the savages, and founded missions among these Montagnais, the Algonquins, the Hurons, the tribes of the Great West and extended the field of their labors from Labrador to Louisiana. They were successful in getting the Indian to transfer his zealous devotion from his manitous and jugglery to the rites of the Catholic Church. The fathers testify to his faithfulness in religious observances, and thank God for the abundance



PARSONAGE

of their spiritual harvest. It is very likely that they improved somewhat his social existence, but I have not with me statement of the inward results of this conversion on his national or private character.

It seems evident that this conversion produced but a superficial impression, and



THE CANOE FOR THE HUNT

dominated but an external compliance with forms, for it lacked the vitality of a growing influence. After the abolition of the decimates by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, the Montagnais Indians lost their last unsavoury ally. The death of Father La Brosse in 1782. Secular priests met them here and there—often enough, one would think, to preserve the vital spark; but they no longer had the faithful companionship of the devoted desert, who made himself one of them. When the Oblat Fathers, the present missionaries, resumed the effort to civilize them in 1844, they found that the Montagnais had lost all traces of Christianity, excepting a tradition of the Jesuits as men, and that they had returned to barbarism in a single lifetime. They number now about 5000, of which only half are converted. The other half still live as heathens, having, however, lost the fur clothes, the war-paint, and the bows and arrows. They are still under the guidance of jugglers; they live in painful fear of one another; for they believe that the lack of game, and consequently starvation, comes from the evil charm cast by some acquaintance, whom they kill on the first opportunity. They often flee from a region when they see a stranger's spear. They abandon even their children that are unable to keep up on the march. When a member of a family dies, some of them bury the corpse, while the others move the lodge to a new spot, and as fast as death comes they flee from the dead, until the last escapes alone from the lodge to die in the forest. When

the Oblat Fathers resumed the missionary labours they had to begin with such people, and meet again the general experiences of the Jesuits in travelling inland among these tribes. They soon made some converts, who brought others to the missions; and now the Fathers meet the Indians at various posts on the confines of civilization. My observation of these Catholic missions was made here at Betshiamits, at Seven Islands, at Moisie, and at Lake St. John, the head waters of the Saguenay.

The modern Montagnais seem to have degenerated. They are generally strong, and enduring as animals, but very homely and ungainly. Some of them seem but half-formed lumps of flesh, bowlegged, in-toed, and as awkward as a goose on land. Their extreme ungracefulness comes from their constant confinement in wigwams, in canoes, or their hampered gait on snow-shoes. A few, however, are erect, elastic figures, with shapely faces and delicate hands. The children are generally as grotesque and chunky as cubs. The wildness of their life shows itself in their actions; they lounge about their tents in attitudes quite beyond the average civilized body. They often get into the most abject positions, heads and limbs together, or the face stuck into the floor of boughs; you might fancy the tribe suffers with *cholera-morbus*. And they have a dog's facility in dropping on to the ground anywhere, at any time, and in any position.

In strolling about this mission I get many glimpses into their nature, but some

of their most characteristic traits can be seen only in the freedom and seclusion of the forest. The Indian excels us all in wooing Nature, but he has not the art to write her love-letters. Even a bear does not sit down on the sand with more confidence.

I have reverently practised his grotesque attitudes, and done some loafing in my day, but I cannot reach an Indian's peace of mind. When my family left the woods we gave our birthright of freedom for a mess of duties.

Their contentment seems at times almost supernatural; they sit as still as a corpse, in some uncomfortable position, until you long for a resurrection. The impression is still stronger from the absence of any reverie on their dark faces; they never dream, but always watch. Their happy, careless disposition seems incompatible with their grave appearance; you hear laughter and low but merry conversation in a lodge; you look in at those taciturn faces and wonder who was moved to such levity. On a winter's

night, in the heart of a polar wilderness, if you could look into their solitary lodge when the last morsel of food is being devoured, you would find them perfectly contented and joyful, provided that meal was a full one. Their only comment would be that they must start out early the next morning. They have given up scoffing, joking, and slandering to a considerable extent, for I am told that they are now extremely sensitive to ridicule. This Newport of the Indians has quite as much social life in its way as our resorts. They are constantly visiting, either at their lodges or about the grounds. They evidently make the most of their short season: the youths play ball, the maids frolic, the men smoke and chat in groups about the checker-board, the card-playing on the floor, or the canoe-making, and the women are not silent over their sewing, washing, and butchering. Their nature is really sociable, but their mode of living, by hunting and fishing, isolates them in the forest, and produces many strange animal tendencies. One after-



FINDING A BIRTHDAY LETTER IN THE WOODS

near, while waiting on the beach I saw
 the canoes coming into port. As they
 passed the statue of the Virgin each fired
 a salute. Here and there an Indian of
 the village looked over the edge of the
 bank to see who was coming, and then
 resumed his lounging. When the canoes
 were beached, twenty-two people of vari-
 ous ages and ten dogs came out on the
 sand. While the men went on to unload
 the luggage and then the women, their
 families stood together in a picturesque
 group rather than a group and they.
 They also seemed indifferent to the vil-
 lage and the event of their arrival. At
 last they got their broad, awkward fig-
 ures under way, and waddled across the
 beach with the paddles in their hands
 and mounted the bank to the street.
 They set up their valises from the rest,
 but no one came to welcome them, nor
 did they expect any salutation. And yet
 they were regular members of the com-
 munity, who had not met their friends
 since the parting of last summer. In a
 day or two I noticed them quite at home
 among the rest of the tribe into which
 they had strayed, as animals browsing
 about a manger with a herd without any
 recognition.

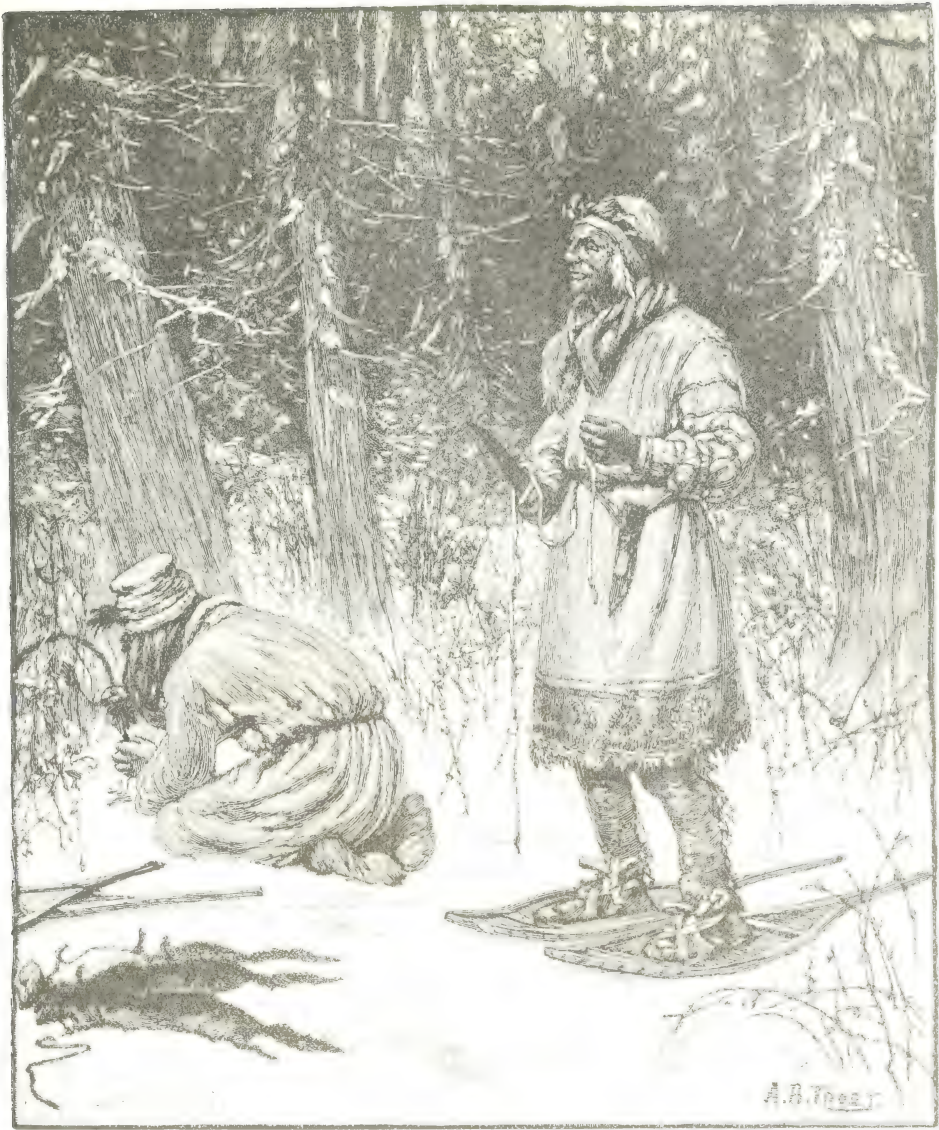
The departure for the woods gives an-
 other view of their customs. The families
 that were to "leave town" were on foot
 early in the morning, packing up for their
 long and solitary voyage. As I had dis-
 covered no leave-taking on the previous
 day, I was on the watch for it during the
 loading of the canoes at the water's edge.
 The cotton sheeting or the tent was spread
 on the bottom midships to protect the
 bags of flour, rolls of blankets, guns, ket-
 tles, traps; there were also rolls of birch
 bark for roofing the cabin, a roll of baby,
 packed in moss for swathing-cloths and
 laced up in its straight envelop, and from
 three to five dogs in each canoe. The
 only people on the beach besides the trav-
 ellers were half-wild women who squatted
 on the sand, and surveyed the prepara-
 tions with considerable indifference.

"Aboard!" said the man. His wife
 struck her paddle against the side of the
 canoe and dipped her accustomed hat
 in the water to get rid of the sand, and
 then climbed over the luggage to her
 place in the bow. The dogs were thrown
 in for the fourth time, the children set-
 tled down, the packs, and he shoved off.
 They paddled away in silence the wife

kneeling in the bow, the heads of chil-
 dren and dogs showing above the gun-
 wale and the man sitting up on the bar
 at the stern. Their families and their for-
 tunes were all intrusted to a frail little
 craft; their separate routes lay through a
 wilderness, following the tracks of wild
 animals; and their last stage may be a
 fruitless hunt, starvation, and death in a
 polar night. And yet there was not a
 wave of the hand from a single soul, nor
 even a last look at a friendly face. I had
 never before realized how exclusively
 sympathy is an exquisite flower of civili-
 zation.

These converted Indians have been
 raised above their ancient barbarisms and
 conjurations; they have come again to
 observe with fidelity the rites of the Cath-
 olic Church, even when alone in the heart
 of the forest. Their domestic life is im-
 proved in regard to cleanliness and de-
 cency; but improvidence still goes hand-
 in-hand with starvation. Immorality has
 diminished somewhat; but unfortunate
 girls still have the benefit of a tradition
 that sterility is a greater blemish than
 impurity. They are now, as of old, res-
 pectful and considerate of one another;
 their differences are always settled by a
 quiet conference, or by the judgment of
 the chief or the missionary, and their
 domestic life is peaceable and contented.
 One of the strangest anomalies in their
 character is an extraordinary sense of
 freedom and self-appreciation, joined with
 abject humility of manner; they have a
 shrinking way of getting out of your path,
 avoiding your eye, or failing to answer
 you; their dumbness is partly due to the
 desire of the missionary that they shall
 have no intercourse with whites. But
 notwithstanding this excessive shyness
 they consider themselves equal to the
 highest dignitaries of the world.

The missionary who turns a race from
 a barbarous to a brotherly existence must
 feel his humility sorely tried with satis-
 faction. He has, however, a corrective
 in the loneliness, the mental famine of
 his isolation. Father Arnaud, Father
 Babel, and the others have but little di-
 version; their only social recreation is
 their season of seclusion once a year in
 their Oblat Monastery at Quebec. Fa-
 ther Arnaud came to this wide and wild
 field of duty thirty-two years ago, with
 the enthusiasm of a young Provincial.
 He was a lover of Nature and of her dark



MONTAGNAIS AND DAUGHTER SETTING TRAPS.

children of the forest. His travels, ranging along the Labrador coast to Baffin's Strait and Hudson's Bay, and through the inland waters between these regions and the Ottawa, and wintering in the lodges of various tribes, have given him many pleasures in scenery and in opportunities to collect his museum of natural history. Such a life after all, presents many charms to an intelligent man, in the grandeur and the infinite beauty of nature. Moreover, work and duty enliven the dulllest route. He is a robust man of medium height, with a full, be-

nevolent face, and observant gray eyes. He has kept through these years of exceptional experience a cheerful and contented spirit, but now and then there is an expression of weariness for his fare that tells of weariness he never mentions. The hardest of his work is done, his Indians now come to him late, and he lives in a comfortable passage in the garden, the only oasis I find on the Labrador coast, he cherishes a few amenities of civilization; there were some vegetables, a few hardy flowers, some struggling, adventurous apple-trees, a peacock, still

“They are so simple in their religion, and so full of a high, noble, generous spirit of brotherhood. As we walked around this nation to give our arm through mine with a deferential, sympathetic manner. ‘This brave nation, you know, is almost a thousand leagues and it would be an immense land, and besides, it was a magnificent and splendid, however any nation in your grand republic,’ he added, with apologetic courtesy.

“You must have found it very lonely in those long journeys and winters with the Indians.”

“Well, we were in our happiest days have been passed among them; they are pleasant companions, and I like the life of the woods.”

“Which was very difficult to give them Christian instruction? How did you begin?”

“It was all very simple; it had to be simple, for an Indian of eighteen is not above a white child of six years. It was hard work for them to learn to read their own tongue; but a few learned to read and sing from manuscript books written in the characters of our printed alphabet. As they are exceedingly fond of music, and liked our melodies far better than their own chants, they at once took to copying these hymns. Most of them, in fact, nearly all have learned to read their hymns and catechism now printed for them. They write a good many letters for me to carry from post to post. And in the woods they frequently give news and make appointments in the hunting-grounds by writing on birch bark, which they put into a split stick erected on some frequented route. This primitive postal service is quite reliable, and brings me news often from even the most remote families; and you would be surprised at the delicacy and strength of sentiment in some of those letters. Their earliest literature, so to speak, is geography, very accurate maps of their country drawn on birch bark to guide the first traders and missionaries; some of them are still preserved by the Hudson Bay Company, at Montreal. But to return to their conversion, their progress was comparatively slow after they became interested in the Gospel.”

“Why was it so slow?”

“We tried to teach them to read the hymns and catechism, but preaching is upon the

most elemental duties and morality of Christians. They need nothing beyond this in their simple existence; in fact, they are with us so little, and have such slow minds, that it would be impracticable to do more. They cannot count even beyond ten, excepting by additions to ten, as before ten and two, etc.”

“Do you find any difficulty in governing them?”

“None whatever, if they keep away from the whites. They are very obedient, and they worship the missionary as veritably the representative of God. And we have to be doctor and magistrate as well as teacher and preacher to them. They take very easily the leading ideas of Christianity, and follow them pretty well; and they are very regular in their religious duties, even in the woods.”

“But why don't you give them more of the material advantages of civilization, and extend their education more?”

“That is scarcely practicable. They will not change their mode of life. The only way to help the Indian is to give him the simplest code of moral and religious conduct, make him feel the constant criticism of God even in his isolation, and then let him continue his natural life in the woods. They must be kept firmly under control, but only through kind and sympathetic relations, and through the influence of religious duties. I think that your Indians and every wild race could be governed peaceably by such means, instead of by armies and industrial civilization that they will not accept.”

The winter life of these Montagnais is essentially the same as that of their heathen forefathers. They all start for the woods in August in their canoes, loaded down with provisions, etc. They travel slowly up the various rivers of the coast in companies to the far interior; there each family leaves its companions as it reaches its hunting-ground, and sets up its lodge on its ancestral domain. They spend a month or more preparing snow-shoes, toboggans, etc., for winter; then, as navigation closes, they put up their canoe and begin the winter's hunt. The game is too small and scarce to allow more than a family or two to live in a given locality; so the arctic winter passes in dreary isolation. But they are happy, contented, and busy. The men breakfast by starlight, and hunt every day excepting Sunday; they follow their line of traps—a two days'



THE DANCE.

march around the camp—and sleep in a trench in the snow without any covering. One likes to fancy them comfortable in warm furs, even while trees burst with the intense cold; but, in fact, fashion excites these wild men as well as our delicate belles; they consider otter and beaver too common for a stylish Indian, wear store clothes, and the same suit of ordinary warmth the year round. The women are busy with camp work, cooking, sewing, dressing furs, and cutting their 200 or 300 cords of wood. The children also help, and set traps near home for rabbits.

When the game is exhausted they shoulder their packs, load their toboggans, break camp, and move off on their snow shoes to another part of their hunting-ground or to another region. If they are so fortunate as to have a superfluous amount of game or food, they make a *cache* to keep it from animals: the top of a tree is cut off about fifteen feet from the ground, a platform is built thereon, and the goods put upon it are covered with bark. A notice is often stuck up on the bank of the river or lake to invite needy travellers to help themselves; and those who may thus take food, or trespass on a neighbor's hunting ground, never a word of acknowledgment and make amends. When game is plenty they make their living easily; but they often fast, and sometimes starve to death. One of the most pathetic objects I have ever seen is a blind Indian here; for life is hard enough to those who have all their keen senses in perfection. This man has

thus far managed to keep his family alive every winter by the help of his eldest girl; she leads him about the forest, tells the signs she sees, helps set the traps, and thus far has led him back to safety. But how often death must have been at their heels!

Indians are still very much governed by dreams. At midnight a hunter may sit up on his blanket and begin humming and drumming. As his imagination warms, his voice rises with a few words, while he sways back and forth, crouching low over his knees. Other men soon awake, and if the song records a promising vision, they accompany and dance until the genius of the dream is won to favor their hunt. It is a unique scene: the figurative language, the dimness of night about the dying fire of the wigwam, and the men jumping wildly to those strange and melancholy measures.

The Indians at Betsiamits and at Moose honored me with an exhibition of their national dances. The ballroom was a bare log house, dimly lighted by a lamp on a high shelf. A great shadow covered the tawny faces just under the beams of the ceiling, and fell about the circle of men, women, and children, squatting on the floor in front of those standing about the walls. An aged couple and some dogs occupied a bed in one corner, along with a number of furs done up in rolls and corded against the wall. The old woman gave the dogs and her husband to drink from a saucepan, and the old man often lay back on the

indians, with one leg across the other in a sort of cross. Now and then a squaw passed our way among the crouching figures, carrying two three in the hand, loaded with a sort of baby, and gave a wailing cry. The women wore those narrow caps of black and red, but the men presented more variety, wearing felt hats, or red handkerchiefs that floated about the shoulders, or letting their long, black, straight, greasy hair whip up and down on their cheeks. The band consisted of a drum like a common sieve, hung from the neck by a strap in front of the drummer-singer. His score was very simple, and yet the low notes of the voice, at a fifth and a fourth below the drum, were quite effective with a sombre colour suited to the shadowy, fantastic scene.

The first act was this: all the rest in general forms a number of men came out of the crowd, and began following one another around the stove near the centre of the room. Their steps were aided in advancing and back-drawing by bending the knees; then shifting back the advanced foot nearly to the place one. Their chief motion was, therefore, ducking, as if the entire company in unison had trodden upon one another's corns; and although they took three steps forward on each foot, yet by drawing this back they advanced but an inch or two in each measure, and thus the five toes of a dancing-jack, seemed to be jointed only at the knuckles. The keeping of time

was in the ducking, for there was no stamping. After a number of rounds thus in single file about the stove they retired and some of the squaws came reluctantly out to perform. They danced as the men did, ducking, however, still more suddenly, and advancing still less at each step. They were extremely funny, notwithstanding their great decorum, their rather heavy figures, erect and rigid as statues, with downcast eyes and a shy turn of the head, bobbed up and down with overpowering solemnity. They soon gave place to the men again. A young Huron Indian now took the drum, and sang a more spirited and varied air to enliven the dance. The men closed up the file, forming a continuous circle of ducking figures. Their steps were longer and faster, and they began moving their arms about, and grunting, "He! he! he!" As the drumming quickened, they increased their grotesque contortions and their shouting; bent and there a man turned about to face his neighbor, and the two carried on with the ducking an extravagant pantomime, portraying the hunt or the war; the music rose in the most frantic *crescendos* and savage discords; the actors, bounding about, bent over and tore the scalps from their prostrate victims, while yells and groans filled the air. It was the instant warfare, lasting only the brief fire on the pines and bloody tomahawks of the naked, painted savages.

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

BY MISS F. C. BOWEN.

GOOD actions are a fragrant wreath and garland
That shines not blinding, but meekly and lowly;
To hush with gentle words, and this evening branch,
So lean, yet homely against a tree.
Thus at its prime o'erladen heavily
With golden harvest of a time so slowly,
Lest I by midnight shock at this light hour
Bring down the Virtues in a mellow shower.

To draw the figure, friends, let's be content
The guest shall honey less than we have meant.
Speak not too closely of his special good;
That we are here tell more than trumpets could.
Our friendship holds his merits as the light
Holds the hid rainbow: storm but makes them bright.
The modest veil they wear I may not raise,
Lest I should blush to hear, and I to praise.



CHISWICK HOUSE

A CHISWICK RAMBLE.

BY MONSIEUR D. CONWAY.

ON a charming summer day I started out for a westward walk from Hammersmith, that suburb of London in which I resided. There are few regions in this prosaic world which can better repay a little sentimental journey of this kind. Even this straggling suburb, which now bears the plebeian name of Hammersmith, has traditions that link it with the twilight of time. Its name was not always so plebeian either: in Doomsday book it is Hermoderworth; and while the Anglo-Saxon scholars have been debating for generations whether it is allowable to believe that this ancient name has been gradually trampled by cockneys into the present one, the villagers themselves long ago settled the history of the name. Two sister giantesses, converted to Christianity, determined to build each a church; one founded hers at Fulham, the other hers at Putney, between which places runs the Thames. The sisters had only one hammer between them, a huge hammer, which they used to toss to each other back and forth across the river as their labors proceeded. But the hammer was

broken by one of these flings, and the work of building was arrested until a smith could be found capable of mending the huge implement. This smith was found in the next village, thenceforward called Hammersmith. The admirable artist of Fulham, Mr. Burne-Jones, who recently painted a wonderful picture of the Greek passing from one to the other that flashing eye which had to serve the three, was anticipated by the imagination of his humble neighbors the Folk, who in their lowly lore had transformed the one tooth those sisters also had in common into a hammer. How did this ancient myth reach the side of the Thames? Probably along with the Greek coin occasionally dug up on the same shore. A good story will outlast the best coin. Chiswick turns up its nose at Hammersmith; but in fact, as Hammersmith has lost the dignity of its ancient name, Chiswick has cunningly concealed the fact that it was originally Cheesewick, so called because it had a great mart for cheese. As for wick, it means the corner of a mouth; but, as applied to places, it generally means the



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mouth of a little stream, consequently the name of aristocratic Chiswick means a *croft* whose houses are manufactured. There is no significance in the name now; it is particularly difficult to get a good house in Chiswick. It became once famous for its beautiful painting (there had been five of its emeralds). But the "Chiswick Press" has long been superseded also. Neither emeralds, houses, nor painting presses suggest here stranger what he would find surviving from the past in these villages. Along the several malls — so the sandy walks beside the river are called — one may see on one side the soft shore curves of the beautiful stream — which has made gold enough to leave Pætolus behind, and on the other, pleasant and pretty homes, which have behind the grand mansions of Belgravia. In one of these old houses William Morris painted and until he died his shade. From his door there is a scene which it would be difficult to surpass for quiet loveliness, while within there is such decoration as naturally surrounds the poet — it has done so much to satisfy the long — it has awakened for a more beautiful scene. Another of these villages from — associated in my memory with a — of — of — of artistic tastes who

were now and then gathered on summer evenings to witness beautiful tableaux or picturesque theatricals, and to sit on the balcony overlooking the moonlit Thames. We had no reason to envy those who once made these houses the scene of such hot restless revelleries as those described in the *Memoirs of Grammont* and the *Diary of Pepys*. They who now appear to find most pleasure in the old houses and antique furniture of earlier times are, according to my observation, very apt to be liberal and progressive, if not indeed radical, in their general opinions. The fact is, these lovely old houses, which are loosely called after Elizabeth and Queen Anne, represent an English evolution; the charm of them is akin to the charm of the landscape which they partly express. And in most of those old houses, besides

their aspect of relationship to the landscape and to the atmosphere, there is a certain individuality whose charm grandeur cannot equal. Nearly every house along these malls is physiognomical. There are aspects in which they agree; they are all English, and have the look of being built with reference to real purposes; but they do not have an aspect of including among these purposes that which seems the main aim in modern buildings — to sell. Especially they have not that sameness of the rows of houses built to sell, and yet their differences seem unintentional.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that those artists in whom individuality is most strongly marked seize upon these picturesque old houses. Rossetti, Morris, Burne-Jones, Professor Richmond, Walter Crane, W. B. Scott, all dwell in such houses, and most of them near the Thames, above London. They adorn their houses, but do not alter them. William Morris carries his reverence for buildings which represent the sentiment and art of the past to a degree that may be regarded as religious. His business is less lucrative by fifty per cent. because he steadily refuses to aid in what are called "restorations," but might be better described as more real



WILLIAM MORRIS'S HOUSE

ruins than those they affect to repair. Not long ago he was invited to make some new stained windows for Westminster Abbey. Such an order, prestige considered, was equivalent to the offer of a fortune, but Morris indignantly refused to have any share in modernizing the Abbey.

In Chiswick resided that Lord Russell

of whom Stowe related that in the battle of Lutzen "he charged so bravely that, after he had broke his lance, he with his curtle ax so plaid his part that the enemy reported him to be a devil, and not a man." In 1602, Queen Elizabeth visited him here at Cornsey House. That has disappeared, but other mansions remain which ought to have been dealt with by the committee

tooth which gathered from Concord's Old Church the fine mosses. College House, so long the site of the Chiswick House, was also the residence of Franklin's friend Ralph. Ralph was born in Philadelphia and first came to England with

manuscripts were found among Ralph's papers after his death, by Dr. Rose, his literary executor, and by him surrendered without compensation. Ralph did have a pension, but did not long enjoy it, having died in 1762.

At the end of Chiswick Mall stands the old parish church. In its grave-yard I stopped to read the epitaphs of some of the men who dwelt in these ancient houses at the west of London. On a handsome monument are recorded the virtues of Philip James de Loutherbourg, R.A., born at Strasburg in 1740, died at Ham-mersmith 1812. Among the many good



OLD PARISH CHURCH, CHISWICK

Franklin in 1725. Two years later his poem "Night" appeared, which found its epitaph in Pope's "Dunciad":

"Sleep, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls—
Mating night hideous, answer him ye howls!"

Faulkner's book on the *History and Antiquities of Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick* (1845)—my main authority for these items—says that after having produced a tragedy, an opera, a comedy, and a farce without success, Ralph took employment as a party writer. He was connected with the politicians attached to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and thereby became possessed of a bitter correspondence between George II and that prince, known as the *Letters of the Prince of Wales*. These documents were considered of such importance that a pension of £150 a year would have been offered Ralph had he surrendered. However, the

things ascribed to him it is said he was "supereminent as an artist." A verse of his epitaph says:

"How, Loutherbourg, repose thy limber'd head!
While art is cherish'd thou canst ne'er be dead.
Salvator, Poussin, Claude, thy skill combines,
And beauteous nature lives in thy designs."

These lines were written by a vicar of the parish, and seem rather strong. Nevertheless, this Alsatian, who came to England in his twenty-fourth year, was the first to introduce scene-painting of a high character into theatres. Before his time very little attention was paid to either scenery or costume; placards often indi-

ated to the spectator that a castle stood at one spot and a tree at another, while an actor sometimes acted Hamlet in the dress that had previously done duty as the garb of Macbeth. Garrick employed Loutherboung, at a salary of £500 per annum a goodly sum then, to paint the scenery for Drury Lane, and from that time may be dated the reformation of stage scenery. However, the great sensation which Loutherboung excited in this neighborhood is not even hinted at on his monument: for after a time he and his wife set up as performers of miraculous cures—healing mediums. For a good many years the excitement raged, and sufferers of all kinds crowded to Hammersmith Terrace from all regions. It was claimed that the Loutherbours refused all fees, and were actuated solely by pious motives; yet there seems to be no doubt that persons were admitted by tickets, and these tickets were hawked about the streets, and sold sometimes for as much as five or six guineas.

There are other interesting graves here, but the chief association which the world has with Chiswick church-yard is that therein lies the dust of William Hogarth. The monument is a sort of low square tower of marble, on which are carved in combination a laurel wreath, rest-stick, palette with the famous "line of beauty," pencils, book inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," a mask, and portfolio decorated with oak leaves and acorns. Beneath is Garrick's epitaph on his friend:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart."

"If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away.
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here."



HOGARTH'S HOUSE.

Dr. Johnson also wrote an epitaph upon Hogarth:

"The hand of him bore torrid fires
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death th' attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

I do not wonder that preference was given to the felicitous lines of Garrick.

There is another epitaph by Garrick here. It is inside the church, and commemorates an actor, Charles Holland, who died in 1769. "If talents to make entertainment instruction, to support the credit of the stage by just and manly action, if to adorn society by virtues which would honor any rank and profession, deserve remembrance, let him with whom these talents were long exerted, to whom these virtues were well known, and by whom the loss of them will be long lamented, bear testimony to the worth and abilities of his departed friend! It seems strange to find embosomed in the same sanctity the memory of the actor, the caricaturist, and the saintly soul who abhorred everything worldly. Here, for instance,

in the monument 1819 of Mrs. Martha Wedgwood, who "living daily dying, did dye, and so live eternally. See ordered by herself, that her monument should be by death." Against the many drawbacks of a historical church, there is a compensation of a necessary catholicity as regards the various conditions of the human mind, and of life. A church, long as it has been established, it inherits a good deal of prepossessions, and even the end of many perfections, gradually the steady strength of human nature adapts and readapts it to conditions established by long experience, and its own, even as the mortar and stone of the tower walls with tinted lichens and ivy.

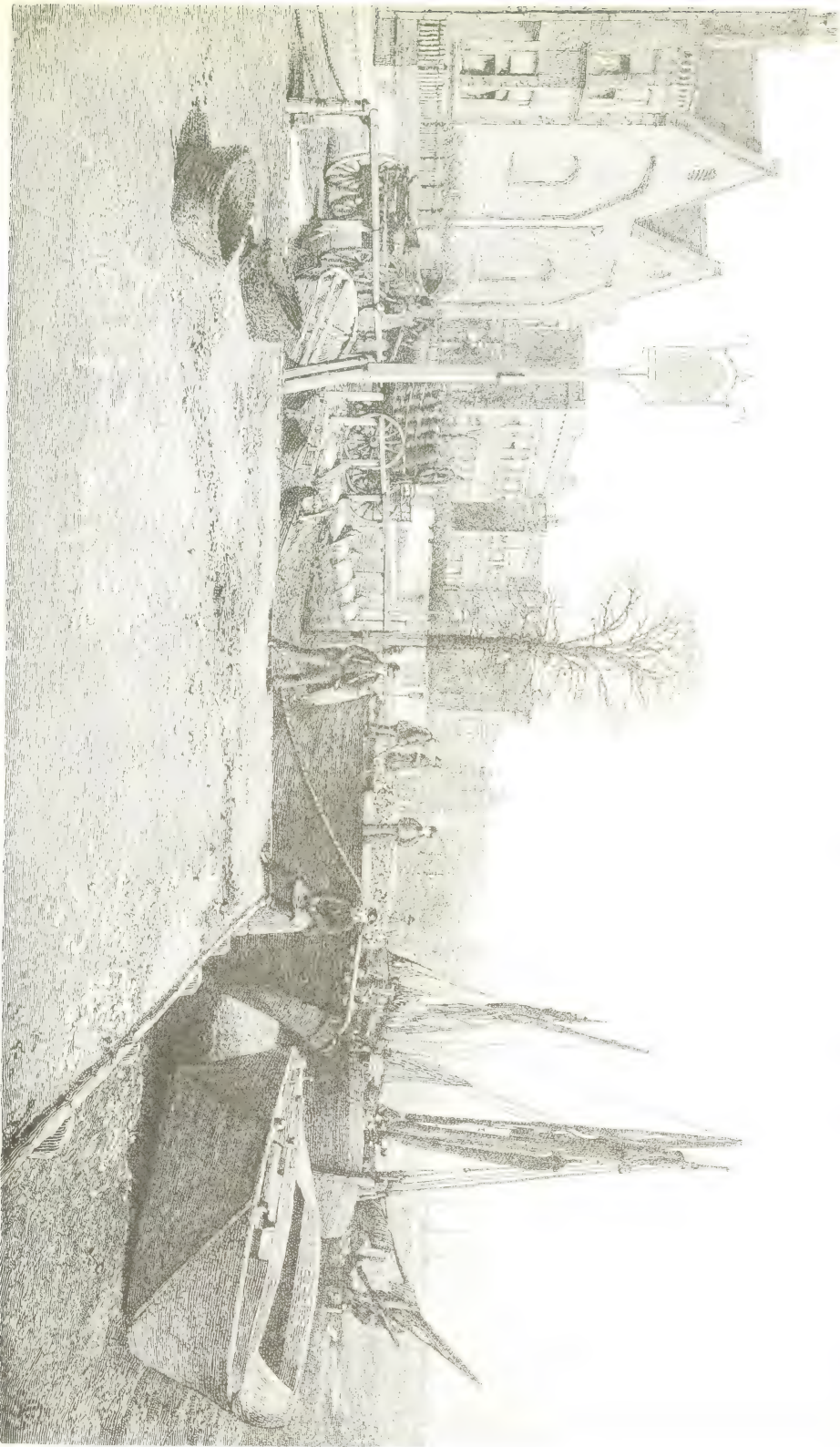
It is not far from Hogarth's church to Hogarth House. Here lived and labored that artist of fertile genius. On the gateway there are boards announcing that various things are sold within—flowers, cucumbers, and musk. An affable woman comes to the door. She says that the house is "one of the has-beens, rather draughty now," but is evidently proud of the handsome front with its bay-windows. She lets two of the rooms to others. The workshop of Hogarth, which stood at the end of the long garden, fell down not long ago. The garden is devoted to use, not beauty. On the whole, it was not to behold in the dingy house, once a mansion, a last addition to that strange picture which concludes Hogarth's labors—"Finis; or, the Tail Piece." To its broken bottle, cracked bell, waning moon, wrecked vessel, empty purse, Time, with broken hour-glass and scythe, may now be added this mansion in decay.

Though Hogarth represented Time with scythe broken and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, yet that gray old god has repaired his armor, and it is still growing slower in old homes like Hogarth House. He may fairly be portrayed, too, with a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, that being the emblem of the British workman and the artisan for whom the quaint old homes are cleared away. Only two years ago there stood in Portman Green a series of beautiful mansions, among them Lindet House, in which resided Bentley, the prototype of Tom Wood, who has a graceful tablet in Portman church, and in which was a most successful Negro designed by Wedgwood, and put up in imitation of Wedgwood's. It was still lately occupied

by Captain Vaughan Morgan, and the scene of charming hospitalities. But that and adjoining mansions have been replaced by inferior houses, all alike as peas in a pod, all small and ugly.

How long will Chiswick House itself be spared? This is the most beautiful estate in the immediate neighborhood of London. The Duke of Devonshire, to whom it belongs, though he rarely resides here, has managed to preserve its sixty-eight acres, and has brought his wealth to cooperate with the loving hand of time and nature in securing every grace and beauty of which a park is susceptible. The house was built after the style of Palladio's famous Villa Capra at Vicenza: it has been adorned by Inigo Jones, whose statue stands at its front with that of Palladio, and whose gateway built at Chelsea has been transferred to the grounds. It is of light stone, with zigzag stairs on each side leading up to its pillared portal, and is crowned with a graceful dome. Within are galleries of pictures by old masters; in front is an avenue of very large and venerable trees. Nothing can exceed the grounds in beauty. There is a path a hundred and fifty yards long on each side of which are what appear in the distance to be solid green walls: they are walls of trimmed arbor-vitæ, fifteen feet high the whole way. Roman statues are set in them here and there, and indeed the grounds are everywhere adorned with classic statues and quaint urns full of rare flowers. A picturesque bridge leaping the Chis, which runs through the estate, a little Greek temple, a long Italian conservatory, charm the wanderer on his way to a wild wood and vale, where he pauses to listen to the even-song of the nightingale and the melody of the thrush. The birds have dwelt and sung here in security so many centuries that one may easily approach and sometimes catch them with the hand. The beautiful estate is haunted with rich memories. Amid these trees have roamed Fox, who was baptized here, 1795, and Canning, who died in Chiswick House; and along these walks used to saunter their fair mistress, the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, whose portrait by Gainsborough sold lately for £10,000.

The name of a Russian princess on one of the old trees reminds us of the friendly interchanges of kindness between England and Russia which the Crimean war



CHISWICK MALL.

was interrupted. Before that war the house was entertained at this house with hospitality well remembered to this night. The place which for centuries has been associated with the romance and splendors of the aristocracy has never ceased to be loved by them. Of late years and especially when the Prince of Wales occupied the house as a summer residence, the gardens have witnessed the most *Wies* known to the landlady.

From Chiswick House there stretches an avenue of lime a quarter of a mile long, which belongs to the public. Here the little folk of Putney Green pass their summers, and have no misgivings that their parents' possession will ever be taken away. But how long will this Islet of Italy, which has managed to maintain itself amid the westward rush of London (which has swept away the larger part of Holland Park), hold out against Time with his tobacco pipe? So I ask as I suddenly come upon Annandale House, standing amid fresh devastations, with a board saying, "To let or sold for business purposes." This is where Hume is said to have dwelt for a time, and where he completed his *History of England*. Opposite this house is a pleasant shaded lane, whose old houses represent the dividing up of an episcopal palace which anciently stood here: after being private residences they have been turned into boarding-schools. Beyond all these is Rupert House. According to tradition, Prince Rupert was residing there when the civil wars broke out. Near by are some old stables, where the marvellous charger may have been fed, watched by the preternatural dog which the Puritans could not poison because it was a fair sorceress transformed.

Some four years ago I happened to pass this way, and pause near the field, just beyond the Rupert House where the Prince and his little army camped overnight on his retreat before the Roundheads and his Roundheads—a scene which the perspective of time has made into an allegorical tableau of Aristocracy retreating before Yeomanry. (It is a retreat that steadily goes on still.) At that time—four years ago—I found it pleasant to see large and beautiful gardens, with stately poplars and a society of fruit tree, glorifying the scene with the bluest blood in the land. Eight hundred Cavaliers were here, and dead when the Roundheads came in the early morning, glowing

with victory, to pitch their tents where the Cavaliers had just folded theirs. I now turned in to take another look at the place. I paused to look at the Rupert House—surely a very civil-seeming home for the barbaic Prince whose name was twisted into Prince Robber! Two lions couch above the projecting doorway; two child figures stand on the ground beneath—which may be emblems of that ferocity for which the Prince was famed beyond all warriors of his time, until he fell in love with the pretty actress under whose sway he became gentle as a child.

The name of this actress was Margaret Hughes. She was the first actress in London, female parts before her time having been performed by boys or smooth-faced men. Her chief rôle was Desdemona. In the Grammont Memoirs it is said: "He [Prince Rupert] was brave and courageous even to rashness; his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of chemistry; he was polite even to excess unseasonably, but haughty and even brutal when he ought to have been gentle and courteous; he was tall, and his manners were ungracious; he had a dry, hard-favored visage, and a stern look even when he wished to please, but when he was out of humor he was the true picture of reproof. The Queen had sent for the players, either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the palace, or perhaps to retort upon Miss Stewart, by the presence of Nell Gwyn, part of the uneasiness she felt from hers. Prince Rupert found charms in the person of another player, called Hughes, who brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges: a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations: sweet powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gypsy chose to be attacked in form; and proudly refusing money, that in the end she might sell her favors at a dearer rate, she caused the poor Prince to act a part so unnatural that he no longer appeared like the same person." The Prince purchased Brandenburg House, in Hammersmith, for Margaret, at a cost of £25,000, and she glittered there for a time. A grave in Acton churchyard, now undiscoverable, ended her influence upon the affairs of England. As



THE RUPERT HOUSE

for the Prince, he was not wanting in ferocity after he had been subdued by Margaret. He invented "Rupert drops," also mezzotint engraving; and something like that art, in a literary sense, has been used by Wentworth Higginson in his charming picture of him in the *Atlantic Essays*.

Passing beyond the Rupert House I enter on the grass covered Roman road along which the Prince retreated, some seventeen centuries after the Romans made it. Here Roman coins and bits of ancient tile have been found—are occasionally found still.

I keep my eyes sharp on the ground for a hundred yards, then run up against successors of Caesar and Rupert taking their stroll along the ancient road beside which they have built their homes; namely, James Sime, the charming biographer of Lessing and Schiller, and Yorke Powell, editor of the great *Corpus Boreale Poetarum*. As I look into the shining morning faces of these young English scholars, the warriors who tramped along this road appear very rude and primitive. Sime is engaged in subjugating Germania with his pen, and will soon give to the world a *Short History of the German People*. Powell has extended his con-

quests through Denmark, Norway, Iceland, and annexed to the English literary republic every poetic fable and poem that ever grew in those regions. After all the charm of England is not, as Ruskin said in a casual way, its castles and ruins, but in the men who are able to transmute such antiquities into poetry and thought. Every suburb of London is rich in these charming scholars. For years I have been meeting not only the two just named, but others, in a Sunday evening club hard by this Roman road. We were known as "The Calumets," and while smoking the pipe of peace, discussed all the great questions. Several of the young men who gathered in this club—and gather still, I hope—are such as would be famous if they resided in a community less glutted with genius and learning than London—where there are about 200,000 people more or less connected with literature and journalism. Brave old London! The words of Milton are true now as when they were written: "Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion of mixed liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection: the shop of war hath not there more anvil and hammers working to



THE INTERIOR OF DEVINSIDE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

the places and instruments of
 to defence of beleaguered
 such a number of hands there
 sitting in studious lamps, writing,
 consulting new notions and

ideas wherewith to present, as with their
 homage and their fealty, the approaching
 reformation. Others as fast reading, try-
 ing all things, assenting to the force of
 reason and conviction."

MY WALK TO CHURCH

BY HORATIO NELSON POWHIS

BREATHING the summer-scented air
Along the bowery mountain way,
Each Lord's-day morning I repair
To serve my church, a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies
A bright, broad bronzed sylvan sea,
And round the sumptuous highlands rise
Fair as the hills of Idlee.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
Music of unrecorded tone.
The heart of Beauty beats so near,
Its pulses modulate my own.

The shadow on the meadow's breast
Is not more calm than my repose.
As, step by step, I am the guest
Of every living thing that grows.

Ah, something melts along the sky,
And something rises from the ground,
And fills the inner ear and eye
Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see
What Love in lovely shapes has wrought -
Its gracious messages to me
Come, like the gentle dews, unsought.

I merely walk with open heart
Which feels the secret in the sign.
But, oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the feast divine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
That sang to Christ beyond the sun,
And softly His consoling words
Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow
The lilies that He called so fair,
Which never toil nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills
A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows furor as its hills
The very air I breathe with love.

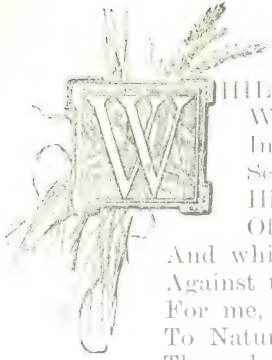
And now I see one perfect face
And hastening to my church's door
Find Him within the holy place
Who, all my way, went on before.



"WHILE NO LEAF SEEMS FADED"

WHILE NOT A LEAF SEEMS FADED.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



WHILE not a leaf seems faded, while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wreids
His icy scymitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, the instructive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

X.

BY the end of May most of the summer folks had come to their cottages in South Hatboro'. One after another the ladies called upon Annie. They all talked to her of the Social Union, and it seemed to be agreed that it was fully in train, though what was really in train was the entertainment to be given at Mrs. Munger's for the benefit of the Union; the Union always dropped out of the talk as soon as the theatricals were mentioned.

When Annie went to return these visits she scarcely recognized even the shape of the country, once so familiar to her, of which the summer settlement had possessed itself. She found herself in a strange world—a world of colonial and Queen Anne architecture, where conscious lines and insistent colors contributed to an effect of posing which she had never seen off the stage. But it was not a very large world, and after the young trees and hedges should have grown up and helped to hide it, she felt sure that it would be a better world. In detail it was not so bad now, but the whole was a violent effect of porches, gables, chimneys, galleries, loggias, balconies, and jalousies, which nature had not yet had time to palliate.

Mrs. Munger was at home, and wanted her to spend the day, to drive out with

her, to stay to lunch. When she would not do any of these things, she invited herself to go with her to call at the Brandreths'. But first she ordered her to go out with her to see the place where they intended to have the theatricals: a pretty bit of natural bosage, white birches, pines, and oaks—faced by a stretch of smooth turf, where a rather raw boned, wooden faced young man in a flannel blazer was painting a tennis court in the grass.

"This is my Jim, Miss Kilburn," said his mother, and the young fellow paused from his work long enough to bow to her: his nose now seemed in perfect repair.

Mr. Brandreth met them at the door of his mother's cottage. It was a very small cottage on the outside, with a good deal of stained glass *en évidence* in leaded sashes; where the sashes were not leaded and the glass not stained, the panes were cut up into very large ones, with little ones round them. Everything was very old-fashioned inside. The door opened directly into a wainscoted square hall, which had a large fireplace with gleaming brass andirons, and a carved mantel carried to the ceiling. It was both baronial and colonial in its decoration: there was part of a suit of imitation armor under a pair of moose antlers on one wall, and at one side of the fireplace there was a spinning-wheel, with a

* Begun in June number, 1888.

left of this ready to be spun. There were Japanese swords on the lowest mantel-shelf together with fans and vases; a long old flint-lock musket stretched across the panel above. Mr. Brandreth began to show things to Annie, and to tell how little they cost, as soon as the ladies entered. His mother's voice called from above. "Now, Percy, you stop till I get there!" and in a moment or two she appeared from behind a *portière* in one corner. Before she shook hands with the ladies, or allowed any kind of greeting, she pulled the *portière* aside, and made Annie admire the snug concealment of the staircase. Then she made her go upstairs and see the chambers, and the second-hand *continental* bedsteads, and the andirons everywhere, and the old chests of drawers and their brasses; and she told her some story about each, and how Percy picked it up and had it repaired. When they came down, the son took Annie to hand again and walked her over the ground floor, ending with the kitchen, which was in the taste of an old New England kitchen, with hard-seated high-backed chairs, and a kitchen table with curiously turned legs, which he had picked up in the hen-house of a neighboring farmer for a song. There was an old thorn's branch in the dining-room fireplace, which he had found in a heap of scrap iron at a blacksmith's shop, and had got for next to nothing. The sideboard he had got at an old second-hand shop in the North End; and he believed it was an heirloom from the house of one of the old ministers of the North End Church. Everything, nearly, in the Brandreth cottage was an heirloom, though Annie could not remember afterward any object that had been an heirloom in the Brandreth family.

When she went back with Mr. Brandreth to the hall, which seemed to be also the drawing-room, she found that Mrs. Brandreth had lighted the fire on the hearth, though it was rather a warm day without, for the sake of the effect. She was sitting in the chimney-seat, and shielding her face from the blaze with an old-fashioned feather hand screen.

"Now don't you think we have a lovely little home?" she demanded.

Mrs. Munger began to break out in its praise, but she shook the screen silencing-ly at her.

"No, no! I want Miss Kilburn's un-

biased opinion. Don't you speak, Mrs. Munger! Now haven't we?"

Mrs. Brandreth made Annie assent to the superiority of her cottage in detail. She recapitulated the different facts of the architecture and furnishing, from each of which she seemed to acquire personal merit; and she insisted that Percy should show some of them again. "We think it's a little picture," she concluded, and once more Annie felt obliged to murmur her acquiescence.

At last Mrs. Munger said that she must go to lunch and was going to take Annie with her; Annie said she must lunch at home; and then Mrs. Brandreth pressed them both to stay to lunch with her. "You shall have a cup of tea out of a piece of real Satsuma," she said; but they resisted. "I don't believe," she added, apparently relieved by their persistence, and losing a little anxiety of manner, "that Percy's had any chance to consult you on a very important point about your *hearthstones*, Mrs. Kilburn."

"Oh, that will do some other time, mother," said Mr. Brandreth.

"No, no! Now! And you can have Mrs. Munger's opinion too. You know Miss Sue Northwick is going to be *Juliet*."

"No!" shouted Mrs. Munger. "I thought she had refused positively. When did she change her mind?"

"She's just sent Percy a note. We were talking it over when you came, and Percy was going over to tell you."

"Then it is *stare* to be a success," said Mrs. Munger, with a solemnity of triumph.

"Yes, but Percy feels that it complicates one point more than ever."

"It's a question that always comes up in amateur dramatics," said Mr. Brandreth, with reluctance, "and it always will; and of course it's particularly embarrassing in *Romeo and Juliet*. If they don't show any affection, it's very awkward and stiff; and if—"

"I never approved of those liberties on the stage," said Mrs. Brandreth. "I tell Percy that it's my principal objection to it. I can't make it seem nice. But he says that it's essential to the effect. Now I say that they might just incline their heads toward each other without *actually*, you know. But Percy is afraid that it won't do, especially in the parting scene on the balcony—so passionate, you

know—it won't do simply to— They must *act* like lovers. And it's such a great point to get Miss Sue Northwick to take the part, that he mustn't risk losing her by anything that might seem—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Munger, with deep concern.

Mr. Brandreth looked very unhappy. "It's an embarrassing point. We can't change the play, and so the difficulty must be met and disposed of at once."

He did not look at either of the ladies, but Mrs. Munger referred the matter to Annie with a glance of impartiality. His mother also turned her eyes upon Annie, who found herself, after a first moment of amusement, very indignant.

She would not say anything, and Mrs. Brandreth made a direct appeal. "Percy thought that you must have seen so much of amateur dramas in Europe that you could tell him just how to do."

Annie was able to control herself, and she said, coldly, "Perhaps you could consult Miss Northwick herself."

"I thought of that," said Mrs. Brandreth; "but as Percy's to be Romeo— You see, he wishes the play to be a success artistically; but if it's to succeed socially, he must have Miss Northwick, and she might resign at the first suggestion of—"

"Bessie Chapley would certainly have been better. She's so outspoken you could have put the case right to her," said Mrs. Munger.

"Yes," said Mr. Brandreth, gloomily.

"But we shall find out a way. Why, you can settle it at rehearsal!"

"Perhaps at rehearsal," said Mr. Brandreth, with a pensive absence of mind.

Mrs. Munger crushed his hand and his mother's in her leathern grasp, and took Annie away with her. "It isn't lunch-time yet," she explained, when they were out of ear-shot, "but I saw she was simply killing you, and so I made the excuse. She has no mercy. There's time enough for you to make your calls before lunch, and then you can come home with me."

Annie suggested that this would not do after refusing Mrs. Brandreth.

"Why, it would never have done to *accept*!" Mrs. Munger cried. "They didn't dream of it!" At the next place she said: "This is the Clevingers'. *They're* some of our all-the-year-round people too." She opened the door without ringing, and let herself noisily in. "This is the way we run in, without ceremony, everywhere.

It's quite one family. That's the charm of the place. We expect to take each other as we find them."

Her freedom did not find the ladies off their guard anywhere. At all the houses there was a skurrying of feet and a flashing of skirts out of the room or up the stairs, and there was an interval for a thorough study of the features of the room before the hostess came in, with the effect of coming in just as she was. She had naturally always made some change in her dress, and Annie felt that she had not really liked being run in upon. Everywhere they talked to her about the theatricals; and they talked across her to Mrs. Munger, about one another, pretty freely.

"Well, that's all there is of us at present," said Mrs. Munger, coming down the main road with her from the last place, "and you see just what we are. It's a neighborhood where everybody's just adapted to everybody else. It's not a mere rush of concession, as Emerson says; people are perfectly outspoken; but there's the greatest good feeling, and no vulgar display, or lavish expenditure, or anything."

Annie walked slowly homeward. She was very tired, and she was now aware of having been extremely bored by the South Hatboro' people. She was very censorious of them, as we are of other people when we have reason to be discontented with ourselves. They were making a pretence of simplicity and unconventionality; but they had brought each her full complement of servants with her, and each was apparently giving herself in the summer to the unrealities that occupied her during the winter. Everywhere Annie had found the affectation of intellectual interests, and the assumption that these were the highest interests of life. There could be no doubt that culture was the ideal of South Hatboro', and several of the ladies complained that in the summer they got behind with their reading, or their art, or their music. They said it was even more trouble to keep house in the country than it was in town; sometimes your servants would not come with you; or, if they did, they were always discontented, and you did not know what moment they would leave you.

Annie asked herself how her own life was in any wise different from that of these people. It had received a little more light into it, but as yet it had not con-

found itself to any ideal of duty. She too was idle and vapid, like the society of which her whole past had made her a part, and she reviled to herself, growling in spirit, that it was no easier to escape from her tradition at Harbourn than it was at Rome.

When she reached her own house again, Mrs. Dalton called to her from the kitchen threshold as she was passing the corner on her way to the front door: "Mis' Putney's been here. I guess you'll find a note from her on the parlor table."

Annie fired in resentment of the untruthfulness. It was Mrs. Dalton's business to come into the parlor and give her the note, with a respectful statement of the facts. But she did not tell her so, it would have been useless.

Mrs. Putney's note was an invitation to a family tea for the next evening.

XL.

Putney met Annie at the door and led her into the parlor beside the hall. He had a little crippled boy on his right arm, and he gave her his left hand. In the parlor he set his burden down in a chair, and the child drew up under his thin arms a pair of crutches that stood beside it. His white face had the raven purity and the waxen transparencies which we see in sufferers from hip-disease.

"This is our Winthrop," said his father, beginning to talk at once. "We receive the company and do the honors while mother's looking after the tea. We only keep one undersized girl," he explained more directly to Annie, "and Ellen has to be chief cook and bottle-washer herself. She'll be in directly. Just lay off your bonnet anywhere."

She was taking in the humility of the house and its belongings while she received the impression of an unimpaired simplicity in its life from his easy explanations. The furniture was in green terry, the carpet a harsh, brilliant tapestry; on the marble-topped centre table was a big clasp Bible and a basket with a stereoscope and views; the marbleized iron shelf above the stove-pipe hole supported two glass vases and a French clock under a glass bell; through the open door, across the oil-cloth of the hallway, she saw the white-painted pine balusters of the steep, cramped stairs. It was clear that neither Putney nor his wife had been touched by the pæsthetic craze; the parlor

was in the tastelessness of fifteen years before; but after the decoration of South Harbourn, she found a delicious repose in it. Her eyes dwelt with relief on the wall paper of French gray, sprigged with small gilt flowers, and broken by a few cold engravings and framed photographs.

Putney himself was as little decorated as the parlor. He had put on a clean shirt, but the bulging bosom had broken away from its single button, and showed two serrated edges of ragged linen; his collar lost itself from time to time under the rise of his plastron scarf band, which kept escaping from the stud that ought to have held it down behind. His hair was brushed smoothly across a forehead which looked as innocent and gentle as the little boy's.

"We don't often give these festivities," he went on, "but you don't come home home in twelve years every day, Annie. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you in my house; and Ellen's just as excited as the rest of us; she was sorry to miss you when she called."

"You're very kind, Ralph. I can't tell *you* what a pleasure it was to come, and I'm not going to let the trouble I'm giving spoil my pleasure."

"Well, that's right," said Putney. "We shan't either." He took out a cigar and put it into his mouth. "It's only a dry smoke. Ellen makes me let up on my chewing when we have company, and I must have something in my mouth, so I get a cigar. It's a sort of compromise. I'm a terribly nervous man, Annie; you can't imagine. If it wasn't for the grace of God, I think I should fly to pieces sometimes. But I guess that's what holds me together—that and Winthy here. I dropped him on the stairs out there, when I was drunk, one night. I saw you looking out at them; I suppose you've been told; it's all right. I presume the Almighty knows what He's about; but sometimes He appears to save at the spigot and waste at the bung-hole, like the rest of us. He let me cripple my boy to reform me."

"Don't, Ralph!" said Annie, with a voice of low entreaty. She turned and spoke to the child, and asked him if he would not come to see her.

"What?" he asked, breaking with a sort of absent-minded start from his inattentiveness upon his father's words.

"She repeated her invitation.

"Thanks!" he said, in the prompt, clear

little pipe which startles by its distinctness and decision on the lips of crippled children. "I guess father'll bring me some day. Don't you want I should go out and tell mother she's here?" he asked his father.

"Well, if you want to, Winthrop," said his father.

The boy swung himself lightly out of the room on his crutches, and his father turned to her. "Well, how does Hatboro' strike you, anyway, Annie? You needn't mind being honest with me, you know."

He did not give her a chance to say, and she was willing to let him talk on, and tell her what he thought of Hatboro' himself. "Well, it's like every other place in the world, at every moment of history - it's in a transition state. The theory is, you know, that most places are at a stand-still the greatest part of the time; they haven't begun to move, or they've stopped moving; but I guess that's a mistake, they're moving all the while. I suppose Rome itself was in a transition state when you left?"

"Oh, very decidedly. It had ceased to be old and was becoming new."

"Well, that's just the way with Hatboro'. There *is* no old Hatboro' any more; and there never was, as your father and mine could tell us if they were here. They lived in a painfully transitional period, poor old fellows! But, for all that, there is a difference. They lived in what was really a New England village, and we live now in a sprawling American town; and by American of course I mean a town where at least one-third of the people are raw foreigners or rawly extracted natives. The old New England ideal characterizes them all, up to a certain point, socially; it puts a decent outside on most of 'em; it makes 'em keep Sunday, and drink on the sly. We got in the Irish long ago, and now they're part of the conservative element. We got in the French Canadians, and some of them are our best mechanics and citizens. We're getting in the Italians, and as soon as they want something better than bread and vinegar to eat, they'll begin going to Congress and boycotting and striking and forming pools and trusts just like any other class of law-abiding Americans. There used to be some talk of the Chinese, but I guess they've pretty much blown over. We've got Ah Lee and Sam Lung here, just as they have

everywhere, but their laundries don't seem to increase. The Irish are spreading out into the country and swooping in the farms that are not picturesque enough for the summer folks. You can buy a farm anywhere round Hatboro' for less than the buildings on it cost. I'd rather the Irish would have the land than the summer folks. They make an honest living off it, and the other fellows that come out to roost here from June till October simply keep somebody else from making a living off it, and corrupt all the poor people in sight by their idleness and luxury. That's what I tell 'em at South Hatboro'. They don't like it, but I guess they believe it; anyhow they have to hear it. They'll tell you in self-defence that J. Milton Northwick is a practical farmer, and sells his butter for a dollar a pound. He's done more than anybody else to improve the breeds of cattle and horses; and he spends fifteen thousand a year on his place. I can't retort on him, and that's the reason he's a curse and a fraud."

"Who *is* Mr. Northwick, Ralph?" Annie interposed. "Everybody at South Hatboro' asked me if I'd met the Northwicks."

"He's a very great and good man," said Putney. "He's worth a million, and he runs a big manufacturing company at Ponkwasset Falls, and he owns a fancy farm just beyond South Hatboro'. He lives in Boston, but he comes out here early enough to dodge his tax there, and let poorer people pay it. He's got miles of cut stone wall round his place, and conservatories and gardens and villas and drives inside of it, and he keeps up the town roads outside at his own expense. Yes, we feel it such an honor and advantage to have J. Milton in Hatboro' that our assessors practically allow him to fix the amount of tax here himself. People who can pay only a little at the highest valuation are assessed to the last dollar of their property and income; but the assessors know that this wouldn't do with Mr. Northwick. They make a guess at his income, and he always pays their bills without asking for abatement; they think themselves wise and public-spirited men for doing it, and most of their fellow-citizens think so too. You see it's not only difficult for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven, Annie, but he makes it hard for other people."

"Well, as I was saying, usually the old New England element is at the top of the heap here. That's so everywhere. The people that are on the ground first, it don't matter much who they are, have to manage pretty badly not to leave their descendants in social ascendency over all lower rungs forever. Why, I can see it in my own case. I can see that I was a sort of fetish to the bedeviled fancy of the people here when I was seen drifting in the streets every day, just because I was one of the old Hatboro' Putneys; and when I began to hold up, there wasn't a man in the community that wasn't proud and flattered to help me. 'Course isn't it? It made me feel of myself and ashamed of them, and I just made up my mind, as soon as I got straight again, I'd give all my help to them that hadn't a tradition. That's what I've done, Annie. There isn't any law, lawless capsaquin in this town that hasn't got me for his friend and Elton. We've been in all the strikes with 'em, and all their fool boycottings and kicking over the traces generally. Anybody else would have been turned out of respectable society for one-half that I've done, but it tolerates me because I'm one of the old Hatboro' Putneys. You're one of the old Hatboro' Kilburns, and if you want to be your mind of your own and a heart of your own, all you've got to do is to have it. They'll like it; they'll think it's original. That's the reason South Hatboro' got after you with that Social Union scheme. They were right in thinking you would have a great deal of influence. I was sorry you had to throw it against Brother Peck."

Annie felt herself jump at this sudden climax, as if she had been touched on an exposed nerve. She grew red, and tried to be angry, but she was only ashamed and tempted to lie out of the part she had taken. "Mrs. Munger," she said, "gave that a very unfair turn. I didn't mean to ridicule Mr. Peck. I think he was perfectly sincere. The scheme of the invited dance and supper has been entirely given up. And I don't care for the project of the Social Union at all."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said Putney, indifferently, and he resumed his analysis of Hatboro':

"We've got all the modern improvements here, Annie. I suppose you'd find the modern improvements, most of 'em, in Sheol: electric light, Bell telephone,

asphalt sidewalk, and city water—though I don't know about the water; and I presume they haven't got a public library or an opera house—perhaps they *have* got an opera house in Sheol; you see I use the Revised Version; it don't sound so much like swearing. But, as I was saying—"

Mrs. Putney came in, and he stopped with the laugh of a man who knows that his wife will find it necessary to account for him and apologize for him.

The ladies kissed each other. Mrs. Putney was dressed in the black silk of a woman who has one silk; she was red from the kitchen, but all was neat and orderly in the hasty toilet which she must have made since leaving the cook-stove. A four-ruled perfume of violet sachet and fricasseed chicken attended her.

"Well, as you were saying, Ralph," she suggested.

"Oh, I was just tracing a little parallel between Hatboro' and Sheol," replied her husband.

Mrs. Putney made a *feble* of humorous patience, and laughed toward Annie for sympathy. "Well, then, I guess you wouldn't go on. You're ready. Shall we wait for the doctor?"

"No, doctor's sure for uncertain. We'll wait for him while we're eating. That's what fetches him, the surest. I'm hungry. Ain't you, Win?"

"Not so very," said the boy, with his queer promptness. He stood resting himself on his crutches at the door, and he now yanked about, and led the way out to the living-room, swinging himself actively forward. It seemed that his haste was to get to the dumb-waiter in the little china closet opening off the dining room, which was like the papered inside of a square box. He called to the girl below, and helped pull it up, as Annie could tell by the creaking of the rope, and the light jar of the finally arriving crockery. A half-grown girl then appeared, and put the dishes on at the places indicated with nods and looks by Mrs. Putney, who had taken her place at the table. There was a platter of stewed fowl, and a plate of high-piled waffles, sweltering in successive courses of butter and sugar. In cut-glass dishes, one at each end of the table, there were canned cherries and pineapple. There was a square of old-fashioned soda biscuit, not broken apart, which sent up a pleasant smell; in the centre of the table was a shallow vase of strawberries.

It was all very good and appetizing; but to Annie it was pathetically old-fashioned, and helped her to realize how wholly out of the world was the life which her friends led.

"Winthrop," said Putney, and the father and mother bowed their heads.

The boy dropped his over his folded hands, and piped up clearly: "Our Father, which art in heaven, help us to remember those who have nothing to eat. Amen!"

"That's a grace that Win got up himself," his father explained, beginning to heap a plate with chicken and mashed potato, which he then handed to Annie, passing her the biscuit and the butter. "We think it suits the Almighty about as well as anything."

"I suppose you know Ralph of old, Annie?" said Mrs. Putney. "The only way he keeps within bounds at all is by letting himself perfectly loose."

Putney laughed out his acquiescence, and they began to talk together about old times. Mrs. Putney and Annie recalled the childish plays and adventures they had together, and one dreadful quarrel. Putney told of the first time he saw Annie, when his father took him one day for a call on the old judge, and how the old judge put him through his paces in American history, and would not admit the theory that the battle of Bunker's Hill could have been fought on Breed's Hill. Putney said that it was years before it occurred to him that the judge must have been joking: he had always thought he was simply ignorant.

"I used to set a good deal by the battle of Bunker's Hill," he continued. "I thought the whole Revolution and subsequent history revolved round it, and that it gave us all liberty, equality, and fraternity at a clip. But the Lord always finds some odd jobs to look after next day, and I guess He didn't clear 'em all up at Bunker's Hill."

Putney's irony and piety were very much of a piece apparently, and Annie was not quite sure which this conclusion was. She glanced at his wife, who seemed satisfied with it in either case. She was waiting patiently for him to wake up to the fact that he had not yet given her anything to eat; after helping Annie and the boy, he helped himself, and pending his wife's preoccupation with the tea, he forgot her.

"Why didn't you throw something at me?" he roared, in grief and self-reproach. "There wouldn't have been a loose piece of crockery on this side of the table if I hadn't got my tea in time."

"Oh, I was listening to Annie's share in the conversation," said Mrs. Putney; and her husband was about to say something in retort of her thrust when a tap on the front door was heard.

"Come in, come in, Doc!" he shouted. "Mrs. Putney's just been helped, and the tea is going to begin."

Dr. Morrell's chuckle made answer for him, and after time enough to put down his hat, he came in, rubbing his hands and smiling, and making short nods round the table. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Putney? How d'ye do, Miss Kilburn? Winthrop?" He passed his hand over the boy's smooth hair, and slipped into the chair beside him.

"You see, the reason why we always wait for the doctor in this formal way," said Putney, "is that he isn't in here more than seven nights of the week, and he rather stands on his dignity. Hand round the doctor's plate, my son," he added, to the boy, and he took it from Annie, to whom the boy gave it, and began to heap it from the various dishes. "Think you can lift that much back to the doctor, Win?"

"I guess so," said the boy, coolly.

"What is flooring Win at present," said his father, "and getting him down and rolling him over, is that problem of the robin that eats half a pint of grasshoppers and then doesn't weigh a bit more than he did before."

"When he gets a little older," said the doctor, shaking over his plateful, "he'll be interested to trace the processes of his father's thought from a guest and half a peck of stewed chicken, to a robin and half a pint of—"

"Don't, doctor!" pleaded Mrs. Putney. "He won't have the least trouble if he'll keep to the surface."

Putney laughed impartially, and said: "Well, we'll take the doctor out and weigh him when he gets done. We expected Brother Peck here this evening," he explained to Dr. Morrell. "You're our sober second thought— Well," he broke off, looking across the table at his wife with mock anxiety. "Anything wrong about that, Ellen?"

"Not as far as I'm concerned, Mrs. Put-

ney," interposed the doctor. "I'm glad to be here on any terms. Go on, Putney."

"Oh, there isn't anything more. You know how Miss Kilbourn here has been round throwing ridicule on Brother Peck, because he wants the ship hands treated with common decency, and my idea was to get the two together and see how she would feel."

Dr. Morrell laughed at this with what Annie thought was unnecessary malice; but he stopped suddenly, after a glance at her, and Putney went on as if it were not a personal matter.

"Brother Peck pleaded another engagement. Said he had to go off into the country to see a sick woman that wasn't expected to live. You don't remember the Merritts do you, Annie? Well, it doesn't matter. One of 'em married West, and her husband left her, and she came home here and got a divorce; I got it for her. She's the one. As a consumptive, she had superior attentions for Brother Peck. It isn't a case that admits of jealousy exactly, but it wouldn't matter to Brother Peck anyway. If he saw chance to do a good action, he'd wade through blood."

"Now look here, Ralph," said Mrs. Putney, "there's such a thing as letting your self too loose."

"Well, *gone*, then," said Putney, but tending himself a biscuit.

The boy, who had kept quiet till now, seemed reached by this last touch, and broke into a high, crowing laugh, in which they all joined except his father.

"Gore suits Winthy, anyway," he said, beginning to eat his biscuit. "I met one of the deacons from Brother Peck's last parish, in Boston, yesterday. He asked me if we considered Brother Peck anyways peculiar in Hatboro', and when I said we thought he was a little too luxurious, the deacon came out with a lot of things. The way Brother Peck behaved toward the needy in that last parish of his made it simply uninhabitable to the standard Christian. They had to get rid of him somehow—send him away or kill him. Of course the deacon said they didn't want to *kill* him."

"Where was his last parish?" asked the doctor.

"Down on the Maine coast somewhere. Penobscotport, I believe."

"And was he indigenous there?"

"No, I believe not; he's from Massa-

chusetts. Farm boy and then mill hand, I understand. Self helped to an education; divinity student with summer intervals of waiting at table in the mountain hotels probably. Drifted down Maine way on his first call and stuck; but I guess he won't stick here very long. Annie's friend Mr. Gerrish is going to look after Brother Peck before a great while." He laughed to see her blush, and went on. "You see, Brother Gerrish has got a high ideal of what a Christian minister ought to be; he hasn't said much about it, but I can see that Brother Peck doesn't come up to it. Well, Brother Gerrish has got a good many ideals. He likes to get anybody he can by the throat, and squeeze the difference of opinion out of 'em."

"There, now, Ralph," his wife interposed, "you let Mr. Gerrish alone. You don't like people to differ with you, either. Is your cup out, doctor?"

"Thank you," said the doctor, landing it up cheerily. "And you mean Mr. Gerrish doesn't like Mr. Peck's doctrine?" he asked of Putney.

"Oh, I don't know that he objects to his doctrine; he can't very well. It's between the beds of the Bible," as the Hard shell Baptist said. But he objects to Brother Peck's walk and conversation. He thinks he walks too much with the poor and converses too much with the lowly. He says he thinks that the pew owners in Mr. Peck's church and the people who pay his salary have some rights to his company that he's bound to respect."

The doctor relished the irony, but he asked, "Isn't there something to say on that side?"

"Oh yes, a good deal. There's always something to say on both sides, even when one's a wrong side. That's what makes it all so tiresome—makes you wish you were dead." He looked up, and caught his boy's eye fixed with melancholy intensity upon him. "I hope you'll never look at both sides when you grow up, Win. It's mighty uncomfortable. You take the right side, and stick to that. Brother Gerrish," he resumed, to the doctor, "goes round taking the credit of Brother Peck's call here; but the fact is he opposed it. He didn't like his being so indifferent about the salary. Brother Gerrish held that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and if he didn't inquire what his wages were going to be, it was a pret-

ty good sign that he wasn't going to earn them."

"Well, there was some logic in that," said the doctor, smiling as before.

"Plenty. And now it worries Brother Gerrish to see Brother Peck going round in the same old suit of clothes he came here in, and dressing his child like a shabby little Irish girl. He says that he who provideth not for those of his own household is worse than a heathen. That's perfectly true. And he would like to know what Brother Peck does with his money, anyway. He would like to insinuate that he loses it at poker, I guess; at any rate, he can't find out whom he gives it to, and he certainly doesn't spend it on himself."

"From your account of Mr. Peck," said the doctor, "I should think Brother Gerrish might safely object to him as a certain kind of sentimentalist."

"Well, yes, he might, looking at him from the outside. But when you come to talk with Brother Peck, you find yourself sort of frozen out with a most unexpected, hard-headed cold-bloodedness. Brother Peck is plain common sense itself. He seems to be a man without an illusion, without an emotion."

"Oh, not so bad as that!" laughed the doctor.

"Ask Miss Kilburn. She's talked with him, and she hates him."

"No, I don't, Ralph," Annie began.

"Oh, well, then, perhaps he only made you hate yourself," said Putney. "There was something charming in his mockery, like the teasing of a brother with a sister; and Annie did not find the atonement to which he brought her altogether painful. It seemed to her really that she was getting off pretty easily, and she laughed with hearty consent at last."

Winthrop asked, solemnly, "How did he do that?"

"Oh, I can't tell exactly, Winthrop," she said, touched by the boy's simple interest in this abstruse point. "He made me feel that I had been rather mean and cruel when I thought I had only been practical. I can't explain; but it wasn't a comfortable feeling, my dear."

"I guess that's the trouble with Brother Peck," said Putney. "He doesn't make you feel comfortable. He doesn't flatter you up worth a cent. There was Annie expecting him to take the most fervent interest in her theatricals, and her

Social Union, and go round, and tell her what a noble woman she was, and beg her to consider her health, and not overwork herself in doing good; but instead of that he simply showed her that she was a moral Cave-Dweller, and that she was living in a Stone Age of social brutalities; and of course she hated him."

"Yes, that was the way, Winthrop," said Annie; and they all laughed with her.

"Now you take them into the parlor, Ralph," said his wife, rising, "and tell them how he made *you* hate him."

"I shouldn't like anything better," replied Putney. He lifted the large ugly kerosene lamp that had been set on the table when it grew dark during tea, and carried it into the parlor with him. His wife remained to speak with her little helper, but she sent Annie with the gentlemen.

"Why, there isn't a great deal of it—more spirit than letter so to speak," said Putney, when he put down the lamp in the parlor. "You know how I like to go on about other people's sins, and the world's wickedness generally; but one day Brother Peck, in that cool, impersonal way of his, suggested that it was not a wholly meritorious thing to hate evil. He went so far as to say that perhaps we could not love them that despitefully used us if we hated their evil so furiously. He said it was a good deal more desirable to understand evil than to hate it, for then we could begin to cure it. Yes, Brother Peck let in a good deal of light on me. He rather insinuated that I must be possessed by the very evils I hated, and that was the reason I was so violent about them. I had always supposed that I hated other people's cruelty because I was merciful; and their meanness because I was magnanimous, and their intolerance because I was generous, and their conceit because I was modest, and their selfishness because I was disinterested; but after listening to Brother Peck awhile I came to the conclusion that I hated these things in others because I was cruel myself, and mean, and bigoted, and conceited, and piggish; and that's why I've hated Brother Peck ever since—just like you, Annie. But he didn't reform me, I'm thankful to say, any more than he did you. I've gone on just the same, and I suppose I hate more infernal scoundrels and loathe more infernal idiots to-day than

others; but I perceive that I'm no part of the power that makes for righteousness as long as I work that racket; and now I sin with light and knowledge, anyway. No, Annie," he went on, "I can understand why Brother Peck is not the success with women, and feminine temperaments like me, that his virtues entitle him to be. What we feminine temperaments want is a prophet, and Brother Peck doesn't prophesy worth a cent. He doesn't pretend to be authorized in any sort of way; he has a shocking style of being no better than you are, and of being rather stumped by some of the truths he finds out. No woman like a good prophet about as well as they do a good doctor. Now if you, if you could unite the two functions, Doc—

"Sort of medicine-man?" suggested Morrell.

"Exactly! The aborigines understood the thing. Why, I suppose that a real live medicine-man could go through a community like this and not leave a sinful soul nor a sore body in it among the ladies—perfect faith cure."

"But what did you say to Mr. Peck, Ralph?" asked Annie. "Didn't you attempt any defiance?"

"No," said Putney. "He had the advantage of me. You can't talk back at a man in the pulpit."

"Oh, it was a sermon?"

"I suppose the other people thought so. But I know it was a private conversation that he was publicly holding with me."

Putney and the doctor began to talk of the nature and origin of evil, and Annie and the boy listened. Putney took high ground, and attributed it to Adam. "You know, Annie," he explained, "I don't *believe* this; but I like to get a scientific man that won't quite deny Scripture or the good old Bible promises, and see him suffer. Hello! You up yet, Winthrop? I guess I'll go through the form of carrying you to bed, my son."

When Mrs. Putney rejoined them, Annie said she must go, and Mrs. Putney went upstairs with her, apparently to help her put on her things, but really to have that talk before parting which guest and hostess value above the whole evening's pleasure. She showed Annie the pictures of the little girls that had died, and talked a great deal about their sickness and their loveliness in death. Then they spoke of

others, and Mrs. Putney asked Annie if she had seen Lyra Wilmington lately. Annie told of her call with Mrs. Munger, and Mrs. Putney said: "I *like* Lyra, and I always did. I presume she isn't very happily married; he's too old; there couldn't have been any love on her part. But she would be a better woman than she is if she had children. Ralph says," added Mrs. Putney, smiling, "that he knows she would be a good mother, she's such a good aunt."

Annie put her two hands impressively on the hands of her friend folded at her waist. "Ellen, what *does* it mean?"

"Nothing more than what you saw, Annie. She must have—or she *will* have—some one to amuse her; to tease, and it's best to have it all in the family, Ralph says."

"But isn't it doesn't he think it's—wrong?"

"It makes talk."

They moved a little toward the door, holding each other's hands. "Ellen, I've had a *lovely* time!"

"And so have I, Annie. I thought you'd like to meet Dr. Morrell."

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"And I can't tell you what a night this has been for Ralph. He likes you so much, and it isn't often that he has a chance to talk to *two* such people as you and Dr. Morrell."

"How brilliant he is!" Annie sighed.

"Yes, he's a very able man. It's very fortunate for Father's to have such a doctor. He and Ralph are great cronies. I never feel uneasy now when Ralph's out late—I know he's been up at the doctor's office talking. I—"

Annie broke in with a laugh. "I've no doubt Dr. Morrell is all you say, Ellen, but I meant Ralph when I spoke of brilliancy. He has a great future, I'm sure."

Mrs. Putney was silent for a moment. "I'm satisfied with the present, so long as Ralph—" The tears suddenly gushed out of her eyes, and ran down over the fine wrinkles of her plump little cheeks.

"Not quite so much loud talking, please," piped a thin, high voice from a room across the stairs landing.

"Why, dear little soul!" cried Annie. "I forgot he'd gone to bed."

"Would you like to see him?" asked his mother.

She led the way into the room where the boy lay in a low bed near a larger

one. His crutches lay beside it. "Win sleeps in our room yet. He can take care of himself quite well. But when he wakes in the night he likes to reach out and take his father's hand."

The child looked mortified.

"I wish I could reach out and take *my* father's hand when I wake in the night," said Annie.

The cloud left the boy's face. "I can't remember whether I said *my* prayers, mother, I've been thinking so."

"Well, say them over again, to me."

The men's voices sounded in the hall below, and the ladies found them there. Dr. Morrell had his hat in his hand.

"Look here, Annie," said Putney, "I expected to walk home with you, but Doc Morrell says he's going to cut me out. It looks like a put up job. I don't know whether you're in it or not but there's no doubt about Morrell."

Mrs. Putney gave a sort of gasp, and then they all shouted with laughter, and Annie and the doctor went out into the night. In the imperfect light which the electric of the main street flung afar into the little avenue where Putney lived, and the moon sent through the sidewalk trees, they struck against each other as they walked, and the doctor said, "Haden't you better take my arm, Miss Kilburn, till we get used to the dark?"

"Yes, I think I had, decidedly," she answered; and she hurried to add: "Dr. Morrell, there is something I want to ask you. You're their physician, aren't you?"

"The Putneys? Yes."

"Well, then, you can tell me—"

"Oh no, I can't, if you ask me as their physician," he interrupted.

"Well, then, as their friend. Mrs. Putney said something to me that makes me very unhappy. I thought Mr. Putney was out of all danger of his trouble. Haden't he perfectly reformed? Does he ever—"

She stopped, and Dr. Morrell did not answer at once. Then he said, seriously: "It's a continual fight with a man of Putney's temperament, and sometimes he gets beaten. Yes, I guess you'd better know it."

"Poor Ellen!"

"They don't allow themselves to be discouraged. As soon as he's on his feet they begin the fight again. But of course it prevents his success in his profession,

and he'll always be a second rate country lawyer."

"Poor Ralph! And so brilliant as he is! He could be anything."

"We must be glad if he can be something, as it is."

"Yes, and how happy they seem together, all three of them! That child worships his father; and how tender Ralph is of him! How good he is to his wife; and how proud she is of him! And that awful shadow over them all the time! I don't see how they live!"

The doctor was silent for a moment, and finally said: "They have the power that seems to come to people from the presence of a common peril, and they have the comfort of people who never blink the facts."

"I think Ralph's truth is terrible. I wish he'd let other people blink the facts a little."

"Of course," said the doctor, "it's become a habit with him now, or a mania. He seems to speak of his trouble as if mentioning it were a sort of conjuration to prevent it. I wouldn't venture to check him in his way of talking. He may find strength in it."

"It's all terrible!"

"But it isn't by any means hopeless."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so. You see a great deal of them, I believe?"

"Yes," said the doctor, getting back to what seemed his wonted mood from their seriousness, with apparent relief. "Pretty nearly every day. Putney and I consider the ways of God to man a good deal together. You can imagine that in a place like Hathboro' one would make the most of such a friend. In fact, anywhere. He's one of the most interesting men—take his strength and his weakness together—I ever saw."

"Yes, of course," Annie assented. "Dr. Morrell," she added, in that effort of continuing the subject with which one breaks away from it, "do you know much about South Hathboro'?"

"I have some patients there."

"I was there this morning."

"I heard of you. They all take a great interest in your theatricals."

"In *my* theatricals? Really this is too much! Who has made them my theatricals, I should like to know? Everybody at South Hathboro' talked as if I had got them up."

"And haven't you?"

"No. I've had nothing to do with them. Mr. Brandreth spoke to me about them a week ago, and I was foolish enough to go round with Mrs. Munger to collect public opinion about her invited dance and supper; and now it appears that I have invented the whole affair."

"I certainly got that impression," said the doctor, with a laugh flicking under his gravity.

"Well, it's simply atrocious," said Annie. "I've nothing at all to do with it, then. I don't even know that I approve of their object."

"Their object?"

"Yes. The Social Union."

"Oh! Oh, yes. I had forgot about the object, and now the doctor laughed outright."

"It seems to have dropped into the background with everybody," said Annie, laughing too.

"You like the unconventionality of South Hatboro'?" suggested the doctor, after a little silence.

"Oh, very much," said Annie. "I was used to the same thing abroad. It might be an American colony anywhere on the Continent."

"I suppose," said the doctor, musingly, "that the same conditions of sojourn and disoccupation *would* produce the same social effects anywhere. Then you must feel quite at home in South Hatboro'?"

"Quite! It's what I came back to avoid. I was sick of the life over there, and I wanted to be of some use here, instead of wasting all my days."

She stopped, resolved not to go on if he took this lightly, but the doctor answered her with sufficient gravity: "Well?"

"It seemed to me that if I could be of any use in the world anywhere, I could in the place where I was born, and where my whole childhood was spent. But I find that it's the one place where I *can't* be of use. I've been at home a month now, the most useless person in Hatboro'. I did catch at the first thing that offered—at Mr. Brandreth and his ridiculous Social Union and theatricals, and brought all this trouble on myself. I talked to Mr. Peck about them. You know what his views are?"

"Only from Putney's talk," said the doctor.

"He didn't merely disapprove of the dance and supper, but he had some very peculiar notions about the relations of

the different classes in general," said Annie; and this was the point she had meant circuitously to lead up to when she began to speak of South Hatboro', though she theoretically despised all sorts of feminine indirectness.

"Yes?" said the doctor. "What notions?"

"Well, he thinks that if you have money, you *can't* do good with it."

"That's rather odd," said Dr. Morrell.

"I don't state it quite fairly. He meant that you can't make any kindness with it between yourself and the—the poor."

"That's odd too."

"Yes," said Annie, anxiously. "You can impose an obligation, he says, but you can't create sympathy. Of course Ralph exaggerates what I said about him in connection with the invited dance and supper, though I don't justify what I did say; and if I'd known then, as I do now, what his honesty had been, I should have been more careful in my talk with him. I should be very sorry to have hurt his feelings, and I suppose people who've come up in that way are sensitive?"

She suggested this, and it was not the reassurance she was seeking to have Dr. Morrell say, "Naturally."

She continued, with an effort: "I'm afraid I didn't respect his sincerity, and I ought to have done that, though I don't at all agree with him on the other points. It seems to me that what he said was shocking, and perfectly—impossible."

"Why, what was it?" asked the doctor.

"He said there could be no real kindness between the rich and poor, because all their experiences of life were different. It amounted to saying that there ought not to be any wealth. Don't you think so?"

"Really, I've never thought about it," returned Dr. Morrell. After a moment he asked, "Isn't it rather an abstraction?"

"Don't say that!" said Annie, nervously. "It's the *most* concrete thing in the world!"

The doctor laughed with enjoyment of her convulsive emphasis; but she went on: "I don't think life's worth living if you're to be shut up all your days to the intelligence merely of your own class."

"Who said you were?"

"Mr. Peck."

"And what was your inference from the fact? That there oughtn't to be any classes?"

"Of course it won't do to say that.

There *must* be social differences. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Dr. Morrell. "I never thought of it in that light before. It's a very curious question." He asked, brightening gayly after a moment of sober pause, "Is that the whole trouble?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"No; I don't think it is. Why didn't you tell him that you didn't want any gratitude?"

"Not *want* any?" she demanded.

"Oh," said Dr. Morrell, "I didn't know but you thought it was enough to *give*."

Annie believed that he was making fun of her, and she tried to make her resentful silence dignified; but she only answered, sadly: "No; it isn't enough for me. Besides, he made me see that you can't give sympathy where you can't receive it."

"Well, that *is* bad," said the doctor, and he laughed again. "Excuse me," he added, "I see the point. But why don't you forget it?"

"Forget it!"

"Yes. If you can't help it, why need you worry about it?"

She gave a kind of gasp of astonishment. "Do you really think that would be right?" She edged a little away from Dr. Morrell, as if with distrust.

"Well, no; I can't say that I do," he returned, thoughtfully, without seeming to have noticed her withdrawal. "I don't suppose I was looking at the moral side. It's rather out of my way to do that. If a physician lets himself get into the habit of doing that, he might regard nine-tenths of the diseases he has to treat as just penalties, and decline to interfere."

She fancied that he was amused again, rather than deeply concerned, and she determined to make him own his personal complicity in the matter if she could. "Then you *do* feel sympathy with your patients? You find it necessary to do so?"

The doctor thought a moment. "I take an interest in their diseases."

"But you want them to get well?"

"Oh, certainly. I'm bound to do all I can for them as a physician."

"Nothing more?"

"Yes; I'm sorry for them—for their families, if it seems to be going badly with them."

"And—and as—as— Don't you care at all for your work as a part of what every one ought to do for others—as hu-

manity, philan—" She stopped at the offensive word.

"Well, I can't say that I've looked at it in that light exactly," he answered. "I suspect I'm not very good at generalizing my own relations to others, though I like well enough to speculate in the abstract. But don't you think Mr. Peck has overlooked one important fact in his theory? What about the people who have grown rich from being poor, as most Americans have? They have the same experiences, and why can't they sympathize with those who have remained poor?"

"I never thought of that. Why didn't I ask him that?" She lamented so sincerely that the doctor laughed again. "I think that Mr. Peck—"

"Oh not oh no!" said the doctor, in an entreating, coaxing tone, expressive of a satiety with the subject that he taught very well have felt; and he ended with another laugh, in which, after a moment of indignant self-question, she joined him. "Isn't that delicious?" he exclaimed; and she involuntarily slowed her pace with his.

The spicy scent of sweet-currant blossoms hung in the dewy air that wrapped one of the darkened village houses. From a syringa bush before another, as they moved on, a denser perfume stole out with the wild song of a catbird hidden in it; the music and the odor seemed braided together. The shadows of the trees cast by the electrics on the walks were so thick and black that they seemed palpable; it seemed as if she could strap down and lift them from the ground. A broad bath of moonlight washed one of the house fronts, and the white-painted clapboards looked wet with it.

They talked of these things, of themselves, and of their own traits and peculiarities; and at her door they ended far from Mr. Peck and all the perplexities he had suggested.

She had told Dr. Morrell of some things she had brought home with her, and had said she hoped he would find time to come and see them. It would have been stiff not to do it, and she believed she had done it in a very off-hand, business-like way. But she continued to question whether she had.

XII.

Miss Northwick called upon Annie during the week, with excuses for her delay and for coming alone. She seemed to

have intentions of being polite: but she constantly betrayed her want of interest in Annie and disappointed an expectation of refinement which her physical delicacy awakened. She asked her how she ever came to take up the Social Union, and answered for her that of course it had the sanction of the theatricals, and went on to talk of her sister's part in them. The relation of the Northwick family to the coming entertainments, and an impression of frail mottled wrists and high thin cheeks, and an absence of modelling undegraded by drapery, was the main effect of Miss Northwick's visit.

When Annie returned it, she met the younger sister, whom she found a great beauty. She seemed very cold, and of a haughty which she combined with diffidence; but she was more conscientiously polite than her sister, and Annie watched with fascination her turns of the head, her movements of leopard swiftness and elasticity, the changing lights of her complexion, the curves of her fine lips, the fluttering of her thin nostrils.

A very new basket phaeton stood glittering at Annie's door when she got home, and Mrs. Wilmington put her head out of the open parlor window. "How d'ye do, Annie?" she drawled, in her charming voice. "Won't you come in? You are late in possession. I've just got my new phaeton, and I drove up at once to crush you with it. Isn't it a beauty?"

"You're too late, Lyra," said Annie. "I've just come from the Northwicks, and another crushing beauty has got in ahead of your phaeton."

"Oh, poor Annie!" Lyra began to laugh with agreeable intelligence. "Do come in and tell me about it!"

"Why is that girl going to take part in the theatricals? She doesn't care to please any one, does she?"

"I didn't know that people took part in theatricals for that, Annie. I thought they wanted to please themselves and mortify others. I do. But then I may be different. Perhaps Miss Northwick wants to please Mr. Brandreth."

"Do you mean it, Lyra?" demanded Annie, pressed on her threshold by the charm of this improbability.

"Well, I don't know; they're opposites. But, upon second thoughts, you needn't come, my Annie. I want you to take a drive with me, and try my new phaeton," said Lyra, coming out.

Annie now looked at it with that irresolution of hers, and Lyra commanded: "Get right in. We'll go down to the Works. You've never met my husband yet: have you, Annie?"

"No, I haven't, Lyra. I've always just missed him somehow. He seems to have been perpetually just gone to town, or not got back."

"Well, he's really at home now. And I don't mean at the house, which isn't home to him, but the Works. You've never seen the Works either, have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then, we'll just go round there, and kill two birds with one stone. I ought to show off my new phaeton to Mr. Wilmington first of all; he gave it to me. It would be kind of conjugal, or filial, or something. You know Mr. Wilmington and I are not exactly contemporaries, Annie."

"I heard he was somewhat your senior," said Annie, reluctantly.

Lyra nodded. "Well, I always say we were born in the same century, *anyway*."

They came round into the region of the shops, and Lyra checked her pony in front of her husband's factory. It was not impossibly large, but, as Mrs. Wilmington caused Annie to observe, it was as big as the big shops and as ugly as the shoe shops.

The structure trembled with the operation of its industry, and as they mounted the wooden steps to the open outside door, an inner door swung ajar for a moment, and let out a roar mingled of the hum and whirl and clash of machinery and fragments of voice, borne to them on a whiff of warm, greasy air. "Of course it doesn't smell very nice," said Lyra.

She pushed open the door of the office, and finding its first apartment empty, led the way with Annie to the inner room, where her husband sat writing at a table.

"George, I want to introduce you to Miss Kilburn."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," said her husband, scrambling to his feet, and coming round to greet Annie. He was a small man, very bald, with a serious and wrinkled forehead, and rather austere brows; but his mouth had a furtive curl at one corner, which, with the habit he had of touching it there with the tip of his tongue, made Annie think of a cat that had been at the cream. "I've been hoping to call

with Mrs. Wilmington to pay my respects: but I've been away a great deal this season, and— and— We're all very happy to have you home again, Miss Kilburn. I've often heard my wife speak of your old days together at Hatboro'."

They fenced with some polite feints of interest in each other, the old man standing beside his writing table, and staying himself with a shaking hand upon it.

Lyra interrupted them. "Well, I think now that Annie is here, we'd better not let her get away without showing her the Works."

"Oh—oh—decidedly! I'll go with you, with great pleasure. Ah!" He bustled about, putting the things together on his table, and then reaching for the Panama hat on a hook behind it. There was something pathetic in his eagerness to do what Lyra bade him, and Annie fancied in him the uneasy consciousness which an elderly husband might feel in the presence of those who met him for the first time with his young wife. At the outer office door they encountered Jack Wilmington.

"I'll show them through," he said to his uncle, and the old man assented with, "Well, perhaps you'd better, Jack," and went back to his room.

The Wilmington Stocking-Mills spun their own threads, and the first room was like what Annie had seen before in cotton factories, with a faint smell of oil from the machinery, and a fine snow of fluff in the air, and catching to the white-washed walls and the foul window sashes. The tireless machines marched back and forth across the floor, and the men who watched them with suicidal intensity ran after them barefooted when they made off with a broken thread, spliced it, and then escaped from them to their stations again. In other rooms, where there was a stunning whirl of spindles, girls and women were at work; they looked after Lyra and her nephew from under cotton-frowed bangs; they all seemed to know her, and returned her easy, kindly greetings with an effect of liking. From time to time, at Lyra's bidding, the young fellow explained to Annie some curious feature of the processes; in the room where the stockings were knitted she tried to understand the machinery that wrought and seemed to live before her eyes. But her mind wandered to the men and women who were operating it, and who seemed no

more a voluntary part of it than all the rest, except when Jack Wilmington earnestly ordered them to do this or that in illustration of some point he was explaining. She worried herself, as people do in such places, in expressing her wonder at the ingenuity of the machinery; it was a relief to get away from it all into the room, cool and quiet, where half a dozen neat girls were counting and stamping the stockings with different numbers. "Here's where I used to work," said Lyra, "and here's where I first met Mr. Wilmington. The place is full of romantic associations. The stockings are all one size, Annie; but people like to wear different numbers, and so we try to gratify them. Which number do *you* wear? Or don't you wear the Wilmington machine-kind? I don't. Well, they're not *dreams* exactly, Annie, when all's said and done for them."

When they left the mill she asked Annie to come home to tea with her, saying, as if from a perception of her dislike for the young fellow, that Jack was going to Boston.

They had a long evening together; after Mr. Wilmington took himself off, after tea to his study, as he called it, and remained shut in there. Annie was unconsciously aware of him from time to time, but Lyra had apparently no more disturbance from his absence than from his presence, which she had managed with a frank acceptance of everything it suggested. She talked freely of her marriage, not as if it were like any other, but for what it was. She showed Annie over the house, and she ended with a display of the rich dresses which he was always buying her, and which she never wore, because she never went anywhere.

Annie said she thought she would at least like to go to the sea-side somewhere during the summer, but "No," Lyra said; "it would be too much trouble, and you know, Annie, I always did hate *trouble*. I don't want the care of a cottage, and I don't want to be poked into a hotel, so I stay in Hatboro'." She said that she had always been a village girl, and did not miss the interests of a larger life, as she caught glimpses of them in South Hatboro', or want the bother of them. She said she studied music a little, and confessed that she read a good deal, novels mostly, though the library was handsomely equipped with well-bound general literature.

At moments it all seemed no harm: at others, the luxury in which this life was so magnificently sunk oppressed Annie like a thick, close air. Yet she knew that Lyra was kind to many of the poor people about her, and did a great deal of good, as the phrase is, with the superfluity which it involved no selfishness to give from. But Mr. Peck had given her a point of view, and though she believed she did not agree with him, she could not escape from it.

Lyra told her much about people in *Hallam*, and *characterised* them all so humorously, and she seemed so good natured, in her ridicule which spared nobody.

She shrieked with laughter about Mr. Brandreth when Annie told her of his mother's doubt whether his love making with Miss Northwick ought to be tacit or explicit in the kissing and embracing between Romeo and Juliet.

"Don't you think, Annie, we'd better refer him to Mr. Peck? I *should* like to hear Mr. Brandreth and Mr. Peck discussing it. I must tell Jack about it. I might get him to ask Sue Northwick and get her ideas."

"Has Mr. Wilmington known the Northwicks long?" Annie asked.

"He used to go to their Boston house when he was at Harvard."

"Oh, then," said Annie, "perhaps *he* accounts for her playing Juliet, though, as Tybalt, I don't see exactly how he—"

"Oh, it's at the rehearsals, you know, that the fun is, and then it don't matter what part you have."

Annie lay awake a long time that night.

She heard Lyra's laugh, and her words repeated themselves full of mocking and insinuation. She was sure that she ought not to like Lyra if she did not approve of her, and that she ought not to have gone home to tea with her and spent the evening with her unless she fully respected her. But she had to own to herself that she did like her, and enjoyed hearing her soft drawl. She tried to think how Jack Wilmington's having gone to Boston for the evening made it somehow less comfortable for her to spend it with Lyra, even if she did not approve of her. As she drowsed, this became perfectly clear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALBADE.

BY ASSIE CHAMBERS BETHELM.

AWAKE, DREAM!

The dawn is up, and like a red flower blown;

The gray-beard sea

Smooths all his wrinkles out, and laughs and glows.

Bloom, then, for these and me,

Sweet rose,

Awake, m'amie!

Arise, m'amie!

The field flowers smile on all their butterflies;

The humbler bee,

A wandering minstrel, sings; the cricket cries.

Smile, then, on these and me,

Dear eyes,

Arise, m'amie!

Make haste, m'amie!

The rude day comes, full gallop. Let us taste

With flower and bee

The joy of youth and morning. Oh, make haste!

No time have these or we

To waste,

Make haste, m'amie!

PRIDE AND PRIDE.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

DO you know the Chateaugay Woods — those vast tracts of sombre hemlock stretching for leagues over the Adirondack hills and vales, and yet within so few hours' travel from New York, that centre of all that is furthest from silent or primeval or innocent?

It was a bright September morning, and woods and sky and air, and the treacherous brook tumbling down the hill-side toward the saw-mill at the foot, were all at their freshest and most charming; so was the figure of the young girl who, mounted upon a fiery little Cuban horse, controlled him easily with one hand as she paused just in the edge of the woods on the brow of the hill, and contemplated the scene below with eager, sensuous delight.

A handsome creature she was, this young Sybarite, and harmonious with the scene in her intense vitality, freshness, and eager appreciation; tall and lissome, but with promise of an imperial presence in later life, with a satin-smooth dusky skin, a rare rich crimson tinting the cheeks and burning on the lips, straight dark brows, heavy enough to make their frown significant, and great eyes just as bright and just as brown as the brook when it flashes out from among the hemlock roots into the sunshine; a head modelled after the Greek, with masses of wavy hair drawn back from the low forehead, leaving the tiny ends exposed, and knotted at the nape of the neck in a great soft coil, on which the riding-hat, with its scarlet tanager's breast and wing, sat like a crown.

Half a mile down the steep white road, Mary Murgatroyd checked her horse at the edge of the platform of a saw-mill. The whole interior was visible through the great double doors, making all one end of the building; several men were at work, and overlooking them a powerful young fellow, his loose red blouse and blue trousers, upheld by a broad leather belt, showing to perfection such a figure as hemlock forests, mountains, and plenty of physical exercise alone can develop. He looked round at sound of the pony's feet, and came slowly forward to greet his employer's daughter: for all those hills and vales and forests, the brook and the mill,

belonged to Stephen Murgatroyd, who partly from a love of nature, oddly surviving thirty years in Wall Street, partly as knowing that the master's eye is wholesome for any business, had built a sort of sylvan lodge here in the Chateaugay, whither he was fond of resorting for a few days at a time, and whither Mary in these later years had grown fond of accompanying him. And Leon Ledue, who was Canadian by name, Saxon by nature and looks, in the master's absence had charge of everything, and managed better than the master could for himself. When nobody else occupied the sylvan lodge, Ledue made it his home, and if Mr. Murgatroyd came up alone, the two kept house together with mutual satisfaction, the younger man generally giving the elder some new bit of intelligence out of the scientific or political works of the day, or commenting on the latest travels or newest whims of philosophy, with a careless ease, showing wide reading and a prodigious memory. But when Mary came, generally bringing one or two companions of her own world with her, Leon Ledue retired to one of the log cabins built for the mill-hands, wood-choppers, log-drivers, and other employés of the vast estate, where he delighted and, with no pretence or self-consciousness, instructed as large an audience as could get near him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ledue. I am going to rest in the shade a little while. I have ridden a long way," said Mary, giving the rein to Leon, who held it firmly, so that the rider's feet were within an inch of the platform, and did not offer any further help in dismounting, or even look to see how gracefully it was accomplished.

"You may let one of the men loosen Moro's girths, if you please, and take out the bit. It freshens him up wonderfully."

Without reply the overseer performed the suggested duty himself, Miss Murgatroyd crossing the platform and looking down at the brook flashing at the foot of the steep bank. Moro comfortably established, Ledue hesitated, glanced into the mill, glanced at the unconscious maiden, her shapely back turned square upon him, and reluctantly approached her.

"Will you go into the office and sit down, Miss Murgatroyd?"

"Nobody has such original ideas as you, Mr. Ledue. To fancy my desiring on this heavenly morning to shut myself up in that horrible, stuffy little office to amuse myself with contemplating the ink-y desk and red-backed ledger and cash-book! No; I intend getting down this bank and gathering those harebells at the bottom, or are they gentians?"

"Gentians, I believe. I shall be happy to gather them for you myself, if you will allow me. The bank is very steep and slippery, and the pool just here very deep."

The offer was courteous, the manner just what befitted a young man in wooden shirt and trousers, hard hands and sun-burned neck, spending to his employer's daughter. Why then did the girl's smile grow so cruelly proud as she replied:

"By no means Mr. Ledue. I could not think of taking you from your duties. Pray don't let me interrupt you any longer."

A swarthy flush rose under the sunburn of the overseer's face, and with a silent bow he turned away, walked as far as the first sharp-toothed saw gnawing its way into the heart of the great hemlock bole, stood there a moment, then turned and strode back. Mary was half-way down the bank, clinging to a stump with one hand, and with the other reaching toward the gentians.

"My time belongs to Mr. Murgatroyd, as you suggest, Miss Murgatroyd," said a calm voice above her, "but I think it will be as faithfully spent in keeping you out of danger as in watching the saws. Please give me your hand and let me help you up the bank, and then I will get the flowers."

"By that sin fell the angels," and as they were falling one of them may have looked very like the face Mary Murgatroyd turned up toward the man kneeling on the edge of the bank and reaching down his hand to her, so proud, cruel, and repellent.

"Really, Mr. Ledue, I think you had better keep to the work papa set you at. He never likes people disregarding his orders."

"And you cannot imagine a law higher than Mr. Murgatroyd's orders or Miss Murgatroyd's pleasure!" said the young man, his face turning lividly pale, then flushing as if it had received a blow. A bitter little laugh replied, and springing to his feet, he moved away, but had not

gone a dozen paces before a scream, a rustle, a splash, told their story, and kicking off his shoes and flinging down his hat, Ledue sprang to the top of the bank, marked the spot where the white gleam of a sinking face shone up through the swirling waters of the pool, and leaped in. Already the swift current was grappling with her; already the heavy riding clothes were dragging her down like anchors, when his arms wound around her waist, and her swooning ears caught the strange words, "Oh, my darling, my life! you shall not die!"

After that nothing until the maiden recovered consciousness, lying upon the couch in the despised office, with two tawny, hard-handed, kindly women about her.

"What is it?" stammered she, feebly; and one replied:

"Why, miss, you fell in the pool, and Ledue he see you, and got you out, and sent on one of the hands hot foot to the store for us, and we've been better'n half an hour bumping you to. I tell you, miss, 'twas a narrow 'scape."

"Ledue saved me?"

"Yes, indeed. Lucky he was round, for the current sucks awful strong in that pool, and if you hadn't been got out when you was, you'd 'a been over the dam, and the dear knows where by this time."

"Where is he?"

"He set off for your pa and a carriage as soon as you began to come to. Took your pony; he did, and I guess he'll be back 'fore long now. Hark! Seems as if I heard wheels, and that's your pa's voice sure-ly."

Yes, it was Mr. Murgatroyd, whom Ledue had met a short distance from his house. But having seen the father enter the room where his daughter lay, Ledue turned away, and briefly saying to one of the men that he must go home and change his clothes, left the mill, not to return until its visitors had departed.

The principal architectural pretence of the sylvan lodge was a great square veranda, the ends closed in by vine-covered trellises, and furnished with a sofa table, chairs, and couches of rattan. Here on the evening of her accident Mary lay, beautiful in her pallor and her languor, the former enhanced by the vivid scarlet of the Indian shawl draped about her. Her father had driven to the sta-

tion, some eight miles distant, to meet a party of friends proposing to spend some days at the lodge, and she was quite alone when up the path strode Leon Leduc's stalwart figure, an odd look of indecision, almost of defiance, upon his face. In his hand he carried a little basket covered with paper, and seeing Miss Murgatroyd upon the veranda, came straight toward her. A bright wave of color, perhaps a reflection from the Indian shawl, swept over the girl's dainty pallor, and half rising, she said, "Oh, Leon, I am so glad to see you and thank you!"

"It was my duty, my hired service."

"Leon! how can you be so unkind as to recall my insults! I am so sorry for them."

His face softened at once, and smiling he said: "Do not remember anything but that I am glad to have served you, and that the bank is unsafe. At any rate, there will be no temptation for you there now, for I dug up the gentians."

"Mr. Leduc! to destroy the poor innocent flowers, as if it was their fault!"

"No, indeed, I could not have done such a thing. I went down to gather them for you, and then it seemed too bad to break them off, and I thought you might like to have them growing near you, so I took up the sod very carefully, and here they are."

"How lovely! how good of you!" And Mary, craning her neck forward, peeped into the basket, all crowded full of the sweet blue eyes, with their long fringes of eyelashes, but did not offer to take it into her hands, so that Leon, forced to remain close beside her, sank upon a camp-stool, the basket on his knees, and stole one long, ardent look at the lovely head and face so temptingly bent toward him.

"The darlings!" murmured the girl, putting out one long shapely hand and softly touching the flowers. "I do so hope they will live! Where shall I have them put?"

"Close by the channel that goes down from the well: they are used to plenty of water, you know," said Leon, who evidently had arranged it all. "I will take a spade and set them there now if you like, and you had better have them shaded for a day or two. Then in the winter I will throw something over them, so that they may not be destroyed, and next year they will welcome you to the woods."

"How thoughtful you are, Leon!" murmured Mary, softly. "Yes, put them out, but wait a little first. Papa has gone to Downs to meet Mr. and Mrs. Pomroy: you will remember her as Miss Melton two years ago, and Mr. Melton her brother. They are coming to stay two or three days or a week. Are you sorry?"

"Sorry, Miss Murgatroyd? Why?"

"Because they will take all my time, and I shall not come to the mill or ride to the logging camp alone."

Leon was silent. A strange sweet spell was creeping over his senses. He clinched his hand until the nails bit into the palm, and the pain steadied him.

"We workmen will miss your visits, Miss Murgatroyd," said he, coldly. "But of course, when your friends are with you, we cannot expect to be noticed."

"Why do you talk like that, Leon?" exclaimed the girl, half sorrowfully, half indignantly, all wooingly. "You know very well no man in all the world, gentle or simple, has half the right to my attention that he has who saved my life. Leon, I have been a very supercilious, haughty, disagreeable girl, and especially toward you; but I am sorry now—indeed I am—Leon, I am not proud any more; I never will be proud to you again."

The words came in a whisper soft as a kiss, and the slender hand stole out again, the warm soft fingers trembling a little as if longing to be grasped by other fingers; but Leon Leduc's strong brown hands only grasped the handle of the little basket until it crushed beneath his fingers, and his head sank upon his breast, his eyes never turning toward those moist beseeching eyes so shyly waiting for them.

A whippoorwill in the neighboring wood uttered his melancholy cry once, twice, thrice, and as he ceased Leon Leduc slowly spoke: "I am glad for you if you are no longer proud, for pride is a terrible tyrant to the nature it rules. I am not so strong as you; I cannot give up my pride."

Then, with no mockery of leave-taking, he went away, and presently hearing the clink of a spade against stone, Mary knew that he was setting out the gentians.

"I will trample them under my feet in the morning," said she, in a voice strongly savoring of the pride she had abjured.

Next came the roll of wheels, and then gay, brilliant, overwhelming Louisa Pomroy, on her way from Newport to Sara-

toga, and her rich foot of a husband, and Harry Melton, handsome, high-bred, wealthy, and sworn admirer of Miss Murgatroyd.

They were to stay but a few days, and these days must be filled full of all sylvan pastimes and delights; so horses had been provided for all, and the very first morning a gay cavalcade rode into the woods to visit the logging camp deep in the heart of the forest.

"I haven't warned them that we were coming, and you will see the genuine camp life, Mrs. Pomroy," said Mr. Murgatroyd to the pretty bride, who tinkled out her baby laugh, and clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, how perfectly lovely! And we will eat some of their—what was that word, *now!*—oh, their *slapjacks*, and hominy, and pork, and things—won't we, Mary?"

"You may if you like, Lulu; it's not such a novelty to me," replied her friend, a little briefly, for she was listening to a very tender speech from Harry Melton, and wondering where Leon Leduc's work had taken him this morning.

As fate would have it, it had taken him to the logging camp, and at the last turn of the road they came upon him, standing beside a heap of bark, and directing its recording after the fatal blow it had received from a falling tree.

"Fine-looking fellow that!" remarked Mr. Melton, putting his glass to his eye, and staring at Leduc just as he would have stared at a statue in a picture-gallery.

"Yes; the overseer," replied Mary, quite audibly. "A very useful person; papa quite trusts him with his affairs here in the woods."

"So hard to find anybody worth trusting nowadays; dishonest employés quite the rule, you know—awful bore." And having stared sufficiently at the phenomenon thus presented to him, Mr. Melton turned his glass upon the giant hemlocks, too grand to be supercilious, that looked good-naturedly down at the pigmy staring up at them, and rustled a welcome. Mrs. Pomroy, who would have flirted with the old serpent just as surely as Eve did, had there been no other subject at hand, was meantime making eyes at Mr. Murgatroyd, and going into pretty raptures and wonderments over everything she saw. Such big trees! such dark foliage! such sharp axes! such smooth stumps! such

fine-looking men! such picturesque red shirts! such a lovely blue sky away, way up so high! And oh! what was that?

"A crow's nest, ma'am," replied one of the woodmen, for her cavalier had stepped aside to speak to a knot of choppers consulting over the best direction to fell a new tree.

"A crow's nest? Dear me! I wish I could have it! I will give anybody a dollar to bring it to me." And the childish beauty clapped her hands and glanced gleefully round at the rough admiring faces of the men.

"You are extravagant, Lu," remarked Mary, her slow haughty tones contrasting with the chattering treble of the other. "Any of the men would go if papa bade them. Leduc, can't you get that nest for the lady?"

"By having the tree cut down, Miss Murgatroyd," replied the overseer, fixing his eyes upon hers for a moment, then slowly turning them away. "These men, you will remember, are hired for definite labor, not as general servants. I will have the tree felled at once if Mr. Murgatroyd wishes."

"It seems to me your model overseer is a little insolent," said Melton, half aside; and she replied:

"Children and servants always put on airs before company."

Then they rode on, Mrs. Pomroy lingering to cast an irresistible glance into the eyes of the handsome overseer, as she said, "Have it cut down, please, and I will keep the nest to remember a brave proud man by."

"I don't think you will care to keep it when you see it," replied Leon, smiling briefly. "It is very big and very dirty."

It was after the loggers' dinner, at which the guests assisted as proposed, and just as they were mounting for their return home, that two men appeared, bearing between them from the forest the section of a hemlock-tree, with a mass of sticks, and hay, leaves, and filth built in and among the stumps of the severed branches. The overseer, handsome and smiling, led them forward, and said to Mrs. Pomroy as she stood with her brother and Miss Murgatroyd:

"This is the crow's nest, madam. You see it is hardly a pretty plaything for a lady."

"How curious!" exclaimed the beauty. And then she whispered to her friend:

"Do give the man some money for me, dear. I am afraid to. Perhaps you are afraid too, though?"

"I!" exclaimed the proud girl, and taking out her porte-monnaie, she selected a bank-note, and stepping up to Ledue, tendered it, saying, "Mrs. Pomroy wishes to give you this to divide among you."

If Louisa Pomroy had feigned a terror she did not feel a moment before, she now felt a genuine terror. She did not speak as she saw the color drop out of the sun-burned face, and the eyes contract and blaze as they fastened, not upon her, but the woman close beside him. For a moment both stood silent and menacing, then raising his hand, Ledue lightly struck the fluttering paper with the back of his fingers in a gesture of superb contempt, and said:

"Give it to Mr. Murgatroyd, if you please; he sells his lumber; but these men and I don't sell ourselves."

"Splendid fellow!" murmured Louisa Pomroy, and really felt what she expressed. Whatever Mary felt, she said nothing, nor did she cast one glance toward the tall figure striding toward the wood; but as Harry Melton put her upon her horse, he noticed with surprise that her rich lips were white and shrunken.

The last day of Mrs. Pomroy's visit had arrived, and to several of the party assembled round the early breakfast-table at the lodge it was a day of anxiety and importance: to Harry Melton, for he had resolved that before the new-risen sun should set he would break through Miss Murgatroyd's subtle evasions and defences, and force her to give an honest answer to the question he had not yet been allowed to ask; to Mr. Murgatroyd, for he had, with considerable care, arranged a deer hunt for his guests on this last day, and could not be sure that the scouts sent out to discover and drive the deer within reach of amateur huntsmen would succeed in doing so; and to Miss Murgatroyd because—well, she could not have told why, except that all days since the one she fell into the mill-pool were to her days of anxiety and a hidden conflict, beginning to tell upon the outline of her peachy cheek and lissome figure.

"I hope those fellows have driven in some deer," muttered the host to his daughter, as everybody got to saddle in the crisp, lovely September morning, already tasting of October. "I sent Ledue

last night to look after it, and if it's to be managed he'll manage it; that's some consolation."

"I am glad there is one consolation somewhere," thought Mary, under her bright smile and nod. "I wish I could find it. Will Ledue come in sight? I wonder?"

"Our last day, Miss Murgatroyd," said Harry Melton, significantly, as he urged his horse alongside of hers, which immediately began to curvet and plunge dangerously.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Melton, but Mary never will travel comfortably beside a strange horse. He is wretchedly broken, so far as society manners go. I must fall back a little."

"If you didn't worry his mouth with the curb, he would go pleasantly enough," retorted Melton, too bitter at perceiving the ruse to be quite polite, but reining his own horse back, and suffering his host to precede him.

The hunt was to be carried on canonically, that is, with horses and dogs, so far as the lay of the country permitted, and if the deer would only obligingly keep to the numerous wood-roads and open glades, or to the stretches of forest clear of undergrowth, everything might proceed in as orderly a fashion as in an English park; but unfortunately, besides the hemlocks, whose tall, straight bolls offer no obstacle to sight or progress, there are in the Chateaugay wide tracts of second growth, scrub oak, birch, maple, and other deciduous trees, whose drooping branches and thick-set suckers, concealing numerous decayed logs, cavities where roots have been torn up, and heaps of wood rubbish, make a horse but a vain thing for safety, and deer-stalking the imperative substitute for hunting. If the deer, pursued through the open country, has sense enough to take to these thickets, of course his chance of escape is vastly increased, especially if he is lucky enough to cross one of the numerous little ponds abounding in this region, and so throw the hounds off the scent. Of the three fine bucks sighted and hunted by the Murgatroyd party, two were wily enough to seek this refuge; one being run down and killed in the open after a fluo sharp burst of about four miles.

"We must dismount and take up positions at various points in the bush," an-

nounced Murgatroyd, breathlessly, as he entered back from a little tour of inspection down a tangled wood road. "I have just seen Ledue; he says those two fellows are in this swamp somewhere, and he has sent round the men and hounds to drive them out on this side. I'll post you all at different points, and it'll be hard if some fellow don't get a shot. Mary, you and Mrs. Pomroy stay just here, and don't dismount. Melton, Pomroy, come with me."

The three men disappeared, and Mary fidgeted in her saddle awhile, then said: "Lu, I'm not going to sit here doing nothing. I will ride down the wood road as far as I can, and have some chance of seeing the sport." So restless Moro was released, and shot down the crooked path, his rider gayly bending to his glossy neck to escape the branches that lashed her head and shoulders. Presently in a little open glade the road ended, and slowly pacing round its circle the maiden saw through the matted undergrowth the gleam of running water, and heard the babble of a brook. The long ride had made her thirsty, and slipping from the saddle she hitched the reins around a birch boll, and unhooking the little silver cup from her girdle, parted the undergrowth, and made her way through it for some rods, until on the bank of the little stream she stooped and dipped her cup, while a voice from behind a neighboring tree gayly said,

"Give me to drink too, fair Rebecca!"

"Mr. Melton! How came you here?" exclaimed the girl, severe as Diana catching sight of Acteon. Acteon laughed.

"I think it is I who should ask. I was stationed here to wait for monsieur le cerf, who is likely to seek the water, and to come down that little path. By Jove!"

He seized his rifle and laid it to his shoulder. Mary sprang to the top of the bank and looked where he aimed. There, just bursting from the thicket, and astounded at the human figures so suddenly presented, paused the stag in act to leap, motionless for one moment as a statue, head up, nostrils distended, eyes starting, the image of arrested motion, of passing thought, just one instant, but it was the instant too much, for in that moment the sharp crack of the rifle rang out, and the splendid creature, springing high in air, stumbled forward and fell, his proud head in the dust.

"By Jove, I've done for him!" exclaimed Melton, forgetting the presence of Mary in the lust of killing—perhaps the strongest passion in a strong man's nature. Flinging down his rifle and snatching the hunting knife from his belt, he sprang forward, his eyes glittering, his breath panting. The girl slowly followed, drawn by a horrible fascination, although already she would have given her own blood to save the life of that murdered creature, dying yet not dead, for, as Melton bent over him, knife in hand, the stag sprang to his feet, desperate in that reckless rage which makes these timid creatures so terrible when brought to bay; the man leaped back, but it only gave room for the fierce thrust of the stag's horn, which, missing its aim, slid along the ribs, crushing him to earth, but not wounding him. Uttering a wild cry of rage and pain, the creature, planting his forefeet upon the breast of his enemy, was just in act of repeating the thrust, when, with a loud halloo, another man burst from the thicket and dashed across the interval; quick as thought the stag turned and darted upon the new opponent, who, unarmed as it seemed, met the blow, threw his arms around the neck of the stag, and fell with him to the earth, one mad struggling heap of arms, legs, heads, glaring eyeballs, and panting breath. But it was the death-throe of the wounded beast, and after a few moments he lay still.

Melton staggered to his feet; Leon Ledue lay still, his eyes dim, his lips white, blood oozing from his breast. Mary, rousing from her stunned horror, ran toward him, and dropping on her knees, cried,

"You are hurt, you are killed, Leon!"

The white lips slowly smiled, more slowly whispered, "Yes; but the man you love is safe."

"The man I love! I love no man but you—you! And if you are too proud to love me back, I will go unmarried to my grave. Do you hear that, both of you?"

"Do you say it knowing what you say? Do you mean it, my queen, my darling?"

"Yours, only yours, my master!"

"Then I will live!"

They live there at Chateaugay to-day, for the lodge has expanded to a substantial dwelling, and Ledue is a county man. Sometimes the county insists upon his going to Albany as its representative; once the State sent him to Washington, and

often Mr. Murgatroyd will have them and the children down in New York for some winter months; but they both like the Chateaugay best, and live there on their great domain just the natural, healthy, honest life that only great souls know how to live, cutting their notch deep into

their generation, and leaving the world a better world than they found it. And the pride which as master would have wrecked two lives, as servant makes two lives more honorable, more assured, and more respected than they would have been without it.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VI—CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.

CINCINNATI is a city that has a past. As Daniel Webster said, that at least is secure. Among the many places that have been and are the Athens of America, this was perhaps the first. As long ago as the first visit of Charles Dickens to this country it was distinguished as a town of refinement as well as cultivation; and the novelist, who saw little to admire, though much to interest him in our raw country, was captivated by this little village on the Ohio. It was already the centre of an independent intellectual life, and produced scholars, artists, writers, who subsequently went east instead of west. According to tradition, there seems to have been early a tendency to free thought, and a response to the movement which, for lack of a better name, was known in Massachusetts as transcendentalism.

The evolution of Cincinnati seems to have been a little peculiar in American life. It is a rich city, priding itself on the solidity of its individual fortunes and business, and the freedom of its real property from foreign mortgages. Usually in our development the pursuit of wealth comes first, and then all other things are added thereto, as we read the promise. In Cincinnati there seems to have been a very considerable cultivation first in time, and we have the spectacle of what wealth will do in the way of the sophistication and materialization of society. Ordinarily we have the process of an uncultivated community gradually working itself out into a more or less ornamented and artistic condition as it gets money. The reverse process we might see if the philosophic town of Concord, Massachusetts, should become the home of rich men engaged in commerce and manufacturing. I may be all wrong in my no-

tion of Cincinnati, but there is a sort of tradition, a remaining flavor of old-time culture before the town became commercially so important as it was before the war.

It is difficult to think of Cincinnati as in Ohio. I cannot find their similarity of traits. Indeed, I think that generally in the State there is a feeling that it is an alien city; the general characteristics of the State do not flow into and culminate in Cincinnati as its metropolis. It has had somehow an independent life. If you look on a geologic map of the State, you see that the glacial drift, I believe it is called, which flowed over three-fourths of the State and took out its wrinkles did not advance into the southwest. And Cincinnati lies in the portion that was not smoothed into a kind of monotony. When a settlement was made here it was a good landing-place for trade up and down the river, and was probably not so much thought of as a distributing and receiving point for the interior north of it. Indeed, up to the time of the war, it looked to the South for its trade, and naturally, even when the line of war was drawn, a good deal of its sympathies lay in the direction of its trade. It had become a great city, and grown rich both in trade and manufactures, but in the decline of steam-boating and in the era of railways there were physical difficulties in the way of adapting itself easily to the new conditions. It was not easy to bring the railways down the irregular hills and to find room for them on the landing. The city itself had to contend with great natural obstacles to get adequate foothold, and its radiation over, around, and among the hills produced some novel features in business and in social life.

What Cincinnati would have been, with its early culture and its increasing wealth,

if it had not become so largely German in its population, we can only conjecture. The German element was at once conservative as to improvements and liberalizing, as the phrase is, in theology and in life. Bituminous coal and the Germans combined to make a novel American city. When Buckeye saw the place it was a compact, smiling little city, with a few country places on the hills. It is now a scattered city of country places, with a little nucleus of broad, business streets. The traveller does not go there to see the city, but to visit the suburbs, climbing into them, out of the smoke and grime, by steam "inclines" and grip railways. The city is indeed difficult to see. When you are in it, by the river, you can see nothing; when you are outside of it you are in any one of half a dozen villages, in regions of parks and elegant residences, altogether charming and geographically confusing; and if from some commanding point you try to recover the city idea, you look down upon black roofs half hid in blue smoke, through which the fires of factories gleam, and where the colored Ohio rolls majestically along under a dark canopy. Looked at in one way, the real Cincinnati is a German city, and you can only study its true character "Over the Rhine" and see it successfully through the bottom of an upturned beer glass. Looked at another way, it is mainly an affair of elegant suburbs, beautifully wooded hills, pleasure-grounds, and isolated institutions of art or charity. I am thankful that there is no obligation on me to depict it.

It would probably be described as a city of art rather than of theology, and one of rural homes rather than metropolitan society. Perhaps the German element has had something to do in giving it its musical character, and the early culture may have determined its set more toward art than religion. As the cloud of smoke became thicker and thicker in the old city, those who disliked this gloom escaped out upon the hills in various directions. Many, of course, still cling to the solid ancestral houses in the city, but the country movement was so general that church-going became an affair of some difficulty, and I can imagine that the church-going habit was a little broken up while the new neighborhoods were forming on the hills and in the winding valleys, and before the new churches in the suburbs were

erected. Congregations were scattered, and society itself was more or less disintegrated. Each suburb is fairly accessible from the centre of the city, either by a winding valley or by a bold climb up a precipice, but, owing to the configuration of the ground, it is difficult to get from one suburb to another without returning to the centre and taking a fresh start. This geographical hinderance must necessarily interfere with social life, and tend to isolation of families, or to merely neighborhood association.

Although much yet remains to be done in the way of good roads, nature and art have combined to make the suburbs of the city wonderfully beautiful. The surface is most picturesquely broken, the forests are fine, from this point and that there are views pleasing, poetic, distant, perfectly satisfying in form and variety, and in advantageous situations taste has guided wealth in the construction of stately houses, having ample space in the midst of manorial parks. You are not out of sight of these fine places in any of the suburbs, and there are besides, in every direction, miles of streets of pleasing homes. I scarcely know whether to prefer Clifton, with its wide sweeping avenues rounding the hills, or the perhaps more commanding heights of Walnut, nearer the river, and overlooking Kentucky. On the East Walnut Hills is a private house worth going far to see for its color. It is built of broken limestone, the chance find of a quarry, making the richest walls I have anywhere seen, comparable to nothing else than the exquisite colors in the rocks of the Yellowstone Falls, as I recall them in Mr. Moran's original studies.

If the city itself could substitute gas fuel for its smutty coal, I fancy that, with its many solid homes and stately buildings, backed by the picturesque hills, it would be a city at once curious and attractive to the view. The visitor who ascends from the river as far as Fourth Street is surprised to find room for fair avenues, and many streets and buildings of mark. The Probasco fountain in another atmosphere would be a thing of beauty, for one may go far to find so many groups in bronze so good. The Post-office building is one of the best of the Mullet-headed era of our national architecture—so good generally that one wonders that the architect thought it expedient to destroy the effect of the mono-

lith columns by cutting them to resemble superimposed blocks. A very remarkable building also is the new Chamber of Commerce structure, from Richardson's design, massive, mediæval, challenging attention, and compelling criticism to give way to genuine admiration. There are other buildings, public and private, that indicate a city of solid growth; and the activity of its strong Chamber of Commerce is a guarantee that its growth will be maintained with the enterprise common to American cities. The effort is to make manufacturing take the place in certain lines of business that, as in the item of pork-packing, has been diverted by various causes. Money and effort have been freely given to regain the Southern trade interrupted by the war, and I am forced to believe that the success in this respect would have been greater if some of the city newspapers had not thought it all important to manufacture political capital by keeping alive old antagonisms and prejudices. Whatever people may say, sentiment does play a considerable part in business, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that prominent merchants in at least one Southern city have refused trade contracts that would have been advantageous to Cincinnati, on account of this exhibition of partisan spirit, as if the war were not over. Nothing would be more contemptible than to see a community selling its principles for trade, but it is true that men will trade, other things being equal, where they are met with friendly cordiality and toleration, and where there is a spirit of helpfulness instead of suspicion. Professional politicians, North and South, may be able to demonstrate to their satisfaction that they should have a chance to make a living, but they ask too much when this shall be at the expense of free flowing trade, which is in itself the best solvent of any remaining alienation, and the surest disintegrator of the objectionable political solidity, and to the hinderance of that entire social and business good feeling which is of all things desirable and necessary in a restored and compacted Union. And it is as bad political as it is bad economic policy. As a matter of fact, the politicians of Kentucky are grateful to one or two Republican journals for aid in keeping their State "solid." It is a pity that the situation has its serious as well as its ridiculous aspect.

Cincinnati in many respects is more an Eastern than a Western town: it is developing its own life, and so far as I could see, without much infusion of young fortune hunting blood from the land. It has retained its population of about 775,000 by a slower growth than some other Western cities, and I notice in its statistical reports a pause rather than excitement since 1878-79-80. The valuation of real and personal property has kept about the same for nearly ten years (1886, real estate about \$129,000,000, personal about \$12,000,000), with a falling off in the personality, and a noticeable decrease in the revenue from taxation. At the same time manufacturing has increased considerably. In 1880 there was a capital of \$60,523,350, employing 74,798 laborers, with a product of \$148,957,280. In 1886 the capital was \$76,248,200, laborers 83,103, product \$190,722,153. The business at the Post-office was a little less in 1886 than in 1885. In the seven years ending with 1886 there was a considerable increase in banking capital, which reached in the city proper over ten millions, and there was an increase in clearings from 1881 to 1886.

It would tend to nothing to follow in detail the fluctuations of the various businesses in Cincinnati, either in appreciation or decline, but it may be noted that it has more than held its own in one of the great staples—leaf tobacco—and still maintains a leading position. Yet I must refer to one of the industries for the sake of an important experiment made in connection with it. This is the experiment of profit-sharing at Ivorydale, the establishment of Messrs. Proctor and Gamble; now, I believe, the largest soap factory in the world. The soap and candle industry has always been a large one in Cincinnati, and it has now, in about seventy-five per cent. within the past two years. The proprietors at Ivorydale disclaim any intention of philanthropy in their new scheme—that is, the philanthropy that means giving something for nothing, as a charity: it is strictly a business operation. It is an experiment that I would not say will be watched with a good deal of interest as a means of lessening the friction between the interests of capital and labor. The plan is fair. Three trustees are named who are to divide the net profits of the concern every six months; for this purpose they are to have free access to the books and papers at all times,

and they are to permit the employés to designate a book-keeper to make an examination for them also. In determining the net profits, interest on all capital invested is calculated as an expense at the rate of six per cent., and a reasonable salary is allowed to each member of the firm who gives his entire time to the business. In order to share in the profits the employé must have been at work for three consecutive months, and must be at work when the semiannual account is made up. All the men *share* whose wages have exceeded \$5 a week, and all the women whose wages have exceeded \$1.25 a week. The proportion divided to each employé is determined by the amount of wages earned; that is, the employés shall share as between themselves in the profits exactly as they have shared in the entire fund paid as wages to the whole body, excluding the first three months' wages. In order to determine the profits for distribution, the total amount of wages paid to all employés (except travelling salesmen, who do not share) is ascertained. The amount of all expenses, including interest and salaries, is ascertained, and the total net profit shall be divided between the firm and the employés sharing in the fund. The amount of the net profit to be distributed will be that proportion of the whole net profit which will correspond to the proportion of the wages paid as compared with the entire cost of production and the expense of the business. To illustrate: If the wages paid to all employés shall equal twenty per cent. of the *whole* expenditure in the business, including interest and salaries of members of the firm, then twenty per cent. of the net profit will be distributed to employés.

It will be noted that this plan promotes steadiness in work, stimulates to industry, and adds a most valuable element of hopefulness to labor. As a business enterprise for the owners it is sound, for it makes every workman an interested party in increasing the profits of the firm—interested not only in production, but in the marketableness of the thing produced. There have been two divisions under this plan. At the dissolution of the first the workmen had no confidence in it; many of them would have sold their chances for a glass of beer. They expected that "expenses" would make such a large figure that nothing would be left to divide.

When they received, as the good workmen did, considerable sums of money, life took on another aspect to them, and we may suppose that their confidence in fair dealing was raised. The experiment of a year has been entirely satisfactory; it has not only improved the class of employés, but has introduced into the establishment a spirit of industrial cheerfulness. Of course it is still an experiment. So long as business is good, all will go well; but if there is a bad six months, and no profits, it is impossible that suspicion should not arise. And there is another consideration: the publishing to the world that the business of six months was without profit might impair credit. But, on the other hand, this openness in legitimate business may be contagious, and in the end promotive of a wider and more stable business confidence. Ivorydale is one of the best and most solidly built industrial establishments anywhere to be found, and doubly interesting for the intelligent attempt to solve the most difficult problem in modern society. The first semiannual dividend amounted to about an eighth increase of wages. A girl who was earning five dollars a week would receive as dividend about thirty dollars a year. I think it was not in my imagination that the laborers in this establishment worked with more than usual alacrity, and seemed contented. If this plan shall prevent strikes, that alone will be as great a benefit to the workmen as to those who risk capital in employing them.

Probably to a stranger the chief interest of Cincinnati is not in its business enterprises, great as they are, but in another life just as real and important, but which is not always considered in taking account of the prosperity of a community—the development of education and of the fine arts. For a long time the city has had an independent life in art and in music. Whether a people can be saved by art I do not know. The pendulum is always swinging backward and forward, and we seem never to be able to be enthusiastic in one direction without losing something in another. The art of Cincinnati has a good deal the air of being indigenous, and the outcome in the arts of carving and design and in music has exhibited native vigor. The city has made itself a reputation for wood-carving and for decorative pottery. The Rockwood pottery, the pri-

vate enterprise of Mrs. Bellamy Storer, is the only pottery in this country in which the instinct of beauty is paramount to the desire of profit. Here for a series of years experiments have been going on with clays and glazing, in regard to form and color, and in decoration purely for effect, which have resulted in pieces of marvellous interest and beauty. The effort has always been to satisfy a refined sense rather than to cater to a vicious taste, or one for startling effects already formed. I mean that the effort has not been to suit the taste of the market, but to raise that taste. The result is some of the most exquisite work in texture and color anywhere to be found, and I was glad to learn that it is gaining an appreciation which will not in this case leave virtue to be its own reward.

The various private attempts at art expression have been consolidated in a public Museum and an Art School, which are among the best planned and equipped in the country. The Museum Building in Eden Park, of which the centre pavilion and west wing are completed (having a total length of 214 feet from east to west), is in Romanesque style, solid and pleasing, with exceedingly well-planned exhibition-rooms and picture-galleries, and its collections are already choice and interesting. The fund was raised by the subscriptions of 455 persons, and amounts to \$316,504, of which Mr. Charles R. West led off with the contribution of \$150,000, invested as a permanent fund. Near this is the Art School, also a noble building, the gift of Mr. David Sinton, who in 1855 gave the Museum Association \$75,000 for this purpose. It should be said that the original and liberal endowment of the Art School was made by Mr. Nicholas Longworth, in accordance with the wish of his father, and that the association also received a legacy of \$40,000 from Mr. R. R. Springer. Altogether the association has received considerably over a million of dollars, and has in addition, by gift and purchase, property valued at nearly \$200,000. The Museum is the fortunate possessor of one of the three Russian Reproductions, the other two being in the South Kensington Museum of London and the Metropolitan of New York. Thus, by private enterprise, in the true American way, the city is graced and honored by art buildings which give it distinction, and has a school of art so well equipped and con-

ducted that it attracts students from far and near, filling its departments of drawing, painting, sculpture, and wood-carving with eager learners. It has over four hundred scholars in the various departments. The ample endowment fund makes the school really free, there being only a nominal charge of about five dollars a year.

In the collection of paintings, which has several of merit, is one with a history, which has a unique importance. This is B. R. Haydon's "Public Entry of Christ into Jerusalem." This picture of heroic size, and in the grand style which had a great vogue in its day, was finished in 1820, sold for £170 in 1831, and brought to Philadelphia, where it was exhibited. The exhibition did not pay expenses, and the picture was placed in the Academy as a companion piece to Benjamin West's "Death on the Pale Horse." In the fire of 1815 both canvases were rescued by being cut from the frames and dragged out like old blankets. It was finally given to the Cathedral in Cincinnati, where its existence was forgotten until it was discovered lately and loaned to the Museum. The interest in the picture now is mainly an accidental one, although it is a fine illustration of the large academic method, and in certain details is painted with the greatest care. Haydon's studio was the resort of English authors of his day, and the portraits of several of them are introduced into this picture. The face of William Hazlitt does duty as St. Peter; Wordsworth and Sir Isaac Newton and Voltaire appear as spectators of the pageant—the cynical expression of Voltaire is the worldly contrast to the believing faith of the disciples—and the inspired face of the youthful St. John is that of John Keats. This being the only portrait of Keats in life, gives this picture extraordinary interest.

The spirit of Cincinnati, that is, its concern for interests not altogether material, is also illustrated by its College of Music. This institution was opened in 1878. It was endowed by private subscription, the largest being \$100,000 by Mr. R. R. Springer. It is financially very prosperous; its possessions in real estate, buildings—including a beautiful concert hall—and invested endowments amount to over \$300,000. Its average attendance is about 550, and during the year 1887 it had about 650 different scholars. From tuition alone about \$45,000 were received,

and although the expenditures were liberal, the college lost at the beginning of 1888 a handsome cash balance. The object of the college is the development of latent talent, and to evoke this the best foreign teachers obtainable have been secured. In the departments of the voice, the piano, and the violin, American youth are said to show special proficiency, and the result of the experiment thus far is to strengthen the belief that out of our mixed nationality is to come most artistic development in music. Free admission is liberally given to pupils who have talent but lack the means to cultivate it. Recognizing the value of broad culture in musical education, the managers have provided courses of instruction in European literature, languages from American authors, and for the critical study of Italian. The college proper has forty teachers, and as many rooms for instruction. Next to and connected by a covered way, is the great Music Hall, with a seating capacity of 5400, and the room to meet towards 7000 people. In the sports hall the great annual musical festivals are held. It has a plain interior, sealed entirely in wood, and with almost no ornamentation to impair its resonance. The courage of the projectors who dared to build this hall for a purely musical purpose and not for display is already vindicated. It is no doubt the best auditorium in the country. As age darkens the wood, the interior grows rich, and it is discovered that the effect of the seasoning of the wood or of the musical vibrations steadily improves the acoustic properties, having the same effect upon the sonorousness of the wood that long use has upon a good violin. The whole interior is a magnificent-sounding board, if that is the proper expression, and for fifty years, if the hall stands, it will constantly improve, and have a resonant quality unparalleled in any other auditorium.

The city has a number of clubs, well housed, such as are common to other cities, and some that are peculiar. The Cuvier Club, for the preservation of game, has a very large museum of birds, animals and fishes, beautifully prepared and arranged. The Historical and Philosophical Society has also good quarters, a library of about 100,000 books and 14,000 pamphlets, and is becoming an important depository of historical manuscripts.

The Literary Society, composed of 100 members, who meet weekly, in commodious apartments, to hear an essay, discuss general topics and pass an hour socially about small tables, with something to eat and drink, has been vigorously maintained since 1848.

An institution of more general importance is the Free Public Library, which has about 150,000 books and 18,000 pamphlets. This is supported in part by an accumulated fund but mostly by a city tax, which is appropriated through the Board of Education. The expenditures for it in 1887 were about \$26,000. It has a notably fine art department. The Library is excellently managed by Mr. A. W. Whelpley, the librarian, who has increased its circulation and usefulness by recognizing the new idea that a library is not a mere custodian of books, but should be a stimulant and director of the reading of a community. This office becomes more and more important now that the good library has to compete for the attention of the young with the "cheap and noisy" publications of the day. It is probably due somewhat to direction in reading that books of fiction taken from the Library last year were only fifty-one per cent. of the whole.

An institution established in many cities as a helping hand to women is the Women's Exchange. The Exchange in Cincinnati is popular as a restaurant. Many worthy women support themselves by preparing food which is sold here over the counter, or served at the tables. The city has for many years sustained a very good Zoological Garden, which is much frequented except in the winter. Interest in it is not, however, as lively as it was formerly. It seems very difficult to keep a "zoo" up to the mark in America.

I do not know that the public schools of Cincinnati call for special mention. They seem to be conservative schools, not differing from the best elsewhere, and they appear to be trying no new experiments. One of the high-schools which I saw with 600 pupils is well conducted, and gives good preparation for college. The city enumeration is over 87,000 children between the ages of six and twenty-one, and of these about 36,000 are reported not in school. Of the 2300 colored children in the city, about half were in school. When the Ohio Legislature repealed the law establishing separate schools

for colored people, practically creating mixed schools; a majority of the colored parents in the city petitioned and obtained branch schools of their own, with colored teachers in charge. The colored people everywhere seem to prefer to be served by teachers and preachers of their own race.

The schools of Cincinnati have not adopted manual training, but a Technical School has been in existence about a year, with promise of success. The Cincinnati University under the presidency of Governor Cox shows new vitality. It is supported in part by taxation, and is open free to all resident youth, so that while it is not a part of the public-school system, it supplements it.

Cincinnati has had a great many discouragements of late, turbulent politics and dishonorable financial failures. But, for all that, it impresses one as a solid city, with remarkable development in the higher civilization.

In its physical aspect Louisville is in every respect a contrast to Cincinnati. Lying on a plain, sloping gently up from the river, it spreads widely in rectangular uniformity of streets—a city of broad avenues, getting to be well paved and well shaded, with ample spaces in lawns, houses detached, somewhat uniform in style, but with an air of comfort, occasionally of elegance and solid good taste. The city has an exceedingly open, friendly, cheerful appearance. In May, with its abundant foliage and flowery lawns, it is a beautiful city: a beautiful, healthful city in a temperate climate, surrounded by a fertile country, is Louisville. Beyond the city the land rises into a rolling country of Blue-Grass farms, and eastward along the river are fine bluffs broken into most advantageous sites for suburban residences. Looking northward across the Ohio are seen the Indiana "Knobs." In high water the river is a majestic stream, covering almost entirely the rocks which form the "Falls," and the beds of "rapids" which are so profitably worked. The canal, which makes navigation round the rapids, has its mouth at Shippingport Island. About this spot clusters much of the early romance of Louisville. Here are some of the old houses and the old mill built by the Frenchman Taraseon in the early part of the century. Here in a weather-beaten wooden tenement, still

standing, Taraseon offered border hospitality to many distinguished guests; Aaron Burr and Blennerhasset were among his visitors, and General Wilkinson, the projector of the canal, then in command of the armies of the United States; and it was probably here that the famous "Spanish conspiracy" was concocted. Corn Island, below the rapids, upon which the first settlement of Louisville was made in 1778, disappeared some years ago, gradually washed away by the swift river.

Opposite this point, in Indiana, is the village of Clarksville, which has a unique history. About 1785 Virginia granted to General George Rogers Clark, the most considerable historic figure of this region, a large tract of land in recognition of his services in the war. When Virginia ceded this territory to Indiana the township of Clarksville was excepted from the grant. It had been organized with a governing board of trustees, self-perpetuating, and this organization still continues. Clarksville has therefore never been ceded to the United States, and if it is not an independent community the eminent domain must still rest in the State of Virginia.

Some philosophers say that the character of a people is determined by climate and soil. There is a notion in this region that the underlying limestone and the consequent succulent Blue-Grass produce a race of large men, frank in manner, brave in war, inclined to oratory and ornamental conversation, women of uncommon beauty, and the finest horses in the Union. Of course a fertile soil and good living conduce to beauty of form and in a way to the fine graces of life. But the contrast of Cincinnati and Louisville in social life and in the manner of doing business cannot all be accounted for by Blue-Grass. It would be very interesting, if one had the knowledge, to study the causes of this contrast in two cities not very far apart. In late years Louisville has awakened to a new commercial life, as one finds in it a strong infusion of Western business energy and ambition. It is jubilant in its growth and prosperity. It was always a commercial town, but with a dash of Blue-Grass leisure and hospitality, and a hereditary flavor of manners and fine living. Family and pedigree have always been held in as high esteem as beauty. The Kentuckian of society is a great contrast to the Virgin-

ian, but it may be only the development of the tide-water gentleman in the freer, wider opportunities of the Blue-Grass region. The pioneers of Kentucky were backwoodsmen, but many of the early settlers, whose descendants are now leaders in society and in the professions came with the full-blown tastes and habits of Virginia civilization, as their spacious colonial houses, erected in the latter part of the last century and the early part of this, still attest. They brought and planted in the wilderness a highly developed social state, which was modified into a certain freedom by circumstances. One can fancy in the abundance of a temperate latitude a certain civility and joyousness in material existence, which is contented with that and has not sought the art and musical development which one finds in Cincinnati. All over the South, Louisville is noted for the beauty of its women, but the other ladies of the South say that they can always tell one from Louisville by her dress something in it quite aware of the advanced fashion, something in the "cut"—a mystery known only to the feminine eye.

I did not intend, however, to enter upon a discussion of the different types of civilization in Cincinnati and in Louisville. One observes them as evidences of what has heretofore been mentioned, the great variety in American life, when one looks below the surface. The traveller enjoys both types and is rejoiced to find such variety, culture taking in one city the form of the worship of beauty and the enjoyment of life, and in the other greater tendency to the fine arts. Louisville is a city of churches of very considerable religious activity, and of pretty staunch orthodoxy. I do not mean to say that what are called modern ideas do not leaven its society. In one of its best literary clubs I heard the Spencerian philosophy expounded and adventured with the enthusiasm and keenness of an emancipated Eastern town. But it is as true of Louisville as it is of other Southern cities that traditional faith is less disturbed by doubts and isms than in many Eastern towns. One notes here also, as all over the South, the marked growth of the temperance movement. The Kentuckians believe that they produce the best fluid from rye and corn in the Union, and that they are the best judges of it. Neither proposition will be disputed, nor will one

trifle with a legitimate pride in a home production: but there is a new spirit abroad, and both Bourbon and the game that depends quite as much upon the knowledge of human nature as upon the turn of the cards are silently going to the rear. Always Kentuckians have been distinguished in politics, in oratory, in the professions of law and of medicine; nor has the city ever wanted scholars in historical lore, men who have not only kept alive the traditions of learning and local research, like Colonel John Mason Brown, but have exhibited the true antiquarian spirit of Colonel H. T. Durrett, whose historical library is worth going far to see and study. It will be a great pity if his exceedingly valuable collection is not preserved to the State to become the nucleus of a Historical Society worthy of the State's history. When I spoke of art it was in a public sense; there are many individuals who have good pictures, and especially interesting portraits, and to the early days Kentucky produced at least one artist, wholly self-taught, who was a rare genius. Matthew H. Jouett was born in Mercer County in 1790, and died in Louisville in 1820. In the course of his life he painted as many as three hundred and fifty portraits, which are scattered all over the Union. In his mature years he was for a time with Stuart in Boston. Some specimens of his work in Louisville are wonderfully fine, recalling the style and traditions of the best masters, some of them equal if not superior to the best by Stuart, and suggesting in color and solidity the vigor and grace of Van Dyck. He was the product of no school but nature and his own genius. Louisville has always had a scholarly and aggressive press, and its traditions are not weakened in Mr. Henry Watterson. On the social side the good-fellowship of the city is well represented in the Pendennis Club, which is thoroughly home-like and agreeable. The town has at least one book-store of the first class, but it sells very few American copyright books. The city has no free or considerable public library. The Polytechnic Society, which has a room for lectures, keeps for circulation among subscribers about 38,000 books. It has also a geological and mineral collection, and a room devoted to pictures, which contains an allegorical statue by Canova.

In its public schools and institutions of

charity the city has a great deal to show that is interesting. In medicine it has always been famous. It has four medical colleges, a college of dentistry, a college of pharmacy, and a school of pharmacy for women. In nothing, however, is the spirit of the town better exhibited than in its public-school system. With a population of less than 180,000, the school enrolment, which has advanced year by year, was in 1887 21,601, with an aggregate belonging of 17,392. The amount expended on schools, which was in 1880 \$197,699, had increased to \$323,943 in 1887—a cost of \$18 62 per pupil. Equal provision is made for colored schools as for white, but the number of colored pupils is less than 3000, and the colored high-school is small, as only a few are yet fitted to go so far in education. The negroes all prefer colored teachers, and so far as I could learn, they are quite content with the present management of the School Board. Coeducation is not in the Kentucky idea, nor in its social scheme. There are therefore two high-schools—one for girls and one for boys—both of the highest class and efficiency, in excellent buildings, and under most intelligent management. Among the teachers in the schools are ladies of position, and the schools doubtless owe their good character largely to the fact that they are in the fashion: as a rule, all the children of the city are educated in them. Manual training is not introduced, but all the advanced methods in the best modern schools, object-lessons, word building, moulding, and drawing, are practised. During the fall and winter months there are night schools, which are very well attended. In one of the intermediate schools I saw an exercise which illustrates the intelligent spirit of the schools. This was an account of the early settlement, growth, and prosperity of Louisville, told in a series of very short papers—so many that a large number of the pupils had a share in constructing the history. Each one took up connectively a brief period or the chief events in chronological order, with illustrations of manners and customs, fashions of dress and mode of life. Of course this mosaic was not original, but made up of extracts from various local histories and statistical reports. This had the merit of being a good exercise as well as inculcating an intelligent pride in the city.

Nearly every religious denomination is

represented in the 112 churches of Louisville. Of these 9 are Northern Presbyterian and 7 Southern Presbyterian, 11 of the M.E. Church South and 6 of the M.E. Church North, 18 Catholic, 7 Christian, 1 Unitarian, and 31 colored. There are seven convents and monasteries, and a Young Men's Christian Association. In proportion to its population, the city is pre-eminent for public and private charities; there are no less than thirty-eight of these institutions, providing for the infirm and unfortunate of all ages and conditions. Unique among these in the United States is a very fine building for the maintenance of the widows and orphans of deceased Freemasons of the State of Kentucky, supported mainly by contributions of the Masonic lodges. One of the best equipped and managed industrial schools of reform for boys and girls is on the outskirts of the city. Mr. P. Caldwell is its superintendent, and it owes its success, as all similar schools do, to the peculiar fitness of the manager for this sort of work. The institution has three departments. There were 125 white boys and 79 colored boys, occupying separate buildings in the same enclosure, and 41 white girls in their own house in another enclosure. The establishment has a farm, a garden, a greenhouse, a library building, a little chapel, ample and pleasant play-yards. There is as little as possible the air of a prison about the place, and as much as possible that of a home and school. The boys have organized a very fair brass band. The girls make all the clothes for the establishment; the boys make shoes, and last year earned \$8000 in bottoming chairs. The school is mainly sustained by taxation and city appropriations; the yearly cost is about \$26,000. Children are indentured out when good homes can be found for them.

The School for the Education of the Blind is a State institution, and admits none from outside the State. The fine building occupies a commanding situation on hills not far from the river, and is admirably built, the rooms spacious and airy, and the whole establishment is well ordered. There are only 79 scholars, and the few colored are accommodated by themselves in a separate building, in accordance with an act of the Legislature in 1884 for the education of colored blind children. The distinction of this institution is that it has on its premises the United States printing-office for furnishing pub-

fications for the blind asylums of the country. Printing is done here both in letters and in points, by very ingenious processes, and the library is already considerable. The space required to store a library of books for the blind may be reckoned from the statement that the novel of *Ivanhoe* occupies three volumes each larger than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The weekly *Sunday School Times* is printed here. The point writing consists entirely of dots in certain combinations to represent letters, and it is noticed that about half the children prefer this to the alphabet. The preference is not explained by saying that it is merely a matter of feeling.

The city has as yet no public parks, but the very broad streets—from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet in width—the wide spacing of the houses in the residence parts and the abundant shade make them less a necessity than elsewhere. The city spreads very freely and openly over the plain, and short drives take one into lovely Blue-Grass country. A few miles out on Churchill Downs is the famous Jockey Club Park, a perfect racing track and establishment, where world-wide reputations are made at the semiannual meetings. The limestone region, a beautifully rolling country, almost rivals the Lexington plantations in the raising of fine horses. Driving out to one of these farms one day, we passed, not far from the river, the old Taylor mansion and the tomb of Zachary Taylor. It is in the reserved family burying-ground, where lie also the remains of Richard Taylor, of Revolutionary memory. The great tomb and the graves are overrun thickly with myrtle, and the secluded irregular ground is shaded by forest trees. The soft wind of spring was blowing sweetly over the fresh green fields, and there was about the place an air of repose and dignity most refreshing to the spirit. Near the tomb stands the fine commemorative shaft bearing on its summit a good portrait statue of the hero of Buena Vista. I liked to linger there, the country was so sweet; the great river flowing in sight lent a certain grandeur to the resting-place, and I thought how dignified and fit it was for a President to be buried at his home.

The city of Louisville in 1888 has the unmistakable air of confidence and buoyant prosperity. This feeling of confi-

dence is strengthened by the general awakening of Kentucky in increased immigration of agriculturists, and in the development of extraordinary mines of coal and iron, and in the railway extension. But locally the Board of Trade (an active body of 700 members) has in its latest report most encouraging figures to present. In almost every branch of business there was an increase in 1887 over 1886; in both manufactures and trade the volume of business increased from twenty to fifty per cent. For instance, stoves and castings increased from 16,574,547 pounds to 19,386,808; manufactured tobacco, from 12,729,421 pounds to 17,059,006; gas and water pipes, from 56,083,380 pounds to 63,745,216; grass and clover seed, from 4,240,908 bushels to 6,601,451. A conclusive item as to manufactures is that there were received in 1887 351,767 tons of bituminous coal, against 204,221 tons in 1886. Louisville makes the claim of being the largest tobacco market in the world in bulk and variety. It leads largely the nine principal leaf-tobacco markets in the West. The figures for 1887 are—receipts, 123,569 hogsheads; sales, 135,192 hogsheads; stock in hand, 36,431 hogsheads, against the corresponding figures of 62,074, 65,924, 13,972 of its great rival, Cincinnati. These large figures are a great increase over 1886, when the value of tobacco handled here was estimated at nearly \$20,000,000. Another great interest always associated with Louisville, whiskey, shows a like increase, there being shipped in 1887 119,637 barrels, against 101,943 barrels in 1886. In the Louisville collection district there were registered one hundred grain distilleries, with a capacity of 80,000 gallons a day. For the five years ending June 30, 1887, the revenue taxes on this product amounted to nearly \$30,000,000. I am not attempting a conspectus of the business of Louisville, only selecting some figures illustrating its growth. Its manufacture of agricultural implements has attained great proportions. The reputation of Louisville for tobacco and whiskey is widely advertised, but it is not generally known that it has the largest plough factory in the world. This is one of four which altogether employ about 2600 hands, and make a product valued at \$2,275,000. In 1880 Louisville made 80,000 ploughs; in 1886, 190,000. The capacity of manufacture in 1887 was in-

creased by the enlargement of the chief factory to a number not given, but there were shipped that year 11,005,151 pounds of ploughs. There is a steadily increasing manufacture of woollen goods, and the production of the mixed fabric known as Kentucky jeans is another industry in which Louisville leads the world, making annually 7,500,000 yards of cloth, and its four mills increased their capacity twenty per cent. in 1887. The opening of the hard-wood lumber districts in eastern Kentucky has made Louisville one of the important lumber markets: about 125,000,000 feet of lumber, logs, etc., were sold here in 1887. But it is unnecessary to particularize. The Board of Trade think that the advantages of Louisville as a manufacturing centre are sufficiently emphasized from the fact that during the year 1887 seventy-three new manufacturing establishments, mainly from the North and East, were set up, using a capital of \$1,290,500, and employing 1621 laborers. The city has twenty-two banks, which

had, July 1, 1887, \$8,200,200 capital, and \$12,927,138 deposits. The clearings for 1887 were \$281,110,402—an increase of nearly \$50,000,000 over 1886.

Another item which helps to explain the buoyant feeling of Louisville is that its population increased over 10,000 from 1886 to 1887, reaching, according to the best estimate, 177,000 people. I should have said also that no city in the Union is better served by street railways, which are so multiplied and arranged as to "correspondences" that for one fare nearly every inhabitant can ride within at least two blocks of his residence. In these cars, as in the railway cars of the State, there is the same absence of discrimination against color that prevails in Louisiana and in Arkansas. And it is an observation hopeful, at least to the writer, of the good time at hand when all party lines shall be drawn upon the broadest national issues, that there seems to be in Kentucky no social distinction between Democrats and Republicans.

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EXPEDITION.

WHEN Alison looked out next morning she observed the boy Johnny engaged in raking smooth the gravel-path; and she was pleased to see him thus industriously occupied, and hoped that he had abandoned the inveterate indolence which used to possess him. And it seemed hard that just at this moment three graceless loons, coming along from the town, should set to work to jeer at John. What offence, if any, he had given them, she could not make out—partly because her window was shut, and partly because the altercation, insulting on the one side and scornful on the other, was carried on in Gaelic. It ended by the three of them making derisive gestures with their fingers, the further to exasperate Johnny; and then—the tallest of the lads having picked up a clod of earth and flung it at him by way of playful farewell—the idle vagabonds went on.

Johnny regarded his retreating foes with a gloomy deliberation. They did

not wholly disappear. Alison could see them indulging in all kinds of horse-play farther along the road; then they went down to the edge of the loch, and began to throw stones at a bit of floating wood. At the same moment she saw John put aside his rake and come back to the house; and as she judged that he had resolved to treat these tomfools with proper contempt, by paying no more heed to them, she turned to look at the beds of yellow pansies, and the masses of orange nasturtiums, and the blue lobelia borders, which were all very bright and cheerful in the morning sunlight.

But presently Johnny reappeared; and she perceived that he had in his hand an old straw hat. This he left at the gate; and then—with a furtive look in the direction of his enemies—he stole across the road, went down the bench, picked up a large stone, and quickly returned. He then took that battered old straw hat and placed it in the middle of the highway—but with the big stone carefully concealed inside. That done, he came back to the garden, shut the gate and locked it, and

* Begun in January number, 1888.

took up a place of observation behind a couple of fuchsia bushes, where he could see without easily being seen.

Johnny's dark and subtle anticipations proved correct—his enemies were not going far; very soon they were perceived to be returning along the road, with all kinds of gambolling and boisterous nonsense. But no sooner did they notice the old hat lying there than they simultaneously made a rush for it, struggling and hauling at each other as to which should have the first kick. By this time Johnny had thrown himself prone on his face, just behind the little parapet of stone supporting the railings which were the garden frontage, where also was a row of fuchsia bushes. He could hear, but he could not see; neither could he be seen—except by Alison, who was a spectator of the whole performance. It was the tallest of the lads—he who had thrown the clod of earth at Johnny—who managed to shake off his two companions and secure the coveted first kick. He came on with a rush; then there was a crack! but instead of the tattered hat flying into the air, behold! a big stone rolled away along the road, while the enraged and astonished youth caught up his leg with both hands, and clinched his teeth outside his underlip in a manner betokening extreme dissatisfaction. Even through the shut window Alison could hear the roars of derision set up by his companions; and she could see that Johnny, lying snug behind the fuchsia bushes, was entirely convulsed with fiendish laughter, rolling and shaking, and digging his elbows into the ground. The injured youth outside regarded the house and its surroundings with malevolent and vindictive eyes; but of course there was no one to be seen. He even limped painfully up to the gate and shook it; and it might have gone hard with Master John if he had been discovered; but the gate was locked. So there was nothing for that lamed and sobered young man but to hobble away back to Fort William—no doubt delighting his companions with his contortions of pain and his curses and vows of vengeance.

But there was harder work than gravel-raking in store for Master Johnny that day. The three cousins had planned an expedition to a little lake far away among the hills—Flora desirous of getting some water-lilies, and Hugh looking forward to an hour or two's fly-fishing; while upon

Johnny devolved the double task of carrying the luncheon basket and rowing the boat. Alison wanted Aunt Gilchrist to accompany them; but the wild escapades which the little dame had been promising herself were being postponed from day to day, through some uneasy suspicion that Periphery was merely asleep with one eye open. Aunt Gilchrist went with them as far as they could drive; then the wagonette set out for home again, carrying her with it; and the three cousins were left to climb the hill toward this solitary tarn, the faithful Johnny struggling manfully upward with the luncheon basket on his shoulder.

The morning was singularly bright and breezy—indeed, Flora was much surer of getting her water-lilies than Hugh was of getting any fly-fishing, for the wind was blowing hard, and there was an abundant sunlight everywhere. When at last they came in sight of the little loch there was a picture before them that would have delighted the eye of anybody but an angler. Set in a cup of the hills, this small tarn was surrounded by soft green slopes, some of them covered with birch and some with bracken; while along the shore ran a circle of tall rushes that were bending and swaying in successive waves; and then another belt of water-lilies, whose broad leaves were all lifting and flapping in the wind, while the big white stars of flowers moved slowly hither and thither. For there was a brisk gale blowing, and the water of the lake, naturally of a deep brown, was driven into a rich purple-blue, that became quite ruddy in the shallows. Everywhere there was a restless change and movement—a universal shimmering and rustling—the fierce gusts striking down on the marshy banks where the sand-brown grass, the tall loosestrife, and the meadowsweet bent before the blast, and then widening out upon the racing and hurrying waves that dashed with a fringe of white along the leeward shore. It was all very bright and beautiful, no doubt—the keen blue sky overhead, the brilliant sunlight, the purple loch amid those fair green slopes; but there was not much prospect of fly-fishing.

In the mean time Johnny was despatched to the other end of the loch to bring across the boat; and a fine sight it was to see him trying to drive that heavy craft against wind and water. For a space it would seem as if he were making prog-

ress; then one of those black squalls would strike down, tearing the racing waves along with it, and Johnny would come to a sudden standstill, even when he was not carried to leeward.

"His laziness is having his work cut out for him this time," Hugh said, grimly, as he watched the spray springing white at the bows of the slow-laboring boat.

"Then why don't you call to him to put back, and you could go and help him?" Alison naturally asked.

"That would be no use; only one can pull in that boat," was the answer. "But a dose of hard work does Johnny a power of good. He thinks over it for days after, and that leaves him less time for plotting mischief."

Nevertheless, the lad John had a heavy pair of shoulders, and eventually he managed to bring the boat along to the broad bed of water-lilies, through which he had to force it by using one of the oars as a pole. When at last he had got the bow securely jammed into the soft bank, he stepped ashore.

"Well, Johnny, is there any wind out there?" Hugh asked of him, in playful fashion.

Johnny ruefully looked at the palms of his hands.

"If there wass mich more o' this," said he, "I think I would need to go to the smiddy, and ask them to mek me a pair of iron hands."

"Why, man, it's fine exercise for you," his master said.

"I do not know about that," said John, regarding with a kind of sullen reproach the farther end of the loch and the lashing waves; "but I know this, that if you wass down yonder you would think the Duffle himself was in the water, and trying to drive the boat ashore."

Indeed, from the comparative calm that prevailed here among the rushes and lilies it was impossible for any one to judge of the force of wind and water farther out—as the three cousins were presently to discover. For as soon as Hugh had got his tackle ready they all embarked, and slowly pushed their way through the tangled mass of stems and broad leaves. This was all very well, and Hugh had even begun to cast, when it was found that the boat was beginning to drift down the loch with a marvellous rapidity. As they had neither an anchor nor a bit of rope,

their only resource was to get Johnny to pull against the wind: but perhaps Johnny's previous struggle had exhausted him; or perhaps he was beginning to think he had had enough of this useless labor. Anyhow, the boat kept drifting over Hugh's flies, which he could only recover in a helpless manner.

"Pull harder, Johnny!" the impatient fisherman cried. "Don't let the boat drift so fast."

Thereupon John made a further pretence of pulling very hard indeed, but still the boat was careering down the wind, and getting momentarily into rougher water.

"How do you like this, John?" Alison inquired, with a gentle smile.

"I wish I wass in my bed sleeping," Johnny answered, gloomily, as he labored away at the cumbrous oars.

"Sleeping in the middle of the day?" she asked.

"Well, sleeping is better for you than rowing, at any time," he answered, sullenly.

But perhaps this discontent of John's was in a measure affected—just as there was a good deal of pretence about his hard rowing—for presently he was heard to say:

"Cosh, I think this is the loch where the Duffle comes up to get a drink—and when he finds a boat on it, he's angry, and he shoves her about below—I would need a pair of iron shoulders as well as iron hands to pull a boat on this loch!"

Whatever the matter was, it was clear that Johnny could not hold his own against the gale; fishing was out of the question, and they had only now to consider where they could let themselves be driven ashore without getting wet with spray. Fortunately they espied a little bay that was partly sheltered by its abundance of rushes, and here the boat was run in out of the tempest, and securely fastened to the bank. Hugh took out his fly-book, and began to go over the leaves in idle thought; the girls went away to gather an armful of meadowsweet for home decoration; and John, sitting on the gunwale of the boat, morosely gazed out upon the loch that had given him such a dose of hard work, and all for nothing.

Presently Flora called aloud,

"Hugh, isn't that Ludovick away over yonder?"

They could make out the figure of some

arm crossing a distant bracken-covered ridge.

"Very likely," was the answer.

Flora turned to Alison with an air of studied indifference.

"I think it very likely too. He knew we were coming to this loch to-day. And somehow all our expeditions get mismanaged when Ludovick isn't with us. You'll see he'll be able to do something for us."

Alison heard, but did not answer; she was a little tremulous and breathless; she dared not raise her eyes. And yet this was not fear that filled her heart—not fear at all, but rather a kind of gladness and joyful anticipation. With all this brilliant, blowing day around her, with these pleasant companions, and with Ludovick himself coming in this casual fashion to see what they were after, there seemed no occasion for any hesitating doubts or fears. She was ready to welcome him; she hoped he would think her welcome of him friendly. And if she did not care to watch that solitary figure coming across the slopes of heather and bracken (for Flora was standing by), she seemed to know well enough that this was Captain Ludovick, and that presently the little party of four would be together again, just as in the olden, never-to-be-forgotten days.

"Yes, it's Ludovick; let's go back to the boat," Flora said; and back to the boat they went, to deposit their wild flowers there, while the new-comer's long, swinging stride was bringing him rapidly toward them.

"How do you do, Miss Alison? I'm glad to see you back again in Lochaber," he said, in a very pleasant and friendly way; but his eyes did not rest on her more than a second; he immediately turned to Hugh and Flora.

A chill of disappointment struck home to her heart. Was this the long-expected meeting, then? Was this his welcome of her—this couple of half-indifferent phrases, and hardly a single glance? He had given her no opportunity of showing that she wished to be kind to him—that she had no fear now—that she claimed the friendship he had promised. He was talking to Hugh; and Hugh was explaining that Johnny could not hold the boat against the wind, so that the fishing had scarcely been tried.

"Oh, as for that," Macdonell said, promptly, "I'll pull the boat for you. I don't know that it will be of much use—

the fish won't rise in squally weather like this. However, you may as well try it, now you're here; and if you put on a big fly, we'll troll up the middle of the loch, and then you can put on your other flies again, and we'll drift down the side."

"But, Ludovick," said Flora, "Alison and I may as well stop ashore, and there'll be less weight in the boat."

"Not at all!" he protested. "You come and see the fun; you never know what may happen. But Johnny can stop ashore."

"Johnny will not be sorry," said Miss Flora, with a pleasant smile.

"No, I will not be sorry," Johnny said, mostly to himself, in answer to her sarcasm—and he was sullenly looking out on the dark and driven water. "It is no use trying the fishing. The Duffle is in that loch, and the fish are all awch him."

Despite this evil augury, the four companions got into the boat, and presently they were making their way through the rushes out into the open loch. And very soon it appeared that this new gillie was of a much more powerful build than his predecessor, though he seemed to set about his self-imposed duties in a very free and easy manner. Notwithstanding that the waves were striking heavily at the bows, and that those black squalls came whirling along every minute or two, he managed to keep a fairly steady way on the boat, and apparently without much trouble to himself; and if they could not induce a fish to follow the trailing fly, at least they succeeded in getting up to the head of the loch, where the drifting was to begin. And in this drifting, too, it seemed quite easy for him to hold the boat just as he wished, so that Hugh industriously fished all down the one side of the loch—not casting, but merely lifting the flies so that the wind carried them out. But their conjoint labor was of no avail. The trout would not rise. The squalls and heavy water had frightened them, and they had gone below, or into the safety of the reeds. So there was nothing for it but to run the boat once more into that sheltered little bay—and to get forth the luncheon basket.

Now this ought to have been a very pleasant luncheon party, in this snug retreat; and Flora and Hugh were merry enough; but Alison could not help being a little surprised and hurt by the distant courtesy with which Captain Ludovick

appeared to treat her. She felt that she was not on the same footing with him as were Flora and Hugh. All his laughing stories were told to them. He rarely addressed her, except when civility demanded; still more rarely did their eyes meet. Did he want to punish her, then, for her refusal? Or did this coldness arise from an excess of courtesy from his determination that no revival of his former attentions should embarrass her? Anyhow, it seemed hard that she should be thus left out, in however indefinable a way.

In the afternoon, however, an incident occurred that for a time at least interrupted these strained and formal relations. Having waited in vain for the wind to lessen, they thought they would give the loch one more trial before going home; and, as before, Ludovick Macdonell offered his services as gillie. They had got up to the head of the loch, and were drifting down before the squally breeze, when Hugh, noticing that his flies had not fallen quite straight, unthinkingly twitched them out of the water to make an ordinary cast over his shoulder. To have done this successfully, with these heavy gusts blowing, would have demanded some little exercise of strength, and also of dexterity; but, as it was, this careless backward cast did not get the line out at all—in fact, it was blown down in a heap upon the boat and its occupants. At the same instant Alison uttered a brief quick cry of pain; instinctively she covered her eye with her hand; and Hugh, wheeling round in dismay, perceived where one of his flies had caught. His face turned deadly white—far whiter than hers, indeed—and he was quite paralyzed with fear; it was Ludovick Macdonell who took Alison's hand and gently removed it.

"You must let me look," he said to her, and he held her hand lest she should put it back. To his great relief he found that the hook had not entered the eye; but it had caught the edge of the under eyelid, and was lightly fixed there.

"Tell Hugh not to mind," was the first thing she said—as if she were already blind, and speaking of some distant person whom she could not see.

"But you needn't be frightened, Alison," Ludovick said to her, with eager assurance, though he himself was in considerable doubt as to what should be done. "The hook is not in your eye; it

has only caught the eyelid. Hugh, have you got a pair of scissors in your fly-book?"

It was with trembling fingers that the wretched lad got out the pair of scissors and handed them to Macdonell, who, as a preliminary measure, snipped the casting line close to the fly. Then he said to her:

"Look here, Alison, I believe I could take it out myself, now, and without hurting you much, if you cared to run the risk; but perhaps it will be safer to wait until we get back to Fort William, and then the Doctor can make certain of it."

"I would rather you would take it out," she said, calmly enough.

"No, Alison, no!" Flora entreated. "Don't run any risk! Wait till we get home."

"It would be safer," Captain Ludovick said—but he was still addressing Alison, "except for this—that the hook might work itself farther in."

"I would like you to take it out now, if you would be so kind," she said to him, simply.

"Well, if you like to trust me—but it will hurt a little," he said.

"I don't mind that," she answered.

And still he hesitated; for it was something of a responsibility; besides, he did not know how much pain he might inflict—and how much more glad would he have borne it himself!

"I would rather cut it out of my own finger," he said, "even if it was in both barband shank. Are you quite sure you won't draw back your head when you find me take hold of the hook?"

"I shall not move."

For safety's sake he put one hand on her shoulder; but she was firm enough: she did not flinch a hair's breadth, even when she felt him cautiously take hold of the hook.

"Are you ready, Alison?"

"Yes."

"Quite?"

"Quite."

Then there was a quick little jerk. She uttered no cry; she merely kept her eyes closed until Flora called to her, joyously:

"Alison, it's all right! Ludovick has got it out—it's all right, isn't it?"

The girl opened her eyes, which were moist with the pain caused by that sudden twitch; but even through these involuntary tears she could smile her thanks to

the operator—and her eyes were expressive enough when she chose.

"I hope I didn't hurt you much," said he. "But really it was better to get it out at once; you have no idea how horrid a thing it is to cut a hook out, when once the barb has got right in. Take your handkerchief now, Alison, and dip it in the water, and bathe your eye a little. Why, there's hardly a speck—just the smallest bit of skin torn away. I wish I had a looking-glass of some kind."

"Why?" she asked.

He smiled a little—indeed, he seemed quite gratified over the success of his experiment, and was talking at random and carelessly now.

"Well, it was this way: I was living in a rather dilapidated shooting-lodge up in Ross-shire, and one evening the ceiling of the kitchen fell in. There was a mighty noise, and of course we all rushed to the place, and there we found that the plaster had knocked down a young servant-girl who happened to be there, and she was lying senseless—though it turned out she was more frightened than hurt. I noticed this, though, that when every thing was being done to reassure the unfortunate creature after she came to, the old house-keeper did best of all—she ran away and got a hand-glass, and made the girl look in it to convince herself that she was not disfigured in any way. I thought the old woman had some knowledge of human nature."

"Then I will be your hand-glass, Alison," Flora cried, quite joyfully. "And I declare to you that there's nothing but a small pink scratch—oh, hardly bigger than a pin's head. Disfigurement? Nothing of the kind. And you're looking just as nice and trim and provokingly neat as ever, if that is any comfort to you."

Alison laughed a little; but there was still gratitude in her eyes as she obeyed Ludovick's directions as to the use of the wet handkerchief.

This was the end of the fishing, or attempted fishing—indeed, the boat had meanwhile drifted down and imbedded itself in a mass of water-lilies; so they got ashore and prepared for their march down through the hills to the spot where the wagonette was awaiting them. Hugh was deeply mortified and apologetic; again and again he returned to the subject, upbraiding his own stupidity, until Alison had seriously to ask him what it

was she had suffered. But he was not to be comforted, and when everything was ready he walked off by himself, and would have gone on by himself, only that Flora hastened to overtake him, and give him of her sisterly sympathy and remonstrance. The consequence of this arrangement was that Captain Ludovick and Alison brought up the rear by themselves, for the boy John had gone forward some time before with the luncheon basket.

And then Alison took heart of grace.

"I don't think you were very friendly with me this morning," she said, with her eyes cast down.

He seemed a little surprised.

"I hope I was not unfriendly," he said. "But—but I thought it was better that I should let you understand that I did not mean to harass you—or—or vex you."

"You promised that we were to be firm and fast friends," she said, a little proudly.

"Yes?" he said.

"And yet you called me 'Miss Alison' all the morning—until you had to take the hook out of my eyelid," she continued, with growing confidence—for it seemed so easy and natural to talk to him here; she was quite resolved on having a thorough understanding with him, if he wished it also.

"Do you think I like to call you 'Miss Alison'?" he responded. "No, I don't. I think of you as Alison, and I suppose I might as well say it. But I did not wish to embarrass you."

"Well, you wouldn't embarrass me by calling me Alison," she said, as they walked on together.

"It will be a great deal more pleasant for me," he made answer again. "Mind you, I want to be to you, now and always, just what you wish me to be. You gave me your last word, and I accepted it; and my mouth is shut—until—well, I am not going to risk anything by speaking. Let our friendship be as close and firm and fast as it can be. But I wonder if you would be offended, Alison, if I told you something about yourself?"

She raised her eyes and met his bravely.

"Offended? I am sure *not*," she said.

"Well, then," said he, with a trace of shyness that rather became him, "I can't help thinking that you are a far more human kind of a being when you are in the Highlands; and sometimes I can't help thinking of what might happen if only you were always living among us."

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCESS DEIRDRE.

THAT, at all events, she was a very different kind of being up in these regions was very well known to herself; for whether it was the fresh air and exercise, or the cheerful society and constant occupation, or the delight of looking at the beautiful things surrounding her, or all of these combined, certain it is that all the day long a sort of elation seemed to thrill through her to the very finger-tips. Every moment was full of life. Even when she was away alone—up among the hills whither she used to climb in order to have a view of the wider waters in the south—there was no sadness in her mind, but rather a sense of jubilation, and thankfulness, and content with all the world. The wildest days of gloom, so far from having any terror for her, exercised over her a singular fascination; she rejoiced in the foreboding of the storm; she welcomed the coming of this terrible unknown thing that darkened the heavens and the earth. For what might not these sombre mountains bring forth—the great masses of them in communion with the lowering clouds, and here and there retreating behind a mystic veil of rain? The driven sea—its lurid green broken by white flashes of foam—and the wind that tore by her in sudden gusts and squalls seemed awful and threatening; and yet she had no fear of them; rather they made her strong to withstand, and defiant, and even proud of their angry and vengeful look. Then, sometimes, a soft sun-touched hill-side would slowly emerge from behind those gray mists of showers, and a rainbow would declare itself against the purple masses of the clouds; and here and there the running sea would be struck a vivid green by following shafts of light. And then all this changing phantasmagoria was quite near to her; not remote and passively picturesque like the views of Switzerland she had seen, but quite close around her, and she part of them, and mysteriously associated with them, a child of the universe like themselves. No, even in these wild days of storm and tempest she had no fear; these winds and clouds and sun-swept seas were friendly things; she loved to be alone with them, and listen to their strange, uncertain voices. Sometimes she wondered whether they understood her, and her presence

there, any better than she understood them.

And the glooms and terrors and anxious perplexities of Kirk o' Shields? She had forgotten them. She had forgotten that Ludovick Macdonell was a Roman Catholic, a dangerous person, in league with priests and persecutors, a worshipper of the scarlet woman, the woman drunken with the blood of the saints. She was too light-hearted and busy to think of such things; the present moment was full of gladness and occupation; when she looked in his face, and met his frank and pleasant smile, she did not remember anything about the scarlet woman and the beast that came out of the bottomless pit. When he was walking by her side along the shores of Loch Linnhe, or telling her stories in the stern of Hugh's lug-sail boat, or giving her a hand at the steep places of the hill-side, why, he was just Ludovick! and she did not bother her head about anything else. And it must be said that the companionship of these two had become a very pronounced and notorious thing. They made no kind of concealment about it—Alison least of all. They were continually together, during the long walks and drives, when they went on sailing expeditions, as they sat in the garden on these clear and still summer evenings, or went indoors to see how that mild game of poker was going on. He did not address himself much to her, nor she to him; but somehow they were never very far away from each other; and they seemed entirely satisfied with this half-silent comradeship. It was "Alison" and "Ludovick" now; they were as belonging to the one family, along with Flora and Hugh; and the various excuses that Captain Ludovick made for coming over from Oyre and planning new excursions were simply innumerable, while even during his brief absences there was always some reminder of his existence and of his remembrance making its way to the house in which Alison lived.

It was altogether a very extraordinary state of affairs. But for the name of the thing, they were to all outward appearance conducting themselves precisely as a pair of allied lovers, and that without any concealment or embarrassment. Nominally they were merely friends, of course; but this friendship that Alison had boldly claimed, and that Captain Lu-

doylek was in no wise inclined to with-hold, seemed to be of an extremely devoted and exclusive kind. And not only did the other members of the household usually acquiesce in these relations, but Aunt Gilchrist in especial looked on with open approval. She no longer appeared to regard Captain Macdonell as a possible fortune-hunter. The fact is, she had indignantly resented the insolence, as she deemed it, of the Cowan family in endeavoring to carry away her ward, her especial charge, to marry her to that poor voiceless probationer; and she had given everybody to understand that she, Jane Gilchrist, meant to put her foot down upon that little scheme. She intimated plainly enough that she had already made some kind of settlement upon Alison, and that she had not the slightest intention of allowing any portion of her money to find its way into the pockets of the "stickit minister."

"No, no, Alison, my dear," the old dame said, openly. "I'm a wilful woman when I take anything into my head, and I tell ye I'm ready to defy the whole o' that congregation—elders, deacons, precentors, and all the rest of them!"

"Yes, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said, with a smile, "it's easy to defy them when you don't live among them."

"Ay, is that it?" the old lady said, with a sharp look. "Are ye feared to go back? Well, just tell them that I'll maybe not let ye go back. Tell them I've bought ye for my own. You're nothing but a white slave. And I should not wonder if I did not let ye marry at all."

"I'm sure I don't want to get married, aunt," said Alison, cheerfully; "I am very happy as I am."

"Oh yes," Aunt Gilchrist answered, half to herself. "They all say that! But it's wonderful how quick they can change their mind when the occasion comes."

Nothing further was said just then, for at this moment Captain Ludovick happened to make his appearance, driving up the wagonette that belonged to Oyre. They were all bound on an expedition into the Braes of Lochnaber, the excuse this time being that the horses at Oyre did not get nearly enough exercise; and as everything was ready, the whole of the party forthwith took their places. By rights, Aunt Gilchrist should have been given the post of honor next the driver; but as she declared she preferred going inside, it

was remarkable with what equanimity Alison, at Captain Ludovick's suggestion, got up and occupied the seat beside him. After all, she was a kind of stranger and guest, and no doubt Captain Ludovick wanted to point out to her the objects of interest along the road.

It was a pleasant morning for setting out; the distant village of Corpach was shining white among its scattered trees, and the little gray monument to Colonel Cameron of Fassiefern could be seen distinctly enough under the velvet-soft slopes of the hills. They drove out and past the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, that seemed to have grown dark with tradition and tales of strife and slaughter; and by-and-by, when they had got away to the north of Ben-Nevis, they entered a wild moorland country—the long, bare undulations bounded by dark green pine woods, and these again leading the eye up to the loftier hills, that were all picturesquely dappled with sunshine and shadow. This, in truth, was rather a monotonous highway—its chief feature being the road-side Cairns of stones built up where a funeral procession had rested the coffin on their way to the churchyard in the lonely glen; and perhaps it was the sight of these rude memorials that induced Captain Ludovick to tell his companion the sad story of Princess Deirdri, whose name is supposed to linger in that of the vitrified fort, Dundearduil, in Glen Nevis. The beautiful Irish princess, as some may care to know, was beloved of King Con-nacher of Ulster, but she would have nothing to do with him, seeing that he was old and ugly, red haired and squint-eyed, whereupon Connacher shut her up in prison. But there were three young men, nephews of the king, who were sorry for the captive princess, and they succeeded in freeing her, and in escaping along with a party of followers across the seas to the western Highlands, where they settled first of all upon the shores of Loch Etive. Whether Naos, one of the three brothers, and the Princess Deirdri had been in love with each other before they forsook their native country is not stated; however, in this new land they did love each other, and were married, and lived in great happiness. After several years the King of Ulster professed to forgive them, and invited them to go home again; and the Princess Deirdri was against that, having anxious forebodings of treachery; but

eventually they persuaded her to go. It was on her voyage across the seas that she composed her lament on leaving the various places where she had been so happy; and the story tells how all her companions were moved to tears as she sang:

*"Glen Elive, O Glen Elive,
There was raised my earliest home;
Beautiful were its woods on rising,
When the sun fell on Glen Elive!"*

*"Glenorchy, O Glenorchy,
The straight glen of smooth ridges;
No man of his age was so joyful
As my Naos in Glenorchy!"*

*"Glenmassan, O Glenmassan,
Long its grass, and fair its woodland glades;
All to ourselves was the place of our repose
On grassy Invermassan."*

Deirdri's mournful anticipations proved correct; Connacher, finding her more beautiful than ever, straightway slew her husband, hoping to win her for himself; but the faithful princess did not linger behind—she managed to borrow a knife from a boatman, plunged it into her bosom, and fell dead on her husband's corpse, so that the lovers went together into lands still more unknown than even the far Glen Elive and Lochaber.

Such was the substance of the tale he told her; and then he went on to say:

"I knew of another Princess Deirdri, though whenever I think of her I suffer a pretty sharp twinge of remorse. This is how it was. I was once at a small shooting-box right away up in the highest region of the Monaghlea hills—the most lonely and unfrequented place you could imagine—and one morning we were up in the corries driving the woods for black game. The beaters were just getting to the end of a drive, when a young roebuck came flashing out of the bushes and crossed me about thirty yards off; it was an easy shot, and I dropped him. But the next moment I began to wonder at any roe-deer being so high up in the hills, for they generally keep to the woods and glens farther down; so when the keepers came along I asked them. Then I found out what I had done. Quite early in the summer a young buck and a young doe had come straying up into these wilds, and I suppose they had taken a fancy to the neighborhood, for they remained there, though none of the rest of the herd ever followed them. They had the whole place to themselves, and when

the keepers happened to come on them they were always found together, either feeding about among the rocks or lying on the warm heather. This morning the beaters had again stumbled on them; but the doe had doubled back and escaped; it was the young buck that unfortunately came within reach of my gun—and there that idyl ended. I was mighty sorry for it, I can tell you," he continued, as they were leisurely driving along. "I've often thought of the fine time those two must have had together, for it is a very pretty place up there—lovely little glens, and clear streams, and birch woods—and all that summer they had the whole district to themselves. And a very hand some young roebuck he was, too; I've got his head mounted at Oyre. But I've never shot a roe-deer since."

"And what became of the other one?" Alison asked.

"Well, she was seen about the woods for some little time after, and then she disappeared. I suppose she went back to the herd; and I sometimes wonder whether that Princess Deirdri used to think of the happy days she spent with her Naos up in the Corrie nan Shean. I don't like to think of that idyl of the hills, but it has saved the life of many a roebuck since."

Now, the luckless young Irish princess came into their talk still once again that day, and in this wise. They had driven away along Glen Spear and it was with no little interest that she regarded Kerpoch House, for she had come to know a good deal about the Macdonells of Kerpoch, and their deeds of other days) until they came to Bridge of Tay; and as this was the end of their drive they stopped at the solitary little inn; the horses were taken out while they went inside to order lunch. But luncheon in the Highlands is not supposed to be complete without boiled potatoes; and while these were being got ready, Captain Ludovick and Alison went out for a stroll about the place, their wandering footsteps eventually leading them down to the river. They talked of various things, but only now and again, for this companionship of theirs seemed to suffice without any effort at mutual entertainment; and when at length they reached the bridge they paused there, and Alison, the better to look down into the rocky chasm through which the clear brown water flowed, placed both arms on the rude stone parapet, and bent her head

over. Nothing was said for some time; she was used to silence, and content with it; it was enough for her that Ludovick was with her.

But presently he took hold of her hand, and she did not withdraw it, as, in their present relations, she ought to have done.

"Alison," said he, "isn't it about time to have done with this make-believe?"

She flushed quickly, and raised her head a little bit, so that she could see his face if she chose.

"What make-believe?" she asked, though she well knew.

"The pretence of being only friends," he answered. "I love you; I think you love me! What is the use of hiding it?"

"What is the use of anything else?" she said, rather wistfully. Then she raised her head somewhat, and spoke with greater cheerfulness: "Are we not happy enough as we are, Ludovick?"

"As we are!" he exclaimed. "Yes, this is all very well—and it's very pleasant for us to be continually together—but don't you sometimes look forward a little bit? It's very pleasant for me to be seeing you nearly every day, and to be with you for hours and hours at a stretch; but how long will it last? You will be going away. You won't be so happy then, will you? I shall not, I know. And for yourself, Alison, don't you rather think you will be like the Princess Deirdri when she was bidding good-by to all the places she had known; and don't you think you will look back more than once to the days when you and I were together here? But there won't be so much happiness then."

Her eyes were filled with sudden tears; she turned away her head somewhat.

"Indeed I know that," she said, in a low voice that was rather uncertain. "I have—gone through that before."

"Very well," said he, at once, "let us take the other way. What is the use of concealment? There is no use in it any longer. Let me write this very evening to your father, and I will tell him that you and I mean to get married. What can be simpler than that?"

She suddenly rose erect, and faced him with frightened eyes.

"Oh no, I couldn't do that!" she said, breathlessly. "I couldn't, Ludovick!—I—I daren't!"

"Very well," said he, gently. "Perhaps that is too much—too abrupt. But

what I want to do is to convince you that you entirely exaggerate the horror which your friends and relatives would exhibit if they were told you were going to marry a Catholic. I don't believe they would show any horror at all. It is the Catholic doctrines and ritual they hold in abhorrence; and they would know well enough that neither would concern you in the least—that you need have nothing to do with either. Then your family have seen me—they know I haven't cloven feet and horns—"

"I did not tell them you were a Catholic, Ludovick," she said, rather ruefully.

"I wish now you had," he made answer. "But never mind. Here is my proposal now. Perhaps making the announcement in that way to your father would be too abrupt. But I want to get you to believe that there will be no such wild dismay as you expect. Very well: write to your sister Agnes, and tell her frankly all about it. Confide in her. You will see what she says; and I am pretty certain it won't alarm you."

She looked up again with more hopefulness in her eyes.

"I thought of it once, Ludovick," she said, rather shyly.

"Do it now, then—this evening," said he. "But then do it the right way. Don't put it before her as if it was some vague proposition that might as well be dismissed, for the better comfort of everybody concerned. Alison," he continued, regarding her, "you will tell her that the relationship between you and me is something beyond recall. It is so, is it not?"

He could hardly hear her answer.

"I—I hope so, Ludovick."

He grasped her hand more tightly than ever.

"Then let this be the first step, my darling; and you will see that your fears will vanish away one by one. You have courage enough for anything—I can see it every day—and why not for this? Come away now—yonder is Flora at the door of the inn, waving a handkerchief for us. And don't you forget to tell everything quite frankly to your sister."

As they were walking back to the inn she looked up to him with a smile.

"Do you know, Ludovick," said she, "that when I am with you, when I hear you talking, I have no fears at all! Everything seems quite simple and easy."

And indeed when they had returned to

the inn, and all of them were seated round the table in the little parlor, no one could have imagined from her manner that any serious conversation had taken place between these two on Roy Bridge. She was quite animated and cheerful; and submitted to some raillery on the part of Aunt Gilchrist with the greatest of good humor. It is true that during the long drive home she was somewhat silent; and the moment she entered the house she went to her own room, and remained there for a considerable time. And when she came out again and despatched Johnny to the post-office with the letter she had written, she seemed restless and uneasy; and she even lingered about the front garden, pretending to examine the various shrubs, until he had actually come back again. But when she had ascertained from him that the letter had been definitely and irretrievably posted, her countenance cleared considerably; and, probably to make light of her previous disquietude, she casually asked John whether he had ever been to Bridge of Roy.

"No, mem; it's a long weh from here," said John.

But seeing that Alison did not immediately dismiss him, Johnny made bold to ask her if she had been at the burial-ground that morning when they were up in the Braes.

"What burial-ground, Johnny?" she inquired of him.

"Well, I am not remembering the name of it," said Johnny, after a moment's pause, "but it is up in the hills whateffer, and many's the time I hef heard of it. The old people used to be buried there for years and years. But what I hef been told is thus," John continued, with a demure twinkle in his eye, "that they were burying a Protestant in that place, where there wass none but Catholics pefore, and ever after that at night there wass a terrible noise of clashing of swords and shields and dirks; and ahl the people living there were frightened to go by that way. Oh, a terrible noise it wass; and when they went to the Free Church minister—well, mebbe he wass not believing the story, but he could do nothing at ahl; and the darker the night the more ahlful the clashing and the noise. Cosh, I think the Protestant man wass a fery good fighter, when the whole of them could not put him out! And

then it grew to be so bad that they had to send for a Catholic priest; and he brought some holy-water with him, and said the prayers over the ground, and now it is ahl quate again. But I know I would not like to be going near that place at night."

"Are you a Protestant or a Catholic, Johnny?" Alison asked, with a kind of new interest.

Johnny looked at her inquiringly for a second.

"What will you be for being yourself, mem?" he said, cautiously.

But this return question was a very shocking thing. It was perfectly obvious that this Laodicean sought to find out what her faith was merely that he might cheerfully declare himself of the same way of thinking, and she could not countenance any such piece of depravity; so she made some excuse for breaking off the conversation, and departed into the house.

It was a couple of days thereafter that she received the answer to the letter she had sent to Kirk o' Shields. Flora and she had been out driving with Aunt Gilchrist until late in the afternoon (for a wonder, Captain Ludovick was not with them—he had been summoned away on business); and when they returned home they were met by Hugh, who declared that he had been working hard all day, and besought the two girls to go out with him for a row in the gig, for there was a clear evening light shining all around, and the loch was still. Flora good-naturedly acquiesced, and so did Alison; and both of them would have forthwith gone down to the shore, but that Hugh happened to say:

"Oh, there's a letter for you, Alison, lying on the lobby table. Shall I bring it for you?"

"No," she said, rather hastily—and with some color mounting to her face, for she guessed what this might be. "I will get it myself. Will you go down to the boat, Flora? I shall be after you in a moment."

So she quickly went back through the garden, entered the house, and found the letter lying there. Rather breathlessly she tore it open, and glanced rapidly over its several pages, with a wonderful strange feeling rising and rising in her heart. For what was all this? Remonstrances?—reproaches?—warnings of the opprobrium she was earning for herself, and the

shame she was bringing on those nearest and dearest to her? No; it was far from that; and she read with an ever-increasing wonder and a joy that she could hardly have explained to herself. The astonishing thing was that Agnes did not even once refer to the fact of Ludovick Maedonell being a Catholic—though that had been put prominently enough in Alison's letter to her. This was all praise of Ludovick Maedonell himself; though how Agnes could have discerned so many fine and admirable qualities in him during the brief hour of his visit, her sister was far too surprised and pleased to stay to inquire. And very affectionately did Agnes write of Alison herself—quite unusually so, indeed, for people in Kirk o' Shields are reticent in such matters; but how there was a convenient distance separating them, and she could say things on paper that probably she would not have said to Alison herself. And not only did the younger sister appear extremely gratified, and even proud, that Alison was going to marry the young man who had seemed to her so much of a hero, but also she said plainly that she was glad the arrangement on which the Cowan family counted was not going to be carried out. She confessed that she had always looked forward to seeing Alison a minister's wife; there was something so wise and gentle and thoughtful about her that she would be a great help and comfort to a congregation; but James Cowan was not her ideal of a young minister; moreover, until he got a church, she feared Alison would have been unhappy while living at Corbieslaw. And might she write to Captain Maedonell to congratulate him? And would he answer her letter? She wanted to tell him a good deal about her sister that perhaps he had not discovered yet. Of course, if this was to be a secret in the mean time, as Alison appeared to desire, then a secret it should be; but she did not understand why there was any necessity. And then the letter wound up with all sorts of kind wishes and messages: it was about as comforting an epistle as could have been composed in these peculiar circumstances.

For many and many a day thereafter that happy evening lingered in Alison's memory, though she hardly knew how she got through the garden, and across the road, and down the shingle to the boat that was awaiting her. All the air seemed full of music; this was like a love-letter

that had been sent her; all kinds of wistful fancies that had once been discarded were summoned back now; and she wished to say just two words to Ludovick, and to look into his eyes.

"You seem to have had good news, Alison," said Flora to her, when she had got seated at the tiller, and the two cousins were leisurely pulling out into the loch.

"Yes," she answered, with her cheeks grown rosy red, "I—I have had a very kind letter—from Agnes."

"Oh, from Agnes?" Flora repeated, with a glance of surprise; but she said nothing further; and presently brother and sister had settled into their long steady stroke, which seemed to afford them sufficient interest and occupation.

As for Alison, she did not care to break the gracious silence that was all around them; her heart was murmuring to her of its own happiness as they pulled along. She did not think of asking herself whether there was not something suspicious in the fact of Agnes having so completely ignored all her references to Captain Ludovick being a Catholic, and the possible trouble arising therefrom; she did not reflect that her sister might, out of an extreme delicacy and kindness, have refused, at such a time, to say anything that would dim her tender hopes. No; she only thought that she would like to show this letter to Ludovick. Did it not confirm all his prognostications? Was it not a fair beginning? Her heart within her said yes again and again, with an exceeding comfort and joy.

Moreover, she had plenty of time to weave these fond fancies; for the two cousins, as they worked away at the oars, were humming together snatches of Gaelic airs that did not interfere with her. It was a beautiful evening, now that the sun had sunk behind the western hills: just above the lofty peaks the sky was of the clearest gold, fading into a pale translucent purple overhead; while the waters of the loch around them were all of a trembling and lapping blue-gray, with the universal, sudden, bewildering ripples grown almost black. As the time went by, the twilight became more wan and ghostly; and yet the objects along the opposite shore, under the darkening hills and the pine woods, could be made out with a strange, a livid, distinctness. Then the first lights began to appear—a quivering

orange-ray here and there that told of a distant window, or perhaps of an anchored yacht making all snug for the night. When they finally got ashore, and made their way up to the house through the garden, the slumbering air was sweet with the scents of the flowers, and there were bats flitting about the eaves, suddenly swooping between them and the pale, clear sky. On the threshold she paused and looked back. It was an evening long to be remembered—an evening of visions and dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

BUT, as it happened, the very next day brought another communication from Kirk o' Shields, that was destined to lead the way to a sudden and unexpected crisis. A little accident helped. When Aunt Gilchrist took the as yet unopened envelop with her into the parlor, where the rest of the family were seated at the table for afternoon tea the Doctor having also dropped in by chance—and just as she was about to sit down, she struck her foot sharply against the leg of the chair. For a second she bit her lip in silence, and it was clear she was suffering considerable pain; then she muttered to herself,

"Dang this confounded thing!"

"Your language, Jane," said the Doctor, quite good-naturedly, "might be a little more gentle."

"Oh, my language!" she said, opening forth in wrath. "My language, indeed! You can talk fine enough about your oxides, and sulphates, and trash o' that kind, to bamboozle a lot of fools!—but much good your long-winded names have ever done to me! Here, Alison, run away and get me a cloth slipper—this infernal fire is like to burn my toe off, now it's begun again!"

Alison went quickly away, and returned with a pair of cloth slippers, and forthwith the hurt foot was in a measure relieved. But when Alison was for unbuttoning the other boot, her aunt said no—the one was enough.

"Why, aunt," she protested, "do you mean to say you can sit in comfort with a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other?"

"Oh, listen, mother," Flora cried. "Isn't that like Alison? Isn't she prim

and precise? She's bound to grow up an old maid!"

"More likely," Master Hugh put in, "she'll grow up to be like the old lady who declared she couldn't go in proper style to have her photograph taken until she had put some eau de Cologne on her handkerchief"—though it is to be imagined that that apocryphal old lady was an invention of the moment.

But meanwhile Aunt Gilchrist had taken her seat, looking very gloomy, for she was vexed that Periphery should have been so easily aroused again. And perhaps she was all the more taciturn that the young Munros chose to make themselves surreptitiously merry over her accident, and that they were openly aided and abetted by the Doctor, while Mrs. Munro looked on and listened in mild amusement. Aunt Gilchrist would have nothing to say to that ribald crew. Nay, to escape from them and their covert jeers, she betook herself to her letter, which otherwise might have lain unopened on the table.

And presently it was perceived that the contents thereof were exciting her in no common degree. Indeed, her astonishment and resentment caused her to break forth into brief muttered exclamations—exclamations that showed clearly enough what was passing in her mind.

"Well, I declare!" she cried, with withering contempt. "Bless my soul and body, the woman's mad!—stark, staring mad!... But I'll teach her! To talk to me like this! ... Well, I never did hear the like!"

"What's your news, Jane?" the Doctor asked.

"It's somebody that wants a lesson taught them," said she, looking up fiercely. "And, my word, they'll get it!"

"If it's anything serious," said he, amiably enough, "I wouldn't advise you to answer it in your present state of mind."

"My present state of mind!" she retorted, with scorn. "What do you know about my present state of mind? I suppose you would like to doctor that too!—brown messes and white messes—tace every three hours—to be well shaken—is that the thing this time? Man, man—Duncan, I wonder ye do not take all your phosphates and hydrates and stuff down to the sea some dark night and tumble them in when there's nobody looking!"

"I might as well, if I had many pa-

tients like you, Jane," her brother said, with great good-humor; and presently, this frugal meal being ended, he was the first to rise, as his professional duties called him away again.

But Aunt Gilchrist took Alison with her to her own room.

"There, read that!" said the incensed little dame. "Read that, Alison, and tell me if there's another such impudent woman in the whole wide world!"

Alison took the letter—which she at once perceived to be from Mrs. Cowan, of Corbieslaw—and carefully and deliberately read it through; but as she had no nerves on fire to worry her, she did not find in it anything calculated to arouse so fierce a storm of indignation. She was very much embarrassed, it is true, for it was all about herself and her prospects; but in so far as the tone of this communication toward Aunt Gilchrist was concerned, it was almost servile—indeed it may have been the specious plausibility of the whole epistle that had irritated the recipient of it.

"Well, aunt," said Alison, "I don't see anything in that to anger you."

"Nothing to anger me!" she exclaimed.

"What right has that woman to interfere with me? What business has she to write to me at all? So you're 'devoted to the service of the Lord,' are you, and the interests of His church? Indeed, now! But does she think I cannot tell what that means? Ay, but I can, though! I was not born yesterday, Alison, my dear; not a bit of it! The service of the Lord is that I'm to provide that stickit minister with a house and a wife at the same time, and support the whole concern. Oh, that's a fine way of providing for him; better than waiting and waiting for a pulpit. A pulpit, my word! To stick up a crayture like that in a pulpit: I'll tell ye what he's better fit for—I'd stick him up in a corn field to frighten the crows away! And then 'the distractions and temptations surrounding young people,'" Aunt Gilchrist continued, turning to the letter again. "Tell me, now, Alison: do ye think this woman has a suspicion that there's something between you and Captain Macdonell?"

Alison flushed a rose red, but she answered frankly enough:

"I don't know, aunt. It is quite possible. I wrote to Agnes the other day about—about Ludovick; and she may by

chance have dropped some hint. Or perhaps it's this. Mr. James Cowan met me walking with—with Captain Macdonell in Kirk o' Shields one day, and he may have spoken to her about the stranger—and—perhaps that's it."

"So *I'm* to be her cat's paw, am I?" Aunt Gilchrist resumed, still indignant with this hapless letter. "*I'm* to see that the stickit minister is provided for? And it's all for the service of the Lord, of course, and the interests of the church! My certes! I'll send her an answer she little expects: I'll teach her to dictate to me, with her cringing, fawning, sneaking pretences!"

Then she turned to Alison herself.

"Now, Alison," said she, in a much gentler way, "I'm not blinder than other people; and I've seen the way that you and your Captain Ludovick, as they call him, are aye together. I'm not going to ask ye questions, for young folk will have their secrets—it's part of the play, I suppose; but this I will say to you—this I'm bound to say to you—that ye need not be afraid to speak to me about *him*. No, I give ye my word: I've seen enough of him, and I will say this, that a finer, frizzer, better natured young man never stepped in shoes. I was not quite so certain about him at one time; and I took the liberty of giving him a hint or two—for I'm an old woman, Alison, and ye're a young one; but I do honestly believe this now—I do honestly believe he would take ye this minute if ye had not a penny."

"Aunt," said Alison, but there were tears of gratitude trembling on her lashes, and her voice was not very firm—"there would have been no concealment and least of all from you—but it all seemed so hopeless. It was broken off because I—because I told him they would never agree to it. He is a Catholic."

"Yes, that's true, he is a Catholic—I had forgotten that. But who's they? That woman Cowan?" said Aunt Gilchrist, beginning to sniff and fume again at the mere mention of her enemy. "What have they got to do with you? Who asked their permission? If you want to marry the young man, what business is it of theirs whether he is a Catholic or not? The impudence of some people, I do declare!"

"No, aunt, it wasn't the Cowans I was mostly thinking of, nor yet the congrega-

tion generally, though I made sure they would be terribly against it; but it is my own family, my father especially. And I thought about Agnes too; but I wrote to her, just to try—and—and I got a letter from her that was a great surprise, so kind it was, and not a word about his being a Catholic."

"And Macdonell—what does he say to all this, eh?" was the next inquiry.

"Well, aunt," Alison made answer, with downcast eyes, "you know he has been away the last day or two, and I haven't been able to show him Agnes's letter."

"Agnes's letter!" she repeated. "But I suppose he wants to make you his wife, whatever any one may say?"

"I—I think so," was the half-heard answer.

"And I think so too!" Aunt Gilchrist said, with a proud kind of laugh. "Oh, I'll warrant him! Well, Alison, you may be off now, for I'm going to send this woman her answer—oh yes, it'll be an answer, I can tell ye! When I think of the look of her face when she gets it, I could just skip round this room like a three-year-old, only there's that little fire-deevil sitting watching on my toes. And here's another thing, Alison: ye may tell me your secrets, or ye may not tell me your secrets, just as ye please; but ye'll see if I don't make it all fair and straight with your Captain Ludovick as soon as he comes back to Fort William."

Alison lingered, still regarding that letter.

"Aunt Gilchrist," said she, "you must not say anything that will vex the Cowans. They are great friends of my father's, and they are important people in the church."

"The wise little woman!" Aunt Gilchrist said, with another laugh. "Well, perhaps I'll not answer the fool according to her folly, but I'll give her a bit of my mind all the same. Now go away, and tell Flora to stop that strumming, for I'm going to write."

So Alison departed—very grateful to Aunt Gilchrist for the kindly things she had said about Captain Ludovick, but not much reassured otherwise. She knew very well that this brisk, independent, cheerful little Gallio was about the last person to understand the Kirk o' Shields folk, or what they would think of this proposed marriage. Her ways were not

as their ways. The simple and self-sufficing formula, "The Lord made us, and He'll take care of us," was a very different thing from their fierce contentions of creed, their strenuous and anxious faith in their own sectarianism. Aunt Gilchrist was delighted to make the most of life and enjoy the good things of this world: with them a heart-searching renunciation was the first duty of every Christian, and an austere contemning of this world the surest passport to the next. And if she seemed disposed to make light of the fact that Ludovick Macdonell was a Catholic, Alison was well aware that the members of the East Street Church would be in no such mind.

Meanwhile it was remarkable that when Captain Ludovick was absent from Fort William the days did not pass nearly so quickly; and frequently, when her cousins were otherwise occupied, and her aunt did not need her assistance, Alison had to be content with the companionship of the boy John. She was trying to reform Johnny now; but the task was an uphill one. When she endeavored to reason him out of his belief in witches and warlocks and malevolent spirits, he answered with all kinds of stories of what had actually happened. And then when she remonstrated with him about his own conduct—his cruelty and malice and revengeful tricks—Johnny had always some excuse or another for his wickedness. One morning, as she was getting ready to go down-stairs, she casually went to the window, which was a habit she had unconsciously formed. She did not wish to play the spy on Johnny; but this window commanded a view of the garden, the road, and the shore; and if Johnny was anywhere about, he was sure to be in some mischief or other; so that she was continually catching him in this fashion, after which she would go and lecture him severely. On this occasion she perceived that Johnny was merely talking to a small boy who was outside the railings, in the road; and there did not seem much harm in that. It was clear that Johnny was trying to persuade the small boy to come round by the gate into the garden; but the other shook his head and remained where he was. Thereupon Johnny took something out of his pocket and showed it. The small boy approached a little nearer. Then Alison made out that what Johnny held in his

hand was a common clay pipe; and now he pulled out a match and lit the pipe, when he passed through the railings to the small boy, who began to smoke. She was very angry that John should have been teaching that flaxen-haired neechin so wicked a practice; but little did she know what it all meant. She went back to finish her dressing, resolved to rebuke him by-and-by.

When she got hold of him later on, she said, sternly:

"What were you about this morning, Johnny? I suppose you thought no one saw you? How dare you go and teach a little boy to smoke tobacco?"

Now Johnny, so far from being disconcerted or frightened, grinned in honest anticipation that she would enjoy his little joke.

"Aw, Cosh, it wass the finest thing I ever said!" said he. "He wass getting sicker and sicker, and whither and whither; and before he went north he could scarcely crah along the road."

Then a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you deliberately got that little boy to smoke in order to make him sick?"

"Well," said Johnny, sturdily, "there hass been more than once that him and his big brother they were throwing stons at me. And I said to myself, 'Ferry well; throw awch; it is your turn now; but it will be my turn some other time.'"

"Yes," said she, indignantly, "but you took good care it was not the big brother you were revenged on."

Johnny was not a whit abashed by this taunt.

"Well," said he, "the big brother is bigger than me, and he throws stons at me; and if the little one is smaller than me, then it is my turn. Two is too many for one; but when you get them separate, then is the chance. Cosh, that one will not be for throwing stons for a little while! And if he did not want to smok, what made him smok?"

"I suppose you pretended to be friends with him?" said she, but in truth she despaired of bringing this incorrigible lad to a sense of his iniquities.

Johnny grinned again.

"Oh ay, he wass ferry suspesious at the first. Mebbe he thought there wass gum-pootier in the pipe. But I had to light it myself and gif it to him; and I

said he would never be a man at ahl until he learned to smok; and I said that smokkin wass ferry nice—and mebbe so it uz, or they would not be ahl at it. But where is he now?" continued Johnny, with a sudden, incoherent laugh of fiendishness. "Well, I think he is lying down on the shore, with his head on the cold stons, and his cheeks as white as a sheet of paper."

"I suppose you think it very clever to torture a small boy like that," said she, angrily. "But wait a little. Wait till he tells his people at home—wait till he tells his big brother—then you'll catch it!"

But this threat was not of the least avail.

"No, no, I'm not thinking he will do that," Johnny said, coolly. "He will not say a word to any one, not to any one at ahl, for fear of a strapping. He will not say a word. But he will be in less of a hurry to throw stons at me again!"

And then once more she had to give up the task of reforming this reprobate as something quite hopeless; for Johnny had always some argument with which to meet her remonstrances. Nor was it any use to warn him that sooner or later he would receive a sound thrashing, for he had been let off too many times before; besides, in this strange world in which he found himself, surrounded on all hands by malevolent creatures, armed with fists and claws and hoofs and stings to injure him, he had so much to do in fighting these enemies and in getting his revenge rather on them or their congeners that he soon forgot warnings. He was too busy, in fact—for he was determined not to have the worst of this incessant conflict; and where he could not win to victory by strength, he could fall back upon a very respectable fund of patience and astuteness and malicious cunning.

One evening Flora and Alison were strolling backward and forward through the garden, arm in arm. They were bare-headed, for the air was warm and still; Flora carried a scarlet double poppy hanging from her hand; Alison had a white rose at her neck. And no doubt any passer-by would have thought that these two pensive maidens were merely drinking in the balmy air, and idly regarding the various bright beds of pansies and snapdragon and sweet-william; whereas the truth was that Miss Flora was entertain-

ing her companion with sundry experiences of her own, especially as regards young men, and their insensate folly and simplicity as she had seen these exhibited on diverse occasions. It was hardly an edifying conversation; for Miss Flora frankly confessed that nothing delighted her so much as to see two young men at daggers drawn on her account, and trying darkly to conceal the same. Her own cantrips and coquetries were lightly glossed over; but Alison could guess a good deal; she knew where lay the origin of these bitter underhand bickerings and strivings and animosities. The demure smile that was in this handsome damsel's eyes was a sufficient admission.

"Hollo!" she exclaimed, happening to look along the road, "there's Ludovick come back." And then, as a sudden after-thought: "Well, I'm going round to Mrs. MacInnes to beg for some sprays of her copper beech, for the dining-room fireplace. I wonder why some of the old people call it the 'bloody' beech, some legend, most likely. I suppose I can go round without getting my bonnet."

So she went down to the gate just in time to meet Ludovick there; shook hands with him, and asked him about certain common friends of theirs in Edinburgh, and then went carelessly on her way. By this means she left him to find Alison alone in the garden.

"I have something to tell you, Ludovick," said she, rather shyly, when he came up.

"And I can see by your face that it isn't very bad news," said he. "Let's sit down on this seat, and you can tell me all about it. Well?"

"I have heard from Agnes," she said, when they were seated together, just outside the house.

"Yes, and she hasn't cried 'Bogey' at all!" he said, cheerfully.

"No—"

"Didn't I tell you?" he broke in. "Wasn't I sure of it? Well, now, there is some encouragement for you: that will give you heart of grace for a beginning at least—"

"Yes, but, Ludovick," Alison said, with a kind of rueful smile, "it's all very well for you to make light of difficulties—for you simply won't look at them. Now in this letter it is rather odd that Agnes doesn't say a single word about your being a Catholic."

"Why should she? he asked. "Why should anybody?"

"But I particularly mentioned it," was her reply, for she had been pondering over this matter, "and told her all my perplexities, and what I feared. Well, she doesn't say a word in answer to all that! She says a lot of very nice things about you, and is very kind to me; but there's not a word with regard to the very question I wrote to her about!"

"Because that is unnecessary," said he, "and she knew it."

Alison shook her head doubtfully.

"I am not so sure," she said. "However, there is one thing I must tell you. Aunt Gilchrist knows all about it now, and she approves—"

"Of course she does," said this hapless young man, who did not dream how soon his buoyant confidence and dearest hopes were all to be dashed to the ground. "I could have foretold that. Your aunt Gilchrist and I are excellent friends, and quite understand each other. We had a talk last summer—about you. But what led her to say anything definite?"

"There's a Mrs. Cowan," Alison made answer, rather hanging down her head the while. "I told you about that young man—"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said he carelessly, "the fellow with the long-tailed coat and the flabby trousers."

"And—and Mrs. Cowan wrote to Aunt Gilchrist about him, and about me."

"Really! That was very kind, very considerate," he said, for he did not seem to concern himself much about this rival. "She wanted to secure the prize for her hopeful son. Very natural. Well?"

"Well, Aunt Gilchrist was very angry—besides, she happened to hurt her foot just as she got the letter and that made her all the more peevable; and before sending her answer she questioned me about—about you, Ludovick—and she approved at once, and without hardly saying anything about your being a Catholic."

"There!" said he. "There is another one."

But Alison was not so confident as he was.

"I'm afraid that answer of Aunt Gilchrist's will make mischief, Ludovick," she said, absently.

"Oh, nonsense!" he cried. "Why, Alison, you mustn't be afraid of those people. You're in Lochaber now, you're

"a couple of strokes." I believe they say, but when they get you among them you must have courage and nerve for nothing when you've around self and one's opponent. Here you've not interfered of anything. I believe you'd save Johnny's big Duffle himself if you saw him coming along the road. And now you have got an answer from the only two people you have consulted; and you see they don't anticipate any terrible opposition. Of course, said he presently, with more of gentle consideration in his voice, "I quite understand your hesitation. You find yourself at present very much alone. You don't know what may happen; and you have been brought up to get counsel on the opinion of all these people. But you see, Alison, at once the definite step was taken; you wouldn't be any longer alone; you would have given me the right to be your protector; and I can answer for it that I will take care you sha'n't be harmed or interfered with by anybody's opinion or opposition. You are alone now. You wouldn't be alone then."

She looked up to him, as if already appealing for that guidance and protection, and she said,

"Then what would you have me do now?"

"Well," said he, "I don't think you could do better, in order to be rid of all these anxieties, than write to your father at once and tell him exactly the whole position of affairs."

Her eyes widened with a sudden apprehension; then she said, gravely,

"I would rather wait—until I could speak to him. Writing seems so odd a thing."

He said, with a smile,

"What you have lost is, great part of your courage, Alison, when once you are facing the King's soldiers. And in the room here, why should you suffer anxiety, when the way is clear?"

The way was not so clear as he imagined. At this moment Flora made her appearance, approaching the gate with a few branches of the "bloody-bush" in her hand. As she came up through the garden she said,

"What you may send me, Alison, as much as you please. I met the postman this afternoon, and got the letters from him—your own, for you I put in my pocket; and I kept all about it until a

couple of minutes ago. Here it is. I'm very sorry."

"I'm sure it doesn't matter," Alison said as she took the letter from Flora, who straightway went into the house with her leaves.

And then Alison glanced at the envelope and started slightly.

"This is from Agnes," said she to her companion. "You won't mind my opening it; perhaps she has something further to say."

As for him, he was anticipating no evil, and it did not occur to him to watch the expression of her face as she ran her frightened eyes over these brief pages, that were written in a tremulous and uncertain hand. Her lips grew very pale, but she said nothing. Even when she had finished she did not stir; she seemed scarcely to breathe; she held the letter in her clinched fingers, and blankly gazed at it.

"DEAREST ALISON," her sister wrote, in that trembling hand.—"I hardly know how to tell you. Something dreadful has happened. Mrs. Cowan has been here and saw father. Then he came to me, and questioned me—only a few words—but I have never seen him look like that before—oh, it was terrible, and his eyes were like coals, and he spoke to me as he never spoke before. And what he said was that I was to sit down and write to you that unless you were back home within four-and-twenty hours after getting this letter, the door of the house would be shut on you forever. Dear Alison, my heart is just like to break, but what can I do but send you the message? Come home quick, quick, and go to him yourself. He said he was glad mother was dead—but, oh, it was his look that was so terrible. Come home quick, Alison, for I don't know what to do."

AGNES.

Ludovick Macdonell was idly gazing across the loch, and at the darkening opposite hills, behind which the sun had already sunk, while he waited for his companion to finish her letter. But when he heard her utter a brief sigh, he turned quickly, and it was well that he did so, for he found she had grown deathly white, and in another moment she would have fallen senseless from the seat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI
Young portrait by himself in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

BY THEODORE CHILD.

ALESSANDRO DI MARIANO FILI-
PEPI was the son of a native estab-
lished at Florence. Born in 1447, he
took the name of Botticelli from that of a
goldsmith to whom he was first appren-
ticed. At least such is the statement of

Vasari. The registers of Florence do not,
however, contain the mention of any
goldsmith named Botticelli, whereas they
do inform us that Alessandro's elder bro-
ther, the younger Giovanni di Mariano,
was known by the nickname of Botti-

and a little boy, and his second brother, Antonio, was a little boy. Still, the young man did learn the goldsmith's art, but he was particularly clever at drawing, he was determined to become a painter, and accordingly entered the studio of *bottegga* of Fra Filippo Lippi. Vasari tells us that as a boy Sandro Botticelli was full of eager curiosity, but that he had not the patience to stay in any school long enough to learn to read and write. In the study of his art this impatience did not manifest itself; indeed, his development was so rapid that when his master died, in 1469, Botticelli, then aged twenty-two, was already considered to be the best painter in Florence, and the high esteem in which he was held is proved by the distinguished patrons who employed him, besides the civic and trade corporations, the churches and the convents of Florence, namely, the families of Tornabuoni, Vespucci, Palmieri, Pucci, and, above all, the Medici, for whom he painted religious pictures, profane compositions, and portraits. In 1475, when the Pazzi plot nearly overthrew the Medici, Botticelli was charged with painting the portraits of the culprits, according to the usage on the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio, and in the archives of Florence, under the date of July 21, 1478, is a notice of the payment of forty florins for theserescoes. Indeed, so great did his reputation become, both inside and outside Florence, that about 1481 he was invited to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV. to assume the direction of the decoration of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. His collaborators were Cosimo Rosselli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Perugino, and Luca Signorelli of Cortona, and he himself painted twenty-four portraits of popes in the upper niches of the chapel, and three out of the fifteen grand frescoes, namely, the "History of Moses," the "Rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram," and the "Temptation of Christ." This commission brought him great fame and a good sum of money, which he spent during his stay at Rome in careless living, "as was his wont," and then returned suddenly to Florence, where he remained until his death. And being a person of singularly analytic habit (*per essere persona di natura analitica*) continues Vasari, he made a study on a part of Dante, and wrote the *Interno* and had it

printed in which he lost much time, and the consequence was that by not working at his art he allowed his affairs to get into disorder." The same authority tells us that he made a frontispiece for Savonarola's *Triumph of Faith*, and became so ardent a partisan of the reformer that he gave up painting altogether, and would have died of starvation had he not been assisted by Lorenzo dei Medici, and many other friends who were attached to him on account of his talent and virtues.

His biographer represents the influence of Savonarola as having been wholly disastrous on Botticelli, but Vasari (born in 1512), was, it must be remembered, the creature of the later Medici, and therefore naturally a traducer of the patriot priest, reformer, and statesman, whose life work had been the ruin of the Medicean sway in Florence. We may therefore trust that Vasari has exaggerated the misery of Botticelli's later years; we even have some indications that the loquacious biographer's statements are misleading. For instance, he tells us that, having grown old and helpless, walking with two sticks because he could not hold himself upright, the painter died infirm and decrepit, at the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1515. The archives of Florence, the death registers, and contemporary evidence show, on the contrary, that Botticelli died on May 17, 1510. As for his having become old and helpless, we know that after his return from Rome he continued to work, and that he was called upon whenever there was any artistic business in hand. Thus he and Ghirlandajo were charged with mosaic work in the cathedral in 1491, and competed in plans for finishing the façade; in 1503, Botticelli, together with Cosimo Rosselli, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Filippino Lippi, his pupil Piero di Cosimo and others, was consulted as to the best place for Michael Angelo's colossal statue of David; while in 1496 young Michael Angelo had recourse to the intermediary of Botticelli, as the most esteemed master in Florence, when he wished to transmit a letter to Lorenzo the Younger, son of Giuliano dei Medici. We find nothing to confirm Vasari's story about Botticelli's poverty. In 1480 he was still living in his father's house; in 1498 his income-tax paper shows that he was keeping house with his nephews in the district of Santa Lucia dei Ognissanti, but at the same time he possessed a "gentleman's



HEAD OF ONE OF THE THREE GRACES IN BOTTICELLI'S "ALLEGORY OF SPRING."
In the Academy at Florence. (See page 4.)

1490, and probably inside the walls of his home. Furthermore, his career was well known to us, as is proved by the fact that in 1510 he was able to purchase a costly yard in the church of S. Miniato. Vasari's faithful story about Botticelli's poverty thus therefore gains its deserved credit.

As for the depths of our knowledge of the influence of Savonarola, Vasari's statements are again open to criticism. We may suppose that Botticelli became a follower of Savonarola about 1490; in 1498 the religious war broke out, and in two or six months, when prisoners and in 1500 Piero, in person one of his most beautiful religious pictures. The "Nativity" of the Fuller Maitland collection, now in the National Gallery at London. On this picture is an inscription in the different church, which has been translated as follows by Professor Colton:

"This picture I Alessandro painted at the end of the year 1500, in the woods of Italy, in the half time after the time during the fulfillment of the sevenfold John, in the second age of the Apocalypse, in the losing of the devil for three and a half years. Afterward he shall be chained and we shall see him trampled down as in this picture."

This "Nativity" with its mystical inscription, is doubly interesting because it shows that, although he had his mind full of Savonarola's prophecies, and although he regarded the death of the Dominican reformer as a fulfilment of the words of the Apocalypse, Botticelli had lost nothing of the freshness and originality of his inspiration, nothing of his tender sentiment, and nothing of that virile elegance and distinction of attitude which characterize his figures. We have this fact ascertained, that at a time when, according to Vasari, Botticelli had abandoned painting to produce a picture which ranks with his finest work of that kind; and although we have no positive data, we may console ourselves with the thought that his old age was neither so inactive nor so dejected as his biographer would lead us to suppose.

In his famous treatise on painting, Leonardo da Vinci does "our Botticelli" the honor of an affectionate and glowing mention, and hereafterward, whenever any fine name comes in the way of a painter. The historians of art

over, with brief mention or none at all, for three hundred years, we may say, his work did not count as a factor in general culture. From the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century the perfection of Leonardo, the future magnificence of Michael Angelo, and the "rational style" of Raphael so dazzled Western humanity that no adaptation was left for their precursors—for Benozzo Gozzoli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Filippo Lippi, and Sandro Botticelli, those tender and profound "primitive" painters whom it has been the privilege of modern criticism to restore to honor and influence and to interpret to the public as sources of pure artistic joy, outside of mere technical or antiquarian interest. But it must be asked, why were their names allowed to fall into oblivion? Why were others permitted to monopolize the hearts of fame? What is the explanation of this neglect on the part of the critics of the past three centuries? To answer all these questions would lead us far away from our immediate subject into the history of the many literary and artistic movements which have contributed toward the formation of the modern intellect and toward the development of that particular mental habit which we call "culture." By emancipating us from the tyranny of conventional criticism, and by encouraging us to affirm the sensations that we feel to-day, instead of repeating *pietate* and without question the formulae of praise which usage has consecrated in honor of stereotyped names, culture has broadened and intensified our pleasures and stimulated us to seek impressions of beauty where our forefathers, blinded by fashion, saw little but quaintness, rusticity, or rank barbarity. Furthermore, thanks to modern facilities of travelling, to the formation of museums, and to the immense publicity given to masterpieces by photography, the men of the present day possess unprecedented opportunities of forming their taste by self-education and habit, instead of by assimilating the ready-made opinions of the fashionable art critic of the day, whoever he may be. For culture teaches us that the joy of art ought not to be something reserved for connoisseurs, but simply the result of the joint and instinctive working of faculties of physical perception and comparison which communicate intimately with the senses and the emo-

tions. The intrinsic merit of a work of art can alone procure the pure joy of art, which is an ecstasy of emotional appreciation dependent, not upon reasoning and knowledge, but upon innate æsthetic sensitiveness or susceptibility, developed and refined by conscious and reflective use.

Sandro Botticelli was instinctively and above all things a prodigious artist. Living in an age when everybody's existence was one of adventure, Botticelli has no history: there are only two events in his life, namely, his visit to Rome, and his falling under the influence of Savonarola. But behind his work we divine an immense activity of soul: a grandiose amalgam of meditative Christianity and dreamy paganism; a mind peopled with sublime or tender visions of nature and of humanity; a temperament vibrating responsively to every pleasurable impression of color and of form. In the whole domain of modern art there is no man who realizes more completely and with more splendid originality than Botticelli the ideal of the consummate artist in contradistinction to the consummate painter, of which Rembrandt is perhaps the most complete type. Botticelli's work rarely excites our curiosity as to how it is done: we do not desire to get close to his pictures in order to examine the brush marks; we never find him exulting in paint and revelling in impasto, as Rembrandt does, even so far as to sacrifice resemblance to nature. On the contrary, Botticelli is always true to nature, and his constant aim is to enhance his visions of nature with all the charms of form and color that his eye perceives, but his delight is not in form and color alone.

Take his greatest picture, now in the Academy at Florence, and generally known as an "Allegory of Spring," or, as Vasari puts it, "*Venere che li fiori fa fioriscono, dinotando la Primavera*." Day after day, week after week, have I stood for long hours before this work in the little end room of the Academy, and the longer I looked at it, the more I was astonished and charmed. Painted in tempera, like all Botticelli's pictures, the coloration of the "Allegory of Spring" has a peculiarly delicate and opaline quality, while the general aspect fascinates the eye immediately by its abundantly decorative richness, and by the grandiose beauty of what we may call the arabesque; that is to say, the mere form and mass

of the composition, without excess or insufficiency in any detail, line, or part, perfectly harmonious, absolutely pleasurable. How can one describe it? Is this a forest, an orchard, a Garden of Eden, some spell-bound glade or Eden's mead where the trees grow close with straight trunks and thick branches laden with fruit?

In the foreground is a lawn of fresh grass, bespangled with lilies, daisies, chrysanthemums, and bells and flowerets of a thousand hues, as if Botticelli had bidden "the valleys low," in Milton's words,

"Throw later all your quaint uncouth rage,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd shower;
And plump all the ground with cerise flowers."

On this lawn are placed the figures, beneath a canopy formed by spreading fruit-laden branches of trees which occupy the whole background of the picture from end to end, showing, here and there, between their trunks and the interstices of the foliage, luminous patches of pale blue sky. This is Botticelli's favorite arrangement for pictures: the foreground and the figures in light *demi-toné*, separated by a dark curtain of trees, architecture, or other objects from the bright glow of the distance beyond. In this picture the curtain of trees opens into a sort of arch in the middle, and the space is filled by a spreading myrtle-tree that forms, as it were, an aureole for the central figure of a pensive Venus, over whose head a golden-haired Cupid, poised in mid-air, blindfolded, and equipped with a rose-colored quiver, shoots an arrow, from the head of which little flames spread eye-shape in the form of a lily. Venus, the grave "Alma Venus" of Lucretius's poem—the "charm of gods and men," at whose coming the winds fall, the clouds flee away, and the earth spreads beneath her feet a painted carpet of sweet flowers—wears a white coat and a gown of pearly lavender tone embroidered with gold round the neck; her golden hair hangs over her shoulders in wavy tresses, and on her breast is pinned a rich jewelled ornament. Over the gown is draped a carmine red mantle, diapered with a gold design, lined with amethyst, and bordered with a fringe of pearls. Her sandals are laced with golden strings.

On Venus's right hand the three Graces, holding hands, dance gravely with movements of winning harmony, each one adorned with jewels and clad in treasure

and flowers confounded around the feet, and veined with green. The softness and easy flowing of these flowing draperies, the marvellous skill with which they are drawn and painted, the wonderful opportunities for studying expression and the radiant and various beauty of their forms and faces, make this group one of the most characteristic in Botticelli's work, and one of the most lovely creations of art. The beauty, however, of the head of Raphael's figures. The realism of Botticelli prevented him from idealizing his models so far as to preserve in the lines and features that give youth we call "beauty" to a face; rather indeed he chose even ugly types, which he has made beautiful simply by the strenuous vigor of his drawing and the tenderness of his intense vision. This quality of "character" both in faces, in attitudes, and in gestures, gives to all Botticelli's best work a perennial freshness, a human and therefore eternally modern interest.

In one engraving will be seen a reproduction of the head of one of these golden-haired Graces with her strange and sumptuous coiffure—the forehead bare and high, as was the fashion in old Florence the hair crimped and frizzed so as to hide the ears entirely, the crown decked with torques of pearls, and two long plaits forming a necklace from which is suspended a pendant of precious stones. A similar but even more complex coiffure of plaits and tassels of hair interwoven with strings of pearls may be seen in the Frankfort Museum in Botticelli's wonderful portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, wife of Piero dei Medici, and mother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Indeed, there is a whole chapter to be written on Botticelli considered as a ladies' hair-dresser and costumer, and artists in splendor and elegance will find a mine of suggestion in his works.

Next to the group of the Graces a beautiful Mercury with abundant brown hair, wearing a helmet of oxidized steel *niellé* with gold, a diapered mantle of raspberry red, a richly wrought dagger and shoulder-belt, brass garters turned down with blue, to which are attached exquisite brown wings picked out with gold. This minor figure, a type of virile beauty, is introduced in the act of reaching on up to the *caduceus*.

The left foot of the composition is a group containing a winged male figure of similar type, evidently Zephyr, or a personi-

fication of the vernal breezes, who, half floating in the air, deposits on the ground a beautiful woman, perhaps symbolizing Flora, clad only in thin transparent veils bordered with gold, and with flowers issuing from her mouth and falling into the lap of a third figure, engraved in our illustration, which we may take to represent Spring. But this interpretation of the subject is not absolutely satisfactory, any more than the ingenious theory of those who argue that the subject represented is the Judgment of Paris, with Minerva, Venus, Juno, and Discord on the one side, and on the other the Graces and Paris, at whom Cupid is aiming his dart. Botticelli was a man of sufficiently subtle and curious turn of mind to have composed some profound allegory out of his own head, or to have based his design upon some mystic poem of the time which has been lost or has escaped our researches. But here, as in the case of the "Nativity" above noticed, it matters little what the subject of the picture may be; its intrinsic beauty alone suffices to fascinate and delight us, even if there remained of the picture nothing but this single, long, slender, flower-crowned figure of Spring, we should be justified in proclaiming Botticelli to be a master of mysterious charm and of graceful movement. This face, with its faun-like oblique eyebrows, its blue undashed eyes, its voluptuous mouth with parted lips so wonderfully modelled, its halo of yellow flower-sweet hair, its expression of unfathomable and triumphant assurance, is as full of suggestiveness as Dürer's *Melancholia* or Leonardo's *Gioconda*, and worthy to be ranked on the same level. How graceful, too, is the springy movement with which she advances, the balmy breeze swelling the folds of her drapery, and making, as Robert Herrick has quaintly said,

"A winning wave deserving note
In the compassionate petticoat."

How splendid that ivory neck, and the pure complexion tinged with the most delicate rose! and the white dress brocaded and garlanded with flowers, and the sleeves all slashed and quilted with gold and underlaid with tender rose, and the hem of the garment serrated like the petals of a lily, and curling into fantastic scrolls!

This "Allegory of Spring," which measures ten feet long and six feet high, was painted for Cosimo dei Medici's villa at



FIGURE OF FLORA IN BOTTICELLI'S "ALLEGORY OF SPRING."

figure a tenderer with the magnificent power of the "Birth of Venus." With life and reason may in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. In the odd glow light of sunlight show two emblematic and interlocked figures of the wind blow hard over the rippling pale green water and wall toward a fluted shell on which Venus stands amidst a rain of roses, clad only in her beauty and her long flowing hair. On the shore a figure of spring wearing a white flower sprinkled robe, offers the goddess a rose-colored cloak embroidered over with starry plants and flowers. The attitude and expression of Venus are exquisitely read at. There is even a decided look of inquiry, such as we may often in Botticelli's Madonnas; but, after all, to the mind of this yearning pagan, who was at the same time a sincere Christian, there was probably not a very persons line of demarcation between the Madonna and Aphrodite, the daughter of the sea-foam.

Botticelli, we must remember, was a contemporary of the universally learned Pico della Mirandola, who read Plato in Greek and Moses in Hebrew, and whose life's dream was the reconciliation of the religion of antiquity with the religion of Christ, and of Plato's *Timæus* with the Book of Genesis. His friend Matteo di Marco Palmieri, the Florentine *chiaro d'affaires* at Naples, was the author of a mystical poem called "La Città di Vita," wherein were incorporated various unorthodox theories of Origen concerning those angels who had remained neutral at the time of the fall of Lucifer. Botticelli followed the text of this poem in painting certain zones of his large picture of the Assumption now in the National Gallery, and was consequently accused of heresy.

We must bear in mind also that our painter's chief patron was that Lorenzo dei Medici the Magnificent whose father, Cosimo, had founded the Platonic Academy, one of whose sons became Pope Leo X., whose courtiers were Politiano, Pulei, Pico della Mirandola, and Ficino, the translator of Plato. It was an age when the natural charm of pagan story was re-creating itself, not only as a subject of purely artistic or political treatment, but also in its religious significance as a rival of the religion of Christ. Every day brought some new treasure of thought and of profound thought. Ovid was read, and Plutarch, and Pliny, and

Virgil was printed at Milan in 1450; the manuscript of Lucian's works, brought from Constantinople in 1445 by the Serbian Ambasciador, was printed in 1496. The end of the fifteenth century was one of those happy eras of intellectual activity, like the age of Pericles, which are productive of complete types of general culture, and in which "artists and philosophers, and those whom the action of the world has elevated and made keen, do not live in isolation, but breathe a common air, and catch light and heat from each other's thoughts. There is a spirit of general elevation and enlightenment in which all alike communicate." It is this solidarity, as Mr. W. H. Pater has admirably observed, "which gives unity to all the various products of the Renaissance, and it is to this intimate alliance with, and to this participation in the best thoughts which that age produced, that the art of Italy in the fifteenth century owes much of its grave dignity and influence."

The very subjects of Botticelli's pictures show how thoroughly he was in touch with the spirit and thought of his age. He owes to Lucian, for instance, the idea of one of his most impressive and dramatic compositions, the "Calumnias," now in the Uffizi Gallery, painted after the artist's description of the subject as treated by Apelles. But where did Botticelli, who was no great scholar, find this description? May it not have been suggested to him by his senior contemporary, the learned and universally gifted Leone Battista Alberti, who was one of the members of the Platonic Academy, and whom we find in the fair gardens around Florence resuscitating the scene of Plato's *Phædrus*, and like another Socrates, with the young Lorenzo dei Medici for interlocutor, charming his auditors with mellifluous discourse on the active and the contemplative life? Alberti, in his treatise "De la Pittura," cites this passage of Lucian describing Apelles' picture, and holds it up to the painters as an instance of the importance of invention in historical composition. Alberti's profound essay, written fifty years before the great Leonardo summed up his art in a score of inimitable pages, contains many other texts which might also be quoted as having apparently influenced Botticelli in the conduct of his genius, and which are most curious and interesting for the light they



BOTTICELLI'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD AND ST. JOHN." IN THE LOUVRE GALLERY

He is not the conqueror of the theory and philosophy of the modern spirit painting. He is merely, therefore, the painter who was contented with the more salient positions of æsthetics, and that these are still so judiciously the *methods* of the primitive painter make an unpardonable mistake. Perhaps if from these mistakes could, however, lead us too far away from our subject. We will therefore note only the retention of *Allover* on the movement of hair, of foliage, and of drapery, by which Botticelli particularly pleased. "Let the drapery," he says, "spread out on all sides like the branches of a tree; from one fold to another waving, and let the movement of these folds be rendered in such manner that there be no part of the contours where they are alike. But these movements must be moderate and easy, and devised so as to show gracefulness rather than the conquering of a difficulty. And then as we wish the garments to lend themselves to the movements of the body, and as by nature they are heavy and hang down toward the ground, it is well in painting to allow a breeze to blow across the composition, the result of which will be this graceful effect, that the wind striking the body, the drapery is impressed upon it, and the nude form appears through the veil, while on the other side, agitated by the air, it streams and floats harmoniously." This graceful and airy floating of the drapery and the suave elegance of the movements of the figures form one of the most characteristic charms of all his pictures.

No words can give an idea of the fascination of Botticelli's work; for although a naturalist in the same sense as all the primitive painters were naturalists, that is to say, keenly impressed by outward things, by flowers, trees, rivers, and hills, by nature, by man, and by things considered as plastic objects, he was essentially a visionary and lyrical painter; of his compositions we may truly say that they are exponents of states of soul. Far from remaining impassive before the spectacle of nature and life, he clothes everything that he sees with the color of his own moods and ideas. Look at his "Crown-
ing of the Virgin to the Virgin on the
— of the Child with different Saints,"
in the Academy at Florence, the crown-
ing of the Child. In the National Gal-
ery, London, the Virgin and Child and St.
John," in the Louvre Gallery, reproduced

in one illustration: in all these works, after travelling at the distinction and beauty of the composition considered as a picture, and after admiring the singular abundance of the artist's ideas, the copiousness of his invention, the depth and high import of his conceptions, we are struck by the subdued, dreamy, and uncertain look of the Madonna, the wistful appearance of St. John, and the preternatural seriousness of the Divine Child, as if all three were oppressed by the honor that weighs upon them, and dejected by the greatness of its mystery. And how much more impressive are these dejected Virgins of Botticelli than the irritatingly beautiful and apathetic Madonnas of Raphael, with their look of conventional femininity! How the greatness of the artist is revealed in the uncommonness of the point of view, in the rare distinction of the vision, as compared with the ordinary and obvious arrangements employed in the religious pictures of the painter of the "Belle Jardinière"! In the Louvre Virgin, one of the most perfect of Botticelli's religious works, the effect of the expression of wistful uncertainty is augmented by the quality of the atmosphere and the very composition of the picture; it is the moment when the sun is sinking low, and when its horizontal rays suffuse the sky with rich yellow light, against which the hedge of roses spreads its upper fringe of leaves and bloom in the sharp relief of precise outline, leaving a foreground of luminous half-tone, in which are placed the figures. The whole theme is in the minor key; the splendor of the day has passed, the distance becomes veiled in golden haze; the weary birds have ceased to sing; a mysterious hush gathers round the trees; the shadow on the hill-side deepens into an enveloping gloom; and man's heart sinks within him, and in his mixed and uncertain condition, neither very bad nor very good, half believing, half doubting, sadly conscious of his lacking energy both of spirit and of flesh, he falls into vague questionings and mystic reverie. This state of melancholy and complex resignation is common to analytical minds such as Botticelli's, and to the simple instinctive minds of the unlettered. It is manifested equally though differently in Botticelli's religious pictures, and in the wailing music in the minor key that springs spontaneously from the lips of the con-

quering Moors in the gardens of Andalusia and of the humble peasants in the wilds of Brittany.*

Botticelli communicates even to profane subjects a tincture of this expression of wistfulness, this silent atmosphere of dream-land, this intense consciousness of the insoluble mystery of life and death. Such a sentiment we might trace in the expression of Venus in the completely profane subject of Mars and Venus now in the National Gallery, and reproduced in our illustration very faithfully, so far as the drawing is concerned. But we have perhaps said enough about the moral nature of Botticelli, and indeed this illustration was chosen rather with a view to exemplifying the artist's marvellous ornamental instinct, his sentiment of the beauty of the mere arabesque of his compositions, his joy in associating a multiplicity of lines into a harmoni-

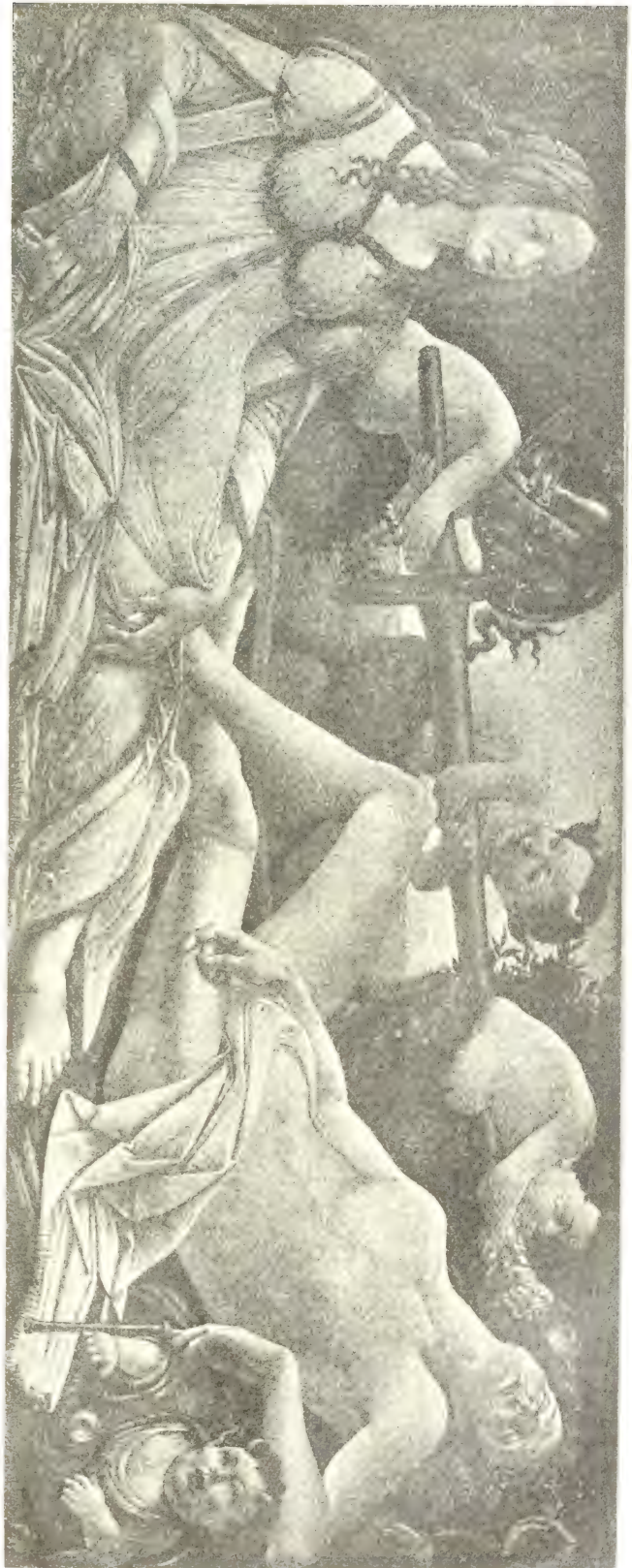
* For instance, this English, half Breton, half Latin, thus translated by François Coppée:

La cloche sonne l'Angelus;
La terre a donc au jour de plus!
Sainte Vierge Marie, O Plai,
A jamais, sois benite Aye Maria!

On sent la bonne odeur du foin;
L'étoile brille au ciel de Juin.
Sainte Vierge Marie, O Plai,
A jamais, sois benite Aye Maria!

The exquisite title of this Angelus, which might serve as an epigraph for J. F. Millet's famous picture, will be found in Bourgaud-Ducandray's *Melodies Populaires de la Basse Bretagne* (Paris: Le-moine et Fils).

BOTTICELLI'S "MARS AND VENUS" — IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



the transition period between childhood and youth, the period which the Latins call "adolescence," with its peculiar grace and its beauty still hesitating between the two sexes. In the ministering children who flow as angels with thoughtful and eager faces in his religious pictures, Botticelli has surpassed Donatello and Luca della Robbia in loveliness of feature, suppleness of attitude, and inexpressiveness of character.

Dante illustrated by Botticelli, a manuscript whose pages, with the names of two diversely great Florentines, is indeed a truly valued work in every one's library. Thanks to the admirable fac-similes of the precious original published by Hoge & Co. in apparent co-operation with the Berlin Museum, it is possible to satisfy ourselves without any great difficulty. The scenes are most interesting: the figures of Dante and Beatrice in the *Paradise* are singularly noble, several of the compositions are delicate and grand; certain of the feminine types have an exquisite grace and tenderness; the simple floating draperies are full of charm; but these drawings will be appreciated by artists and enthusiastic admirers of the master rather than by the general

public. The fragment of the manuscript in the Vatican library, in which some of the designs are finished or in progress as miniatures, confirms us in the belief that these illustrations, for the most part hasty sketches and silhouettes full of imagination and spirit, are the simple notes of a preparatory plan which Botticelli never carried out. Those who wish to go more deeply into this question will find all that can be said about it in Herr Lippmann's learned introduction to his edition of the fac-simile plates. It was doubtless from drawings of this kind by Botticelli that Baccio Baldini made himself a name as an engraver, just as Marc Antonio became famous by engraving the sketches of Signorelli, Michael Angelo, and Raphael.

Still another question which interests specialists rather than the general public concerns these engravings attributed to Botticelli, and the supposition that he furnished drawings to the engraver Baccio Baldini. It will suffice here to say that a series of engravings of the Prophets and another of the Sibyls may be with much probability attributed to Botticelli; but a fact entirely beyond dispute is the empire that this artist exercised over the book illustrators and subject engravers of the period, who all either copy directly his designs or borrow his picturesque means and processes of composition. This unanimous submission to his influence is to be explained, as M. Henri Delaborde has remarked in his studies on the early Florentine engravers, by the very diversity of the painter's aptitudes, by the pliancy of his imagination, which is ready to deal with all kinds of subjects and all categories of ideas. Before his time the Florentine masters had scarcely ventured outside an invariable set of subjects, provided by the Scriptures or by the lives of the saints, or if by chance some allegorical figure presented itself in company with evangelic personages as is the case in Giotto's paintings at Padua, the mysticism of the intention and the identity of the treatment transformed this profane element into a means of expression for Christian thought. But with Botticelli, on the contrary, with his charming contemporary Piero di Cosimo, the painter of the "Death of Procrustes" in the National Gallery, and a few years later with Filippino, his pupil, mythology began to be considered not as a sublimine resource of

art, but as one of its absolute ends, sharing possession of the domain of art on equal terms with religion which had been hitherto sole sovereign. It is needless, however, to repeat that under the brush of Botticelli the "Judgment of Paris" or the "Birth of Venus" acquired a tone of tender elegance and impressive gravity almost analogous to that with which he infused the personages of the Madonna and the Divine Child, and that nothing could be further removed than these chaste pictures from the licentious and fleshly panegyrics which the grosser and less reputable inhabitants of Olympus obtained in a later age at the hands of the Venetian and Spanish masters.

Great works of art are fatally impressed with the serenity of the mind that produced them in sure and persistent effort: they seem at first sight to have been made easily; they are finished and consummate; they betray no traces of effort or of labor; in them nothing appears to be due to chance, but when we reflect we feel that this mysterious perfection has not been achieved in one day. Look at that figure of Spring, or of Flora, in the great allegory in the Academy of Florence, and think through how many phases and forms she must have passed before attaining her present springy elasticity of movement, her conquering assurance of look and bearing, and that perfect distribution of abundant ornateness which makes the costume a marvel of richness, fanciful originality, and exquisite taste. And those three figures of the Graces dancing in clinging drapery that moulds their form! In order to achieve that complete sensation of suave and cadenced movement Botticelli must have observed and toiled infinitely; for remark how majestic their salutation is, how awe-inspiring, how Elysian, that trio of beauty dancing on the flowery carpet of the sacred glade. It is not in the propitious favor of a mere happy moment that such works as this are created; it is not by happy content with suggestions of nature and with untrusting notes of passing sensations, but by the long effort of an unquenchable and receptive mind, nourished and fed by the mature and untiring energy of a temperament most nobly and delightfully endowed, both physically and emotionally. Such was the mind and such the temperament of Sandro Botticelli.



1844

TWO KINDS BY HALF.

Fig. "Oh, I've long given up dancing for my own sake. I only dance now with those unlucky girls that don't get partners. Who's that going by behind you?"
 Sam. "My daughter."

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A CLERGYMAN once said to the Easy Chair that having preached a sermon in which he had expressed views which seemed to him very important, even if not very general, he received one day through the mail an envelop which was marked underpaid, and which contained only a large sheet of heavy blank paper. The next day he received another envelop of the same kind, also underpaid, and for ten days successively the same incident was repeated. The clergyman could explain it in one way only. The amount of postage which he was obliged to pay was apparently the penalty imposed upon him by some one who had heard his sermon and held his sentiments to be reprehensible, but who did not dare to say so manfully and directly.

Sending an underpaid weight by post was, however, but a feeble and prosaic form of anonymous censure. A more amusing and symbolic form was that adopted by some one who wished to reprove an editor for some remarks in his paper, and who sent to him a neat little package which proved to be a box apparently containing some kind of jewelry, but which when opened revealed six exceedingly small potatoes carefully wrapped in cotton. That was an admirable touch. It was contempt conveyed emblematically—a sarcasm mounted in vegetable form. The only defect in this satisfaction of the sender must have been the doubt whether his gift was received and understood, and also of course his consciousness of the pointlessness of a sneer when the snicker is unknown. If one man writes to another anonymously that he is a quack or a scoundrel, and withholds his own name, it must be assumed that he does so because he is aware that his name, if recognized at all, would make his ill opinion praise and not shame, or that it might subject him to a retort with a cowhide.

The clergyman enlarged upon the stupidity of anonymous letters. They are, he said, the work of cowards who are afraid of being kicked, or of persons who are justly conscious that if they should reveal their names their letters would instantly become jokes. The writer of such letters, he said, vainly, is a hound who skulks in the dark and tries to commit

murder. But it is the hard condition of his act that he can never possibly know whether his blow reached its object. Many eminent authors carefully avoid reading notices of their works, and a distinguished statesman told the Easy Chair that he kept a kind of ledger of the anonymous letters, and those in which the name of the writer, although not concealed, was unknown to him, and that incognito was very satisfactory, because what he called the credit side was very much larger than the debit. The scoundrel and approved more than set off the abuse.

That fact, indeed, suggests another sorrow of the writer of anonymous letters. While he is inventing phrases and conjuring adjectives, what is he saying that he does not approve the conduct of his victim? Is he content to the torture of knowing that for every gibe and stinging word and sarcasm which he has poured there is some other correspondent equally busy in anointing the same victim with?

To know that the blow is made ready simultaneously with the blow, and above all to be in the dangerous ignorance whether the victim is in the least conscious of that of the blow or the being, is a most distressful situation if the writer is anonymous indeed.

The Easy Chair has been so often exposed to this kind of epistolary bombardment, and the cruel oppression which it makes is probably less than what was designed. If the blow is accurately messenger, its weakness is that of all friendly messages. The sender cannot help expressing the feeling he inwardly entertains, and is about as free as most letters and words. There are, therefore, no secrets. One must be wiser than the Christian who has rollers on every leg; another, that no respectable person will ever come upon the front legs; and still a more perfectly unwarlike sage inasmuch as it would send your name, and on a chair which is tolerated in good society has rollers from all over. If there are some hints to these earnest counsellors that this multifarious wisdom may actually make the writer's name less useful, perhaps the

and the probable picture to bring in words of origin, surname would be that of Jason's old man and his son and his ass. The supposed writer cannot decide whether the father should ride, or the son, or whether they should carry the ass between them. And what shall the editor do?

But the anonymous writer may decide to comment only without directing. He may feel constrained merely to bear his testimony to the worthlessness of the editor's labors, the abundance of his opinions, the looseness of his images, and the lamentable folly of his conduct. It is comical to think of the avalanche of such letters which pours pitilessly into the sanctum. The charitable waste-baskets can scarce accommodate the drifts. The wisdom which proceeds from statesmen in the barber's chair and on the benches of Union and Madison squares overflows in this anonymous correspondence. It is in vain that the editorial malefactor attempts to escape judgment. The anonymous letter writer knows him much better than he knows himself and his effort to pose as a patriot, as a lover of order, as a friend of progress, will be sternly exposed in the second of number 10: "The who knows," by "Aristotle," or, "You know who," and by that terrible "know who keeps society in such good order," "A foe to frolics and brawlings."

The great public will be out in force of this omnipresent, invisible police, which regulates public men and editors, giving the reprobates their deserts in the anonymous form. There was a man with a lively sense of humor who said that whenever he made a speech of importance or significance he received a letter beginning uniformly, "Well, Pericles, what do you think of yourself now?" and proceeding to ask whether he was not yet aware of the profound odium into which he had fallen. "These," said Pericles, "are the humorous reliefs of public life. The importance which such worthy people attach to the expression of their dislike, the ingenious asperity of their tone, and at the end of the fulminating document no name, all reminds me in another way of Thackeray's description of George the fourth." He laughed as he recalled it.

Does the gentle reader recall it? Did he, perhaps, hear Thackeray read it with his rich voice, and its rollicking tone when he came to the humorous passages? Does

it not seem another New York in which those lectures were delivered? He is describing the fourth George, but it is the writer of such letters as Pericles receives, with his pretentious self-importance, his perfumed air of superiority, and his air of pompous impudence, who seems to have sat for the portrait: "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil of rose and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing."

The clergyman who received the underpaid envelop dwelt much upon the incident, which was new and painful to him. But he said nothing better than the remark: "I don't wonder he didn't sign his name to must have been so heartily ashamed of himself."

In speaking of the Academy exhibition of pictures in New York this year we remarked the high prices placed upon some of the works as indicative of the probable prosperity of the artists. But Cimabue, one of the fraternity, writes that it has been a hard year for the painters, but a profitable one for the picture dealers. He says that the sales of the National Academy were the smallest for many years, and that at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists only one picture was sold, while the Montross sale of American pictures was a fair one. The year, he thinks, cannot be called a poor one, not only because money seems to be poured out abundantly on every side, but because foreign pictures have sold well—the bad rather better than the good.

This is a serious situation, especially for "the strong young American painters," whom Cimabue says that he knows well, and who are very proud, and taught by self-respect to keep their troubles to themselves. But he knows their hard, faithful work, their creditable, upright lives, their devotion to their art, and, more than all, their generous support of each other. They earn their livelihood by teaching, illustrating, and making "trade" etchings. Cimabue holds that the reason of this situation is twofold, thoughtless writing, called criticism, in the papers, and the indifference of rich Americans to American art, and he is sure that some remedy

might be found in a vigorous statement of the facts.

The rest of the difficulty is probably the want of taste and the want of knowledge—in one word, ignorance. Collecting pictures is generally a "fad," or a fashion. The man who has made a fortune and then builds a fine house can seldom trust himself to decide upon the style of building, or to furnish the rooms, or to collect a library or a gallery. The qualities that have enabled him to accumulate money do not enable him to spend wisely. He is not perfectly sure that he could match the colors of his walls and his carpets, or even know what colors and carpets he ought to have. He is liberal, generous, good-natured, hospitable, but the masters of household decoration, in furniture and all similar details, the experts in book-buying, and the eminent picture dealers, must all be consulted, as he would order his clothes made at the most reputable tailor's, and his shoes only of certain makers.

If he would buy pictures, the noted private galleries and the shops of the dealers abound in the works of the men of the hour, who are not American artists, but generally Europeans. There are always a few among them of real ability, perhaps, but what is of much more importance, of fashionable fame. Their works are set off for sale with every device of attraction, and with the prestige of a name. He has no guide in himself, no knowledge, nor taste, nor experience. He cannot even trust "what he likes," knowing that as he knows nothing of pictures he probably likes the wrong thing. He may have heard of some American portrait-painters if any of his friends have sat to them. But that is all. In American art as such he has no pride. He is not studying art, nor caring for it. He is furnishing a house, or collecting a gallery, as he builds a yacht, or buys a pair of fine horses, or employs an agent to buy a library.

The American artist encounters what the Italian painters of the cinque-cento did not encounter—a formidable and established tradition of art and pictures and masters, and the rivalry of works produced in countries where the tradition exists, and the taste, and the art "atmosphere," and where reputations are conferred by critics, and a public favor which is accepted as authoritative. If an Amer-

ican picture pleases a buyer, the hesitating buyer distrusts his own judgment, and is apt to compare, and to wonder whether his money might not be more advantageously invested in the work of an acknowledged master. If he should buy the picture, it has only its intrinsic excellence. It has no glamour derived from fame, from a school, from fashion, from a foreign land. The older countries, it is undeniable, speak with a recognized authority. The American reads of the man or woman who has contributed a notable work to the London or the Paris exhibition, but he does not read, nor remember if he does read, who has done well at the Academy, or the "American Artists."

In the last dozen years how many American artists have painted pictures which have commanded such attention as to become known and to make their names familiar? (While within twenty years many young American authors have justly earned an honorable name which is everywhere recognized, how many names have been added to the list of American artists of high repute? The Academy Exhibition of this year was conceded to be of unusual excellence, but how many even of the gentle readers of these words who live in the city can mention the name of a painter who especially distinguished himself there? How many of such readers, upon hearing the question and without considerable reflection, can say who are now the dozen most eminent living American artists?)

Such want of knowledge does not show that there are not admirable artists among us: it shows only that there is not that kind of interest in art which makes certain names commanding in the deliberations of Midas, or even of Cræsus, upon the purchase of pictures. If the dealer says to either of these gentlemen that he has a precious *Fortunio*, a *Frère*, an *Alma-Tadema*, whose works are universally sought in London and Paris, and that these prizes are *here only because* the American is believed to be willing to pay great prices, and then adds that if an excellent American picture is wanted here is a —, or a —, or a —, there is not much doubt to which the mind of Midas or Cræsus will incline. It is not easy to change this inclination. It can be done apparently only in one or all of three ways—by making American pictures the

fashion, by evoking true taste and knowledge, and by stimulating a reverence for American works upon patriotic grounds.

The rational measure is the cultivation of taste and knowledge. Then the spell of the Old World disappears and objects are viewed by intrinsic merits. But must not that change be accomplished as it was elsewhere, by the appearance of artists whose genius commands attention, and who demonstrate in the most convincing way that there is a distinctive American art, and not merely artists who paint in America? American literature is come into being, a very recent thing. Only and seventy years ago the question which Sydney Smith asked of himself for his good faith, "Who reads an American book?" was asked by many a devoted American. He said he found no one who was capable of American books himself. But they should be read. It is very different now, and the difference is largely due to our constellation of American authors that has arisen during the last half-century.

It is not by accident that the American ought to buy American books, but by the progressive process which should be hoped that the day is not far off when it will be thought fit to purchase will be thought fit. Reading is a common practice, the artist is one of the products of the development of art. But mere arbitrary or charitable or patriotic encouragement will not avail. The encouragement must be for art than for literature. To recur to Fisher Ames—pictorial and historical illustration, no patriotic desire of developing American literature could have made him buy the history of the Whigs in his surrection, a Sallust or a Froissart or a Chateaubriand. But the unyielding appearance of trying and untried and forgotten and forgotten and forgotten created the historical department of literature with out any patriotic or sentiment of the reader to buy American histories.

Yet as the newspapers and the critics could have and the good work by pointing out that Kalm's discovery of history and the poems of Bryant showed that the sap was in the tree, so now, at long last, we suggest to call attention to the fact, where even it is a fact, that beautiful and modern pictures are painted by Americans, well used by persons Mulder and Croesus that an American art is arising of which they are very proud. In the foreign exhibitions American men appear

among the chief and noted contributors. A fair field and no favor is all that they can ask.

THE pathetic tale of *Elizabeth, or the Boyles of Siberia*, one of the books which touched deeply the imagination of children fifty years ago, left an impression of Russian tyranny which no lapse of time wore away. The general American and English feeling about the gigantic and despot empire was largely determined by that little book. The national mind of both countries was prepared to receive and believe all the tales of the horrors of despotism, and the later mysterious organizations of the "Nihilists" and the terrible revelations of the Russian novelists are all made credible and probable by the sorrows of *Elizabeth*.

Twenty years ago Wendell Phillips in his last great discourse, the address at Cambridgeport on the centennial of the Phi Beta Kappa, spoke of Russia to his remarkable audience and left them with this exhortation: "To such a hard discipline, to such a danger as the necessity and propriety of the necessity for the United States to the *United States*." It was the culmination of his description of the empire. "Read silence like that which reigns at the summit of Mount Blanc. Freeze the whole empire, long ago described as 'a despotism tempered by assassination.' Meanwhile such to poison has inserted the brains of the ruling family, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane; a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred million of men. The young girl whispers in her mother's ear under a ceiled roof her pity for a brother hunted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinion. The next week she is stripped naked and flung to death in the public square. No inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest, one dead uniform silence, the law of the tyrant. Where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever?"

This is an echo of the melancholy hopelessness of *Elizabeth*, and it seems to be confirmed by such tales of Nihilist plots and punishments as are suffered to escape. Yet while we were absorbed in our tremendous controversy and war, in which slavery perished, the Czar of Russia freed the serfs—a strange gleam of

light in that despotic darkness: and while Europe held aloof and indifferent, Russia was the frank and open friend of the government of the Union in this country. And now while the recent wide circulation of the Russian novels, which deepen the old impression, is very general, and these tales make a direct and strong appeal to the sympathy of Christendom, comes the unexpected announcement of the proposed abandonment by the Russian government of the whole system of Siberian exile.

Dr. Lansdell's paper in the May number of this Magazine, upon the Russian convicts in the salt mines of Iletska, which was exceedingly interesting and apparently truthful, and the paper in the same number by Mr. Albert F. Heard upon Justice and Law in Russia, are both exceedingly suggestive of a probability that the hitherto unredeemed gloom of the general impression of Russia is not wholly justified. Thus Mr. Heard says: "For political offenders in Russia there is neither law nor justice: the way of these transgressors is hard, and their lot deplorable. . . . For the rest of the nation wise laws, regular courts, trial by jury, and fair administration of justice exist. The penal code is one of the mildest in Europe as regards its enactments. . . . The lenity of the law is counteracted by the abuses of the prison system." Mr. Heard says also that the rigors of Siberian exile have been greatly mitigated, and he attributes to the criminal folly of the Nihilists, who have no affiliation, he says, with the Russian people, and who assassinated the late Czar as he was in the very act of establishing reforms upon a sure basis, the harsh policy of the present autocrat, who, until his father's murder, was in sympathy with his reforms.

Russia has been so long wrapped in impenetrable darkness that the imagination has had full play. But the unanimous report of the administrative council of the Penitentiary Department in favor of the total abolition of the system of Siberian exile, and the substitution of confinement in fortresses for political offenders, is a sign of progressive life which somewhat relieves the impression of Mr. Phillips's picture. He might, indeed, say that it is fear of dynamite and the dagger which has extorted all the mitigations. But Mr. Heard states that with all mitigations the absolutism of

force remains, and of course the irreconcilable hostility to it of the radical sentiment and purpose.

It is this situation, necessarily transient, which makes Russian papers written by competent observers profoundly interesting and valuable. According to Mr. Heard and Dr. Lansdell, the condition of the Siberian exiles is less fearful than it was, and there is the probability of a complete abandonment of the system. The Russian people in general are loyal, but being densely ignorant and superstitious, are perplexed by the fatal assaults upon the czars, as if God had left them to punishment. But the situation in the best light is sad enough. While without the political realm there are good administration and popular content, within that realm there is complete terror. Still it is encouraging to know that upon the vast and remote and mysterious empire the force of modern intelligence, invention, and progress, "the fierce light" of liberty, does not beat in vain. In these days, and in contact with modern Christendom, Russia is a huge glacier, towering, silent, of magnificent might, but drifting slowly and surely toward the Gulf-Stream, in whose resistless embrace it will at last dissolve.

If there be such a thing as vulgarity, it is a very poor compliment that we pay ourselves if we insist upon calling it essentially American. If there be such a person as a boor or booby, and if he have been in a place known as a stable, and if it be possible to be saturated with a stable odor what is the relevance of saying, when he makes his presence odoriferously known in a room, that although he may not have the artificial elegance of pampered monarchical courts, yet he has the unthoughtful fragrance of a pure Americanism? Why should a pure Americanism smell badly? It is undeniable that honesty, simplicity of soul, and robust manhood are very much more important than correct spelling, and tact, and neatness, and courtesy. But why should a clean, courteous, and well-educated man not be honest, simple, and robust? Washington was so, although his spelling was imperfect, and innumerable other Americans have been so. But why in our estimate of what is essentially American are we so apt to include what is also essentially vulgar and to

denoting a taste for vulgarity as the price of foreign manners?

Frederic Chaucer was very susceptible to the romantic charm of the English landscape and of the old English traditions. The green lane, the ivied church, the May-pole, the village green, the Christmas preser of old England were full of delight to him. But was there ever a better or a more thorough American? Yet it would be pitiful in the risk of being sentimental as a renegade and a denationalized American if Frederic Chaucer should ever reappear and openly and strongly profess his pleasure in the old home. Despite the profound conviction of the Easy Chair that America is by far the happiest and most fortunate of countries, and Americans the favorites of Heaven, yet it is compelled to admit that the Alleghanies are neither as imposing nor as historic as the Alps, and that there are finer pictures in the Vatican than in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that there are storied scenes and cities in England and ruined temples in Greece full of a kind of charm which rivets neither the noble Capitol in Washington nor the mighty wheat fields of the Northwest.

There are many Americans who have yet to learn that Little Peddlingtonism is not patriotism. The American who in Rome jams his hat upon his head and

will not bow or bend it when the Host passes, or who in St. Peter's talks during the elevation or who expectorates upon the floor of the cars or the dining-rooms for the effete despotisms, or who is in any other way vulgar, ill-mannered, and disgusting, is not in these performances an American; he is merely not a gentleman. The Fountain of Vaucluse is by no means so imposing a spectacle as Niagara, the Hudson is a far nobler river than the Tiber, and — is a much larger, richer, more enterprising town than Athens, while as for Bethlehem or Jerusalem! Yet no sincere Vaucluse or the Tiber or Athens or Jerusalem for any such reason is the mark of too Peddlingtonian, not of the American.

A nation, like an individual, is known by its ideals, its aims, its characteristic qualities. If it is wholly satisfied with a material prosperity, if it measures success by money, if its great men are merely its rich men, if it neglects intellectual and spiritual cultivation, insists upon being flattered, and derides as an alien the citizen who refuses to be the parasite and courtier of a mob, it is not a nation which has comprehended the secret of national grandeur; nor can it yet truly understand the motives, the spirit, or the hopes of the fathers of the Revolution and their sons of the civil war.

Editor's Study.

THE "Library of American Literature," which Mr. E. C. Steedman and Miss E. M. Hutchinson have composed, promises to be one of the worthiest works of the kind attempted; in fact, there is nothing quite of its kind in the same field. Thus, in the three volumes already published, reaches from the earliest dates in Virginia and New England up and down the thirteen Revolutionary colonies, and in the seven to follow it will broaden over our whole continent. No reviewer, not even the omniscient presence of the Study, can pretend to know this field so well as the editors of the Library; and one has one's conscience in proposing to say how extremely faithful, thorough, and judicious the performance of their task has been. Of the narratives of adventure by the first explorers and settlers which so

largely compose the literature of the seventeenth century one might have something intelligent and authoritative to say, but how easily one's innocence of all the contemporaneous scene might be abused! We cannot suffer ourselves in prying this part of the selection to go beyond recognition of an entirely satisfactory appearance. Heaven only knows whether our editors have been truly representative or not in it, and the truth is likely to remain in their keeping; no one will have the hardihood to call upon them for the proof that those old divines were drier and tougher than the chosen morsels show them.

Drier and tougher we will freely grant they might very well be in the whole body of their polemics and theology; but here one feels a charm in their obsolete opinions as well as their archaic diction.

There is little savor of literature in them; they were ponderously learned, they were prodigiously devout, and awfully in earnest, but the graces did not hover about their style. Even with the masters of it, English prose was then still in the hippopotamic stage; the newspaper humorist had not yet arisen to give it the gazelle-like movement in which it now disports itself; and the New England divines wrote as they thought, heavily, intricately. Yet they imparted to their sermons the sincerity of their daily lives, and perhaps it is this which now interests and touches in the passages given from their writings. One is aware of it in the reluctant flow of the periods of Thomas Shepard, John Norton, John Eliot, James Noyes, and the elder Mather; in the neat, clear simplicity of Thomas Hooker, and in the searching and powerful appeals of Roger Williams. The words of the last are full of the sweetness and light of toleration, that highest gift of the Divine Mercy to mankind; and He who sends His rain upon the just and the unjust, and had lifted up His countenance and made it to shine upon His servant, while all about him those who would fain have been His saints wandered in error more cruel and dismal than the forests that blackened their New England shores, endowed him artistically beyond most of them. From Williams the editors give the dialogue on Persecution between Truth and Peace from his *Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody*, and from the same tract his warning to John Endicott. When we remember that in the whole world the claim of the weaker to think differently from the stronger was then punishable with the stake and axe and gibbet, we can imagine the astounding boldness of his doctrine, and we can rightly value the courage and the conscience of the man who went into exile from exile rather than fail of the duty laid upon him. He was not more conscientious or courageous than the mistaken men whom he rebuked, but they were many and he was one, not only against them, but against the world. His words have power and meaning for a generation and a people who are still by no means guiltless of the sin he rebukes, and who have accepted toleration rather with their tongues than with their hearts; and if there had been nothing else written during the seventeenth century in America, we should have a claim through his

words to a prime place in the literature of thought and humanity.

Besides these, there is much in the selections from the old theologians that one may read with pleasure to the historical sense at least. There is a very beautiful passage from Shepard in praise of his dead wife, which in its pathetic tenderness forms a truly dramatic contrast to the lurid gloom of his theology. The Puritans' impassioned belief in their pitiless and unjust God sometimes broke into a terrible poetry; but this is to be found oftener in their sermons than in their songs; these are of a dulness which not even the doctrine of predestination and election could ordinarily kindle to the heavenly flame. But one exception there certainly is, and that is Michael Wigglesworth's frightful conception of the "Day of Doom." His poem has scarcely won the fame that its imaginative qualities merit; or rather these have been eclipsed by the baleful power with which its error is enforced. But it is really a great poem, and altogether the most memorable thing that our Puritans did in poetry, with a sort of sweet, Chaucerian simplicity of phrase, and a curious tenderness working out from the heart tortured and perverted by its infernal doctrine. Once grant the doctrine, as we grant Dante his theological premises, and the fables that follow from it have their proper literary charm, their pathos and their power. As a study of the human reason submitting itself to atrocious dogma, and operating by an insane logic to conclusions that defame the ideals of divine justice and mercy, it is also full of a dark fascination, which every reader of æsthetic sensibility must recognize.

II.

The writings of all those early New-Englanders have an Elizabethan raciness of diction which one tastes alike in the quaintness of Bradford's and Winslow's records of Plymouth, in the seriousness, sincerity, and credulity of Higginson, and in the pithiness of the ungodly and unpoetical Thomas Morton of Merry Mount. One fond of tracing the origin of national traits and customs will find a pleasure in following to its far source in some of the New England and Virginia Englishmen of the seventeenth century the modern American fashion of booming a new country. The Rev. Francis Higginson does this in pleasing prose, and the good

William Storrill (probably verse for Massachusetts Bay). Robert South shows the tripper too (unslowly and for all Virginia Colonel Norwood, in his *Voyages*, sounds repeated blasts, while Master R. Rich praises the new land in as woful a ballad as any made to a mistress's eyebrow. Norwood has more than gleams of gypsy, if one may not give call it but more; his work has unquestionably literary quality, and we even would say as much for John Rolfe's wordy and scattering apology for marrying Pocahontas; but that has chiefly the quality of a very disagreeable self-righteousness.

The mass of materials that about the earliest American literature, which is not yet American in nature, is that it so fully reflects the life of the time and place—the objective life of daring and adventure and hardship and the subjective life unmented and maddened by abominable beliefs, with its struggles to escape from them. In Virginia these are not felt; there is a delightful freedom from them; but for this very reason the literature of that colony has a more superficial character. It lacks the depth as well as the gloom which characterizes the common and memoirs of New England.

Whether the more influential literature, or literature life, is a question we need not stop to dispute about here. They probably have a perfect balance of interaction in all times, but what one might certainly infer from this anthology of the Puritan literature is the Puritan life. If there were no other records of the state, of the civilization, which produced these writings, the general complexion of that life might be inferred here and this gives a historical importance to the compilation which might be easily underrated. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Puritan life in New England was all psalms and sermons; enough is given to show that it had its reliefs, and to let the reader perceive that these were something of the nature and the general pleasurable effect of dancing in chains.

III.

Thus much in the nature of a literary general than that of the first settlement, and when the dream of the time got in its full work there came a sort of intellectual decay, such as followed the prevalence of desolation in southern Europe. The writers of the early years of the

eighteenth century are not comparable for grasp and freshness of thought to those who preceded them. For Williams and Hooker we have Increase and Cotton Mather, with their deadly creed rotted into a yet deadlier credulity that naturalized the devils from the other world in this, and affirmed the bodies of the living as well as the souls of the dead to be their prey. The Puritan minister degenerated into the Puritan priest, and Cotton Mather celebrating his remarkable providences and the deeds of the New England witches is as essentially monkish as any medieval record recording the miracles of the saints and the sufferings of the faithful of the desert. But I pray what will you say to this? Margaret Rule would sometimes have her jaws forcibly pulled open, whereupon something insupportable would be poured down her throat; we all saw her swallow, and yet we saw her cry all she could, by spitting, coughing, and shrieking, that she might not swallow; but one time the bystanders saw something of that old liquor on the outside of her neck; she cried out of it as of scalding brimstone poured into her, and the whole house would immediately scent so bad of brimstone that we were scarce able to endure it, whereas there are scores of witnesses. The enchanted people talked much of a white spirit, from whence they received marvelous assistance in their miseries. What lately befell Mercy Short, from the communications of such a spirit hath been the just wonder of us all; but by such a spirit was Margaret Rule now also visited. She says that she could never see his face but that she had a frequent view of his bright shining and glorious garments; he stood by her bedside continually, hovering and comforting her, and counselling her to maintain her hope and faith in God, and never comply with the temptations of her adversaries."

Contrast these confessions of a gross and baseless superstition with the high and noble reasons of Roger Williams, and his appeals and warnings to the enemies of redemption and you have some conception of the moral and intellectual lapse of New England. But we must not deny a charm of style in the relations of Mather. The language, if less sweet and fresh, is more flexible than before; the diction is simple and graphic. Modern spiritualism, so far as we can re-

member, has never expressed itself so attractively.

His literary skill was sufficiently recognized in his own time, when his superstition was not so offensive as it afterward became. The good Benjamin Tompson, in some verses prefixed to the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, demands:

"Is the bless'd Mather necromancer turned,
To raise his country's fathers' ashes urned?
Elisha's dust life to the dead imparts;
This prophet, by his more familiar arts,
Unseals our heroes' tombs and gives them air;
They rise, they walk, they talk, look wondrous fair,
Each of them in an orb of light doth shine,
In liveries of glory most divine."

To put one above Elisha is certainly not to rate him low; and the praise is a satirist's who lashed the luxury if not the vice of New England society, so soon did it begin to lose its simplicity, if not its innocence. The mutual admiration of the Bostonians, betrayed to the world by the most brilliant of their number in modern times, was of early date, and our editors give a poem by the Rev. John Norton in eulogy of Anne Bradstreet's poems which any literary lady of our time might be glad to merit:

"Her breast was a brave palace, a Broad-street"
the reader will note the merry conceit in the play upon Mistress Bradstreet's name.
"Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where Nature such a tenement had taken
That others' souls, to hers, dyed in a hue
Beneath her feet pale envy bites her chain,
And poison malice wheels her sting in vain"

much as they did at that time in all the polite countries of Europe: we were not outdone in allegory anywhere, and perhaps our poetry was no worse than most, if not so good as some. It was always a little below our prose, which at the date of this eulogy began to be rich in narratives of captivity among the Indians, plain, unaffected, and sometimes extremely moving, with a breath of real poetry in them that is sometimes as beautiful as tedious, and that is saying a good deal. At the same time Samuel Sewall was holding the mirror up to society in New England in his delightful diary. The editors do well to give a long passage from it, and better still to copy into their Library the old judge's confession of his error in condemning the hapless persons accused of witchcraft, one of the most monumental things in human history, if we consider its heart-felt humility, and the circumstance of his standing up to take

shame upon himself before the whole congregation while the Rev. Mr. Willard read it aloud.

IV.

After all, the Puritans lived their greatest things, and it would be less honor for them to have written them, as some other peoples have done, though the gain to literature might have been more. A tenderer love for their civilization than we can affect could not pretend that their literature was very entertaining, and it must be owned that some of the best and liveliest of it was not meant for print. We will not call Sewall's diary lively, though it is very good; but the editors quote from the journals of Madam Sarah Kemble Knight the account of her journey from Boston to New York in 1701, which is both lively and good. It shows touch; and that such easy, vigorous writing should be in a private diary suggests at least a growing literary temperament among the Bostonians of the time. In Connecticut they were trying the metrical stanzas then fashionable in the mother country, and Roger Wolcott described a storm at sea as any poet of Grub Street might have done it:

"Here the ship captain in the midnight watch
Scamps on the deck and thunders up the hatch,
And to the mariners aloud he cries:
'Now all trim take heedmenny rise!
All hands aboard and stand well to your tack!
Engulfing storms have clothed the world with
black;
Big tempests threaten to undo the world;
Down topsail! let the footrot soon be black!'

and so on. "Safe recumbency" was perhaps not just the phrase the captain used, but it is mighty fine, and we know there are many still who love the high literary way best. For the post, one recognizes the time-old sea-dog dialect in the shipping appeal to the safely recumbent mariners.

The editors are obliged all through this early period of our literary history to extend the citizenship with a generosity worthy of the workers of a close emigration on the eve of election. They are able on account of his long residence in Rhode Island, to naturalize George Burdette among us, wholly to the gain of their readers. But the great powers of Jonathan Edwards were native here, and we can be rightfully proud of them beside any question of the use he put them to. He might almost be called the last, as he was certainly the greatest, of the Puritan theologues, and from his lofty narrowness

the record broadens down to the world and human levels—grossnesses to some of their reaches, and everywhere habitable for human nature—of Ben Franklin. He is still one of the greatest literary Americans, and with the other writers and orators who made the Revolution and the nation he gave us a real literary epoch—partly without knowing it, being bent upon better things than literature. We need not catalogue these men; their names are on every school-boy's tongue from generation to generation; but we wish the reader to observe qualities in Francis Hopkinson, for instance, which are of the first literary importance. The editors give, among other things from him, a sketch called "Benedick the Married Man," which is in the right spirit of very much of the most American humor since. His verse is always very neat and clever, but his sketch of a Philadelphia merchant's journey to New York with his family is of a lively fidelity which the realism of a later time could not easily surpass. The most astonishing thing about it is that so accomplished a writer should have stooped so low as to touch a subject next his hand. There are poets to-day who would have had him avoid it on that account.

The third volume, which is mainly devoted to the Revolutionary period, is too

rich in its variety to be treated specifically or even to be touched at all points. It is, like the others, admirably expressive of the contemporary life and character, and with these it forms so really a library of American literature up to the beginning of our century that acquaintance with it would possess the reader fairly well with a sense of the nature and scope of that literature. A work done so judiciously cannot have been easy to do, and it probably has not excluded all the errors which might have been avoided; but we gladly leave their detection to others. In fact—we will whisper it in the reader's ear—we have not the material for a very critical examination of its shortcomings; and we have derived from this charming compilation a more comprehensive knowledge of the literary periods it embraces than we had before—we had almost said than we hope to have again. But that would not be quite true, for the impression of the work that remains is something delightful as concerns its matter, and something thoroughly respectful as concerns the editors' labors. In their brief introduction they give us at once the right point of view, and then they make haste to stand out of the way and let us enjoy a prospect of American literature which could hardly have been more complete and which, wherever it leaves unshown, certainly seems to leave nothing unsuggested.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

PROBATIONAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of June—Important bills passed by Congress during the month are as follows: Pension Appropriation, Senate, May 17th; approved by the President June 7th; Department of Agriculture, House, May 21st; Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation, House, May 21st, Senate, June 18th; to establish a department of labor, Senate, May 22d; approved by the President June 13th; Post-office Appropriation, House, May 24th, Senate, June 14th.

The reduction of the national debt during May amounted to \$1,018,000.

The nomination of Robert R. Roosevelt as Minister to the Netherlands was confirmed by the Senate May 10th, and of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan as General, June 1st.

Ramath Laribson was elected United States Senator by the Tennessee Legislature May 23d, Edward D. White, May 31st, and Jona-

than Chase by the Rhode Island Legislature June 12th.

The National Democratic Convention assembled in St. Louis June 5th; Prohibition, in Indianapolis, May 30th; Union Labor, in Cincinnati, May 15th; United Labor in Cincinnati, May 15th; Equal Rights, in Des Moines, May 15th. The candidates nominated for President and Vice-President, respectively are as follows: Democratic, Grover Cleveland, of New York, and Allen Grimberry Thurman, of Ohio; Prohibition, Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, and John A. Brooks, of Missouri; Union Labor, A. J. Streeter, of Illinois, and Charles F. Cunningham, of Arkansas; United Labor, Robert H. Cowdrey, of Illinois, and W. H. T. Wakefield, of Kansas; Equal Rights, Betta A. Loeleywood, of Washington, and Alfred H. Love, of Pennsylvania (declined).

In the election in Oregon, June 4th, the Republican plurality was about 7000.

A ballot reform bill was passed during the

session of the Massachusetts Legislature which closed May 29th.

Governor Hill, of New York, signed the bill for executions by electricity June 4th, and vetoed the Ballot Reform Bill June 11th.

William II. (Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albrecht von Hohenzollern), third German Emperor and King of Prussia, succeeded his father, the late Frederick III., June 15th.

The law substituting quinquennial for triennial sessions of the Prussian Landtag was officially published June 7th.

Graf Zedlitz-Trützschler was appointed, June 14th, to succeed Herr von Puttkamer, Vice-President of the Prussian Ministerial Council and Prussian Minister of the Interior (resigned June 8th).

The Irish Catholic members of Parliament issued a manifesto, May 17th, declining to recognize the right of the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs. The manifesto was indorsed by the National League May 24th.

A motion by General Boulanger for urgency on the question of the revision of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Chambers was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies June 4th.

The Panama Lottery Loan Bill passed the French Senate June 5th.

Lord Lansdowne, the new Viceroy of India, has been succeeded as Governor-General of Canada by Lord Stanley of Preston.

The first train passed over the Transcaspian Railway to Samarcand May 27th.

DISASTERS.

May 15th. Eleven persons reported killed in a collision on the Moscow and Kursk Railway.

June 4th. Eighteen persons killed and forty-one injured in a railway accident near Tampico, Mexico. Eleven lives lost in the burning of the Mundine Hotel in Rockdale, Texas.

News confirmed of floods on the Canton River, China. Two thousand persons estimated to have perished.

OBITUARY.

May 15th. In New York, E. H. Davis, the archaeologist, aged seventy-seven years.

May 19th. In New York, Rev. Dr. William Ferdinand Morgan, aged seventy years.

June 6th.—In New York, Thomas McElrath, the first publisher of the *Tribune*, aged eighty-one years.

June 7th. In Paris, Marshal Edmond Lebauf, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

June 8th.—In Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, aged seventy-eight years.

June 9th. In London, Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle, Bart., aged seventy-seven years.

June 10th. The Right Honorable Edward Robert King Harman, Under Secretary for Ireland, aged fifty years.

June 15th.—In Potsdam, Prussia, Frederick III. (Friedrich Wilhelm Nicolaus Karl von Hohenzollern), second German Emperor and King of Prussia, aged fifty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE used to be a notion going round that it would be a good thing for people if they were more "self-centred." Perhaps there was talk of adding a course to the college curriculum, in addition to that for training the all-competent "journalist" for the self-centring of the young. To apply the term to a man or woman was considered highly complimentary. The advisers of this state of mind probably meant to suggest a desirable equilibrium and mental balance; but the actual effect of the self-centred training is illustrated by a story told of Thomas H. Benton, who had been described as an egotist by some of the newspapers. Meeting Colonel Frank Blair one day, he said: "Colonel Blair, I see that the newspapers call me an egotist. I wish you would tell me frankly, as a friend, if you think the charge is true." "It is a very direct question, Mr. Benton," replied Colonel Blair, "but if you want my honest opinion, I am compelled to say that I think there is some foundation for the charge." "Well, sir," said Mr. Benton, throwing his head back and his chest forward, "the difference between me and these little fellows is that I have an Ego!" Mr. Benton was an interesting man, and it is a fair consideration if a certain amount

of egotism does not add to the interest of any character, but at the same time the self-centred conditions shut a person off from one of the chief enjoyments to be got out of this world, namely, a recognition of what is admirable in others in a toleration of peculiarities. It is odd, almost amusing, to note how in this country people of one section apply their local standards to the judgment of people in other sections, very much as an Englishman uses his insular yardstick to measure all the rest of the world. It never seems to occur to people in one locality that the manners and speech of those of another may be just as admirable as their own, and they get a good deal of discomfort out of their intercourse with strangers by reason of their inability to adapt themselves to any ways not their own. It helps greatly to make this country interesting that nearly every State has its peculiarities, and that the inhabitants of different sections differ in manner and speech. But next to an interesting person in social value is an agreeable one, and it would add vastly to the agreeableness of life if our widely spread provinces were not so self-centred in their notion that their own way is the best, to the degree that they criticise any deviation from it as an ec-

centrally. It would be a very nice world in some future station if we could all devote ourselves to finding out in common what is the one thing that what is opposed to our experience that is in trying to adapt ourselves to others, rather than insisting that our own standard should measure our opinion and our enjoyment of them.

When the Kentuckian describes a man as a "high-toned gentleman," he means exactly the same that a Bostonian means when he says that a man is a "very good fellow," only the man described has a different culture, a different personal flavor; and it is fortunate that the Kentuckian is not like the Bostonian, for each has a quality that makes intercourse with him pleasant. In the South many people think they have said a clever thing when they say that a person or manner is thoroughly Yankee, and many New-Englanders intend to express a considerable lack of what is essential when they say of men and women that they are very southern. When the Yankee is produced to introduce out a cosmopolitan person of the most interesting and amiable sort, and the Southerner may have traits and peculiarities, growing out of climate and social life unlike the New Englander, which are altogether charming. The Drawer talked with a Western man of considerable age and experience who had the placid mind that is sometimes, and may more and more become, the characteristic of those who live in flat countries of illimitable horizons, who, so that New-Yorkers, State and city, all had an assertive sort of smartness that was very disagreeable to him. And a lady of New York, a city whose dialect the novelists are beginning to satirize, was much disturbed by the dialect of speech prevailing in Chicago, and though something should be done to the public schools to correct the pronunciation in English. These doubts should be a common standard of distinct, rounded, melodious pronunciation as there is of good-breeding, and it is quite as important to cultivate the voice in speaking as in singing, but the people of the United States for themselves be immensely irritated by local differences and want of uniformity of terminal peculiarities. The truth is that the remarkable people are pretty evenly distributed over the country, and one's enjoyment of them is heightened not only by their differences of manner, but by the different ways in which they look at life, unless he insists upon applying everywhere the yardstick of his own locality. If the Boston woman sets her eyes on a citizen of New Orleans, and the New Orleans woman looks out only the plain and unadorned in Boston, each may miss the opportunity to supplement her life by something wanting and desirable in it, to be content by the exercise of more openness of mind and toleration. To some people Yankee traits are agreeable; to others, Southern stiffness is undesirable. To some travellers

the negro of the South, with his tropical nature, his capacity for picturesque attitudes, his abundant trust in Providence, is an element of restfulness; and if the chief object of life is happiness, the traveller may take a useful hint from the race whose utmost desire, in a fit climate, would be fully satisfied by a shirt and a banana-tree. But to another traveller the dusky, careless race is a continual affront.

If a person is born with an "Ego," and gets the most enjoyment out of the world by trying to make it revolve about himself, and cannot make allowances for differences, the Drawer has nothing to say except to express pity for such a self-centred condition, which shuts him out of the never-failing pleasure there is in entering into and understanding with sympathy the almost infinite variety in American life.

A PROFESSIONAL SECRET

At a recent meeting of the Westchester County Court, New York, a case was on trial as to the cost of maintaining a cow, and the value derived from said cow in milk and butter. The opposing counsel was cross-examining one of the witnesses, and the following took place:

CHIEF JUSTICE: "Mr. Clark, you say it costs from seventy to seventy-five dollars a year to maintain a cow. What do you consider the value of the milk and butter of one cow for a year?"

WITNESS: "About sixty-five to seventy dollars, sir."

CHIEF JUSTICE: "Then, according to that statement, it costs five dollars a year more to maintain a cow than the value of her production. Will you please tell me where the profit of the milk business comes in?"

WITNESS: "Whichever the milk, sir."

And this counsel for once was staggered when he heard the truth.

THE OLD STORY.

You may call it fiction, or what not,

But I don't see that I was to blame.

How could I know that you loved me,

When you never once mentioned the name?

I've yielded to the daylight with many,

And have staked my life on the bay.

You among them I've never could say

But had something decided to say.

You thought that your silence had told me?

You, silence that's golden we've heard!

But the silver of today prefers silver,

Comest him words sweet and absurd;

There are wipers whom there's no mistaking,

Whose language leaves no one in doubt!

There are others who leave one's heart aching

For a word there's no living without.

But since the sweet year has grown older,

And you've failed as a special pleader,

Shall I be left out in the cold, sir,

Because I was not a mind reader?

You blame me, I think, without reason?

If you really find something to say,

What matters the time or the season?

Why don't we be happy—to-day?



NOT A PRODIGY HIMSELF

MISS PRETTYMAN: "And here's some called 'Le Redoutable-Podilgoff.' What does that mean?"
 MR. ASSURA (with some hesitation): "Oh—yes—that means the country of the infant prodigy."

A WONDERFUL RAILROAD

WHEN the railway was first opened between Moscow and St. Petersburg it was an object of great terror to the superstitious peasantry of northern Russia, who thought there must certainly be some witchcraft or magic in an invention which could make a train of heavy cars run along without horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour, when the best speed of the wagons to which they were accustomed was only three miles an hour, or four at the very outside.

Some of them would not even go within sight of a train, and made the sign of the cross whenever they heard one rattle past. Others peeped timidly over the palisade of the railway station to catch a glimpse of the fearful smoke-breathing creature, which they believed to be a living monster, and when the steam whistle sounded they cried out, "Hear him screaming! He's hungry, and wants to eat somebody!" and took to their heels at once.

But little by little this terror began to wear away. The village priests were seen to go to and fro by train, and the simple country folk thought that what *they* did could not be wrong. By degrees the peasants themselves began to

try the "snake wagons" too, and one day an old man named Ivan Petrovitch Mostov, who had never been out of his own village till then, made up his mind to go and have a look at "Mother Moscow," which all Russian peasants reverence as the finest city in the world, and the real capital of Russia.

Now it happened that the down express and the up express met each other at the station of Bologoye (midway between Moscow and St. Petersburg), where the passengers of both trains stopped half an hour to have supper. Among the crowd of people that got out of the other train Ivan suddenly recognized an old friend. The two went into the refreshment-room together, had a chat over their steaming tumblers of tea and lemon juice, and then Ivan, without thinking of what he was doing, got into his friend's train instead of his own, and was soon travelling back toward the spot whence he had started.

Their talk went on merrily for a while, for Ivan's mind never thought of asking the old man which way he was going. But presently Ivan began to grow silent and grave, as if pondering something which puzzled him very much; and at length, after sitting for nearly

his mouth without uttering a word, he suddenly broke out:

"Ah, Poy! Ah, wai! He! Poy! son of George! Ah, but a wonderful thing these accounts are to me! Here am I going on Monday, and here are you going to St. Petersburg, and yet you're both traveling in the same car!"

DAVID KID.

A LIFE ON THE FISHMEN'S BENCH

East of Newport and all within sound of the guns that boom now and then may be found a delightful resort dear especially to the bass fishermen and the lovers of fishes. The long summer nap may be repeated only by the rustle of a sail, the rattle of the counter on the lies of the fishermen. Against the corn-crib of the primitive boarding-house stands a long low bench known for many years as the "Fishers' Retreat," where yarns are spun that would shame the most elegant prevaricator and obscure a mid-day sun.

One day a deen tall fell on the fishermen's bench. Some one had caught a bass tremendous that landed the anchor rope and dragged boat, anchors and everything thirty miles against wind and tide, with the fish a pose so big under water that the man had to climb land-side up the mast to haul her out. The field for bass stories grew suddenly circumscribed, so the conversation drifted.

"What is the effect," asked the writer, in a general way, "of the salt-gut—around here on cattle, milk, etc.?"

"Waal," said an old farmer present, whose stock all fed on salt grass, "ye wouldn't s'pose 't would have as much as usness—but I've been wonderin' how 't would be better for the bay 'n' 't years an' I never had 't—'t's a good salt in it in my life." The fishermen all looked up. "An' what's more," continued the Yankee, "I can always laughlely an' satisfied 'em up to as they go on an' even here, an' salt it, as I've been a-doing for years an' years."

When the water game lay, only the farmer and himself were on the bench. The fishermen were down on the rocks, beating their heads against the wall.

"Wagsh!" said the farmer, standing up his jack-knife and pecking off the heavy fishermen's coat "sluff away of their dirty nonsense down my throat!"

F. E. P.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

The late General C. . . of Hartford, was noted for the prominence of his facial features. He lived in the days when a fireman's parade was an annual affair, when the stonemason was unknown, when fifty men and more formed a company for each machine. On the eventful day we have in mind, the firemen, mustering a large force, with invited guests from out of town, marched in open order up Main Street, trampling their earth to earth. The line extended from the south Green to the Old State-house Square. The bands were playing, the drums

beating. The marshal of the day was riding before the line with all the dignity of his position, when suddenly he noticed Deacon C. . . standing on the curb with arms akimbo and his figure bending forward to take in the entire procession. The marshal instantly ordered the line to halt; then riding up to the deacon, he respectfully requested him to take in that nose at his so that the procession could pass by.

A POINTED HINT

CEREMONY should be brief and to the point. A Boston clergyman once had a broad hint to that effect.

"We would like to have you short when you marry us," said a prospective bridegroom, "because we are going West."

"How soon after the ceremony will you start?" asked the clergyman.

"In about a week," was the reply.

Then the minister realized he had a reputation for possessing the gift of continence.

A VERBOSITY METAPHOR

There is somewhere a figure that tingers the imagination:

In a Virginia church at the end of a revival there were three persons who were expected to unite with the church. Only two were present; the third, quite an old lady, was prevented by the inclemency of the evening. A lay brother was called on to pray, which he did very fervently, "especially for the sister with our feet in the grave and the other gal, hoping on to eternity."



A SUGGESTION.

FIRST ARTIST: "Old Bung, the plumber, has asked me to get up a coat of arms for him. What would you suggest?"

SECOND ARTIST (who had some dealings with Bung last winter): "Don't you think a toucan rampant would be very appropriate?"



A MERE TRIFLE.

MAMMA. "What's the matter, precious? Mabel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to your poor little sister?"

MABEL *recoiling and blushing*. "Nothing."

MAMMA. "You have? I know you have."

MABEL. "I only told her she's got to die some day, and she says she won't."

MODUS OPERANDI.

She sailed at the sea-shore with Guy;
She drove at the mountains with Ned.
"For the sea or the hills did she sigh?"
She was asked when the season had sped.

She captured them both with her wiles,
The minx. Thus she framed her reply:
To Ned 'twas, "The latter," with smiles;
"Thalatta," with blushes, to Guy. A. M. S.

A GOOD REASON.

PUBLIC sentiment in Texas is not a unit in favor of free schools. A Houston man remarked recently, while discussing the free-school question:

"Nothing could induce me to allow my boy to enter a free school."

"You would hire a private teacher, I suppose?" remarked one of the listeners.

"No, indeed, not I."

"Then your boy is sickly?"

"No, he is not sickly."

"Because you don't want your boy to be smarter than his daddy?"

"No, it's not that."

"Well, what is the reason you object to your boy attending the free school?"

"I have several reasons, but the principal one is that I have no boy."



WITH SINGING AND DANCING IN PLEASURE ADVANCING TO CELEBRATE HARVEST HOME.
From drawing by E. A. Verrill. See page "Harvest Home."

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8. COOLIDGE

OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES



BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

First Paper.

IT was not without misgiving that we contemplated our journey into Scotland. We knew very little about the country. We had heard of Highlands and Lowlands, of Melrose and Stirling, but

for our lives we could not have pointed them out on the map. The rest of our knowledge was made up of confused impressions of Hearts of Midlothian and Painters' Camps in the Highlands, Macbeths and Kidnappers, Skye terriers and Shetland shawls, blasted heaths and hills of mist, Rob Roys and Covenanters; and, added to these, positive convictions of an unbroken Scotch silence, and of endless breakfasts of oatmeal, dinners of haggis, and suppers of whiskey. Hot whiskey punch is a good thing in its way, and at times, but not as a steady diet. Oatmeal we think an abomination. And as for haggis—well, we only knew it as it was once described to us by a poet: the stomach of some animal filled with all sorts of unpleasant things and then sewed up. The prospect was not inviting.

It will be easily understood that we could not plan a route out of our ignorance and prejudice. It remained to choose a guide, and our choice, I hardly know why, fell upon Dr. Johnson. Every one must remember—I say this, though we did not know it until we looked into the matter—that Dr. Johnson met Boswell in Edinburgh, and in his company journeyed up the east coast as far as Inverness, then across the Highlands to the west, and so to the Hebrides, coming back by way of Inverary, Loch Lomond, and Glasgow. We, however, reversed the order of their journey, going to the Western Islands first, and coming home along the east coast. It looked a long journey on the map, and seemed a weary one in the pages of Boswell and Johnson; but, as if this were not bad enough, we made up our minds, for the sake of novelty, to walk.

Of our preparations for the journey I will say nothing. We carried less than Stanley, and more than the average tramp. We took many things which we ought not to have taken, and we left behind many things which we ought to have taken. But this matters little, since our advice to all about to start on a walking tour is—*Don't*.

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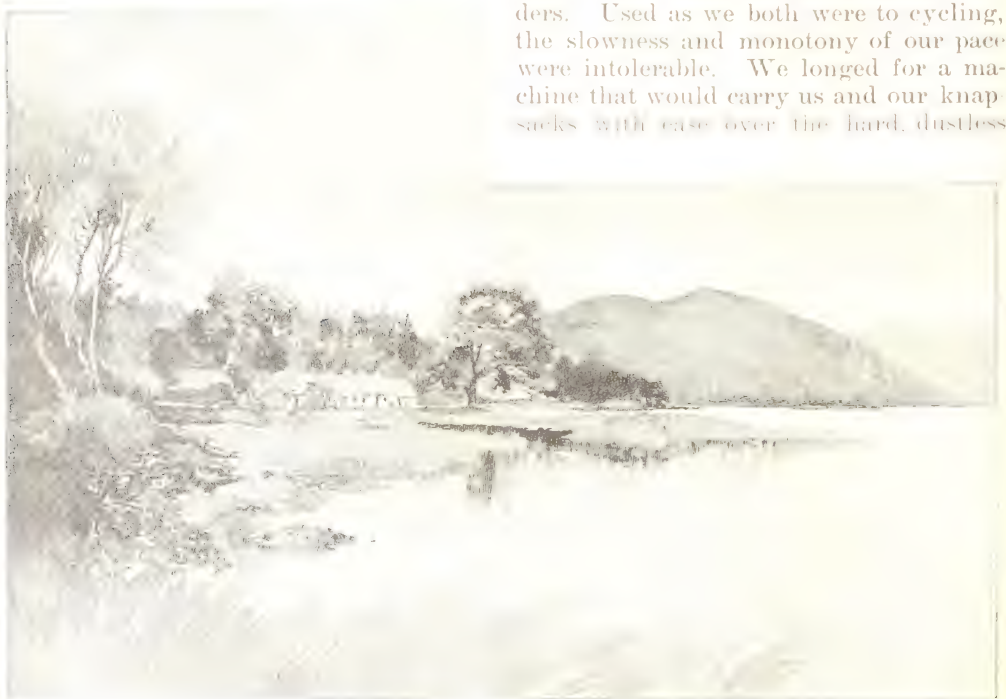
Our way led through Edinburgh and Glasgow, and then through Kilpatrick to Dumbarton, when we left the Clyde to follow the Leven. It was not beyond the town we first saw Benlomond, a blue shadow on the horizon when the clouds were heavy above. A high bare mountain, seamed and riven, when the sun shone upon it. We lost sight of it in a succession of long sloping villages, on the shady road, where the trees met overhead, we could see it again through the red work of branches. Clouds were low on its heights, and a veil of soft light rain fell before it when, having left our knapsacks in the inn at Balloch, we rowed up the Leven—a little quiet river between low woods and flat meadow-land—to Loch Lomond. It was the first Scotch lake we saw, and we thought it very like any other lake.

We were off by eight in the morning. It was clear and cool, like an October day at home. Our road lay for a while close to the loch, then turned and went round the parks and lawns that sloped gently to the shore, so that it was only over a stone wall or through a gap in the hedge we could see the blue water and the wooded islands. We were now on the fighting ground of the Colquhoun and the Macgregor, we learned from Black, who—we

know it to our cost—is a better guide to the romance and history of Scotland than to its roads. It is but poor comfort, when you ask for a good route, to be given a quotation.

Rob Roy is the hero of Loch Lomond, and if you cross—as we did not—to the other side, you may see his cave and his prison and a lot of his other belongings. But I think that which is best worth seeing on the loch is the Colquhoun's village of Luss, with its neat substantial cottages and trim gardens. In the Highlands you can have your fill of tales of outlaws and massacres and horrors. But it is not every day you come to a village like this, where men are allowed to live a little better than their beasts.

At the Colquhoun Arms in Luss we ate our lunch, and that was our undoing. It left us in a mood for lounging, and we had still eight miles to go. We found it harder work the second day than the first. Our knapsacks weighed like lead, and did not grow lighter; each mile seemed interminable. This was the more provoking because with every step the way grew lovelier. Almost all afternoon we were within sight of the loch, while on our left the mountains now rose from the very road-side, and hedges gave place to hill-sides of ferns and heather-patched bowlders. Used as we both were to cycling, the slowness and monotony of our pace were intolerable. We longed for a machine that would carry us and our knapsacks with ease over the hard, dustless



LAURENCE, LOCH LOMOND.



GLENCOE.

road. For one mile we tried to keep each other in countenance. J—— was the first to rebel openly. The Highlands were a fraud, he declared; the knapsack was an infernal nuisance, and he was a fool to carry it. About three miles from Tarbet he sat down and refused to go any further.

Just then, by chance, there came a drag full of young girls, and when they saw us they laughed and passed by on the other side. And likewise a dog-cart, and the man driving, when he first saw us, waved his hand, taking us to be friends; but when he was at the place, and looked at us, he also passed by on the other side. But two tricyclers, as they journeyed, came where we were, and when they saw us they had compassion on us, and came to us and gathered up our knapsacks, and set them on their machines, and brought them to the inn and took care of them. And yet there are many who think cyclers nothing but cads on casters!

To tell the truth, had these two men been modern Rob Roys, we would have yielded up our knapsacks as cheerfully, nor would we have sorrowed never to see them again.

As we went on our way lightly and

even gayly, we came to the inn at Tarbet, and were received by a waiter in a dress-coat. It was a big hotel low down by the loch, with Ben Lomond for opposite neighbor. The company at dinner was made up of Englishmen and English women. But everybody talked to everybody else. An Englishman it seems, becomes civilized in the Highlands. There, those he sits down with at dinner, as is the way with Frenchmen, are his friends; at home, he would look upon them as his enemies.

After dinner we went to walk with the cyclers. As a great theatrical moon came sailing up through the sky behind Ben Lomond, one told us, in broad Scotch, how from the Jungfrau he had once watched the moon rise, and at the sight had bur-r-r-st into tee-eers. But just then, had I wept at all, it must have been from sheer weariness, so I turned my back upon the beauty of the evening, and went to bed.

It was well on toward noon the next day before we were on our way.

"It looks like business," said a young lady feeding a pet donkey, as she saw us start.

"I felt like a fool" and I distinctly remember the sheepmarks were no lighter, and our feet were mired after the seven miles of the day before.

It was two easy miles to Arrochar, a village of white cottages and a couple of inns, one with a tap, the other with a comfortable sight. Here we were turned across Loch Long by a fisherman sad as his native hills. It was a wonderful summer, he told us; there were few people about. On the west side of the loch the road was wild and soon turned up to

In this lonely place a little loch lies dark and peaceful among the hills. Restil its name is. I do not know what it means, but it has a pretty sound. Nothing could be more monotonous than the long stretch of road which, beyond Loch Restil, sets out to follow Kinglas Water in a straight unbroken line almost to the shores of Loch Fyne.

It was one of those hot, misty days which are not rare during the short Highland summer. The mountains were shrouded in a burning white haze. The



LOCH RESTIL

Glenmore. At the lower end of the pass sheep browsed on the hill sides, and in tiny fields men and women were cutting grass. The few cottages were new. But these things we left behind when the road began to wind upward in short sudden curves. It was shut in on both sides by towering mountains, the sun glittered on their sheer precipices, and on the hundreds of watercourses with which their slopes were covered. The way was steep, but at last we made a short cut up in the stone known out of employment to Wordsworth as "Red and be Thankful."

loch was like glass. On its opposite shore, Inverary, white and shining, was reflected in its waters; and close by, at the foot of the hills, the turreted castle of the Argylls stood out strongly against the dark wood.

In Inverary we made up our minds to go to Dalmally by coach. It was much too hot to walk. This left us free to take a nearer look at the castle, which, when we saw how painfully it had been restored, we thought less fine. In the town itself, though there is plenty sketchable, there is nothing notable save the old

town cross, with its weather-worn carvings, which stands upon the shore, with loch and hills for background.

After lunch at the Argyll Arms, suddenly an excursion steamer and the coach from Tarbet poured streams of tourists into the town. Two more coaches dashed out from the hotel stables. The wide street was one mass of excursionists, and landlords and waiters and coachmen, in red coats and gray beavers, and guards with bundles and boxes. There was a short, sharp struggle for seats, and in the confusion we came off with the best, and found ourselves on the leading coach, whirling from the glare of the loch, through the cool shade of a wooded glen, to the stirring sounds of the "Standards on the Braes of Mar," shouted by a party of Lowland Sandies who filled the other seats.

At the first pause the coachman pointed to deer standing quietly under the graceful silver-birches that shut in the road.

"Shush—sh—sh—sh!" screamed the Sandies in a new chorus.

"Why canna ye put salt on their tails?" cried one.



CROSS AT INVERARAY.

Though, later, cows and sheep and ducks fled before their noise, the deer never stirred. And yet I suppose, in the season, the Duke of Argyll and his guests come stalking these tame creatures, and call it sport.

All that afternoon, through the woods of Glenaray and across the purple moorland beyond, after over the banks and braes and streams around, there rang out the strong voice of Sandy off for a holiday.

Almost within sight of Loch Awe we came to a hill that was so steep we all left the coach and walked a couple of

miles up the shadeless hot road. An objection sometimes made to cycling is that it is half walking. But in the Highlands you would walk less if you rode a cycle than if you travelled by coach. From the top of the hill we looked down to where the town lay below Loch Awe and its many islands. In this high place, with the beautiful broad outlook,



INVERARAY.

been ordered. I never yet knew the Rover who did not pitch his tent in the lay-down spot for miles around.

We had no definite plans for the night. We left it to chance, and we could not have done better. At the station at Dal-

tell us, with his cap in his hand, that our telegram had been received, and the Port Smeethan boat was in waiting. That from all that elegant crowd of travellers he should have picked us out, the only two in the least disreputable and travel-worn,



SCOTLAND AND THE HEBRIDES.

mally we said good-by to our friends, who went gayly to another bonny place, and we took the train for Loch Awe.

It landed us round the top of the loch and a few minutes to Loch Awe station, where on the platform were crowds of men in conventional-tinted knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets and women in jockey caps and bonnets, and, moreover, there were pipers with their pipes under their arms. From the carriage window we had seen the Loch Awe Hotel, perched high on the hill-side, and look-
ing down to the gray ivy-grown ruins of Inverawe. It seemed no place for tour-
ists, who carried their baggage on their backs. But hardly had we left the car-
riage, when we stepped on immediate
spruce reds and nut and brass buttons to

showed, we thought, his uncommon dis-
crimination. If, without knowing it, we
had telegraphed to a hotel of which we
had never heard, if in consequence a pri-
vate steam-yacht was now at our disposal,
why should we hesitate? Indeed we had
not time, for immediately a sailor seized
our shabby knapsacks, and carried them
off with as much respect as if they had
been Saratoga trunks. We followed him
into a little yacht, which we graciously
shared with an Englishman, his wife, two
children, eleven bags, and three bath-
tubs.

The man in the blue coat kindly kept
his boat at the pier until J—— had made
quite a decent note of Kilchurn Castle. It
has its legends, but it is not for me to tell
them. Mr. Hamerton, who has written



KILCHRENNAN.

poetry about it, and ought to know, declares they are not to be told in prose. Then we steamed down the loch, past the islands, one with a lonely graveyard, another with a large house; past the high mountains shutting in the Pass of Brander, to a hotel perfect of its kind. It stood on a little promontory of its own. A bay-window in the dining-room commanded the view north, south, and west over the loch. As we ate our dinner we could watch the western light slowly fade and the hills darken against it. The dinner was excellent, and the people at table were friendly. There was a freedom about the house that made us think of Dingman's Ferry in its best days, of the Water Gap before its splendor came upon it, of Bar Harbor before it was exploited. It was not a mere place of passage, like the hotels at Tarbet and at Loch Awe, but those who came to it staid for their holiday. All the men were there for the fishing, which is good, and most of them, tired after their day's work, came to dinner in their fishing clothes. Their common sport made them sociable. They were kind to us, but in their kindness was pity that we too were not fishermen.

We left Port Sonachan in the morning for Loch Eive. Again the morning was hot and misty. In the few fields by the way men and women were getting in the hay; and the women, in their white sacques and handkerchiefs about their heads, looked not unlike French peasants. On each hill-top was a group of Highland cattle, beautiful black and tawny creatures, standing and lying in full relief against the sky. Two miles, a little more or less, brought us to a village wandering up and down a weed-grown, stone-covered hill-side. To our left a by-road climbed to the top of the hill, past the plain bare kirk with its little graveyard, and higher still to two white cottages, their thatched roofs green with a thick growth of grass, and vines about their doors, the loch and the mountain in the background.

But the cottages which to the right of our road straggled down to a rocky stream below had no redeeming whitewash, no vines about their doors. The turf around them was worn away. Some were chimneyless, on others the chimneys where woods did not hold it together, had broken through, leaving great holes in the roof. On a bench tilted up against the wall of



SCOTCH SCENERY FROM WATERLOUGH.

the lowest of these cottages sat an old gray-haired man in Tam o' Shanter; his head bent low, his clasped hands rattling between his knees. It was a picturesque place, and we camped out awhile under an old cart near the road-side. Perhaps it would have been wise if, like Mr. Hamerton, we could have seen only the picturesqueness of the Highland clachan, only the color and sublimity of the huts, only the ~~strong young women who live within them~~. But how could we sit there and not see that the picturesqueness was that of misery, that whatever color and sublimity there might be—and to the sublimity I must confess we were blind—were but outward signs of poverty and squalor, and that the huts sheltered not only strong young women, but ~~feeble old men like that pathetic figure with the clasped hands and bent head?~~ We have seen the old age of the poor, ~~and thought it but a peaceful rest after the work of years.~~ In English villages we have found it in our hearts to envy the old men and women their homes. But here steeping and sadness seemed the portion of old age. I do not know why it was, but as we watched that gray-haired man, though there was a space of all ~~energy~~ just above him, and the day ~~was young and far away~~, it was of the ~~future~~ ~~of my own life~~, of the time when the cold winds would roar through the ~~huts~~ and snow would lie on the ~~roofs~~ ~~—~~ would shiver alone in

the chimneyless cottage with its one tiny window. A few miles away, men in a fortnight throw away on their fishing more than those people earn in years. Scotch landlords rent their wild uncultivated acres for fabulous sums, while villages like this grow desolate. If when you are in the Highlands you would still see them as they are in the romance of sentiment, the sickly sentiment of Land-seer, or as a mere pleasure-ground for tourists and sportsmen, you must get the people out of your mind, just as the laird gets them off his estate. Go everywhere, by stage and steam-boat, and when you come to a clachan or to a lonely cottage, shut your eyes and pass on. Else you must realize as we did—and more strongly as we went further—that this land, which holiday-makers have come to look upon as their own, is the saddest on God's earth.

Before we left the shade of the cart a little girl went by, and we asked her the name of the village.

"Kilchrennan," she said, with impossible gutturals, and then she spelled it for us.

It was a good sign, we thought. If Highland children to-day are taught to spell, Highland men and women to-morrow may learn to think; then, let the landlord remember, they will begin to act.

After Kilchrennan the road crossed the moorland, Ben-Cruachan towering far to our right. We came to another wretched

village down by Loch Etive. Here again in the sunshine was an old man. He was walking slowly and feebly up and down, and there was in his face a look as if hope had long gone from him. In England scarce a town or village is without its charities. But in the Highlands, while deer and grouse are protected by law, men are chased from their homes, the aged and infirm are left to shift for themselves. I think the misery of these villages is made to seem but the greater because of the large house which so often stands close by.

When Mr. Hamerton wrote his *Painters' Camp in the Highlands*, he suggested a new route from Oban to Ballachulish by steamer up Loch Etive, and then by coach through Glen Etive and Glencoe. This is now one of the regular excursions from Oban, and one of the finest, I think, in the Highlands. In the glens we met no fewer than five coaches, so that I suppose the excursion is fairly popular.

With Taynuilt we left behind even the sparse cultivation of the Highlands. From the boat we saw that mountain slopes were unbroken by road or path: there was scarce a house in sight.

Through Glen Etive the road was rough, the mountains were barren, and not a sheep or cow was on the lower grassy hill-sides. It was all a deer forest, the guard told us, and even two English tourists in the coach exclaimed against the waste of good ground.

The story passed then pleasant green valley, from which the road rose over the Bridge of Glencoe for the shores of Loch Leven and Ballachulish. Almost at once it brought us to a field overlooking the loch, where, apparently for our benefit, sports were being held. The droning of the pipes made quite a cheerful sound, the plaids of the men a bright picture: and when, two miles beyond, we found the hotel with its windows turned toward the loch, we made up our minds not to push on to Oban, but to stay and spend Sunday here.

And so we had a second and longer look at the sports. Young men vaulted with poles, others, in full costume, danced Highland flings and the sword dance. Two pipers took turns in piping. One had tied gay green ribbons to his pipe, and he fairly danced himself as he kept time with his foot. And while we watch-



On a rainy day we got to share the most beautiful place in the Highlands. I have heard it called, the most beautiful place in the world. Mr. William Jones Hughes, when he was young, and the sun shone, there is nothing like it elsewhere, he told J—. We had to take his word for it. We found an east wind blowing and grey mist hanging over every road bay, and we could not see the hills of Mull. When we walked out in the late afternoon it seemed a town of hotels and photograph shops, into which excursion firms were forever emptying scores of tourists and never carrying them away again. Crowds were on the parapetless, unsafe embankment; the bay was covered with boats. In front of the largest hotels bands were playing, and one or two of the musicians went about, hat in hand, among the passers-by.

Altogether, Oban did not seem in the least lovely until we could no longer see it. But as the twilight grew grayer and the tide went out, the great curve of the embankment was marked by a circle of lights on shore and by long waving lines of gold in the bay. At the pier, a steamer just arrived sent up heavy clouds of smoke, black in the gathering grayness. *The boats one by one lit up and bore out their lights.* Oban was at peace, though tourists still walked and bands still played.

It was gray and inexpressibly dreary the next day at noon when we took the boat for Tobermory, in Mull. Through a Scotch mist we watched Oban and its picturesque castle out of sight; through a driving rain we looked forth on the heights of Morven and of Dalh. Sometimes the clouds lightened, and for a minute the rocky hills came out black and purple against a space of whitish shining mist, but for the most part they hung heavy and black over wastes of water and wastes of land. Sir Walter Scott says the Sound of Mull is the most striking scene in the Hebrides; it would have been fair to add, when storms and mists give one a chance to see it. Therefore people sat up in their rooms wrapped in mackintoshes and under umbrellas. Our time was passed between getting wet and drying our clothes on the stairs. The excitement of the rain was so overpowering that the stormer, who was to be seen by Michael at their halting-place at rain-soaked piers. Of all

the heroes who should be thought of between these two lands of romance, only the most modern was suggested to us, probably because within a few weeks we had been re-reading Mr. Black's novel. But just as in his pages, so in the Sound of Mull, little boats came out to meet the steamer. They lay in wait, tossing up and down on the rough waters, and manned with Hamishes and Donalds. Into one stepped a real Macleod, his collie at his heels.

Tobermory is a commonplace town with a semicircle of well-to-do houses on the shores of a sheltered bay. At one end of the wooded heights that follow the curve of the town is a big hotel; at the other, *Aras House*, a brand new castle, in among the trees. The harbor is shut in by a long, narrow island, bare and flat. It seemed a place of endless rain and *grey*. But when we thought the weather at its worst, the landlady called it pleasant, and suggested a two miles' walk to the light-house on the coast. Children played on the street as if the sun shone. We even saw fishing parties row out toward the Sound.

We staid in Tobermory two days, when the boat from Skye touched at the pier, and we got on board for Salen. Here we found the outlook less depressing than at Tobermory. There was no commonplace little town in sight, but only bare rolling ground stretchling to a bay, and on the shores the ruins of a real old castle, of which Mr. Abbey once very unkindly made a drawing, so that J——, for his own sake, thought it best to let it alone.

When we awoke, the clouds were breaking. Across the Sound of Mull they were low on the heights of Morven, but hill-sides were green, streaked with sunshine. Above were long rifts of blue sky, and in the bay a little yacht rocked on glittering water. We ate ham and eggs, and made ready to begin our tramp at once. All morning we tramped dreary miles of moor and hill, with the wind in our faces, and by lochs with endless curves, around which we had to go, though we saw our journey's end just before us. While we followed the northern shore of Loch-Na-Keal, high Ben-More, with its head among the clouds, was behind us. In front was the Atlantic, with heavy showers passing over it, and now blating out far Staffa and the long ridge of the Ross of Mull, an encircling shadow between the ocean and



COAST OF MULL.

the headland of Gribun; and now sweeping across the loch and the near green island of Inch-Kenneth.

A large house, with wide lawn and green fields and well clipped hedges, just at the head of Loch-Na-Keal, and one or two small new cottages shut in with flaming banks of fuchsia, showed what Mull might be if in the island men were held in as high account as rabbits and grouse. We saw the many white tails of the rabbits in among the ferns, and though they live only to be shot, on the whole we thought them better off than the solitary, silent men and women who tramped by us toward Salen, where it was market-day, for it is their fate to live only to starve and suffer. The one man who spoke to us during that long morning was a shop-herd, with a soft gentle voice and foreign Scotch, whose sheep we frightened up the hill-side.

Ulva lay so close to the shore of Mull as scarce to seem a separate island. But the waters of the narrow sound were rough. The postman, who had just been ferried over, held the boat as we stepped into it from the slippery stones of the landing. As he waited, he said not a word. They keep silence, these people, under the yoke

they have borne for generations. The ferryman was away, and the boy who had come in his place had hard work to row against wind and waves, and harder work to talk English. "I beg pardon," was his answer to every question we asked.

The little white inn was just opposite the landing, and we went to it at once, for it was late, and we were hungry. We asked the landlady if she could give us some meat.

"Of course," she said, and her English was fairly good - "she could give us tea and eggs."

"No, but meat," we repeated.

"Yes, of course," she said again, "tea and eggs."

While she prepared lunch we sat on low rocks by the boats drawn up high and dry on the stony beach. At the southern end of the island was Ulva House, white through an opening in a pleasant wood, and surrounded by broad green pastures. Just in front of us, close to the inn, a handful of bare black cottages rose from the mud in among rocks and boulders. No paths led to the doors; nothing green grew about the walls. Women with pinched, careworn faces came and went, busy with household

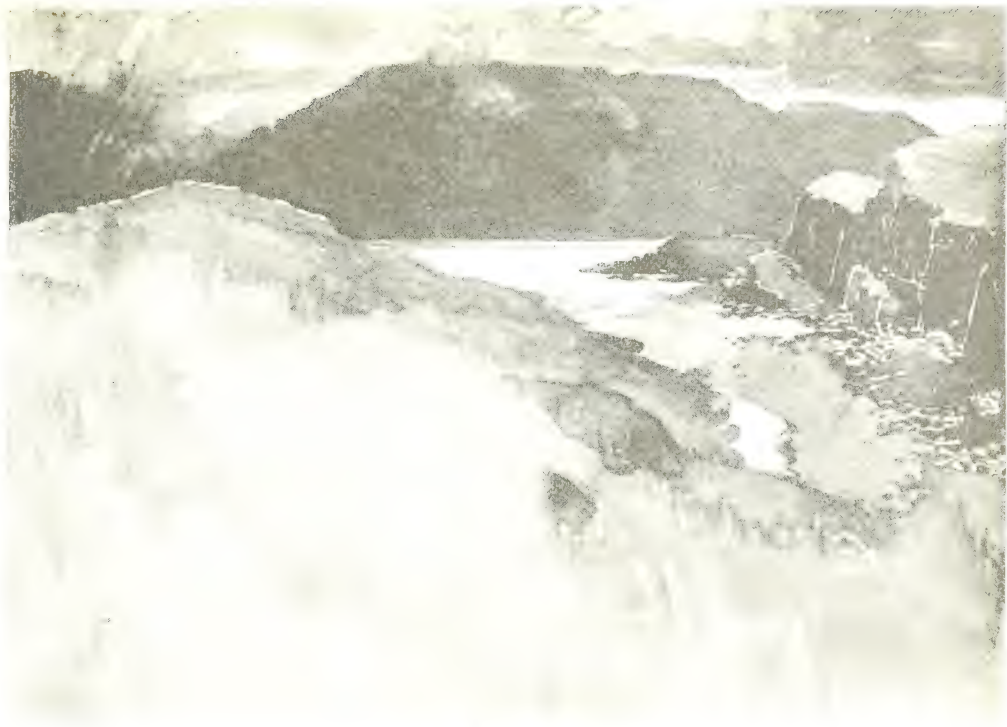
woods, and they were absent in the people's and mine in the land. He could not be a man; not another tree, not another man, not another land, was not a man. And yet, before the people were brought into the land, almost all the island was green as the meadows about the laird's house; and now it could be seen from the hill, how to cultivate the ground. Where woods and bushes and ferns now cover the hills and the level places were once fields of grain and grass. To-day only the laird's crops are sowed and reaped. Then there could be found the many voices of men and women and children at work or at play, where now the only sounds are the roaring of the waters and the crack of the rifle. Of all the many townspeople were scattered from one end of the island to the other, there remains but this wretched group of hovels. The people have been driven from the land they loved, and sent hither and thither, some across the narrow sound, others far over the broad Atlantic.

The Highlands and Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend for almost every step you take. But the cruellest of these are not so cruel as, and none have the pathos of, the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battle of the clans, of the clan fighting clan in deadly duel, have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird or the stranger might have his shooting and fishing as well as his crops. At first the people could not understand it. The evicted went to the laird, as they would have gone of old, and asked for a new home. And what was his answer?

"I am not the father of your family." And then, when frightened women ran and hid themselves at his coming, he broke the kettles they left by the well, or tore into shreds the clothes bleaching on the heather. And, as the people themselves have it, "in these and similar ways he succeeded too well in clearing the island and of its once numerous inhabitants, scattering them over the face of the globe." There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western-Islander, who once loved his clan better than his own life, could tell such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasanter to read of bloodshed in the past than starvation in the present. A lately published book on Ireland has been welcomed by critics, and I suppose by readers, because in it is no mention of evictions and crowbar brigades and horrors of which newspapers make good capital. I have never been to Ireland, and it may be you can travel there and forget the people. But in the Hebrides the human silence and the ruined homes and the almost unbroken moorland would let us, as foreigners, think of nothing else. Since our return we have read Scott and Mr. Hamerton and Miss Gordon Cumming and the Duke of Argyll and many others who have helped to make or mar the romance and history of the Highlands. But the true story of the Highlands as they are we learned for ourselves when we looked, as we did at Ulva, from the laird's mansion to the crofter's hovel. It is the story of the tyranny of the few, the slavery of the many, which can be learned still more fully from the reports of the Royal Commission, published by the English government.



ROSS ON WELLS LOOKING TOWARD DUN.



HEADLAND OF GIBBS, FROM ULVA

When we returned to the inn we had no thought but to get away at once, how, we hardly knew. The landlady suggested three plans. We could wait until the morrow, when the Gomestra men, as she, a native, called them, and not Gomestra men, as Mr. Black has it, would row us out to meet the steam-boat coming from Iona. How *Macleod of Dare* like this would have been! We could be ferried over the sound, and walk by Loch-Na-Keal the way we had come, then around its southern shore, and so across to Loch Scridain, at the head of which was an inn. Or we could sail across Loch-Na-Keal, and thus cut off many miles of the distance that lay between us and our next resting-place. We must, however, decide at once; there were two gentlemen below who would take us in their boat: but if we did not want them, they must go back to cut the laird's hay. Were we willing to wait until evening, they would take us for half-price. The rain now fell on the loch, but we made our bargain with the gentlemen on the spot.

As we sailed past the white house we asked the older of our boatmen if he had ever heard of Dr. Johnson. He

shook his head, and then turned to the other man, and the two began to talk in Gaelic. "Toctor Shonson? Toctor Shonson?" we heard them say to each other. But they both kept shaking their heads, and finally the old man again said they had never heard of him. In the stories of Mr. Black or Mr. Stevenson he would have said they had never heard of her or she. Perhaps our ears were at fault. More probably all the genuine islanders have been driven from the Hebrides. Certain it is that not once did we hear a man called *she*—an idiom we thought to find as common as the heather by the way.

When the wind swept the rain from the hills of Ulva, we could see that on the western side of the island the strange basaltic formation like that of Staffa begins. Near the low green shores of Inch-Kenneth a yacht lay at anchor. It belonged to one of the lairds of Mull, the boatman said. The people, who have barely enough to live on themselves, can afford to support a yacht for their landlord. How this can be is the real problem of the Hebrides. To solve it is to explain the crofter question without the aid of a Royal Commission.

on the Crinan above the landing-place was a long row of stones, slippery with wet moss and weed. To reach the road we waded through a broad muddy knee-breech-deepening grass. The most kept coming and falling and our minds we could see the islands—Ulva and Gometra and Loch Kenneth and even Mull—and the next, only grayness. In the narrow pass over the headland between Loch-Na-Keal and Loch Scridain the clouds rolled slowly down the mountains on either side, lower and lower, until presently we were walking through them. And as we went, as was proper in the land of Macleod of Dare, a strange thing happened. For scarcely had the clouds closed about us when a great gust of wind swept through the pass and whirled them away for a moment. Then the wind fell, and again we were swallowed up in grayness, and could scarcely see. Just as we were within sight of Loch Scridain, down poured torrents of rain. A little further on and we were half-way up to our knees in a bridgeless stream that came rushing down the mountains across the road.

We passed two wretched rain-battered villages, and occasional lonely cottages and the ruins of others. Mr. Hamerton says nothing is more lovely to an artist than a Highland cottage after a rain. But the trouble is, you seldom see it after the rain, for in the Highlands the rain it raineth every day and always. We came, too, to one big dreary house and a drearier kirk. The rest of the way to the inn at Kinloch, where we were to pass the night, was a wet wilderness.

The next morning the wind was still blowing a gale, but it drove the clouds beyond the bald mountains toward Ben-More, and brought no showers with it. Everything had grown bright with the morning but the cottages, and they, perhaps because of the contrast with the blue brightness of water and sky and hills, seemed darker and more desolate than in the rain. There and there along the loch a few were gathered in melancholy groups, pathless and chimney-less smoke pouring from doorways and through holes in the walls, and at the very thresholds. For every cottage seemed like another in ruins. On the top of a low hill, over which we made a short cut, was a deserted village, conventionally left at right angles to the road. No traveler, waiting or straggling upon it, as we

did, would know of it. It was not high enough or far enough from other cottages for the shielings upon which the Duke of Argyll thinks so much false sentiment has been wasted. We found a few black-faced sheep in possession of the ruins, and before them, I fear, have been driven, not merely cattle from summer pastures, but men from their only homes. There were several school houses between Kinloch and Bunessan, and we half hoped these were in a measure responsible for roofless walls and desolate hearths. But the truth is, the Duke of Argyll and other landlords of Mull find it less trouble to collect rents from a few large tenants than from many small ones, and to suit their convenience the people have had to go. It is their land: why should they not do with it as they think best?

Almost all this Ross of Mull, on which we now were, belongs to the Duke of Argyll, the defender of Scotland as it was and as it is, and I think in all the Hebrides there is no place more desolate. We saw perhaps more signs of bitter poverty in Skye and in Barra. But in these islands the evicted have settled again upon the crofts of their friends or relations. Often it is because the many are thus forced to live upon land that can scarce support the few, that all are so poor. But the Islander loves his home as he once loved his chief, and now hates his landlord, and he must be in extremity indeed before he will go from it. Knowing this, you feel the greatness of the misery in the Ross of Mull, from which the people have flown as if from a plague-stricken land. The greater part of it is silent and barren as the desert. We walked for miles, seeing no living thing save a mere handful of sheep grazing on the hills, and the white sea-gulls perched on the low seaweed-covered rocks of Loch Scridain. And beyond the barren waste of land was the sea without a sail upon its waters, and the lonely islands, which we knew were no less desolate. The cruel climate of this far Northern country has had little to do with the people's flight. Neither, indeed, has natural barrenness. The soil in the Highlands is not naturally barren, the Duke of Argyll himself has said. The few large farms by the way were good proof of what might be even in the rocky Ross of Mull.

Bunessan is the show place of the Ross of Mull. Steamers occasionally land at



"ONE OF HIS STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED."

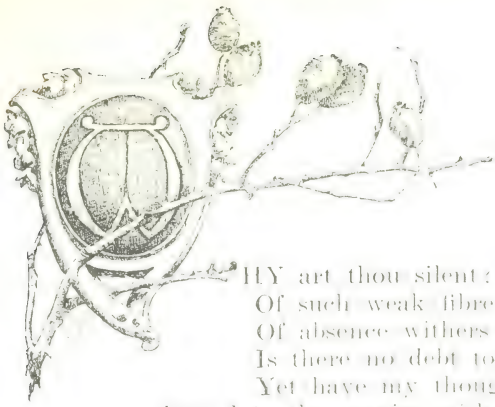
a pier on the loch, two miles distant. Tourists come to the inn for the fishing. If they go no further into the island, they probably carry away with them impressions of well-to-do people and benevolent landlords. After Kilpatrick and the other wretched groups of cottages we had passed in the morning, it did indeed seem happy and prosperous. In the end we agreed that our coming to the island was a mistake, and that no one but Mr. Black could have a good word to say for it. Somehow we made it seem as if he had brought us here under false pretences. The fact is, Mr. Black's descriptions are misleading, though I must admit that even as we found fault with him, one of his strange things happened. For far out beyond the loch and its purple hills we saw Staffa and the sea below and the sky above it turned to gold as the sun sank into the Atlantic. But then, as a rule, the things that happen in Mull are less strange than disagreeable. For one evening's loveliness you must put up with days of cold and damp discomfort. Of course, if you own a castle or a yacht, you can improve your point of view.

The next morning we set out for Iona. The road lay for six miles over the moors. There were two or three large houses with cultivated fields, a few black dreary cottages, and the ruins of others. But this end of the Ross of Mull was mostly, as when David Balfour walked across it, bog and brier and big stones. The coast was all rock, great piles of red granite jutting out in uneven masses into the sound that separates Iona from the Ross. When we reached it the ferryman had just come and gone. It was the 11th of August, and men with guns, in readiness for the morrow, were getting into a dog-cart, its horses' heads turned toward Bunessan. There was nothing to do but to sit on the rocks and wait.

Wind and rain blew in our faces. The fishermen made off in their little boat, hugging the rocky shore. Above us, on the granite, were two cottages, no less naked and cold. Across the sound we looked to a little white town, low on the wind-swept water, and to a towered cathedral that gleamed the gray-green rocks. A steamer had just brought Cook's daily pilgrims to St. Columba's shrine.



FIG. 10. "WINDY STILES" —from a drawing by Alfred Parsons.



WHY ART THOU SILENT?

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
Mid its own blush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know.

THE WOODLAND CARIBOU.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the early winter proclaimed a respite from the agricultural labors of the year, a settler shouldered his rifle, and entered the southern edge of that wilderness which extends in one unbroken forest northward almost to the St. Lawrence River. Something a little less briny than his customary salted food was the object in view, for the larger towns were remote and difficult of access, and he well knew that if he wished fresh meat he must be his own purveyor.

He enters the forest, noting instinctively every phase of its animal life as its familiar indications, impressed upon the new-fallen snow, presented themselves to his eye.

Suddenly he pauses, for before him lies the footprint of a cloven hoof the like of which he has never seen before. It is much too large to have been made by a deer, and altogether lacks the pointed character of the track of a moose. It resembles that of a stray ox more than anything else, yet his trained eye at once negatives this explanation as well.

The woodland caribou had appeared in western Maine, and its lines had fallen in pleasant places. A congenial climate, abundant food, and the absence of all ene-

mies except men, and very few of them, caused it to increase and multiply, as animals are wont to do under such favorable conditions.

It is doubtful if a mere verbal description of any animal conveys more than a vague idea of its personal appearance to any but the trained naturalist.

Still the caribou is popularly so little known in this country, and is withal so well worth knowing, that a brief general description of its appearance, and of a few of the many singular eccentricities of its demeanor, may not be amiss.

Stuffed specimens of this beautiful creature may be seen in some of our museums, but, as far as the writer has had opportunity to observe, their resemblance to the real animal is not more striking than that of the waxworks of a country side-show to the celebrities they caricature.

A full-grown bull may stand five feet at the fore-shoulder, and weigh possibly seven hundred pounds. They are always white underneath and on the throat. Otherwise they are reddish brown in summer, mouse-colored in fall, growing grayer as the winter advances, until the older males may be nearly white. In size, color, form, and expression the head bears considerable resemblance to that of an



open their noses, and seem to lap the ice with those tongues. Why they do this is, as far as the writer has been able to learn, a mystery. It certainly is not for thirst, since they have crossed a dozen open brooks in their morning ramble. Perhaps to assume those stung expressions so happily indefinite in leaving unbridled liberty of detail to the imagination of the hearer, "they do it for grandeur." This is the most simple and indeed at times it seems the only explanation of many of the vagaries of this most singular creature. After a while one will suspend operations, seem to think things over generally, then go gravely over to where another has mined down to a piece of ice of extra flavor, and prod and poke it with the utmost vigor. The assaulted party rises to its feet, and meekly resigns its place to the intruder, which immediately drops upon its knees and continues the operations of its predecessor, while the ousted either passes along the compliment by routing out another, or proceeds to dig a new spot for itself. Then perhaps all will lie down for a while, and though one would think the bed about as congenial as the inside of an ice-cream freezer, chew the cud in apparently the acme of bovine comfort. Next, one will slowly rise to its feet, round up its back, and stretch itself, survey its comrades to select the one which seems most comfortable, and then, actuated by that perversity of disposition we so often see and anthropomorphize in the human early riser, proceed to stir it up with hoof and horn, until it too gets upon its legs and joins in the game. Soon all are on their feet, and falling in one behind the other, move for the woods in single file, headed by the leader—always a bull, though not invariably the largest in the herd. They move off at a walk, their heads hanging down precisely like cows driven to pasture. Suddenly one will become possessed of a devil, and breaking from the ranks with a hop, skip, and a jump, charge through the line again and again, until it is thrown into complete disorder. Then it will as suddenly fall into place, as demure as a cat, saying, as a country squire might be said to speak, "What! would not mean to charge this untimely on me!—how can I do you?" The march continues unimpeded, and all may disappear at the nod of a hind of a walk in the surrounding forest; or, without the slightest apparent cause, the herd will break into a

run at a pace so keen you almost fancy you can hear them whiz as they cleave a passage through the air. This burst of speed may last for a hundred yards; it may be kept up through thick and thin for five miles; the one is about as likely as the other.

The dearest wish of the caribou hunter is to be a spectator of the performance just described. At this season of the year he approaches every little patch of water against the wind, and with the feelings of a ticket-holder at a lottery drawing. Should he be in luck, he by no means opens fire at once. The herd derives its impulse from its leader, as the steam-engine does from the engineer. Withdraw either from his control, and though the power is still there, that which gave it direction is gone. So, hardly breathing under the intense excitement of the moment, he studies the movements of the herd with the keenest attention. Having selected his victim, a well-directed bullet knocks it sprawling on the ice. In an instant all is confusion. The herd circle around their fallen leader, totally at a loss what to do, until some other assumes the place of the fallen, and all break for the shelter of the woods. If the hunter is then a quick and sure shot, the interval is not unimproved.

But if the pond is small, and closely surrounded with forest and hill, the first shot echoes from the opposite side with a distinctness which should be heard to be fully appreciated, and re-echoes again and again. The startled herd seem confronted in every direction by explosions, and every avenue of escape appears closed. Utterly demoralized, they circle about, swinging their heads from side to side, sniffing the air in the vain endeavor to locate the danger and divine the path to safety. If the rifle be then in the hands of a butcher and not a sportsman, all may fall before, driven to desperation to take any chance for the sake of cover, one bursts for the woods. The rest, if any, instantly follow this initiative, and many and many a mile will intervene before the pace slackens to a walk.

The deer or moose, when it encounters a windfall, either goes round it, or passes it, if too high to step over, by a series of bounds. But the caribou, if undisturbed, mounts the fallen trees and walks along their trunks with the *verve* of a trained lumberman bounding from one to another.



LYING IN WAIT.

er with the agility of a goat, and the knack of balance of a tight-rope performer.

The call of the caribou, when heard close at hand, is a hoarse, pumping sound, very much of the character emitted by that species of bittern called by some a "post-driver," or "stake-driver," only vastly louder. When heard at a distance, it takes considerable persuasion to disabuse the novice of the idea that he has

heard the rapid successive discharges of both the barrels of a double shot-gun, for the resemblance is perfect.

The meat of the caribou is most excellent food, but how it is made from such unpromising raw material is one of the deep, dark mysteries of the chemistry of nature.

In the summer it is not so bad; the blue-joint, flat grass, and that which trails in



HEAD OF FEMALE CARIBOU

signs he judges how near he is to them. When he thinks they have fed sufficiently and will soon lie down, he overhauls his rifle, gets the snow out of its muzzle, clears its sights, cocks and uncocks it three or four times, works the breech mechanism, and generally sees that all is clear for action: for the numerous falls he has had in the snow, and that which has been disengaged from the trees, have again and again covered him completely.

He now creeps forward, all eye and ear, avoiding everything calculated to produce a sound as though it were the plague. He pays little attention to the direction of the wind, since the dense evergreen forest broods over a region of almost perpetual calm. Every bush, every stump or fallen log, within sight, is carefully scrutinized, for the snow and ice adhering to their coats make it difficult to distinguish the game from surrounding objects unless in motion. It is almost impossible to avoid making some little noise at times, and it

may be that they first detect the presence of the hunter. Instantly all spring to their feet and face him, generally, if he has approached with still, at some twenty-five or thirty yards' distance. Now is the time. No waiting for a side shot, but choose the biggest and give it full blast in the centre of the chest, at the root of the neck. Otherwise they will be off like the wind, and he must take his chance as they glide among the thick trees.

Having secured his game, the hunter at once builds a large fire near the fallen animal, and proceeds to skin and dress it before it freezes. He then raves up the liver and tenderloin in the hide, binding it with a thong cut from the edge of the skin. The rest of the meat hangs on the trees, and shouldering the hide and its contents, returns to camp for his sled, calling himself all manner of hard names for having made the old and oft-repeated mistake of failing to see his game until it was in motion, even while under his very nose.



OLD SATSUMA

BY PROFESSOR HOWARD SYLVESTER MORSE

NOWHERE in the world is the taste for collecting old things more common than in Japan. The Japanese, equally with us, have their fancies of collecting. The hen fever, the rabbit fever, the elixir, enthusiasm fever, break out in turn, have their run and die-away, as quaint dog-wood for the garden, those or of some other craze are sown. In the more rational lands of collecting the Japanese exceed all other nations. Where you meet with our men possessed with this spirit in our country, you find scores of them in Japan. Large exhibitions are rarely made, for want of means and room; but travel where you will, in the city or most remote country village, there is sure to be some one in slow a collection of rare old pottery, stone implements, old tiles, coins, or something of the kind. The Japanese have their special fields of collecting, as the English, pottery, tiles,

pictures, books, autographs, swords, armor, old brocades, old paper, musical instruments, furniture, archaeological relics—and these collections may be counted by hundreds. So permanent is the taste for collecting old pottery and old swords that special parties are formed for the sole purpose of testing one another's ability in correctly identifying difficult or puzzling objects. When these objects have a stamp or mark, it is carefully concealed, so that the skill of the amateur may be more surely tried. Second-hand book-stores, bric-à-brac shops, and even temporary sidewalk booths, are to be met with through the length and breadth of the empire. The *koromo* craze has endured for hundreds of years, and has had its literature for centuries.

It is to this spirit of collecting among the Japanese that we are happily indebted to-day for the preservation in good condi-

tion of the pottery of old Japan. Pottery that in many other parts of the world would have been cast aside when broken is carefully mended and encased in brocade bags and boxes, and preserved with other family treasures in some fire-proof building.

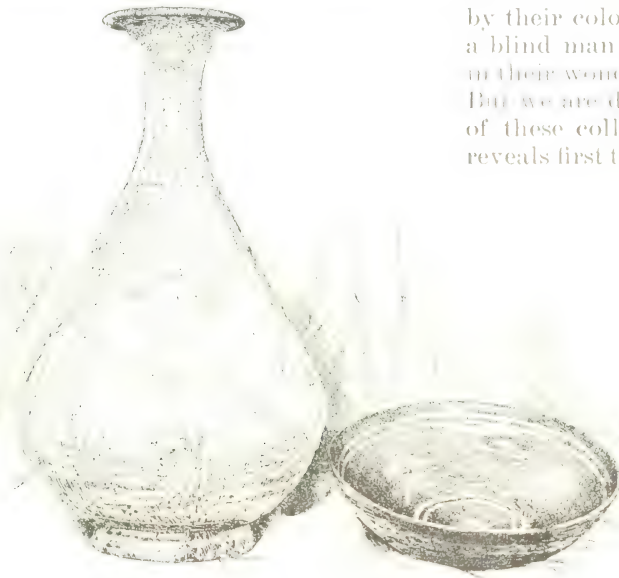
One of the delightful experiences in Japan is to get access, through one's love for such things, to the famous collections of *bric à brac* which are to be found in

hands as tenderly, nay, as caressingly, as a mother holds her first-born, seems the veriest absurdity, until one has come to appreciate the intrinsic merit and beauty in their unobtrusive glazes. The rich brown of the Seto glazes, and deep grays of the Karatsu, the ripe and varied brown autumn-like colors in the tea jars of Oni and Iga, the delicious fawns and buff's and rich deep colors of Takatori, are only to be appreciated by study. Many of these unobtrusive gems excite our admiration by their color and contour alone. Even a blind man might find a certain charm in their wonderful smoothness and finish. But we are digressing. An examination of these collections by a foreign student reveals first that what he had held in such

high repute as Satsuma (assuming, of course, that he was familiar with genuine Satsuma) forms only an incidental part of these treasures. An attentive study of valuable private collections, such as that owned by the Prince of Kuroda, the Governor of Higo, and many others, brought to light no specimens of the light cream-colored crackled and

decorated faience which alone is looked upon as Satsuma by the Western collector. A few pieces of Satsuma were to be seen, but these were entirely unlike the ware which we had supposed to be typical Satsuma. We do not, of course, refer to the highly decorated crackled ware which has been sold to our innocent collectors as Satsuma, and which is never met with in Japan, save in the shops of the treaty ports to tempt the foreigner, or on its way to vessels for export abroad. A few genuine pieces may be seen at the National Museum in Tokio. A very few specimens were shown me by the Governor of Satsuma at Kagoshima, directly after the rebellion, and I was told by him that in the destruction by fire of Kagoshima at that time the fire-proof buildings containing priceless specimens of Satsuma and other wares, as well as old pictures, lacquers, etc., were totally destroyed.

Old specimens were formerly to be



OLD KOBAN, SATSUMA.

various parts of the country, and notably in the larger cities. It was my good fortune to examine many collections of pottery, and by studies and sketches to make myself familiar with many types of pottery rarely if ever seen in the private collections in our country or the public collections abroad. I was much struck at the outset with the almost entire absence from these collections of what we regard as decorative pottery: that is to say, pottery of the nature of what the public have recognized under the names of Kioto, Kaga, and Satsuma. In lieu of these one sees sober little tea jars, brown bowls, irregular-shaped dishes, vessels of various kinds, and these either with no decoration upon them, or the merest suggestion of an attempt that way in one or two hasty touches in monochrome. Indeed, the fastidious way in which these specimens are carefully removed from their boxes and silk coverings, and afterward held in the two

packed up in the larger copper shops, which, if really good, would bring much more than their weight in gold.

The pots and ware that are made with in the imitations of the Japanese is of type and forms hitherto unrecognized by Western collectors, though sometimes run with in their collections wrongly identified.

An illustration and description of the more prominent types of Satsuma ware, be of some assistance in enabling the student of Japanese pottery to identify his pieces, and the information very well be without interest to the art collector as showing the extent and range of pottery which the name Satsuma really covers.

Japan proper, not including Yezo, consists of three large islands—the largest, which we may regard as the main-land, and two others, which lie to the south, separated by deep and narrow seas. The southernmost one, Kishiu, includes among other provinces the province of Satsuma, which, with Osumi, makes up its southernmost extremity. A deep gulf indents the island on the west side of which lies

Satsuma, and on the east side Osumi. Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, is one of the most ancient towns of the empire.

According to Ninagawa Noritane, a famous antiquarian, author of an illustrated work on Japanese pottery, Satsuma produced a glazed pottery eight hundred years ago. The earth of this pottery is described as being pear-colored, with a transparent glaze of the same color. It is doubtful whether any of this pottery is extant, but for many years there has been trade in the village of Idsumi in the northern part of Satsuma, a rude pottery which finds its way to the Nagasaki market and which in its general appearance recalls the old pottery mentioned by Ninagawa. Its clay is reddish pear-colored (the Japanese pear in appearance is said to have had presented by a russet aspect and its glaze is transparent and of the same color.

The ware has no decoration save that produced by a dark olive overglaze, which in the older specimens forms a rich and irregular border about the rim. The





MISHIMA SATSUMA. BLACK ON WHITE.

modern ware is rough, cheap, and durable, and has the merit of simplicity. It is usually in the shape of bowls and teapots, which may be bought for a cent or two. Its cheapness enables it to compete successfully in the Nagasaki market with the common porcelain with which the shops are literally crammed. The older forms of the pottery are extremely rare, and differ from the modern pieces in being softer, and in giving out no ringing sound when struck. The modern pieces, like all the recent ceramic productions of Japan, have undergone a marked deterioration. In the group marked Idsumi Satsuma the bowl and teapot in front are examples of the ware made to-day. The three other pieces are not new. The flower vase to the right, and the curious spouted, handled, and covered vessel to the left, have no special merit. The long-necked bottle, which is the oldest of these specimens, is quite striking, not only for its peculiar and graceful shape, but for the manner in which the splash of rich brown glaze decorates the body, while the

neck, from the rim to a point below the bulb, is covered with a thick olive-green glaze in one piece, changing to the richest brown-black. Whether this ware is to be considered identical with the indigenous production of Satsuma above alluded to, I am not prepared to say.

Three other types of Satsuma to be presently considered were introduced by Korean potters: the Japanese, however, have so thoroughly imposed their own delightful and artistic ways of manufacture and decoration upon these products that but little resemblance can be traced to the ancient models.

After the devastating invasion of Korea by the famous Japanese General Hideyoshi, at the end of the sixteenth century (an invasion from which Korea has never fully recovered), Shimadzu Yoshihiro, the feudal chief of Satsuma, took content with the destruction he had assisted in bringing upon unfortunate Korea, robbed the country of some of its skilled potters, who, with their families, were brought back as prisoners, and who were destined,



SENKOROKO SEISEMI

with their descendants, to work for the glory of Satsuma and the empire.

Other generals followed the example of the Satsuma chief in bringing back skilled artisans, and thus in various parts of the empire the impulse of Korean art was felt. Not that this was the inception of Korean influence in Japan, for centuries before this date the Japanese chroniclers record peaceful invasions of Korean workmen and artists, who introduced new arts and industries.

In Satsuma the Koreans were settled in and about Kagoshima; afterward a few families were removed to Chosa, in the neighboring province of Osumi, and also to Tsuboya, about twelve miles west from Kagoshima; and at this place, up to within a few years at least, the greater part of the better known types of Satsuma pottery were made. We are indebted to Ernest Satow, Esq., for all the information we possess regarding the Korean potters in Satsuma. In the village of Tama-

* Journal of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

noyama Mr. Satow found all the inhabitants—peasants as well as potters—lineal descendants of the Koreans who were brought to Satsuma nearly three hundred years ago. They married freely among themselves, identity of surname being considered no bar to such connection. Until within a few years they did their hair in a knot on top of their head after Korean fashion, preserved their ancient dress, which they wore on great ceremonial occasions, such as the annual journey of the prince to Yedo, when they went forth to salute him as he passed through the village. Many of them preserved their native language, and were utilized as interpreters when shipwrecked Koreans were cast away on the shores. It has been necessary to recall these facts in regard to the Korean descendants in Japan, for it is obvious that if language, manners, style of doing the hair, and other peculiarities have been perpetuated for so long a time, the pottery we are about to consider must have received its impress also.

Probably one of the earliest types of pottery introduced into Satsuma by the Koreans was a ware known to the Japanese under the general name of Mishima. This is a hard stone ware, usually with a gray glaze, and having a decoration in white or white and black, effected by a process of inlaying. The figures, whether conventional or natural, are in outline, and are stamped—rarely incised—in the vessel before baking, and while the clay is still soft. The pottery is then baked, and before the glaze is applied for the second baking the designs are filled with a white clay. It is interesting to observe that wherever Korean potters settled in Japan this inlaid form of decoration, or encaustic method, has persisted, notably in the provinces of Higo, Suwo, and Hizen. In the island of Tsushima, which stands midway between the southern extremity of Korea and Japan, the pottery is decorated in a similar way. While the Korean Mishima has rapidly deteriorated in its native country, judging from recent specimens brought from Korea, the transplanted process has continually improved under the hands of the Japanese, who



UNIQUE BOWL OF SETO-KUSURI SATSUMA.

have added their own refinements and taste to the hints derived from their Korean teachers, and to-day the pottery made after this style by the Higo potters must rank as among the most refined and perfect in Japan. An idea may be gained of the appearance of the old Korean Mishima ware from the engraving on page 513. The old Korean bowl was presented by the



SETO-KUSURI SATSUMA.



KOREAN POTTERY

King of Korea to Porcelain Tavern, Esq., of Boston, during his late visit to that country as foreign secretary of the Korean Embassy, on its return from the United States, and to him I am indebted for the privilege of presenting it. The bowl is shallow, slightly pitted through holes in the potter's wheel; the clay rudely mixed, and decorated here and there beneath the glaze, one of which has broken away on the inside of the bowl. Around the design consists of four revolving lines in two hands, beneath which are disposed at three equidistant points a symmetrical radiating figure enclosed in a double circle. Within are still two revolving lines disposed in the same way, with a conventional flower impressed at four equidistant points, revolving wheel like flowers being made by one stamp, the leaves by another, with the stem or stalk by hand. The bottom is very rough and has alluring feet coarse and upon which the vessel rested in the oven.

Among the Korean pieces in my collection are a number of *Mishima* forms, and these show the stamped impression of forlorn designs, usually stars, or star-shaped leaves, and revolving bands. The closest approximation to an old Korean vase, an illustration of which accompanies the bowl, has been made by me, and by hand, representing large leaves disposed in such a way as to

suggest Persian influence. The vase is somewhat irregular, rudely potted, and finished. It also places the emblematic design has broken away. The gray glaze is somewhat iridescent, the result of age and consequent decomposition of the surface. Nevertheless these formal designs predominate, but the same often forms the motive, and the impression of this design is usually filled with a white and black clay. While the method of treatment has the simplicity of *Mishima*, there are a number of species, so to speak, which the Japanese connoisseur recognizes by appropriate names.

In one form vertical lines are drawn upon the bowl, between which are zigzag lines, and from the resemblance of these lines to a Japanese calendar, the term *Kogane Mishima* is given. The cloud and crane decoration is known as *Unako Mishima*. If flowers form the motive, it is called the *Hana Mishima*; or if lines are drawn crossing one another, it is called *Higaki Mishima*—*higaki* meaning fence. In some cases the white clay is rudely painted on the vessel in long sweeps, and this is called *Itaka-me Mishima*, or "brush-painted." While the Satsuma *Mishima* has generally adhered to the Korean archetype in being decorated with conventional designs of circles, dots, radiating or wheel-like figures and the like,

the Higo potters have broken away from these primitive methods, which, however, characterized their early pottery: and the most beautiful designs of flowers and bamboo, either free or enclosed, and bands of Greek fret, introduced from China, which the Japanese call the Raimon style of ornamentation, mark their exquisite productions, and a very immediate way of distinguishing Higo Mishima from Satsuma Mishima may be got by observing the character of the design. Exceptions, however, to this rule occur. Aside from this distinguishing mark, the glaze of the typical Higo is, on the whole, darker and clearer than that of Satsuma, and possesses a higher polish, and the clay is usually finer, and the bases of the pieces more smoothly finished. The collector will find among the more ancient specimens of each, as identified by Japanese experts, but little, if any, difference. At least I have tried and given up in despair the effort to harmonize Japanese expert testimony with the appearance of the wares, and I may say that their resemblance to

Korean Mishima is so marked that it is almost impossible to determine the dividing line between them.

The group of gray Satsuma Mishima inland with white (see page 511) will give the student and collector a very good idea of the general appearance of this ware. The color of the clay in the gray Mishima varies from a dull iron red to a light gray tinged with red. Those with red clay have a warm dark gray glaze, while the lighter clays give a cold light gray appearance to the glaze. The bowl and tall vase are probably over one hundred and fifty years old. The hexagonal incense box with the kirimon in black and white is one hundred years old. The gourd-shaped wine bottle and covered jar are from fifty to seventy-five years old, and the clove boiler may be fifty years old. This curious utensil was used more as an ornament within the house than for its original purpose of boiling cloves. I have a number of these vessels in different wares, and some of them have done good service, not only as an ornament to



WHITE SATSUMA WITH BLUE DECORATION.



(SOME SATSUMA.)

the room, but in imparting the aroma of cloves to the house, as may be recognized by the marks of fire within them, and the odor of cloves which permeates the upper receptacles. As in nearly all cases, the older forms represent the better wares.

Specimens of white Satsuma Mishima inlaid with black are rare to find. The clay is yellowish and aged, rather coarse and dry, and the glaze is white, thick and unbroken. The group of three specimens shown on page 515 gives a good example of this ware. The bowl is a choice specimen dating back a hundred and fifty years or more; the gourd-shaped bottle is over one hundred years old; and the clove boiler,

though looking fresh and new, may be nearly as old.

Another type of pottery equally characteristic of Satsuma, though sometimes copied in the pottery of other provinces, is known under the specific name of Sunkoroko. The origin of the word, like that of Mishima, as applied to their respective types of pottery, is somewhat obscure. Mishima literally means "three islands"; it is not an uncommon family name. *Koroko*, according to an old authority, is the name of a form of Chinese pottery, and *Sun* probably refers to a Chinese dynasty. As to the origin of the word, however, or whether it should be more correctly written Rosokoroko does not here concern us.

The clay of Satsuma Sunkoroko is hard and fine, and is of a light stone gray color. The glaze is transparent, giving a buff gray tone to the ware. The decoration consists of conventional scrolls, cross lines, and curious diapers variously disposed in bands and panels. The color of the decoration is always a dark brown, or deep brown slightly tinged with olive, and is painted in broad free lines. The clay of the earlier forms is softer than that of the more recent make; the bases of the earlier



OLD TYPES OF SATSUMA AND SPECIOUS BOWL.

pieces are left unglazed, and the decoration is infinitely superior in richness of color and design. The glaze has also a much warmer tone in the earlier pieces. Satsuma Sunkoroko is the most distinctive of all the Satsuma types, for while the Mishima type may be seen in a number of other potteries throughout Japan, both derivative and copied, Sunkoroko, on the contrary, has been rarely copied. The group shown on page 516 gives a very clear idea of the appearance of this ware. The large bowl is the gem of the collection, and is probably two hundred and fifty years old; the little teapot in front is two hundred years old; the large vase to the right is seventy years old; the long-necked flask is probably a hundred years old, and the large teapot and clove boiler may be equally old; the little flower vase in front is perhaps fifty years old. The ware is rich and effective, and has a decidedly archaic appearance.

Still another type of Satsuma claims our attention from the remarkable beauty and richness of its brown glaze, and the wonderful splashes of transparent olive-brown overglaze flecked with exquisite light blue streaks. This type of Satsuma is known as Seto-kusuri, meaning "Seto glaze," Seto being a village in the province of Owari, in which a brown glaze of a similar nature is much used. The difference in color of the two glazes is marked, the Satsuma glaze being much warmer and redder in color, owing to the color of the paste upon which it is imposed, and a further difference may be seen in the irregular dashes of brilliant overglaze, with its delicious light blue veining which characterizes this type. In the gourd-shaped wine bottle the splashes are large and irregularly disposed; in the teapots and smaller pieces single splashes are made on opposite sides of the vessel.

Some examples have the impressed mark of Yoshi-he, and Mishima examples are sometimes impressed with the same stamp. There are a number of varieties of this ware. The variety just described seems to have been produced within the last fifty years.

The typical Satsuma tea jars may be regarded as another variety of Seto-kusuri. These little tea jars are, with few exceptions, strikingly unlike the tea jars of other parts of the empire. They may be

at once recognized by the thick olive or greenish brown glaze, the overglaze often flecked with blue or white. The under glaze is less transparent and much lighter in color than the upper glaze. The pottery is a hard stone-ware, somewhat reddish in color, and the *itogure*, or thread-mark, on the bottom, runs in the opposite direction from that of the tea jars of the central provinces. The Japanese call the thread-mark of the Satsuma tea jar left-handed, while the usual thread-mark is called right-handed. Properly speaking, however, these terms should be reversed, the Satsuma tea jars being cut from the potter's wheel by drawing the string with the right hand, while in the tea jars of other provinces, with notable exceptions, the thread-mark shows that the tea jar has been cut away with a movement of the left hand. To determine the direction of the thread-cut one has only to hold the bottom of the tea jar toward him so that the line of convergence comes uppermost; if now the lines appear to sweep or curve to the right, it may be called a right-handed thread-mark, or to the left, a left-handed thread-mark. In the study and identification of tea jars one has to become familiar with the thread-mark, as it is really the *cachet* of the maker, each potter pulling the thread a little differently in cutting the vessel from the wheel. These little jars are furnished with ivory covers, and are kept in brocade bags and boxes. They are intended solely to hold the powdered tea used in the tea ceremonies, and an antiquity of two hundred and fifty and even three hundred years is claimed for them. The glazes and colors seen in the Satsuma tea jars are so unlike the forms of the Seto-kusuri previously described that they might well form a type by themselves. Large jars of considerable antiquity are recognized as Satsuma by the Japanese expert, and these are remarkably beautiful for the delicate mottling of their greenish-brown glaze. In the group of figures marked Seto-kusuri Satsuma (see page 517) a large jar of this description is shown in the central specimen; the two specimens upon either side of it, consisting of a jar, two gourd-shaped wine bottles, and a fire pot, belong to the variety described as having a rich splash of overglaze. The four tea jars in front represent the choicest forms of the typical Satsuma tea jar, and the bowl to

the right has clay and glaze similar to them.

I have never seen but one specimen of the Seto-kusuri decorated save by the skillful treatment of the overglaze.

In the figure of a bowl (page 517) is presented a unique example in the fact that besides a wonderful splash of nearly white glaze, there were depicted blue waves and three birds. The bowl is white, glazed within, coarsely and strongly cracked; this has been allowed to disperse itself on portions of the bowl outside, but below this are splashes of a very thick gray glaze, which in turn rests on the finest brown glaze of the bowl. The specimen is thick and heavy, and is altogether a most exquisite piece of ceramic art. The lacquer box in which it was contained has lettered in gold on the outside the following, "Satsuma Tsubogata Chawan," which, freely translated, means Satsuma jar-shaped bowl.

Thus far we have examined types of Satsuma pottery which have remained uncontaminated by the blight of foreign influence, though in all these types a slow but certain deterioration may be traced from the older to the newer examples—a deterioration not only in the paste and glaze, but in the form and decoration of the vessels.

In the next type to be described we come to a kind of pottery which has become world-renowned. The word Satsuma is nearly as familiar to us as the word Japan, and this word has become familiarized to us not because of Satsuma's brilliant and heroic achievements in the past, her grand part in the war of restoration, or her lamentable and tragic rebellion within recent years, but solely for a peculiar type of pottery or faience, known as Satsuma, which was simply inimitable. Its delicious ivory-colored glaze marvellously crazed, its delicate and artistic decoration in vitrifiable enamels and gold and the refinement which characterized each good piece, filled the collector's mind with wonder and delight. What was called Satsuma enriched the collections of the amateur; museums of art paraded colossal Satsuma vases in pairs, gorgeous with glitter and gold; costly books, with triumphs of the chromo-lithographer's skill, depicted what was supposed to be different periods of this Satsuma ware. Aside from the undeniable beauty of many of these specimens, their value

was heightened by their supposed antiquity: it was "old Satsuma" always. Some years, however, elapsed before the miserable suspicion entered the minds of the more thoughtful among collectors that the "Satsuma" which was continually arriving by the ship load could not all be the genuine old pieces that the dealers invariably represented them to be. Even as late as 1877 there was a public sale in London of "old Satsuma" from a private collection, and the ware was represented as having been made by royal command for one of the popes just after Xavier's expedition to Japan in 1560! It was about this time that the whole business was exposed as a gigantic swindle, and then became more widely known the fact that but little, comparatively speaking, of the genuine old Satsuma was in existence even in Japan, and furthermore that genuine "old Satsuma" was represented by small pieces, such as bowls, incense boxes, and the like, and that the modest makers of these gems did not deem it of importance to stamp or mark their names in any way. With what dismay we beheld our huge flower vases in pairs! Stamps and marks which in other pottery were so eagerly sought after were now found to be actual defacements in our precious pieces. Alas! our old Satsuma was not old. The dregs of humiliation were yet to be drained, when we learned that in most cases our "old Satsuma" was not even Satsuma, and that all the domiciles in the empire of Japan might be ransacked in vain to find the remotest parallel to the specimens with which unscrupulous dealers were victimizing their innocent purchasers.

While collectors the world over have been looking for some unquestionable evidence as to what characterizes genuine old Satsuma, the experts have been equally in search of that evidence which should tell us when plain white cracked Satsuma was first decorated with vitrifiable enamels and gold in the style known as *Nishiki de*, or brocade-painted. This inquiry will lead us to understand the features which distinguish genuine Satsuma from the fraudulent. Authorities tell us that when the Korean potters were first brought to Satsuma they made a common black glazed ware, the common ware of the people, which survives to-day in Korea, and also the Mishima type, which was, of course, after Korean models. White clay

was finally discovered at Kasada, not far from Kagoshima, and then commenced the making of white crackled Satsuma faience. This was rarely, if ever, decorated, and when decorated, the design in monochrome was of the simplest possible nature in blue or brown under the glaze. That this plain white ware was made over two hundred years ago there can be no doubt. Chosa, a village in the neighboring province of Osumi, claims to be the place where this ware was first made.

We are indebted, as we have already said, to one of the former attachés of the British legation in Japan, Ernest Satow, Esq., for the first reliable information regarding the advent and work of Korean potters in Satsuma.*

Mr. Satow, in the article already alluded to, tells us that long after the plain white Satsuma was made, two Korean potters, whose names are given, were sent by the Prince of Satsuma to Kioto in the latter part of the eighteenth century. These men were sent expressly to learn the art of *Nishiki de*, or brocade-painting, embracing, of course, the use of colors in vitrifiable enamels and the application of gold—an art in which Kioto potters excelled. Kioto potters at that time, and indeed a hundred years before, had been familiar with these arts through the famous works of Ninsai, with whom it had probably originated. It was no new event for potters to visit Kioto to learn the methods of decoration, and the history of the potter's art in Japan abounds in allusions not only to potters going to this art capital to learn the secrets of their trade, but accounts are frequently given of Kioto potters being called to neighboring and distant provinces to establish new potteries or to improve upon the old. At about the time the two Korean potters were sent to Kioto, a Satsuma prince had visited Dohachi's pottery, and had ordered from him specimens of his art, and Ninagawa informed me that it was to Dohachi, a Kiyomitsu potter of Kioto, that the Korean potters were sent for instruction. Dohachi was fond of a peculiar kind of music called *horagi*, which was sung with the assistance of a large Triton shell act-

ing as a resonator to the voice. In return for the information imparted by Dohachi, the Prince of Satsuma sent him as a present a large and beautiful Triton shell mounted in silver. It was this incident that led Dohachi to use for a stamp on some of his pottery the impression of a Triton shell.

If these statements are correct—and there seems no good reason to doubt them—then the first *Nishiki de Satsuma* is not over ninety years old. Captain F. Brinkley, the accomplished editor of the *Japan Mail*, in his interesting *History of Japanese Ceramics*, expresses the belief that the first brocade-painted Satsuma dates back nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. No authorities are quoted for this view, and the cautious manner in which he deals with the subject would seem to imply a doubt in his own mind as to the reliability of his information. In my last visit to Japan I made the most earnest and patient inquiries among Japanese experts, and the result of their concurrent testimony is the conclusion that *Nishiki de Satsuma* is not over ninety years old. Among the experts consulted I may mention Mr. Yamadaka, director of the National Museum of Tokio; Mr. Shioda, another authority; Ninagawa Noritane, the famous antiquarian and author of the most reliable history of Japanese pottery; Mr. Riichi Kohitsu, a noted antiquarian and government expert—all of whom expressed the opinion that *Nishiki de Satsuma* was not over one hundred years old.

For the sake of brevity we shall now use the simple term *Satsuma* as commonly understood to mean the white crackled faience, whether plain or decorated. Undecorated Satsuma is called *Mugi Satsuma*, *mugi* meaning plain, unfigured. The crazed or crackled ware is called *Hibi Satsuma*. Pieces of *Mugi* or plain crackled Satsuma of great age are often met with, which the Japanese profess to recognize as having been made at Chosa, in Osumi. At all events, these old bowls have often been decorated within recent years, re-fired, and then sold as ancient Satsuma, and this has led to grave misconceptions among collectors, and has given weight to the positive assertions of native dealers (whose testimony in nearly every case must be taken with great caution) as to the antiquity of their specimens. The decoration of old bowls of all kinds has

* We cannot refrain from adding here that nearly all the triumphs of research concerning Japan—historical, philological, classical, as well as commercial and political—have been won by attachés of the British legation, because England has seen fit to send scholars and gentlemen to represent her abroad, and not political adventurers.

not only led to an infinite amount of misunderstanding by the foreign collector, but has resulted in the utter ruin of many valuable specimens. With the increasing travel to Japan, and the consequent influx of the curio hunters, a wonderful increase of bric-à-brac shops has taken place in the treaty ports. The vulgar taste of the ordinary curio hunter demanded pretentious decoration and gaudy colors, associated with a desire for grimy antiquity, and this demand could only be filled by fraudulent manufacture. In vain did the native dealer expose for sale the beautiful old wares of his country--the pottery simple and unpretentious, yet beautiful for its graceful shape and delicious glaze. The merit and refinement of simplicity could not be appreciated by the outside barbarian. The exposure of such treasures was like flinging pearls before swine, and so the pearls were doubted and belighted. Thus it came to pass that ten years ago the reputable dealers of Paris and London were deceived by the bowls and vases called old Satsuma, which were decorated with figures in relief, intricate grottoes, dragons, lace-work, and everything horrid and barbarous from a Japanese stand-point. As the universal demand was for old Satsuma of this hideous variety, the supply of plain Satsuma bowls for decoration immediately ran short, and pieces of Awata, Kioto, which had some remote resemblance to Satsuma in color and glaze, were submitted to the same treatment of staining and decoration. If any collector is curious in regard to the truth of this matter, let him first familiarize himself with the stamps of Kinkozan, Kenzan, Taizan, Giozan, Iwakurazan, and other potters of the Awata district, Kioto, and an examination of the bottoms of his specimens of old Satsuma will most likely reveal some one of these stamps. Even the stamp of Ninsei may often be detected on some of these pieces; but those are in every case fraudulent Ninsei. To desecrate a genuine Ninsei in this way would be as absurd as altering a hundred dollar note into a one dollar note.

The hunger for old Satsuma continuing unabated, and old bowls of all kinds having been exhausted, Satsuma clay was brought in junks to the north, and potters of Kioto, Osaka, Ota (near Yokohama), and Tokio began in right earnest to turn out prodigious vases in pairs, extraordinary figures of mythical animals, Buddhist

saints, and the like. A white clay having been found near Okayama, in Buzen, a large number of Satsuma potters were brought to this place, and residents of Tokio may remember that an agency for this ware was opened near Tsukiji. The glaze was coarsely crackled, and the paste was so soft and porous that the slightest touch of ink led to its immediate absorption, and consequent cloudy spread of color below.

At Shiba, in Tokio, a small Satsuma oven has been for a long time in full blast, and the potters complacently go on in their work of staining and dyeing their pieces to make them look old, without the slightest reserve at the presence of strangers. The Satsuma potters have continued to make a vast amount of furniture for their own use, such as wine bottles, teacups, teapots, and the like. These are usually employed in an undecorated form by the natives, though a great deal is shipped to Kioto and Tokio for decoration, and then sent back to Satsuma again for sale among the people. I saw at Kagoshima cups and teapots very prettily decorated, and evidently for home use. It was extraordinary, however, to find each piece marked, with Kana characters, "Satsuma."

Satsuma was not behindhand in meeting the foreign demand for novelties and enormities, and soon the concentrated energy of a number of factories was unable to meet the demand for old Satsuma, or "Antique Imperial Satsuma," as one dealer ridiculously called it. Mr. Satow, who visited the Satsuma factories, says, in the article already referred to, that in one factory "two artists were employed in modelling figures of Kiyomori and Dharma, with the conventional face and robes given to Buddhist personages, and toes all of the same length. A third was engaged upon a tiger sitting up in a cat-like posture, intended to be two and a half Japanese feet in height when finished." As an indication of the slovenly way in which these objects were made, Mr. Satow says, "Most of these figures are modelled from drawings in India-ink, but the colored designs are laid on from memory." At another factory in Satsuma Mr. Satow says he found them making inferior blue and white ware and highly gaudy crackle. At Tamawoyama, Satsuma, he found a workman "engaged in modelling a statuette of Christ, after a sentimental wood-cut

in a religious periodical called the *Christian Observer*. He had copied the face and beard with considerable accuracy, but had draped the body and limbs in the robes of a Buddhist priest."

Well might Satsuma have rebelled, if for no other cause than this prostitution of her native industries. All this mass of meretricious stuff, made solely for the foreigner, finds its way to this country and to Europe by the cargo, where it is sold as "Old Satsuma," "Imperial Satsuma," "loot from some Buddhist temple," or, indeed, by means of any unfathomable lie that can animate and victimize the innocent public. Possessors of these spurious pieces of Satsuma are often encouraged in their convictions of the genuineness of their treasures by having seen in public museums similar specimens on deposit from some one who had actually received them as presents from some government department in Japan, in whose employ he may have been. This, however, is no safe criterion, for while the Japanese officials would have been only too delighted to have presented some good example of true Japanese art, they knew too well that the gaudy and violent suited best the average foreigner, and so ordered from the bric-à-brac shops in Yokohama objects made expressly for exportation, and consequently more sure to please the foreigner. I would not for a moment be misunderstood as saying that all this material is offensive or even bad; many of the objects are very beautiful, and some of the vases are triumphs of the decorator's art, though the pottery often shows the defects of imperfect potting and firing; indeed, the profuse decoration is often used to conceal these defects. For decorative purposes in rooms glaring with gilt and mirrors, bright frescoes and rich carpets, many of these objects form fitting adjuncts. I wish, however, to warn purchasers against buying Satsuma because it is represented as old or even genuine, and to urge them to be governed by their tastes in the matter, irrespective of all claims made as to the private history of the object, and above all, to be entirely uninfluenced by auctioneers' catalogues. Furthermore, I would temper the feelings of disgust and chagrin which will come over many when they discover the frauds they have sheltered, by assuring them that up to within ten years everybody shared this ignorance. Even those who claimed the

right to speak authoritatively on the subject were deceived.

Let us now turn to the genuine Nishiki de Satsuma, and we shall find it one of the most perfect of all wares for the purity and fineness of its clay, its delicious glaze, with its even and almost imperceptible crackle, and the beauty and chasteness of its decoration. Indeed, nothing could be more perfect and effective in the way of a decorative surface than the crackled glaze which characterizes so many forms of Japanese pottery. In the light of this undisputed fact it seems incomprehensible that the English potter has not yet arrived at that state when a crazed or crackled surface seems desirable. It has always been an unceasing struggle with the English potter to secure a paste and glaze whose coefficients of expansion were the same: in other words, to secure a condition of things in which the glaze should not "craze." Janvier, in his excellent work entitled *Practical Ceramics for Students*, says, "It is difficult to make a good glaze, as one that seems good at first may crack after months or even years have elapsed!" What must he think of the Japanese potter who deliberately opens his oven while still hot, and permits a cold blast of air to enter, for the express purpose of "crazing" his productions? While our artists have sought roughened paper and coarse canvas to enhance the effect of their work, the pottery decorator of Japan has equally realized that a rough or crackled surface gives him precisely the best conditions for decorative effects. We are certainly indebted to the better art instincts of the Japanese for one of the many charms that their pottery possesses, and that is the crackled surface, which, brilliant in itself, forms one of the most perfect surfaces for decoration. The early Awata of Kioto were often remarkable examples of the potter's and decorator's skill, but the Nishiki de Satsuma was superior in every respect. The pieces had a solidity and an enduring quality about them that the Awata never possessed. Each good piece was a gem in itself.

It is well to understand the conditions under which this faience (or rather the best examples of it) was made—conditions under which pottery in other parts of the empire also attained a high degree of excellence. The potters, instead of being a set of ignorant and hasty workmen,

content to earn only their weekly pay, having no ambition beyond the making of a certain number of pieces each day—pieces which, if originally good in form, had lost all their distinctive qualities by monotonous repetition, like the cries of a street vendor, which by constant utterance become disguised and unintelligible—were, on the contrary, observant and patient workers, capable not only of appreciating artistic work, but of doing it. They were artists, and not only observed nature, but were ready to avail themselves of any good bit which answered their purpose. These men were under the patronage, or rather in the service, of some Daimio or other exalted personage. Questions of cost, which under all circumstances were too vulgar to consider, never entered into the matter. It was sufficient reward for the potter to merit the approval of his master.

In many cases the Daimio had built in his own grounds an oven and all the appliances for making pottery. Distinguished potters were often invited from remote provinces to occupy these premises, and the Daimio did not deem it beneath his dignity to experiment with the fascinating work, and I may add parenthetically that the work of these men and of other ambitious amateurs forms the distracting miseries of the ceramic student. The potter had access to the art treasures of his master, and often got his motive from some famous scene or *kichimono*.

The Nishiki de Satsuma was a ware altogether too expensive to come into general use; much of it was made either for the immediate use of the Daimio or other high personages, or to form presents to men of exalted rank. Plain white Satsuma was doubtless made for general use. By constant use it became richly though lightly colored, and one at all familiar with the first coloring of a meerschaum may form some idea of a bit of old Satsuma; and having used this comparison, it may be carried still further by adding that artificially colored or stained Satsuma recalls the appearance of a spurious or cheap meerschaum; indeed, the simile may be completed by stating that a good deal of pride is taken in the gradual coloring of a bit of Satsuma by constant use, and a peculiar yellow cloth is kept at hand to polish the glaze from time to time, very much as a smoker polishes his pipe.

Other provinces have at various times produced wares after the style of Nishiki de Satsuma. Space will permit only a passing reference to some of the more prominent of these. Reference has already been made to the plain white crackle of Buzen. An essay of white glazed and brocade-painted ware was made in Idsumi a number of years ago, but no success attended this venture, as the ware possessed none of the good points of either Satsuma or Awata. The clay was fine enough, but soft and of poor color, and the dull-lustred glaze was chalky white, and coarsely and unevenly crackled. Dr. Minpei, of Awaji, some sixty-five years ago, made a light crackled *hamao*, with strong and bright colored decoration in enamels and gold. While it bore some resemblance to Satsuma, it could not be confounded with it. Good pieces were superior to the Awata of that date.

The group on page 518 contains examples of various ages of Nishiki de Satsuma. The hexagonal bowl nearly in the centre of the group is from the collection of Ninagawa Noritane, and is the specimen figured in his work (Part VII, Fig. 29), and was believed by Ninagawa to date back to near the beginning of this century. It is thick and heavy, and has a delicious warm coloring from use and age. The decoration, though finely painted, is not specially good. The bowl bottom upward is also from Ninagawa's collection, and was supposed by him to be somewhat older than the other. The decoration is very rich, and the glaze is remarkable for the fineness and evenness of its crackle. The *te-buro*, or hand furnace, as well as the bowl to the left, and the teapot and bowl to the right, are excellent specimens of old Satsuma. The bowl in front and to the right is a remarkably beautiful example of the last of the genuine Satsuma. The little *koro*, or incense burner, in front, is interesting as representing the very earliest decorated Satsuma: its surface is quite glossy, and the crackle can only be detected by the aid of a lens. A similar specimen is figured in an unlettered and unpublished plate of Ninagawa's, which was destined, with others, to form another part of his celebrated work. In Ninagawa's specimen a perforated top is shown, but the legs are broken away. In this specimen the legs are preserved, but the top is wanting.

There are a number of varieties of the white crackled Satsuma which cannot be called types, though the Japanese probably have specific terms for them all. One of these varieties was made about fifty-five years ago at a village called Tachino, near Kagoshima. The ware was a peculiar hard white Satsuma, with rather coarse glaze, though uneven crackle. The decoration was underglaze, in light blue, and some of the pieces bore the mark *Satsu sei* (Satsu made). The group on page 519 shows examples of this ware. The covered bowl to the left has the mark *Satsu sei*. The curious atensil in the shape of a ceremonial head-dress is a remarkable example of this ware. Another, of the cheaper and coarser white crackle wares made for common use, was roughly decorated in brown under the glaze, reminding one in general appearance of Shino ware, Owari.

There are other types of Satsuma which may have a curious interest to the collector, and in which the finer specimens show merit. A type called Same Satsuma (see page 520) has the glaze broken up into minute granules. The entire surface is freely granulated, resembling in appearance shark-skin, from which its name, *Same* (pronounced as two syllables), is derived. This ware is usually in the shape of covered jars; it is hard, light, and in color a warm light gray, showing toward the base a very light brick red tinge. The granulations at the base are very fine, increasing in coarseness toward the top. Specimens usually have the stamp *Yoshi-he* impressed on the bottom.

Pottery with the granulated glaze has been made in a number of other provinces. It may be seen in certain old Keratsu bowls. Tamba, Owari, and even Iwaki, in the north, have known the secret causing the glaze to behave in this curious way. The specimen illustrated is excellent, with an age of about sixty years.

Another type of Satsuma, known as Betsu Kaku, was formerly made in Satsuma. In this ware an attempt was made to imitate tortoise-shell by using a bright yellow glaze, and disposing upon it irregular patches of dark brown. According to Mr. Satow, large quantities were shipped to the Nagasaki markets. Its manufacture ceased twenty years ago. It was a cheap ware, and had no special merit from an artistic stand-point, and yet the older specimens, in which minute flecks of green were seen, were not with-

out some merit. A specimen of the older form in my collection, which answers well to the description of the ware, might be mistaken for modern Awaji, though a direct comparison with it shows marked differences.

The three pieces of the group on page 520 are unique in their way. They represent specimens in my collection, and two of them are the only specimens I have ever seen of their types. The gourd-shaped *sake* bottle recalls the clay and glaze of the richer forms of gray Mishima already described. The design, however, instead of being incised, is painted on thickly. It is rudely potted, the upper and lower parts showing a sharp shoulder at the line of junction, while in the other forms of gourd-shaped wine bottles the line of junction is scarcely discernible. It has the impressed stamp of *Hoju* on the bottom. The middle piece, a covered vessel in the form of a temple drum, is somewhat remarkable in color, the body of the drum being a warm greenish-gray, the top of a light gray, and the neck, which forms the handle, having a brown Seto glaze. The wood graining is incised. It bears the impressed mark *Yoshi-he*, and was made at Tsuboya within recent years.

That different types of Satsuma are made at the same pottery is seen in the fact that the stamp *Yoshi-he* occurs in *Same* Satsuma, *Mishima* Satsuma, and *Seto-kusuri* Satsuma, while the stamp *Hoju* is found on specimens of *Mishima* and *Seto-kusuri* already figured in this article, as well as on the wine bottle with white *engobe* decoration just described.

One of the great difficulties encountered by a student of Japanese pottery arises from the practice of certain potters to make totally different types of ware, and for this reason the best Japanese authorities are often puzzled in their identifications. As an example of this, Ninagawa figured a bowl in the third part of his famous work as Idsumi ware, but which afterward proved to have been made by Kinkozan, of Kioto. Not only do potters essay different types of ware but often have a set of marks and stamps equally confusing. In some specimens the potter will use his own name, in others a portion of his name, or the first syllables of two or more names in combination. In another lot he will use his *nom de plume*, or the name of the village, or the poetic name of his house or garden. For

these reasons the Japanese expert depends almost entirely on the characters derived from the paste, neither glaze nor decoration being relied upon.

One must become familiar with the different earths used in the making. Of course a familiarity with the stamps and marks is essential, but these are often counterfeited. Particularly are those counterfeited which are in great demand by foreigners. The principle of the counterfeiter in altering a note of low denomination into one of a higher figure is seen in the fraudulent attempts to cause inferior wares to appear by stamp and general appearance for something better. The reverse is, of course, never attempted. One would never see a bit of Satsuma of any type marked *Banko*, for example, and yet *Banko* ware has been made in imitation of Sunkoroko Satsuma and Mishima Satsuma, as well as in imitation of the productions of other provinces, yet in every case the stamp *Banko* may be found impressed on the wares. Imitations and counterfeits were common, however, in Japan long before foreigners exerted any influence in that country. One may see imitation Ninsei a hundred years old, and even older.

The Japanese recognize two forms of imitation; one called *Gizo*, which is a fraudulent imitation, and when discovered by the Japanese instantly condemned; the other called *Mozo*, an honorable imitation, to which the maker always affixes his name. Mokubei, of Kioto, eighty years ago made fraudulent imitations of Chinese ware, and was reproved for it in books of that period. Shuntai, of Owari, made honorable imitations of Korean Mishima, and affixed his stamp to every specimen. These clever imitations are much admired by the Japanese. At the present time a great many fraudulent imitations of Asahi and Ninsei are displayed in the Japanese bric-à-brac shops. During my last visit to Japan I made a special hunt for the origin of these counterfeits, and finally traced them all to the house of Zoroko, a Kiyomitsu potter in Kioto. The man showed me in the most unblushing manner the counterfeit stamps he used in his work, and seemed to have no compunction in regard to the matter. I may add that one at all familiar with pottery could not for a moment be deceived by his fraudulent work.

We have said that the Japanese rely

mainly on the clay for the identification of pottery, and this is the method of Brouniet: but what are we to do when pottery has to be identified in which the clay was brought from one province to be, perhaps, mixed with clay from another province, and to be fabricated, decorated, and glazed somewhere else? And yet pieces of this nature are among the puzzles which a collector has to contend with. Among the Japanese it is customary to mark upon the box containing the specimen the name of the piece, possibly the year in which it was made, and often the name of the original owner, who might have been a master of the tea ceremonies, or some high official. Within the box are often neatly folded bits of paper, and these are endorsements from Japanese experts as to the genuineness of the specimen.

Through the vicissitudes of time the specimen gets broken, lost, stolen, or deliberately sold from the box: at all events, the specimen disappears; but, if in the hands of a dealer, the box with all its endorsements is still saved, and another specimen fills the void. The collector therefore must be prepared to withstand not only the allurements of the dealer, but those of the certificates also, and let the specimen stand on its own merit.

Frauds and fraudulent dealers are quite as common in Japan as in other parts of the world, and infinitely more cunning. Even the experts are misled in this way: at least it is charity to suppose that Ninagawa was in the following case. The shallow tea bowl shown in the last group, turned bottom up, came from Ninagawa with the definite statement that some eighty years ago a Kioto maker was ordered to Satsuma to make for the prince bowls after the style of Kiyomitsu, and these were to be used for presents. Now it is possible that some Satsuma official while in Kioto may have ordered bowls to take back with him for presents, and the box containing such specimens may have been marked accordingly, but this bowl, though now having no mark or stamp, shows plainly the evidences of its effacement, and was positively made by the second generation of Rokubei, perhaps sixty or seventy years ago, and as the Rokubeis have no record of their predecessors' having gone to Satsuma, we are forced to believe that in this case at least Ninagawa was mistaken.

In conclusion, I may say that if this paper will aid collectors in recognizing the true from the false in Satsuma, and if furthermore it will induce amateurs to purchase such objects in Satsuma as suit their individual tastes, and not because the specimens are said to be genuine or old, then all that has been aimed

at in what I have written has been accomplished. I may add that with the exception of the Korean bowl the material to illustrate this paper has been drawn from my own collection. The engravings are from negatives prepared by David Mason Little, Esq., and are gems of photographic art.

AT BYRAMS.

BY LUCY C. LITTLE.

IT was a village that looked as if it had drifted on in an aimless way until it had at last concluded to settle down, tired of the effort to make anything of itself. There were some stores, a town-hall, a tavern devoted chiefly to the quarrymen, and last, though most imposing of all, the quarry itself, well enough worked, and paying well, it was said, but certainly not adding to the social force of the town.

Byrams seemed to lead from no place to nowhere. The railroad station was seven miles distant; the post-office was open once a week. Most of the better part of the community took a weekly edition of some daily paper, whereby they learned of startling events, and were excited over them, many days after the outer world's surprise had subsided.

It was customary to placard any announcement for the public good on the door of the town-hall. A man named Jered Hopkins wrote such announcements, but usually spoiled their flavor by telling every one what was coming.

On a certain mild summer's evening Jered drew rein before Deacon Tall's door, and waited for some one to become aware of his presence.

The door soon opened, and Mrs. Tall's gaunt figure and worn face were visible.

"Thought as how Rita might like to know there's to be a con-cert here t'morrow night," Jered said, slowly. He sat still in his wagon, chewing the end of a straw, and waited.

"Well," said Mrs. Tall, after a long pause, "I'll tell her."

"Do," said Jered.

He was about to drive on, when Mrs. Tall said, "D'you happen to know whether Sam Barlow got his hay in?"

"Well, I don't," said Jered. "Kin ask, if you like."

"Oh, I just thought if you *knew*," she answered; and as she closed the door, Je-

red drove on, slowly enough to cast a very long look backward at the neat two-storied cottage which, with its garden sloping down to the river, was Byrams' one architectural pride.

He had not driven far before a clear young voice called to him, and a girl's figure appeared above the garden beds, running toward him. Jered stopped at once, and into his fair young face a color like a child's came and deepened.

The girl who was running toward him was very pretty—tall and graceful and vigorously made. Her color, if white, was healthful, and her gray eyes had the sparkle of content as well as youth in them.

In Jered's eyes every thread and hue of the girl's rich dark auburn hair, every soft glance of her gray eyes in curve of her sweet lips, was divinely beautiful.

"Jered," the girl said, coming up to the edge of the wagon, "what is it to be?"

"Why, a con-cert," said Jered, not quite able to bear Rita's steady glance. "Here 'tis," he said, treasurably producing from his wagon the announcement he had written. "'Goin' to be in the hall. The gentlemen ordered it."

Rita caught eagerly at the paper, and read as follows:

THE FAMOUS

INTERNATIONAL CONCERT TROUPE

will give an entertainment at the Town Hall of Byrams Tuesday evening, July 25th

THE FOLLOWING BRILLIANT ARRAY OF ARTISTS BEGET

SOPRANO.....	MISS CLARA LOUISE KETLEGG.
CONTRALTO.....	MISS ANTONETTE STEPHENS.
TENOR.....	JOHN C. THURGOOD.
BASSO.....	CHARL. LOOMIS.
PIANIST.....	M. RUBENSTEN.

A superb chorus picked from the Affiliated Musical Societies will assist the artists.

During the intermission Signor Blumwill will dance his famous clog dance, and Miss Ketlogg will favor the company with her inviolable direct revelation.

TICKETS (to be had at the hall Tuesday afternoon).

50 CENTS.

Rita said breathlessly.

"Why, Jered Hopkins?" she said, looking at him. "I want to know."

"Yes," said Jered, slowly taking back the thrilling documents. "yes, it is to be a concert."

"Well, thank you," said Rita, still in perplexity. "Good night, Jered."

The young town-dweller on foot then walked back to the house, but in thought. Her mind was just settling away the last of the tea-things in the best cupboard, for there had been company that evening.

"Did you hear?" exclaimed Rita. "And, what! they're *foreigners*!—*foreigners*! Only think! I know, because Larne Walsh heard them at the Jubilee."

"Well," said Mrs. Tall, "guess Byrns likes to hear 'em."

And Byrns *did* turn out early in the day, to read the minute counts, next, to discuss it, and finally to apply at the hall for tickets. The Teds of couples were going, and Rita said she would go down and buy *three* tickets. It was unusually warm, and the girl dressed herself in her coolest muslins, wearing an old-fashioned white chip bonnet, from which, however, her face looked forth livelier prettier than ever, the little waves of chestnut hair on her forehead commingling with the white straw, and the ribbons tied under her chin setting her type perfectly. This was the picture which suddenly framed itself in the window of the box office, behind which Signor Brignoli was selling tickets.

He was a tall, fair-haired, rather sun-browned young fellow about twenty-five, with a face in which so many elements seemed mingled that his own reflection might follow each other quickly. His dress was a sort of yachting costume; the details were rather curiously finished. He wore on one hand a ring with a crest and motto cut into the stone.

Never had Rita's eyes looked any even more so fascinating. It was with difficulty that she made her purchase, but at last the tickets were in her hand, and with a heightened color she hurried out and toward home.

Signor Brignoli watched the little figure for an instant; then he turned his head toward a young man who, seated on a bench, was tuning a guitar.

"There," he said, quietly, "did you see that?"

"What?" Bret put his guitar down.

"Well, about the loveliest girl I ever looked at," said he, looking out of the window.

"What! in Byrns?" exclaimed Bret as he glanced out on the falde and craned a very long neck. "By Jove she's gone! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I want to let her to remain and be in *scientifically* photographed," the humor quipped. "I'll tell you what I *did* do. I gave her a front end."

Bret smiled and returned to his guitar, from which he was carefully picking out an accompaniment to "Marching through Georgia."

When Rita was in a happy mood some one called to her and she turned to recognize Larne's face and figure. Jered was engaged to Byrns very "well favored," and so he was to record to his personal advantage. What a little more delicate, feminine and a more complete case of *chasteness* would have done it, had he said, but for her hair and well made and feet—fine, but not too fine, with gentle eyes and a determined chin. Whenever Rita thought about him at all, it was quite admiringly.

"Then," he said, looking her, "seems there isn't an accumulation at the tavern for the concert folks, and so one or two of us boys have been *discussing* sitting down 'em around."

Rita's face *glowed* with a smile.

"What a good idea, Jered! You always think of the ideal things," the girl said, cheerfully. "I'm sure it'll do all right. And would like to have one of them."

"Sure," continued Jered, "that the ladies was *trick*—*trick*—so they couldn't come, but the *gentle* promise to make up for it."

"Oh, I am *sure* they will!" responded Rita. "Let me see—I guess I'll get you to take a note at once to one of them, or perhaps they might go away."

In half an hour Rita had persuaded her aunt into writing an invitation to Signor Brignoli.

"We might as well say," said Rita, "that we'll take him home in the carry-all." And to this also the good humored Mrs. Tall was brought to consent.

"Boys," remarked Bret to the members of the International Concert Troupe, who were seated at dusk in the town hall—"boys, we're in for about the best yet. We are bidden to share the hospi-

talities of Byrams homes. *I* am to be fed and lodged at one Abijah Greene's; our basso yonder at the home of the lithographer and ready penman Jered Hopkins; our barytone-tenor at one Mrs. Tall's; and Rubinstein is to gather himself together at Mrs. Browne's. When shall we have such another?"

If the troupe could have looked in upon their various hosts and hostesses at that moment, they could hardly have failed to feel complimented, perhaps touched; for each and every one was busy on preparations for their famous guests.

Rita had fairly scorched her cheeks making cakes and pies. Mrs. Tall had compounded a wonderful dish made of eggs and cream; and for once a really wholesome, substantial kind of cooking was in progress. Byrams was at last to have its day!

Long before the hour of the concert the audience had assembled, but the front seats were the last to be filled.

When the curtain arose it presented the piano in the most mortifying light, its poor body rudely held up on trestles hastily procured from the undertaker. But Rubinstein was presently crashing away upon its popular airs, to which the audience speedily beat a response.

Then appeared Carl Formes, who, in place of Brignoli, did a wonderful clog, and sang some excellent negro melodies, to which Rubinstein, who was a slim, tall young fellow of about twenty, played a genuine plantation accompaniment. The audience were enraptured, but all afterward declared that Signor Brignoli bore off the palm.

If that careless person could be said to blush, he did so as he met the sweet gaze of the deacon's niece, and saw admiring trustfulness and purity in her glance. But I think perhaps it helped him in the way he sang such ballads as "A warrior bold," "Phyllis is my only love," and "Did me to live." Certainly signor Brignoli's friends had never before heard their favorite tenor do so well.

He had not a *bit* the air of a foreigner, some one whispered to some one else, and how *well* he spoke the language! To Rita, sitting with her hands clasped with almost painful intensity, her eyes now dilated, now glistening with unshed tears, it seemed as if a whole world had opened before her—a strange, tremulous, uncertain world that set her pulses throbbing,

her little young heart beating, filling her with a curious consciousness of herself, just as though the great singer was singing only to her. And truth to tell, he was: angry as he felt with himself for doing it, he was singing just to that one listener.

The music was over, the last *encore* given and responded to, and Byrams, fairly exhausted by excitement and joy, poured out into the summer night. The moon and the stars were having a gala time of it: for once the dull, dreary country was transformed. When Signor Brignoli came out inquiring for Deacon Tall's carry-all, he wondered if it was the intoxication of his own senses or a reality which made that ugly country look so beautiful. And there was the deacon amiably waiting for his guest, the curtains of his carry-all rolled up, a flood of moonlight pouring in beneath the dark top, and showing him Rita's face.

"This is too much to ask of you," he said, politely lifting his hat. But Rita's fluency had gone. The girl was white as marble, and sitting very still, but when the signore took his place just at her back, by the deacon on the front seat, it almost seemed as if he could feel the girl's heart beating.

It was a strange drive for Rita. All the familiar objects looked oddly to her—brightened, beautified, nothing seemed dull to her any longer. As they passed over the Little bridge she wondered why she had ever thought it ugly, and from time to time in joyous content she listened to the stranger's voice while he talked to her uncle about various local agricultural and church matters. How clever he was! He seemed to be at home on every subject. And his voice in speaking—how fascinating the rather slow, lazy, though rich tones!

There was a little formality in welcoming the stranger to the home, and then Mrs. Tall, saying she guessed he'd be ready to go to sleep after all that singing, preceded him up the stairs with a kerosene lamp.

The tenor, once alone in the large, cheerless apartment, cleaned and aired and dusted for him, sat down, thrust his hands in his pockets and gave up an hour to reflections which were by no means complimentary to himself.

"By Jove," was his final summing up, "I'll tell her the whole confounded business!"

THE MORNING WENT ON such a routine. He arose early, and wandering down-stairs, he found Rita dusting the parlor with the utmost care. He stood half an instant in the doorway before she saw him, and then her little start and blush passed from her gently.

He asked if he might borrow, and she said certainly, making sure that he chose the most comfortable rocking chair. It was a hopelessly ugly little parlor. The young man first declared to himself that he could not reconcile Rita to the carpet of huge staining greens and reds; next, that he was disappointed in her if she *could* allow such antimacassars and chairs; finally, the comfortable, with its array of books, was so overwhelming that he gave it up and returned to the girl herself, who in a pretty calico dress looked the impersonation of youth and health. He felt so sure that she was very young that he said at last:

"Do you go to school here, Miss Tall?"

Rita leaned over a high-backed chair opposite him, and nodded and smiled.

"Yes, near here I *teach* school."

"You?" the young man laughed.

"You think I look as if I didn't know enough," said the girl, merrily.

"Oh no, you look too young."

"I am seventeen," she answered, "and I *might* have begun last year, only Jered didn't wish I should."

The visitor was greatly diverted.

"And who is Jered?" he inquired, with the consciousness that no questions in Byrams could be considered intrusive.

"Jered? Why, he's that nifty school director; and he's always been very good to me, and thoughtful, and he said I would be too much for a girl of sixteen. You see, they're mostly boys."

"Some girls of sixteen get on very well with boys," laughed the young man.

"Do they?" said Rita, not in the least divining his meaning, and inwardly the young man despised himself.

"I wish I could see your school," he hastened to say.

"Oh, it's vacation now," she answered. "But if you were going to stay, I could show you the school-house. It's in the only pretty part of the neighborhood."

Was it this suggestion? The young man scarcely knew, but when in honest kindness the Talls asked him to stay, and said, calmly, "Rita could take you for a nice walk," it seemed to him the only

thing to do. As he made his way down to the hall, where the trope had agreed to meet, he wondered if he was not parting with the very last remnant of his self-respect: but the idea of the long idle summer's day with Rita came over him, crushing out all other fancies. By the time he reached the hall he had begun to laugh at his own folly.

"Enter thou, O signore," said the jolly voice of Bret. "I think we may congratulate ourselves. I have made local sketches enough to pay me for the bother. Look at this!" and the indomitable youth opened a sketch-book, wherein it must be confessed were some admirable caricatures.

"You ought to be ashamed of your self," said the signore, trying not to smile.

"These are good honest people, who have treated us uncommonly well; a deal better than we deserve the Lord knows."

"I don't know," said Bret; "we treated them to the best they'd hear for many a day. As for yourself, old chap, I never heard you sing a fifth part as well. We'll honor you with Deighton's *Canto* yet. Perhaps the entire beauty in the front row inspired you. By the way, who is she?" and then a gay glance roved among the company. Mrs. Tall's guest was silent. "I tried to get her head, but couldn't. If I could find her, I'd ask her for a sitting."

"Well, boys," said the tenor, "I've come to say I'm going to stay here for a day. I want to get a little local color."

There was an outcry at this, finally silenced by his agreeing to meet them the next day at a station twenty miles below.

"You can leave the yacht there, can't you?" he asked. "What better captain than Clorrie do you want? Don't drink all the champagne, nor yet concoct too glorious a cup; but I'll be with you soon."

And so in spite of protestations he departed, breathing freely as he walked over the sunlit country to the deacon's house.

He saw Rita in the window, and leaning in over the ledge, he reminded her about the school-house.

"Well," she said, "do you want to go right *straight*?"

He paused. "Straight? Oh, you mean at once. Why, yes; it's a long walk, isn't it? Let me see—it's eleven o'clock now."

Mrs. Tall's figure appeared behind the girl's. "Why, you'd best take a little lunch with you, I guess," she said, kindly.

The young man felt the blood tingling in his cheeks. These people were so hospitable, so entirely confiding! Yet how could he now draw back? "Very well," he assented.

He sat down on the little porch while Rita went away for her hat and gloves.

The house fronted possibly the most uninteresting country road he had ever seen. It made no pretence, however, of being anything else, indulged in no sentimental vagaries with the light and shade, but stretched along bare and dusty, and sullenly dipped down in a vindictive sort of way where the bridge came, and affording few bits of green for the dandelions or meadowsweet to flourish in. Some neglected willows grew by the stream, hanging their heads dejectedly; opposite the house, beyond this brazen roadway, a piece of ground rose abruptly in a tangled sort of hill-side. It occurred to the young man in a fit of exasperation that he would ascend this uninviting eminence and see what lay beyond or below it. It was a feat rather hard to accomplish without some verbal relief to the feelings; but it was done at last, and he stood on an uneven, lumpy piece of ground and gazed about him.

Below, the ground sloped, or rather worried its way, to a pasture-field, and near there, in the heat and dust, and accompanied by the most irritating sounds, was the quarry. No sunset that ever came into the heavens could beautify this spot. Daybreak would be ghastly upon it. Then suddenly he remembered the moonlight. Yes, that placid orb might do something decorative.

He was still standing meditating upon the arid waste which was offered to Rita's soul as daily inspiration, when he heard her voice,

"Why, Signor Brignoli! why, I want to know!"

He turned with a guilty start, and he held Rita in her white bonnet just below him.

"I'm not surprised you say that, Miss Tall," he said, clambering down, "as though any one would *wish* to climb this bank. It just occurred to me there *might* be something to look at down there."

"No," said the girl, very decidedly, "there isn't. I have never called this a pretty country," she added, as though conceding much.

"Not?" her companion tried to seem

very serious. "Well, I don't think it is myself, although last night in the moonlight, do you know, I thought it really quite—quite picturesque."

The girl smiled. "*Did you?*" she said, quickly. "And so did I—for the *first* time; but I think it was the music made me. Somehow it seemed all together going through and through me." They were strolling along the road now, the young man in possession of the basket, "I never felt so—so unlike myself. It"—she looked up at him with the sweetest, gentlest gaze—"it thrilled me all night; I kept waking up to remember it."

"Why, oh, why," he thought, "have I not now and here courage to look her in the face and say, Miss Tall, think of me as you will, but I am no more Signor Brignoli than you are, but rather Donald Macbane, a young so-and-so, etc., etc.?" But he tried later to say it was because he knew he never should behold her again, and *why* destroy this one bright hour?

"Are you sure," he said, with a sort of humble or remorseful tone in his voice—"are you sure it was unlike yourself? Now of course I don't know anything about your life or your history, but it seems to me that living in a place like this one might readily get to fancying the imaginative side of human nature not to exist."

She listened.

"Do you see?" he went on, feeling much more at his ease, perhaps, he thought he was helping a young mind. "Now if I never saw anything in nature better than all this—that desolate road and that wretched quarry—why, I should stagnate, and by-and-by not believe there was anything like real strong feeling, or that anything I might imagine would be only fantastic."

She understood him, he thought.

"But," the girl said, shyly, "you could sing." And she looked up reverently at the tall young fellow, the bronzed handsome face above hers. A look came into Macbane's eyes which the girl could not understand.

He stood still a moment. "Miss Tall," he inquired, quietly, "what made you think of that?"

She seemed troubled. "I don't know," she answered. "Only—if I could sing as you do, it seems to me I should not need nature and other things so much."

He looked at her very encouragingly.

"Do you know only a person with a really artistic nature could have said that. Now I shall beg of you to tell me something about yourself."

"The girl was genuinely perplexed. "This is the beginning of the road to the woods," she said, in a moment, indicating a path across the fields to their left. She seemed very much constrained. "There isn't anything to tell," she said, finally.

Maebane did not press it. "When I was a youngster," he began, "at my father's place in New Hampshire we boys used to beaver so fond of roaming across fields, rather--" He stopped short, conscious that she was gazing at him in some surprise.

"Why, aren't you Italian by *birth*?" she asked. "I knew, of course, you must have lived here a long time."

Maebane fairly ground his teeth. In a moment he said, quietly: "No. It's odd, isn't it? I wasn't born in Italy. But," he added, thanking the generous and foreseeing face which had sent him early abroad, "I lived in Italy some time, and my mother, you know, was an American."

A charming smile spread itself, like sunlight over the girl's face. "Oh, now I see!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Do you know, I was so puzzled!"

They walked along in silence, or only with fragments of talk, until they reached the woods. They were dignified by such a name, but in reality it was only a meagre grove diversified by hollows, and with the great treasure of a running stream.

Midway the school house stood in a little clearing.

Rita, as she stepped forward to put the key into the door, seemed to the young man to give a peculiar enchantment to the scene. There was something emphatically sylvan about her in her light muslins, her little white bonnet, and her curling, gleaming hair. "Will you come in?" she asked, smiling back at him. The room was small, and presented only the usual aspects of a country schoolhouse, but about the little teacher's desk were some signs or touches which already appealed to the young man as characteristic. He looked at her small treasures while she seated herself in her chair.

A certain spirit of fun, or of extreme youth, possessed them both.

"Would you are a scholar," she said. "You come sit in Johnny Gibbs's chair, for he is the cleverest."

"But I am not clever," pleaded Maebane, taking the chair indicated.

"Well, you are big, anyway, which is next best. Now, Johnny Gibbs, spell your name."

"Maebane," began the unhappy scholar.

But Rita only laughed gleefully. "I am ashamed of you," she said. "Well, Johnny, you can sing, I know."

"Not in here," said Maebane, springing up. "Can't we sit on the door-step and out the porch?"

She came down at once. "Of course. Are you very hungry? It is only pie."

"Pie is delightful," said Maebane, and lazily watched her as she spread out a napkin on the round stone of one of the steps, and decorating it with leaves, laid out the repast.

The steps were wide and really comfortable; overhead the trees arched with their boughs, and the little clearing had a pleasant faint odor of pines. Rita had spread a shawl over a bit of the ground, and sat there contentedly, while Maebane was above her. Suddenly she became aware that he was looking at her with a curious smile—half perplexed, half sad.

"Of what are you thinking?" she said, gravely.

"Well, I will tell you, of how very odd it is for us to be so soon good friends, when until last night we had never so much as seen each other."

A flush crept slowly over her cheeks and brow, and faded away before she said, "I had seen you before."

"Oh, at the night office; and so had I seen you."

She was silent. Although there was not one suspicion of coquetry in the girl, yet he felt a slight contempt for letting their conversation drift into so common an exchange of personalities.

"It is going to rain," said Rita, lifting her face to the space in the boughs above, "and a thunder-storm has been threatening; so we must be off."

"Oh, that isn't rain!" said Maebane, looking up also. "You are like my Captain Cherry. He is always afraid it is going to rain."

"Your *what*?" inquired Rita.

Maebane seemed to be lost in thought. "Oh, the captain of a yacht I was on," he said, with some gloom.

"Do you know, I *long* to see or to be on a yacht," she said, presently; but there was no response until Maebane said,

"You haven't told me how you liked the concert yet," and would at once have given words to unsay the words.

"Yes," said the girl, with her direct, sweet gaze. "I told you; don't you remember?"

"But that was only *my* part."

"Oh," she said, somewhat carelessly, "I don't think I liked the dancing—that is, for a man. Do you know—I'll tell you confidentially—I shouldn't have liked to see my *brother* do that."

"Have you a brother?" said the now triumphant Macbane.

"No," she said; "but if I had."

"He'd like cheese," said Macbane, dreamily.

"How?" said the girl.

Macbane laughed, and then of course had to tell her the story of Dundreary's wooing.

She enjoyed it greatly. "I'd like to see that," she said, putting the napkin carefully away. "In fact—"

"In fact, child," said the young man, "you'd like to see it all. Have you ever seen *anything*?" He smiled.

"Yes," she said—"the County Fair twice, and Philadelphia once."

"Once— for how long?"

"Two nights and a day; but it rained, so we didn't go out."

"Well, there is more than that for you to see—when it doesn't rain."

"Which it is certainly going to do now; it will only be a quick shower, but unless we stop here there will be no chance of shelter."

"Where?" said Macbane, glancing about the unsightly piece of woodland.

Rita plunged into a little thicket to the left, glancing merrily at him over her shoulder.

He followed. A sort of bower had been rudely constructed of spruce and pine trees. About them now hung the faded branches of some flowering vine, evidently the ghosts of some recent festal decoration.

"What is this?" laughed Macbane, standing before it, and looking up and down and around the poor little place.

"It *was* a bower," she returned. "My boys undertook to give me an entertainment, part of which was the crowning me with laurel in this bower. Really we had a very good time."

"I dare say. So the boys *have* a little fun in them?"

Rita considered a moment. "No," she said, thoughtfully. "I don't know that they really have *fun*: there isn't anything here to be funny about."

"I see."

"But they are very good and nice to me, and they had saved up ever so long for this. We really had quite a party; and Jered—"

"Did he approve?"

The girl looked at him earnestly a moment, scrutinizing the careless, handsome face of the young man before her. He had one hand above his head, pulling idly at the twigs, the other thrust into his loose blue flannel coat, and evidently quite easy in this attitude, he was smiling down upon the girl, the impersonation of everything fine and manly and independent—as she thought—in the world which she had never seen. Yet Rita's color slowly and painfully rose. Something hurt her keenly, and she turned her head aside.

Macbane's smile vanished. "Forgive your pardon, Miss Tall," he said, contritely.

"My name isn't Tall," said the girl, still looking down.

To her blank amazement the little word fairly rang with his laugh. "What," he said, "you too? Is this a nightmare?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I don't understand you. Do tell me what you mean! What did I say? I suppose because you knew it was mine's name you concluded it must be mine as well; so I didn't correct you, thinking it would only be for a few hours, and of no consequence."

During her broken sentences Macbane had recovered himself, and thoroughly appreciated the naturalness of the situation.

"I am afraid," he said, very urgently but calmly, "my imagination has become fantastic. And to tell you the truth, I have had a great deal on my mind lately—much, much I wish I could tell you about."

The sweet face of the girl had grown full of tender womanly pity. "Oh, *dear* you!" she said, in a very gentle tone.

She seemed such a child, and yet a woman; but involuntarily Macbane, looking down at her grave and tender eyes, said, "Yes, dear," and with a sigh really genuine turned and walked out toward the path. The rain had begun with swift dashes, then flying, as it were, upon them.

He turned back to Rita, who was sitting on the window flowering of the bayonet-leaved tree against the withered leaves and greenery, well protected from the storm, but evidently thinking but little of any such danger.

Her mind had only grasped the fact that this splendid, careless-looking young man had *leachable*, and if Macbaine had understood the feminine mind better he would have known this to be the moment for the recital of his love-life.

"My name is really Breton," she said, suddenly, and in a very quiet voice. "There, didn't I tell you it would rain? Why don't you come and sit there on that step?"

He mutely obeyed. The place was really sheltered and comfortable.

"So your name is Breton," he said, leaning back against the post of the boxes and folding his arms. "That's not a common name—Rita Breton."

"Alice," the girl corrected, gently. "It is only at Uncle Tull's they call me Rita."

"Oh, you don't live there always?" He felt an unaccountable joy over this fact.

She looked down, meditatively folding and unfolding with both hands a piece of her pretty muslin gown.

"I'll tell you, I guess," she said at length. "My mother married a second time when I was quite young. She—well, she really supposed that Mr. Eversley would let me stay with her, but he wouldn't, and so I came here."

"Was her marriage happy?"

Rita shook her head. "Not entirely. He is old and very cross. I was with them one year, and he treated me very unkindly. My aunt here—she is my mother's half sister—came and found it out, and I tried to go home with her. So I came. It isn't much of a story, you see," she added, smiling, but lifting eyes to his face where the suspicion of tears lingered.

"It has a great deal in it, my dear child," said Macbaine, quietly. "I can well imagine all that it involved. And here you have been ever since, except for that rainy day in Philadelphia."

"Yes."

"And are you happy?"

A dangerous question to ask any girl who has seen nothing, and yet whose nature is full of radiant longings.

"What is it to be happy?" asked Alice, unconscious that she was repeating the riddle of ages.

"Ah!" cried Macbaine, "you must learn to be a philosopher to answer that! I have my ideal of happiness, but if I attained it, would it satisfy anything in me?"

"What is it?—tell me," she urged. But for some reason the sense of their disparities came upon him; he felt it out of the question that he should give any part of his real self to this child.

"Tell me yours," he responded.

"I have never been able to tell myself," she answered, simply.

Macbaine sprang to his feet. "Miss Breton," he said, laughing. "I own myself answered, and taught a lesson. I have fancied myself somewhat of a philosopher, but you—having seen nothing, as you say, certainly not knowing anything of the world—are ahead of me in my most beloved science."

She laughed too, merrily. "That is great nonsense," she said, standing up.

"Now don't you think the shower is over sufficiently for us to go on?"

He went out to the path again, held out his hand, bowed up and down, came back to say a vague, "Yes, I think so, at all events or can try."

The rain had thoroughly refreshed the atmosphere. Whatever bloom or joy the country held seemed to have been awakened by it, and a tangled vine above a hedge that had bowed cruelly down-hearted when they passed it, now was thrilled and shining, moved by a little faint wind, so that it shed its glistening drops on the ground below, and seemed anxious to make its unexpected charm apparent. And in the two hours since they had left the path, something certainly had come into both minds and hearts as unexpected as if war joyous. To Macbaine it was the delight of finding so fresh, so sweet, so strong a nature; to Rita it was the sense of something new in life, in all the world; for women of her temperament when touched by the right hand send many vague and mystic feelings in response; already she was beginning to think of what her ideal might be.

They were rather silent until they neared the stile which led to the last field. Then Rita said, "Who is that?"

A light and happy figure was crossing the field, a young man with a sketch-book under his arm. It was most undeniably Bret.

The other two stood still, but Bret saw



"HE WENT OUT TO THE BATH AGAIN, HIDING HIS HAND," ETC. — [SEE PAGE 556.]

thrust into a drawing, headed his friend with a corner of the sketch-book, and so—drawing them both off his hat—up to him, in Miss Breton.

"What chance passed between the two men Rita did not see. But that was true to his friend.

"I talked at your aunt's, Miss Breton," he said, very politely, when Maynard had introduced him, "and she—she told me to come here in search of my friend, Brugnoli."

"Yes," said Rita, "she knows this path very well."

"I found myself detained," continued Bret, without a gleam of his friend's. "But really the hospitality of Byrams is so delightful I could be sorry to take the 7 P.M. train this evening."

Bret's fluent conversational ability kept up the party until they reached Mr. Tall's cottage.

It was two o'clock, an hour past that for dinner, but the hospitable hostess had put away the wondrous meat and they enjoyed it no doubt better than the more formal family repast.

Bret, whose spirits were unimpeachable, accompanied them into the little dining-room, where he rattled on, to the relief of Rita who found herself suddenly silenced. She disappeared after dinner attending to her household duties, and then going up to her own room, sat down to think over the events of the past two days. Was it only yesterday that here in this very room she had tied on her white bonnet to go down for the tickets? It seemed to her that the time might have been a year, so much had come to her, so singular a possession of life!

The visitors were on the back piazza, overlooking the only really pretty part of the place: the old-fashioned garden with its many and sweet fragrances.

Rita soon went down again, appearing in the door a little timidly. Bret's sketch-book was open on his knee, and Macbane was looking over his shoulder.

As the young girl joined them, sitting down in a low wicker rocking chair, Macbane remarked that she looked pale.

"Oh, do I?" she said, and blushed. "I am alone over to her side of the street, and they talked ten or fifteen minutes, so anxious that Bret's airy pencil should cover a clean sheet in his book. It was Rita rose for some purpose that she was already."

"Oh, Miss Breton, please don't move!" The young girl involuntarily resumed her seat.

"Oh, are you drawing me?" she said, laughing. "May I see it when it is finished?"

"On one condition," rejoined Bret. "That you let me have a sketch of you in your white bonnet."

To Rita it seemed the funniest piece of fun. She departed promptly for the bonnet, and at once Macbane exclaimed:

"But what are you doing? Don't you see what an unsuspecting girl she is? She doesn't guess you'll use that lovely face of hers in your next picture?"

"What if she *did*?" said Bret, without looking up. "She'd be flattered. These country belles are always vain."

"By heavens, boy!" exclaimed Macbane. "Is that all the discrimination you have? Can't you see the fibre she's made of?"

"Then just let your old uncle Bret give you a piece of advice," said that youth, looking up mischievously. "Don't impose upon her *too* long yourself—*hear!*"

Macbane groined. Before he could speak Rita, looking charming in her white bonnet, had rejoined them.

This time she posed carefully, and in spite of Macbane's walking off down the garden paths, Rita thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the occasion. And Bret really sketched well, his knack of reproducing the dainty, subtle element of any face was really clever, and at the end of an hour, when Macbane returned, it was to find a creditable and charming likeness of Miss Breton, though, to his rage, it was on a page of Bret's book.

Deacon and Mrs. Tall were delighted, and an hour more was employed in making sketches of them, which the younger man did with his usual good-humor, presenting them to the old couple with the promise of a copy of the one he had made of Miss Breton.

While this was in progress Macbane and Rita were in the garden, she gathering flowers for the tea-table, he standing near her, longing to say something uncivil about Bret's work, and to explain himself, yet restrained by honor from the one, and by shame from the other.

So the afternoon wore away. Bret departed with joyous good-byes, and vows to visit Byrams again. And then came the dusk, the evening, and finally the



"DEACON AND MRS. TALL WERE DELIGHTED."

moonlight, for which both Rita and Macbane had been wishing, so that once again they might see the country under its enchantment.

And the moon favored them. Again Byrams was divested of its meanness; again the bridge and the little tank shone silvery, and the heavens shed their radiance—gave their "patens of bright gold" for lustre even to this dingy corner of the earth.

"I never shall forget this time, Miss Breton," Macbane said as they stood on the little porch. He realized at once that it was a very commonplace remark.

"Oh, I dare say you will," said the girl. "Let me see. You will go away, and perhaps in years to come some one will say, 'Do you remember a place called Byrams?' And you will give that peculiar little frown to your eyebrows, and—"

"Did you notice that?" said Macbane, intensely pleased.

"Yes," she pursued; "and you will answer: '*Byrams? Byrams?* Why, yes, I think I do.'"

"Very well," returned Macbane, contentedly. "Wait and see."

She smiled mischievously. "How long?" she asked, with her happy laugh.

"Oh, until next summer," he responded.

It had been arranged that Macbane was to leave by the ten o'clock train the next morning—Jered Hopkins to drive him over to the station; but long before that hour the visitor appeared at Jered's door, requesting to be conveyed to another depot, the train from which left at six o'clock.

When Rita came down-stairs she was met rather suddenly by her aunt in the parlor door.

Mrs. Tall's expression was certainly peculiar. "That young man has gone, my dear," she said, rather grimly.

"Gone?" Rita echoed the word with a far-away sort of feeling. A strange, dizzy sensation came over her.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Tall, making her way to the kitchen. "He found he had business which would take him away early."

on their words that Rita could have passed the anxiety tried to find the conversation on a subject which probably became painful. No one in Byrums could ignore anything of him which threatened to leave; and yet from time to time there would arise in the girl's young heart a wild longing just to wait for some spoken word that never reached her ears. Byrums had no doubt received no truer advantage by the concealment of duty, but its outer crust of duties and duty was too thick to make the impressions or fasten that the personality of the singer meant anything to them. Gradually they came to be spoken of collectively as "that band," and so the individuality so vivid to Rita Breton's mind was merged into the general and vague impression of the group. She had long been accustomed to reserve, and now this came fortuitously to her rescue, for there was no desire for speech, no sense that an outlet was necessary. Such relief as her feelings needed the girl found when her little school opened, and she betook herself once more over the familiar ground, and found with a pang of dismay as well as tortured remembrance how every part held its meaning for her. It was the first day of school when she turned herself over that ground, and seemed for the first time to realize herself, to know what had been in her mind all these weeks, as visions like phantoms started up before her confronting her now with an exquisite rush of tender feeling, now with a smile remembering some happier mood, again with a dread lest she had to realize been creating for herself some ideal which time must inevitably dash down; for it was characteristic of the girl, with all her buoyancy of nature, to expect little for herself. It never had occurred to her that she had any special rights in life or nature. Free and happy and wholesome-hearted as she had been, kept apart from the world of movement by spite, seeing her duty in the simple pound of life at Byrums, possibilities were hard for her to grasp. But now, alone, as she trod the same ground on a September morning where she had once carried a free spirit, the girl felt that she had assumed a fetter, something arose within her which made her see herself wholly a different being. "Wherein was it come?" It took its first in her smiling every word that he had spoken, every look that she had noted and found so strange, her young face, in

phrasing with a pang at the places he had occupied, suddenly seeming to behold him again in the little clearing, idling in the lower or even standing lifting his face up with outstretched hand to the sky; and as each memory smote upon her she tried to banish it, and above all to hide the jealous hope that he would come again; but youth is stronger in its powers of belief than all else, and with an anxious heart she *knew* she was *waiting*. There was no sentimentality about the girl, or she would have comforted with herself and grown to believe herself a deserted heroine of romance. No, even the loneliness that she felt was full of bravery, and tinged by no melancholy that was unwholesome. Still there was something always missing now. The girl felt it when she no longer could take delight in her old pleasures, when the prospect of a winter at Byrums seemed hard to bear.

And then quite suddenly an event of great importance occurred. Mrs. Eversley appeared at Byrums most unexpectedly. Her last visit had been when Rita was fourteen, not then many degrees the beautiful girl she was now. Mrs. Eversley had been abroad since then, contenting herself with occasional letters to her daughter.

Rita was on her way back from school. It was a February day, clear and cool. The wind had brought a soft color to her cheeks under her blond braided hair; the masses of her curly tinted hair seemed to have outlasted the wintry sunbeams; she was looking absolutely lovely as she entered the little parlor, and her mother actually screamed with surprise.

Mrs. Eversley was a woman past fifty, yet retaining an air of youthful good looks, which she considered added to perfect taste in dress, an equivalent for actual beauty and twenty years of age. Her purely mercenary marriage was entirely characteristic. The same impulse which led to her doing that governed every action governed her now in insisting upon a visit from the daughter she considered a *para avis*—one bound to add to the social distinction which Mrs. Eversley flattered herself she possessed.

And so, as usual, the mother carried her point. Indeed, who could resist her authority? It was Jared Hopkins who held out the longest.

"Don't go, Rita," the young man pleaded with her one February evening

when he walked home with her from church. "It'll break your heart, dear, to be with your mother and her kind."

"I must, Jered," the girl answered.

"Rita," he said, after a pause, "I want to ask you one thing. Could ye—could ye make your mind up to gi' me some sort-er *promise* before you go, not to say you'd sw'ar to marry me, but just somethin' I could keep up hope on?"

They stood still, looking at each other earnestly, but with such different meanings in the eyes. The man's face was white and anguished.

"Oh, Jered," she whispered, "dear, dear Jered, don't ask me!"

"Well, I won't, dear. I won't," he said, huskily. "Don't let it weigh on ye." And suddenly and wildly the girl clung to him, and burst into a passion of tears. It was because she knew herself in that moment—knew she had flung away all hope of loving a good and honest man, because she must remember—two summer days.

At Murr's, in the Catskills, as in all other fashionable summer hotels, the arrival of the evening train, the stage-coach, and the passengers therein, constitutes an exciting element in the routine of the day, and the new-comer who passes the gauntlet of that first criticism from a hundred or more eyes, makes a fine impression on entering the large hallway and dining-room for the first time, may well be satisfied with his or her appearance. How quickly are the jaded, travel worn, or nervously anxious passengers overlooked! how eagerly are signs of "tone" or "style" or even beauty noticed and caught up in such a place and such an hour! and above all how fortunate are the travellers who, arriving by their own conveyance, descend leisurely, and care not a whit for any comment that may be made!

Such a party arrived one August evening at Murr's, and descended with the active assistance of hotel clerks, waiters, and other functionaries, thereby creating quite a flutter in the minds of the assemblage on the long wide verandas.

A hop was going on, the band was crashing away grandly, the wide hall was full of people, and yet this party attracted profound attention—two ladies and two servants only; but the elder lady, although handsome and elegantly dressed, was evidently a querulous invalid, and

the younger was the most beautiful girl, the most distinguished, that Murr's had ever seen. She was tall, and carried herself with the most perfect, the most indifferent and queenly air of self-possession. Her dress was of Parisian finish—one of those incomparable plain cloth travelling costumes conspicuous only in their minor details, fitting exquisitely, harmonious from the small toque with its white wing to the blue cloth boots and long-wristed gray gloves; but dress was a secondary matter in noticing this girl. She was, if a trifle coldly, still absolutely beautiful, and a rapid inventory of her charms included magnificent chestnut hair, gray eyes, a perfect mouth, and finely modelled chin a carriage of the head, a grace in movement, that every woman or girl at Murr's might well have imitated; and yet even as she stood on the veranda those first moments it was observed that she seemed wholly unconscious, or perhaps indifferent to herself, taken up with attending to the older lady's rather capricious wants, directing the servants, finally, as both these appendages seemed out of their wits, going so far as to approach the desk and register the names of the party—Mrs. Eversley, Miss Breton, maid, and man-servant.

Rita, since her Byrams life, had been much abroad and in school, but this was her first experience of an American summer resort.

The finest suite of rooms in the house had been secured, and as usual Rita went through them to assure her mother that all was right.

Mrs. Eversley had gone at once to bed, and when her daughter came into her room for good-night, she was detained to know if she had seen any familiar names on the hotel register.

No, Rita had not. So the book was sent for, and lying in bed, in a cloud of frills and laces, Mrs. Eversley scanned the pages. Long custom had inured Rita to this process. She knew her part; it was to listen as the well-known names were called off. "Jay Vanhook!" Mrs. Eversley gave a little scream—"E. V. Leinster," "Donald Macbane," "J. Sturgison."

"My dear Rita," said her mother, closing the book and looking up solemnly at her daughter, "in the *first* pages three or four of the most eligible young men in New York! I call it a special providence! Go to bed at once, or you won't

be tomorrow. Don't forget the beautiful gloves. Tell Maria to be *most* particular with your hair, and Rita you remember I engaged Mrs. Eversley to appear on you when I couldn't go down. I'll be back in bed, but you must appear. She will call for you. Don't forget you are to wear the écaru muslin if it is warm, and the white wool if it is cool. White, of course, for a first appearance. What a mercy it is, I must say, a study of dress!"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl stooping down and bestowing a night kiss on the controlled brow. "Good night. You know Maria's bed is in the dressing-room."

But Mrs. Eversley was already wrapped in thought, in visions of the morrow.

Rita passed through the dressing-room, the luxurious parlor, and thence to her own room, where the maid was already unpacking her trunks, hanging up one after another of the exquisite costumes prepared for Rita's new triumphs.

"I am to wear the écaru mull, Maria," Rita said, looking mechanically at the maid.

"Yes, miss," said the servant, with a sigh of admiration. To her mind Miss Breton was the most beautiful as well as the most fortunate young lady on earth.

But it chanced that one of her mother's heart attacks interfered with Rita's first "distinguished" appearance. It was late in the afternoon before Rita dared go beyond instant recall, and she would not then have ventured down stairs had her mother not insisted upon it. So Rita was dressed in the dainty muslin—all its laces and frills pulled out, and came to her mother's bedside for a final inspection.

Certainly the girl was beautiful. The hair which in the old days had followed its own way, now was gathered into a coil low upon her neck, yet by the dolt fingers of the maid drawn so that it waved back, showing the exquisite contour of her throat and the back of the neck; and on the brow a few locks only were allowed to wave, not waving the pipe tines which so many patriots had assured the mother were her daughter's constant beauty. "But you need color!"

—so Mrs. Eversley from her pillow. "Give, give me those roses."

She immediately filled from a bowl a huge bouquet of Jacques. "There! Mrs. Pons!" to throw in her belt the child delicate roses.

Rita slowly made her way down to the public rooms. She was thankful it was an hour when few people were about, and thought she would enjoy looking about a great American hotel for the first time. So many things had lost their flavor of novelty that she welcomed a really new interest. The long drawing-room facing the stairs, and bounded on either side by the verandas, seemed almost deserted, but as she approached it some one at the upper end of the room struck a few notes on the piano. Rita moved in as far as one of the pillars which divided in a fashion the upper and the lower parts of the room.

A girl's voice in shrill tones was saying, "Oh, Mr. Macbane, I *really* can't sing. My voice goes up, it does. I know it would just suit your voice."

"I will show you the melody," said her companion. The man's head was turned toward Rita, who had felt on the sound of his voice rooted to where she stood. The girl at the piano moved, he sat down, and then across the song which had haunted the girl for all those years. He sang, not turning his eyes toward the spot to which he was pivoted until he came to the last verse, the last line.

—there in the dim distance,
—Ah, I loved you then.

and as if by some common impulse both he and she moved, looked up, and their eyes met.

He had thought so many times of her, and *why*, and when he would see her again. He had carried in his mind always a picture of the light-hearted, gently beautiful girl sitting in the lower where her rude subjects had crowned her; of the girl lifting tenderly compassionate eyes to his face, of the girl whom he had deceived. He had thought once and again, wondering how it would be, how soon, but it is always the ordinary part that fate plays which surprises us.

Their eyes met; the whole soul of the girl, in spite of herself, had rushed with joy into hers. For that one instant of perfect happiness in again beholding him doubts, misgivings, all that had assailed her first belief in him, vanished. She knew that the name he had given her at Byrains was not his own, but she had told herself a thousand times that when they met this could be explained. When they met! How often in her loneliest,

saddest hours had not the girl said this within her heart, dreading yet longing for the moment! and, as we all do, even when we are playing the last act in our tragedies, she encountered that moment with a feeling that time had in reality been as nothing. Again she felt herself the Rita whom he had smiled upon so long ago.

But Macbane was fairly startled by what he saw. Could it be that the queenly, beautiful girl standing there was the child he had known? It was perhaps fortunate for them both that the young lady for whom he had been singing spoke.

"That is the beautiful Miss Breton," she whispered, moving her lips so as to articulate very distinctly. "She was all the rage in London last year; don't you remember hearing of her?"

"Yes," said Macbane. "We are old friends."

"Oh!" The girl at the piano moved back with a little start, half admiration, half pique. She was a pretty, brown-eyed little thing in a garden hat—one of the many of her kind and calibre to be found in the mountains during August.

"Will you excuse me, Miss Palmer?" Macbane said, politely; and Miss Palmer nodded, and picking up her music, walked away.

Meanwhile Rita had moved over to one of the many windows, where she sat down, wondering how they were to speak.

Macbane came over to her joyously. "Rita!—Miss Breton!" he exclaimed.

The girl turned, her face crimson with a lovely color that swept it and died away as he spoke.

"Where have you been?" he said, holding out his hand.

She laid hers gently on it, still regarding him with a soft, quiet, happy gaze.

He sat down, and now Rita could find her voice.

"I am very glad to see you," she said. "I have often thought—wondered about you."

"And now," said Macbane, "we will have no end of personal history to exchange."

The girl smiled. He longed to say to her that she amazed, almost bewildered him; but he saw at once this was not the little girl of Byrams; this was, as Miss Palmer had said, the beautiful Miss Breton who had been "the rage."

"Mamma and I have been abroad two years," Rita continued, in the same quietly modulated voice. "Mamma is a great invalid, and her husband, Mr. Eversley, rarely is able to be with her. He is my step-father, and is engaged in mining business West. I have been to Venice," she added, suddenly, with a smile.

Macbane thought a moment, and then laughed lightly.

"Oh, I wish I had been with you! Did it *rain*?"

Rita laughed—*almost* like her old self. Perhaps because of the slight change, Macbane recalled the gleeful note of the girl he had known.

"Where is the ring of your old laugh?" he asked.

"Ah!" cried Rita, "did I laugh better then? It has been educated away, I am afraid. I have been *taught* an ideal."

"And it is—?"

"Very many things I suppose you in your world would approve of. It is certainly ambitious."

"Do you expect to attain it?"

"Emphatically." There was a fine touch of scorn in her voice. "What a pity if all my training should be thrown away! Don't you consider me improved?"

He looked at her long and reflectively. "No," he said, slowly.

The young girl said nothing for a moment. "I have not," she said, simply; "and I am glad you are frank enough to tell me the truth."

"Yet I hear," he said, almost with annoyance, "you were the rage in London."

"I went out a great deal," she said, quietly.

"I know it all," he exclaimed. "You had attentions here and there and everywhere. The Prince admired you; and you were presented, and visited, and were visited, and—"

She listened to him with a curious look of pain in her eyes.

"Some people like all that," she said, "and there are men who only care for a girl for just that reason. I used to notice it so often. There were girls in society far better educated, better bred, than I, fitter to marry any of those men, and I used to feel ashamed of myself when men neglected them for me. I think I never could *really* like any man who could do it."

The old fervent, insistent little way had come back. But very soon, "I must go



"WELL, BRITON? HE ASKS OF YOU, 'YOU ARE HE'?"

back to mamma," Rita said, rising suddenly; "she will need me."

"And when shall I see you again?" He asked, much in earnest.

"We are coming down to the ball to-night," she answered.

"You dance, of course; will you promise me the first and the third waltz?" As Rita said this, a sense of the curious part of their recent acquaintance struck him, and he laughed. "Miss Breton," he said,

"is it not odd? We parted in Lyons, and when we meet, I in the most conventional manner ask you for a waltz."

She laughed, yet there was a touch of sadness in her tone as she walked away.

Mrs. Eversley had determined to appear at the ball, and the process of attiring her in a gorgeous pink satin was long and tiresome to both Rita and the maid; but she was dressed at last, and then Rita

was free to make her own toilet. She had selected something very simple, partly from a desire to be quickly dressed, partly because of a desire *not* to look so entirely unlike the Rita of old days.

The ball was at its height when Mrs. Eversley and the "beautiful Miss Breton" entered the long room. Such scenes were too familiar to Rita to cause even a change in her color. There was a buzz of admiration, an eager following of her movements, a very evident desire to be first in the field; but the girl with her superb manner seemed to see and hear nothing of it.

Yet during that moment she was striving to think what were the changes in Macbane since she had seen him last. He was older—*finer* some way in his expression. If some of the old boyishness was gone, the quiet reflection of his dark eyes which had come instead was better. The outline of his face was perhaps thinner, but the same curve to the mouth and chin, the same sudden gleam in his eyes as he spoke, the rich quiet tones of his voice, the indescribable fascination of his manner—these, these all remained, and with a joyousness the girl claimed them as her own, her faithful memories of him and that briefly happy time. It was hard to keep her eyes from moving about the room in search of him, and at last and quite suddenly they met his gaze. He was in the doorway, almost facing them, leaning against the side, and quietly watching her. If he had seemed reluctant to join her, it was because he was thoroughly enjoying this quiet although distant survey of her face and figure. Half a dozen men were asking her to dance. Mrs. Eversley had begun to feel impatient over her daughter's silence, when Macbane sauntered over, and first offered his hand to the old lady, whom he had known years ago in Paris.

"My daughter, Miss Breton," said the mother, proudly. "Rita, Mr. Donald Macbane."

The girl started. It was the first time she had heard his name.

"May I have this waltz, Miss Breton?" he said, with the air of their having just met. "So you never told your mother?" he said, when they had taken one turn. Rita only shook her head. "Let us sit down a little while," Macbane urged, leading her out on to the veranda. "These balls are terrible bores. There! put your-

self in that chair. Are you cold?" The night was oppressively warm, but Macbane insisted upon her having a light wrap, and went to fetch it. It seemed as though he had only just departed when, from the curve of the porch, Rita caught the sound of voices, was startled by hearing Macbane's name.

"Oh, Macbane has settled down," the speaker was saying; "but, by Jove! he used to be a regular boy about larks. Did you ever hear of the time he and a lot of the fellows went to some God-forsaken village and gave a concert, passed themselves off as famous singers—Brignoli and all that sort of thing, don't you know? The people, they say, were about as green as they make them, and the boys had no end of fun. They staid around with different natives, and the joke of it all was that there was some pretty girl there that Macbane was regularly mashed on; he staid on, and had lots of fun with her, and he got Bret to take her picture, and I tell you it *was* stunning, and no mistake. Bret had it down at the boat-house one day, and he said it didn't begin to do her justice. A lot of us went up there the next summer, but she wasn't there."

The voices went on and on.

Rita never knew how she sat still and absolutely silent while the words burned themselves into her brain.

So *that* was what it had all meant. He and the rest had come there to make a summer's holiday and jest of the honest people who had loved her—of her, herself! The girl felt herself at one moment flaming with passion, and in the next fairly bowed down with shame. What could she do? What could she say? The tumult of thought resolved itself only into a confused sense of pain, in which memory and dread of the future made her almost afraid to move, to speak, above all to meet his eyes or hear his voice again. How it was that she contrived to escape and get back to her mother's side she hardly knew, for in the second doorway she encountered Macbane, with her shawl upon his arm.

The girl's face, white and as if were stricken, shocked him.

"Miss Breton," he said, quickly, "you are ill."

"No," Rita answered, quietly—she felt already that she must learn to control her voice—"no, I am tired. I will not finish the dance, if you don't mind."

She had reached her chair again, but Macbane was still there. Mrs. Eversley had begun to be agreeably remissive. Rita listened to an account of his father, his grandfather, his uncle Theodore who died in the war, his aunt Luella who married the one-armed Hungarian patriot. Macbane meanwhile leaned back in his chair smiling languidly, and supplying Mrs. Eversley with the thread of her narratives from time to time when they seemed to be giving out. All the time with inward wonder he was observing Rita's face with its strange look, half disdain, half misery.

The girl refused to dance, but a crowd of men were about her, and Macbane gave himself up more exclusively to Mrs. Eversley. In the pauses of her own conversation with various gentlemen, young and old, Rita caught sentences which plainly told her that her mother intended Macbane to be impressed favorably. Was it not shame enough, asked the girl, that he had once had the chance to amuse himself at her expense, but that again the ridiculous weakness of her position be made apparent to him, again to have her folly and herself as it were thrown at his feet? For by this time Mrs. Eversley had drifted on to her own family traditions, and was giving an account of the early settlement of Byrns and Tallmans by her own great-grandfather. Rita, who had made a little respite for herself from her adorers, turned suddenly, with white cheeks but very brilliant eyes.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice that seemed to hold all her concentrated feeling, "do you not think Mr. Macbane would be amused by an account of Byrns of today? I think he has seen it; so the family traditions cannot be particularly entertaining to him."

"The place has certainly run down," began Mrs. Eversley, loftily. "Nevertheless some of the first people of Pennsylvania belonged there."

"It is a dear old place," said Rita; "a very ugly country; but the people are true-hearted, honest, and sincere. They are too trusting, that is all."

Mrs. Eversley laughed a little nervously. She had learned to know, with all her daughter's docility, when it was not safe to contradict her.

"Rita is so intensely loyal!" she said.

"My remembrance of Byrns," Macbane said, quietly, "is of the most perfect

hospitality, the most sincere kindness, I ever met with in my life."

He forced her to meet his glance; as it were challenged her criticism; but Rita could say nothing. It seemed to the girl as though something in the very air were stifling her. When they were in their own rooms, it was with a pang she heard her mother say:

"That Mr. Macbane is one of the very finest young men in America—good old Scotch and English blood; and he will have a million dollars, if a penny."

Alone in her own room, Rita turned out the lights and sat down in the open window, trying to collect her thoughts. How was she to bear the next week, seeing him, hearing him, being near to him, humiliated, grieved, wrenched from her illusions, and yet to her shame knowing that his presence, the sound of his voice, the very touch of his hand, were a joy to her? Of what poor stuff was she made, the girl asked herself passionately, if she could feel the spell and yet hate herself for feeling it? Was such a feeling to be called love? Was it not an unworthy fetter which she must force herself to break else die of very shame? And then with a rush came back those strange two days which had wakened her to life. She recalled his lightest word, wondering whether she had now the right to remember what she must feel as insults, jests, veiled derision of her youth and childishness.

Mrs. Eversley went to sleep with a determination, and awoke with it unchanged. She was on the porch when the band played at ten, and had desired Rita to join a game of tennis. The girl, loving all outdoor sports, played well, and looked even better, so that Mrs. Eversley was gratified by a shower of admiration of her daughter's skill and beauty. Macbane had been playing, but stopped when Rita's game began, so that he drew a chair near Mrs. Eversley, who chained him until Rita, prettily flushed by the exercise, was summoned to her side. She could not refuse to sit down at her mother's request; but the music was an excuse for silence. Macbane and Mrs. Eversley resumed genealogical investigations, and the former had to account for his own parentage and childhood. He was "old Joseph's" son. Oh yes, she remembered the New Hampshire Macbanes. And did he practise law like all of them?

"I'm afraid I don't do much that is very worthy," he said. "I have travelled a great deal, dabbled a little in various things, and generally given myself up to considering the world as in need of reform, with the exception of myself."

Rita sat silent, looking fixedly ahead of her at the tennis-players, yet conscious that her heart was throbbing with a desire to hear him speak, especially of himself. The subject was the dearest to her, yet she *must* not listen.

"Mamma," she said, breaking away suddenly, "I will go in and change my dress."

But Macbane, indulging in a half-reproachful, half-amused glance at the young girl, instantly expressed his willingness to be at Mrs. Eversley's bidding; and Rita, mortified and vexed, went away to the solitude of her own room, allowing herself half an hour's reflection and ten minutes for a hasty toilet. Why, oh why, when she felt free to do it, had she not urged his talking of himself, that at least she might *know* the details of his life! To be tortured by hearing her mother draw him out, and feel that she must harbor no more painfully sweet recollections! But a day or two later chance favored her. Every one had seemed stimulated to vast exertions since the arrival of the famous Miss Breton, and expeditions of a luxurious as well as rural and Arcadian character were eagerly planned.

Among the drift-wood of this ocean poured at the girl's feet was a friend of Macbane's, a young medical student who had known him in Vienna. Charlie Wentworth, as every one called him, had been timid over his first introduction to Rita, but at one of the large and luxurious picnics arranged for her amusement he found himself, to his wild joy, actually strolling apart with her. Rita had been drawn to the boy by his likeness to Jered—they were both of that fair, placid, honest type in which nothing is so clearly distinguishable as sincerity and purity of heart. But Charlie had both education and a fervent soul. He was readily induced to pour forth his entire history to Miss Breton. "I don't mind telling you," he said, in the midst of his long recital, "It was Macbane who gave me my *real* chance—you know Macbane, don't you? But of course you know him just as a woman—beg pardon, a lady—would; but what he *really* is you can't imagine."

Rita tried to look unconcerned. The lad went on: "He seems so careless and indifferent that you would never dream what he really is. I wish you could have seen him in Vienna! A lot of us poor chaps got stuck, you know; lost all we had. Well, Macbane in the quietest way came forward, never said much, but we were all on our feet again. And as for myself, why, he just put me right through the course. Miss Breton, he made a *man* of me—I don't like to think what I'd have been but for him—and it was his example too. He never sets up for a saint, don't you know; but if I were *half* as good," said the lad, with enthusiasm, "I'd be a credit to him."

In this way the ingenuous youth discoursed for some time, and much to Miss Breton's satisfaction. Was she to blame if, after he had recounted innumerable of Macbane's noble deeds, he saw with joy that she was surrounded by half a dozen admirers, and received with but languid interest their attentions?

But such talks were as stolen fruit. In no way could the girl bring herself to be more than distantly civil to Macbane himself. Once when he tried to speak of the concert, she silenced him peremptorily. They were walking up and down at evening in front of the hotel, and Rita stopped, facing him suddenly in the moonlight, her face pale and stern.

"Mr. Macbane," she said, "let me ask of you a favor: *never* allude to that—unfortunate episode."

Failing to satisfy her, Macbane attached himself to Mrs. Eversley, whose welcome was always cordial; but even this luxury was soon denied him, the old lady falling ill—not seriously, but enough to make it necessary that she should keep her room—a reason for Rita's absenting herself as much as possible. The season had waned; nearly every one had departed; Macbane had gone away twice and returned. Rita's most ardent admirers had been compelled to tear themselves away, comforted by the thought that during the coming winter she was to be with her mother at the Bristol in New York, but with little else from the young girl herself to console them.

"Tell you what it is," young Sturgison confided to his friend and travelling companion as they were whirling away, "if that girl wasn't so stunningly good-looking, she couldn't afford to put on such

any. Cold as an icicle. I know them, my boy—one of your out and out icebergs."

"Then you didn't come to the point, eh?" inquired the friend. Mr. Sturgeson reddened. "Better luck next time, perhaps," said the friend. "Wish you joy, but I wouldn't try it."

Rita meanwhile found her hands full in caring for her mother, who during this illness had grown querulous and exacting. The doctor who had been in the hotel stood on for their benefit, and Charlie Wentworth was invaluable. Rita did not know that it was by Macbane's special management he remained, but he was just young enough to make it possible for the girl to call upon him for all the services a brother would have performed—such as she would never have dreamed of asking of Macbane himself. She missed him, however, in his absences with a pang that smote her like grief and shame together. How many times, while watching her mother sleep in the twilight, she allowed her fancies to wander, her heart recklessly to assert itself! If, as often happened, she was summoned at that hour to the little sitting room to see Macbane, it would seem to the girl that with the first touch of his hand on hers, the first sound of his voice, her courage failed her. But the feeling only lent her new coldness, and Macbane went away each time with a new sense of relief.

For, however careless his earlier feelings may have been, the fact that he loved her was apparent to him now in every moment of his life. Loved her as he had never thought it possible to love any woman on God's earth. He had fancied a dozen women, had flirted, had enjoyed the charms of feminine society as all other men; but he had never asked any woman to become his wife, and this girl, with her cold white face, her proud eyes and distant manner, her voice that haunted him long after she had spoken—this girl he desired to make his wife, to shield, to protect, to love, to command, and to obey, with all the ardor, the joy, the passion, of a nature long pent up, yet having an ideal and craving the reality. During his brief absences he fought the feeling only to come back to it with new anguish and desire.

There came a time when Mrs. Eversley's condition improved so that she was less subject to nervousness, and Rita oc-

asionally escaped for a longer walk than she had taken for two weeks. The October weather was perfection in the mountains: the air chill, but never too keen, the sky showing only a faint haze, the foliage reddening and gilding on every bank and hill-side, so that the views far and near were glorified reminders of the summer.

Macbane discovered that Rita walked alone, and remonstrated with her for it. She reminded him of her many years of such freedom at Byrams.

"Before I was a great lady," she said, smiling, though a little sadly; "and you know I cannot take Maria away from mamma."

"You are childish," he said, half angrily. "You know you could have me, or Charlie would be glad to go."

But Rita had grown to fear Charlie as a companion. His beloved theme was like an intoxicating draught to her, and she could not trust herself with it.

"Then come with me to-day," she said, with an unusual confidence. "I am only going a little way down the ravine."

The place was tranquil, deserted, and yet peaceful. They walked almost in silence, each fearing speech that would bring their minds and memories, their hearts back to the first starting-point. At last,

"I think that I must be naturally mature," said Rita. "I am only twenty, yet I feel nearly a hundred sometimes."

Macbane looked down upon her with a smile; she was pulling little leaves from the half-bare bushes as they walked along, and letting them fall idly to the ground. Her face was turned away from him, and of late Macbane was possessed by a jealous longing always to see her face—meet the honest or proud look of her eyes while she talked. The coil of soft hair beneath her hat, the bit of throat visible above the yellow silk handkerchief, were charming, but he wanted to see her face, to read what she meant in her eyes.

"Why?" he said, rather sharply. "Look around at me, Rita. Why do you feel old?"

She stopped and turned her face full upon him. The tears which she had been striving to conceal had gathered, and one or two were beginning to roll quietly down the girl's white cheeks.

"My heavens!" cried Macbane, "what is it, child? Oh, Rita!" and the man's

voice broke—"will you not let me love you? Dear, don't you see that I love you?"

He had caught her hands, and now held them passionately in his own; but Rita had started, with a look in which terror was the only element he could define.

"No! no! no!" she cried, wildly. "You do not—you must not—no!"

"But, Rita, be my wife, and I will *make* you care, dear," he pleaded, holding her firmly.

"No! never! never!" the girl exclaimed, evidently in terror. Where were her resolves—her certainty that he was again cheating her, or perhaps himself?

He dropped her hands suddenly, and without a word Rita turned and fled like a frightened child toward the house.

Macbane occupied an hour or more in strolling about the lonely ravines. Then returning to the hotel, he went to his room, and wrote the following lines:

"I am going away to New York for a few days. If you need me, send for me, to the care of my club. I will wait a little longer, hoping you may have something to say.
D. M."

But when early the next day Macbane went to leave the note for Miss Breton, he was greeted by the intelligence that Mr. Eversley had arrived, and that Rita had been summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Tall, who was dying.

Jered Hopkins had come for her. The young man made his appearance very quietly at the gorgeous hotel; but when Rita, pale and beautiful, and dressed, as he thought, like a princess, came into the room, poor Jered's wits and courage nearly deserted him. Had he not come on an errand of sorrow he could not have controlled or regained his feelings; but the habitual reserve of Byrams served him in good stead. He stood very straight and stiff and uncomfortable as he told the story, and it was only when they were in the cars on the way to Byrams that he thawed sufficiently to express his opinion of the many changes in her.

"Yes, Jered," said the girl, rather sorrowfully, "I *am* changed; I know it."

The young man looked her over carefully again, waited a little while, and then said, "I don't suppose ye've changed *one* kinder way, hev ye?"

The girl shook her head. "No, dear," she said, very gently.

"No, I thought not," he said, and drew his hand across his mouth, and for a time looked fixedly in another direction.

Presently he felt Rita's hand touch his arm, and he started, and looked at her eagerly.

"Jered," the young girl said, in a low tone, "you've been about the best friend I've *ever* had, and so I'm going to tell you something. I love another man with all my heart, and he *says* that he loves me; but I can't believe him. I can't, I dare not. This is my only secret, Jered, and I've trusted you with it."

The friend who had known her always looked at her in mute anguish for an instant, and then he said quietly: "You must tell me more, Reety, when you *kin*. Mebbe somethin' kin kinder fix it up."

Rita dreaded a return to Byrams to find illness and the vacancy of death in the old house. The deacon had passed away a year before; only Mrs. Tall and a far-away cousin were occupying the house. Jered drove her in melancholy silence over the familiar road, and her heart was too full to note its dull, dreary aspect. The house itself had the look of complete changelessness, which is hardest of all to greet us when we come to say farewell to the dead or dying.

Mrs. Tall was a little better: indeed, on seeing Rita, she brightened, and made the girl talk quite freely to her; but toward evening she failed again, awoke to look in a startled way at the child she had loved so well, clasp her arms about her neck, and so pass away in peace.

The elderly cousin and Rita had all the melancholy work of the next week on their hands. It was over at last; a dreary wet day heard the last words spoken over a woman whose whole life had been one monotonous, cheerless, though generous and loving round. Rita had found to her surprise that she was left sole heiress of the little all her aunt and uncle had possessed; the familiar place once dear to the girl's inmost heart was her own—alas! when that heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness and grief.

Jered came and went during that time, helping the lonely women, trying in an awkward, silent way to draw Rita out upon the subject of her luckless love. One evening, after he had kindled a fire for her on the hearth in the little parlor, and stood watching her white face, whiter than ever in contrast to the sombre dress

she (again, the girl) suddenly told him the whole story.

"Why, Rita!" he said. "He wrote you that very night. I give Mrs. Tall the letter, so you may love him."

Rita started to her feet! Oh, if here, here really would be a solution to her vain, inquiet questionings!

The widow's few possessions were nearly lost a way. Rita knew that she would in all likelihood have preserved any letter from a stranger and the next day was devoted to a careful search through the desk, the small and large boxes and at last, laid away in the boxes of a book, she found—the letter intended for her, addressed, enclosed to Mrs. Tall and which, but for this strange turn of circumstances, she never would have seen.

It was a clear autumn day. Rita, holding her tea-cup, went down stairs to the sitting-room to read it, and then suddenly a strange thing occurred to her. She would not read it!—she would place it in his hands, and give him her soul, and say she believed in him.

A longing to make reparation came over her. She remembered with self-abasement the cruel things she had said, her covert sneers, her denials too plainly shown, her disdainful acceptance of the many kindly services he had rendered her mother. What work that had caused that revolution of feeling she could not tell, but something had arisen in the girl's heart deeper than leniency, and her tears were of self-abasement and joy together.

She had longed to write to him of her sorrow, and where she was to be until matters arranged themselves, and she believed that he would come to her at once, but she did not know that Jered for the first time in his life had dispatched a telegram, most respectfully requesting Mr. Macbane's presence at Byrams.

It was four o'clock, the October twilight had begun when Rita sitting still holding her letter unread in her hands, heard someone come upstairs up the porch, open the door, and in another instant Macbane was in the room.

People who have passed through doubts never can say just when faith first came, or how it followed.

Rita knew only that the arms that were so doubtful for her were around her, that her face was near to his, that all but the joy of the present seemed to have vanished.

They talked very little of the past for some time. Macbane asked her to read the letter. She said she would keep it, and perhaps read it long years hence. But when the next day they walked out to the school-house, he told her that the concert was the result of the maddest freak, of a week of dead calm on their yacht, and whose suggestion it was he scarcely remembered; that they had not dreamed of really deluding the company, and knowing their entertainment would be good, had persuaded themselves it would all end in fun.

"And yet I wrote you, my darling," said Macbane, standing with her in the little tower. "Because I could not go away without telling you the whole story, and frankly begging your dear pardon. Ah, Rita, how often, when I entered my room, I haven't had the heart to know: 'eg it gave me joy!'"

Mrs. Eversley, who was slowly convalescing, returned Rita with much effusiveness. "Mr. Eversley had departed for an other Western trip, but left his congenial labors."

"I never supposed you could even tolerate him," the mother said the evening of Rita's return. "After all, it was my doing. I kept him going."

Even now Mrs. Macbane has occasionally to endure such remarks, but her serenity is not complete to make them effective. One of the first things she did about her marriage was to discover the fate of her's picture, and as it proved to have been in her husband's possession since the summer when the Internationals made their first and last appearance, she was satisfied.

Only one thing Rita tells her husband he needed to make her joy perfect. "I can't quite feel my ideal is attained," she said to him the other day in Venice.

"Why, my dear?" inquired Macbane, who encourages his wife in expressing herself very freely.

"Because, although it is nice to think of Jered keeping the old place at Byrams, still, he ought to marry."

"But, my love," said Macbane, with a twinkle in his eye, "he fully approved, didn't he?"

The Macbanes, say their friends, have a fund of the most incomprehensible phrases, all dating, Rita will tell you, from the season the Internationals gave in '79.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VII.—MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK

THE State of Tennessee gets its diversity of climate and productions from the irregularity of its surface, not from its range over degrees of latitude, like Illinois; for it is a narrow State, with an average breadth of only a hundred and ten miles, while it is about four hundred miles in length, from the mountains in the east—the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains—to the alluvial bottom of the Mississippi in the west. In this range is every variety of mineral and agricultural wealth, with some of the noblest scenery and the fairest farming land in the Union, and all the good varieties of a temperate climate.

In the extreme southwest corner lies Memphis, differing as entirely in character from Knoxville and Nashville as the bottom lands of the Mississippi differ from the valleys of the Great Smoky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the finest cotton-producing district in the world, the county of Shelby, of which it is legally known as the Taxing District, yielding more cotton than any other county in the Union except that of Washington in Mississippi. It is almost as much aloof politically from east and middle Tennessee as it is geographically. A homogeneous State might be constructed by taking west Tennessee, all of Mississippi above Vicksburg and Jackson, and a slice off Arkansas, with Memphis for its capital. But the redistricting would be a good thing neither for the States named nor for Memphis, for the more variety within convenient limits a State can have, the better, and Memphis could not wish a better or more distinguished destiny than to become the commercial metropolis of a State of such great possibilities and varied industries as Tennessee. Her political influence might be more decisive in the homogeneous State outlined, but it will be abundant for all reasonable ambition in its invariable commercial importance. And besides, the western part of the State needs the moral tonic of the more elevated regions.

The city has a frontage of about four miles on the Mississippi River, but is high above it on the Chickasaw Bluffs, with an uneven surface and a rolling country back of it, the whole capable of perfect drainage. Its site is the best on the river

for a great city from St. Louis to the Gulf; this advantage is emphasized by the concentration of railways at this point, and the great bridge, which is now on the eve of construction, to the Arkansas shore, no doubt fixes its destiny as the inland metropolis of the Southwest. Memphis was the child of the Mississippi, and this powerful, wayward stream is still its fostering mother, notwithstanding the decay of river commerce brought about by the railways; for the river still asserts its power as a regulator of rates of transportation. I do not mean to say that the freighting on it in towed barges is not still enormous, but if it did not carry a pound to the markets of the world it is still the friend of all the inner continental regions, which says to the railroads, beyond a certain rate of charges you shall not go. With this advantage of situation, the natural receiver of the products of an inexhaustible agricultural region (one has only to take a trip by rail through the Yazoo Valley to be convinced of that), and an equally good point for distribution of supplies, it is inevitable that Memphis should grow with an accelerating impulse.

The city has had a singular and instructive history, and that she has survived so many vicissitudes and calamities, and entered upon an extraordinary career of prosperity, is sufficient evidence of the territorial necessity of a large city just at this point on the river. The student of social science will find in its history a striking illustration of the relation of sound sanitary and business conditions to order and morality. Before the war, and for some time after it, Memphis was a place for trade in one staple, where fortunes were quickly made and lost, where no attention was paid to sanitary laws. The cloud of impending pestilence always hung over it, the yellow fever was always a possibility, and a devastating epidemic of it must inevitably be reckoned with every few years. It seems to be a law of social life that an epidemic, or the probability of it, engenders a recklessness of life and a low condition of morals and public order. Memphis existed, so to speak, on the edge of a volcano, and

reputation, reckoned that it had a reputation for violence and disorder. While the reconstruction was done to make the city clean and habitable, or to beautify it, law was weak in its nature, considerable population, and differences of opinion were settled by the revolver. In spite of these disadvantages, the profits of trade were so great there that its population of twenty thousand at the close of the war had doubled by 1878. In that year the yellow fever came as an epidemic and increased in 1879 as nearly to depopulate the city; its population was reduced from nearly forty thousand to about thirteen thousand, two-thirds of which were negroes; its commerce was absolutely cut off, its manufactures were suspended, it was bankrupt. There is nothing more unfortunately true than the fact that the city of Memphis is a city of contrasts. Memphis struggled on with such circumstances that it was unable to pay its debts to creditors. It

Under these circumstances the city resorted to a novel experiment. It surrendered its charter to the State, and ceased to exist as a municipality. The leaders of this movement gave two reasons for it, the wish not to repudiate the debt, but to gain breathing-time, and that municipal government in this country is a failure. The legislature created the former Memphis into The Taxing District of Shelby County, and provided a government for it. This government consists of a Legislative Council of eight members, made up of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, consisting of three, and the Board of Public Works, consisting of five. These are all elected by popular vote to serve a term of four years, but the elections are held every two years, so that the council always contains members who have had experience. The Board of Fire and Police Commissioners elects a President, who is the executive officer of the Taxing District, and has the power and duties of a mayor; he has a salary of \$2000, inclusive of his fees as police magistrate, and the other members of his board have salaries of \$500. The members of the Board of Public Works serve without compensation. No man can be eligible to either board who has not been a resident of the district for five years. In addition there is a Board of Health, appointed by the council. This government has the ordinary powers of a city government, defined carefully in the act,

but it cannot run the city in debt, and it cannot appropriate the taxes collected except for the specific purposes named by the State legislature, which specific appropriations are voted annually by the legislature on the recommendation of the council. Thus the government of the city is committed to eight men, and the execution of its laws to one man, the President of the Taxing District, who has extraordinary power. The final success of this scheme will be watched with a great deal of interest by all cities. On the surface it can be seen that it depends upon securing a non-partisan council, and an honest, conscientious President of the Taxing District—that is to say, upon the ability, integrity and courage of the men to rule the city. Up to this time, with only slight hitch, it has worked exceedingly well as will appear in a consideration of the condition of the city. The slight hitch mentioned was that the President was accused of using temporarily the sum appropriated for one city purpose for another.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that Memphis had not evaded its obligations by a change of name and form of government. The result was a settlement with the creditors at fifty cents on the dollar; and then the city gathered itself together for a courageous effort and a new era of prosperity. The turning-point in its career was the adoption of a system of drainage and sewerage which transformed it immediately into a fairly healthy city. With its uneven surface and abundance of water at hand, it was well adapted to the Waring system, which works to the satisfaction of all concerned, and since its introduction the inhabitants are relieved from apprehension of the return of a yellow-fever epidemic. Population and business returned with this sense of security, and there has been a change in the social atmosphere as well. In 1880 it had a population of less than 34,000; it can now truthfully claim between 75,000 and 80,000; and the business activity, the building both of fine business blocks and handsome private residences, are proportioned to the increase in inhabitants. In 1879-80 the receipt of cotton was 409,807 bales, valued at \$23,752,529; in 1886-87, 603,277 bales, valued at \$30,999,510. The estimate of the Board of Trade for 1888, judging from the first months of the year, is 700,000 bales. I notice in the compar-

ative statement of leading articles of commerce and consumption an exceedingly large increase in 1887 over 1886. The banking capital in 1887 was \$3,350,000—an increase of \$1,550,000 over 1886. The clearings were \$101,177,377 in 1877, against \$82,642,192 in 1886.

The traveller, however, does not need figures to convince him of the business activity of the town; the piles of cotton beyond the capacity of storage, the street traffic, the extension of streets and residences far beyond the city limits, all speak of growth. There is in process of construction a union station to accommodate the six railways now meeting there and others projected. On the west of the river it has lines to Kansas City and Little Rock and to St. Louis; on the east, to Louisville and to the Atlantic seaboard direct, and two to New Orleans. With the building of the bridge, which is expected to be constructed in a couple of years, Memphis will be admirably supplied with transportation facilities.

As to its external appearance, it must be said that the city has grown so fast that city improvements do not keep pace with its assessable value. The inability of the city to go into debt is a wholesome provision, but under this limitation the city offices are shabby, the city police quarters and court would disgrace an indigent country village, and most of the streets are in bad condition for want of pavement. There are fine streets, many attractive new residences, and some fine old places, with great trees, and the gravelled pikes running into the country are in fine condition, and are favorite drives. There is a beautiful country round about, with some hills and pleasant woods. Looked at from an elevation, the town is seen to cover a large territory, and presents in the early green of spring a charming appearance. Some five miles out is the Montgomery race-track, park, and club-house—a handsome establishment, prettily laid out and planted, already attractive, and sure to be notable when the trees are grown.

The city has a public-school system, a Board of Education elected by popular vote, and divides its fund fairly between schools for white and colored children. But it needs good school-houses as much as it needs good pavements. In 1887 the tax of one and a half mills produced \$51,000 for carrying on the schools, and

\$19,000 for the building fund. It was not enough—at least \$75,000 were needed. The schools were in debt. There is a plan adopted for a fine High School building, but the city needs altogether more money and more energy for the public schools. According to some reports the public schools have suffered from politics, and are not as good as they were years ago, but they are undoubtedly gaining in public favor, notwithstanding some remaining Bourbon prejudices against them. The citizens are making money fast enough to begin to be liberal in matters educational, which are only second to sanitary measures in the well-being of the city. The new free Public Library, which will be built and opened in a couple of years, will do much for the city in this direction. It is the noble gift of the late F. H. Cossitt, of New York, formerly a citizen of Memphis, who left \$75,000 for that purpose.

Perhaps the public schools of Memphis would be better (though not so without liberal endowment) if the city had not two exceptionally good private schools for young ladies. These are the Clara Conway Institute and the Higby School for Young Ladies, taking their names from their principals and founders. Each of these schools has about 350 pupils, from the age of six to the mature age of graduation, boys being admitted until they are twelve years old. Each has pleasant grounds and fine buildings, large, airy, well planned, with ample room for all the departments—literature, science, art, music—of the most advanced education. One finds in them the best methods of the best schools, and a most admirable spirit. It is not too much to say that these schools give distinction to Memphis, and that the discipline and intellectual training the young ladies receive there will have a marked effect upon the social life of the city. If one who spent some delightful hours in the company of these graceful and enthusiastic scholars, and who would like heartily to acknowledge their cordiality, and his appreciation of their admirable progress in general study, might make a suggestion it would be that what the frank, impulsive Southern girl, with her inborn talent for being agreeable and her vivid apprehension of life, needs least of all is the cultivation of the emotional, the rhetorical, the sentimental side. However cleverly they are

done, the recitation of poems of sentiment, of passion, of love-making and marriage; above all, of those doubtful dialect verses in which a touch of pseudo-feeling is supposed to excuse the slang of the street and the vulgarity of the farm, is not an exercise elevating to the taste. I happen to speak of it here, but I confess that it is only a text from which a little sermon might be preached about "recitations" and declamations generally, in these days of overdone dialect and innuendoes about the hypocrisy of old-fashioned morality.

The city has a prosperous college of the Christian Brothers, another excellent school for girls in the St. Agnes Academy, and a colored industrial school, the Lemoyne, where the girls are taught cooking and the art of house-keeping, and the boys learn carpentering. This does not belong to the public school system.

Whatever may be the opinion about the propriety of attaching industrial training to public schools generally, there is no doubt that this sort of training is indispensable to the colored people of the South, whose children do not at present receive the needed domestic training at home, and whose education must contribute to their ability to earn a living. Those educated in the schools, high and low, cannot all be teachers or preachers, and they are not in the way of either social elevation or thrifty lives if they have neither a trade nor the taste to make neat and agreeable homes. The colored race cannot have it too often impressed upon them that their way to all the rights and privileges under a free government lies in industry, thrift, and morality. Whatever reason they have to complain of remaining discrimination and prejudice, there is only one way to overcome both, and that is by the acquisition of property and intelligence. In the history of the world a people were never elevated otherwise. No amount of legislation can do it. In Memphis—in Southern cities generally—the public schools are impartially administered as to the use of money for both races. In the country districts they are as generally inadequate, both in quality and in the length of the school year. In the country, where farming and domestic service must be the occupations of the mass of the people, industrial schools are certainly not called for; but in the cities

they are a necessity of the present development.

Ever since Memphis took itself in hand with a new kind of municipal government, and made itself a healthful city, good fortune of one kind and another seems to have attended it. Abundant water it could get from the river for sewerage purposes, but for other uses either extensive filters were needed or cisterns were resorted to. The city was supplied with water, which the stranger would hesitate to drink or bathe in, from Wolf River, a small stream emptying into the Mississippi above the city. But within the year a most important discovery has been made for the health and prosperity of the town. This was the striking, in the depression of the Gayoso Bayou, at a depth of 450 feet, perfectly pure water, at a temperature of about 62°, in abundance, with a head sufficient to bring it in fountains some feet above the level of the ground. Ten wells had been sunk, and the water flowing was estimated at ten millions of gallons daily, or half enough to supply the city. It was expected that with more wells the supply would be sufficient for all purposes, and then Memphis will have drinking water not excelled in purity by that of any city in the land. It is not to be wondered at that this incalculable good fortune should add buoyancy to the business, and even to the advance in the price, of real estate. The city has widely outgrown its corporate limits, there is activity in building and improvements in all the pleasant suburbs, and with the new pavements which are in progress, the city will be as attractive as it is prosperous.

Climate is much a matter of taste. The whole area of the alluvial land of the Mississippi has the three requisites for malaria—heat, moisture, and vegetable decomposition. The tendency to this is overcome, in a measure, as the land is thoroughly drained and cultivated. Memphis has a mild winter, long summer, and a considerable portion of the year when the temperature is just about right for enjoyment. In the table of temperature for 1887 I find that the mean was 61.9°, the mean of the highest by months was 84.9°, and the mean lowest was 37.1°. The coldest month was January, when the range of the thermometer was from 72.2° to 4.3°, and the hottest was July, when the range was from 99° to 67.3°. There is a preponderance of fair, sunny weather. The rec-

ord for 1887 was: 157 days of clear, 132 fair, 65 cloudy, 91 days of frost. From this it appears that Memphis has a pretty agreeable climate for those who do not insist upon a good deal of "bracing," and it has a most genial and hospitable society.

Early on the morning of the 12th of April we crossed the river to the lower landing of the Memphis and Little Rock Railway, the upper landing being inaccessible on account of the high water. It was a delicious spring morning, the foliage, half unfolded, was in its first flush of green, and as we steamed down the stream the town bluffs, forty feet high, were seen to have a noble situation. All the opposite country for forty miles from the river was afloat, and presented the appearance of a vast swamp, not altogether unpleasing in its fresh dress of green. For forty miles, to Madison, the road ran upon an embankment just above the flood; at intervals were poor shanties and little cultivated patches, but shanties, corn patches, and trees all stood in the water. The inhabitants, the majority colored, seemed of the sort to be content with half-amphibious lives. Before we reached Madison and crossed St. Francis River we ran through a streak of gravel. Forest City, at the crossing of the Iron Mountain Railway, turned out to be not exactly a city, in the Eastern meaning of the word, but a considerable collection of houses, with a large hotel. It seemed, so far in the wilderness, an irresponsible sort of place, and the crowd at the station were in a festive, hilarious mood. This was heightened by the playing of a travelling band which we carried with us in the second-class car, and which good-naturedly unlimbered at the stations. It consisted of a colored bass-viol, violin, and guitar, and a white cornet. On the way the negro population were in the majority, all the residences were shabby shanties, and the moving public on the trains and about the stations had not profited by the example of the commercial travellers, who are the only smartly dressed people one sees in these regions. A young girl who got into the car here told me that she came from Marianna, a town to the south, on the Languille River, and she seemed to regard it as a central place. At Brinkley we crossed the St. Louis, Arkansas, and Texas Road, ran through

more swamps to the Cache River, after which there was prairie and bottom-land, and at De Valle's Bluff we came to the White River. There is no doubt that this country is well watered. After White River fine reaches of prairie-land were encountered—in fact, a good deal of prairie and oak timber. Much of this prairie had once been cultivated to cotton, but was now turned to grazing, and dotted with cattle. A place named Prairie Centre had been abandoned; indeed, we passed a good many abandoned houses before we reached Carlisle and the Galloway. Lonoke is one of the villages of rather mean appearance, but important enough to be talked about and visited by the five aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination, who were travelling about together, each one trying to convince the people that the other four were unworthy the office. This is lowland Arkansas, supporting a few rude villages, inhabited by negroes and unambitious whites, and not a fairly representative portion of a great State.

At Argenta, a sort of railway and factory suburb of the city, we crossed the muddy, strong-flowing Arkansas River on a fine bridge, elevated so as to strike high up on the bluff on which Little Rock is built. The rock of the bluff, which the railway pierces, is a very shaly slate. The town lying along the bluff has a very picturesque appearance, in spite of its newness and the poor color of its brick. The situation is a noble one, commanding a fine prospect of river and plain, and mountains to the west, rising from the bluff on a series of gentle hills, with conspicuous heights further out for public institutions and country houses. The city, which has nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, can boast a number of handsome business streets with good shops and an air of prosperous trade, with well-shaded residence streets of comfortable houses; but all the thoroughfares are bad for want of paving, Little Rock being forbidden by the organic law (as Memphis is) to run in debt for city improvements. A city which has doubled its population within eight years, and been restrained from using its credit, must expect to suffer from bad streets, but its caution about debt is reassuring to intending settlers. The needed street improvements, it is understood, however, will soon be under way, and the citizens have the satisfaction of knowing that

when they are made, Little Rock will be a beautiful city.

Below the second of the iron bridges which span the river is a boulder which gave the name of Little Rock to the town. The general impression is that it is the first rock on the river above its confluence with the Mississippi; this is not literally true, but this rock is the first conspicuous one, and has become historic. On the opposite side of the river, a mile above, is a bluff several hundred feet high, called Big Rock. On the summit is a beautiful park, a vineyard, a summer hotel, and pleasure-grounds—a delightful resort in the hot weather. From the top one gains a fair idea of Arkansas—the rich delta of the river, the mighty stream itself, the fertile rolling land and forests, the mountains on the border of the Indian Territory, the fair city, the slightly prominent about it dotted with buildings—altogether a magnificent and most charming view.

There is a United States arsenal at Little Rock; the government post office is a handsome building; and among the twenty-seven churches there are some of pleasing architecture. The State-house, which stands upon the bluff overlooking the river, is a relic of old times, suggesting the easy-going plantation style. It is an indescribable building, or group of buildings, with classic pillars of course, and rambling galleries that lead to old-fashioned domestic-looking State offices. It is shabby in appearance, but has a certain interior air of comfort. The room of the Assembly—plain, with windows on three sides, open to the sun and air, and not so large that conversational speaking cannot be heard in it—is not at all the vulgar notion of a legislative chamber, which ought to be lofty, magnificently decorated, lighted from above, and shut in as much as possible from the air and the outside world. Arkansas, which is rapidly growing in population and wealth, will no doubt very soon want a new State house. Heaven send it an architect who will think first of the comfortable, cheerful rooms, and second of imposing outside display! He might spend a couple of millions on a building which would astonish the natives, and not give them as agreeable a working room for the Legislature as this old chamber. The fashion is to put up an edifice whose dimensions shall somehow represent the dignity of

the State, a vast structure of hallways and staircases, with half-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms. It seems to me that the American genius ought to be able to devise a capitol of a different sort, certainly one better adapted to the Southern climate. A group of connected buildings for the various departments might be better than one solid parallelogram, and I have a fancy that legislators could be clearer-headed, and could profit more by discussion, if they sat in a cheerful chamber, not too large to be easily heard in, and open as much as possible to the sun and air and the sight of tranquil nature. The present Capitol has an air of lazy neglect, and the law library which is stored in it could not well be in a worse condition; but there is something rather pleasing about the old, easy-going establishment and one would pretty certainly miss in a smart new building. Arkansas has an opportunity to distinguish itself by a new departure in State houses.

In the city are several of the State institutions, most of them occupying ample grounds with fine sites in the suburbs. Conspicuous on high ground in the city is the Blind Asylum, a very commodious and well conducted institution, with about 80 inmates. The School for Deaf-Mutes, with 125 pupils, is under very able management. But I confess that the State Lunatic Asylum gave me a genuine surprise, and if the civilization of Arkansas were to be judged by it, it would take high rank among the States. It is a very fine building, well constructed and admirably planned, on a site commanding a noble view, with eighty acres of forest and garden. More land is needed to carry out the superintendent's idea of labor, and to furnish supplies for the patients, of whom there are 459, the men and women, colored and white, in separate wings. The builders seem to have taken advantage of all the Eastern experience and shunned the Eastern mistakes, and the result is an establishment with all the modern improvements and conveniences, conducted in the most enlightened spirit. I do not know a better large State asylum in the United States. Of the State penitentiary nothing good can be said. Arkansas is still struggling with the wretched lease system, the frightful abuses of which she is beginning to appreciate. The penitentiary is a sort of depot for convicts, who are distributed about the

State by the contractors. At the time of my visit a considerable number were there, more or less crippled and sick, who had been rescued from barbarous treatment in one of the mines. A gang were breaking stones in the yard, a few were making cigars, and the dozen women in the women's ward were doing laundry-work. But nothing appeared to be done to improve the condition of the inmates. In Southern prisons I notice comparatively few of the "professional" class which so largely make the population of Northern penitentiaries, and I always fancy that in the rather easy-going management, wanting the cast-iron discipline, the lot of the prisoners is not so hard. Thus far among the colored people not much odium attaches to one of their race who has been in prison.

The public-school system of the State is slowly improving, hampered by want of constitutional power to raise money for the schools. By the constitution, State taxes are limited to one per cent.; county taxes to one-half of one per cent., with an addition of one-half of one per cent. to pay debts existing when the constitution was adopted in 1874; city taxes the same as county; in addition, for the support of common schools, the Assembly may lay a tax not to exceed two mills on the dollar on the taxable property of the State, and an annual *per capita* tax of one dollar on every male inhabitant over the age of twenty-one years; and it may also authorize each school district to raise for itself, by vote of its electors, a tax for school purposes not to exceed five mills on the dollar. The towns generally vote this additional tax, but in most of the country districts schools are not maintained for more than three months in the year. The population of the State is about 1,000,000, in an area of 53,045 square miles. The scholastic population enrolled has increased steadily for several years, and in 1886 was 164,757, of which 122,296 were white and 42,461 were colored. The total population of school age (including the enrolled) was 358,006, of which 266,188 were white and 91,818 colored. The school fund available for that year was \$1,327,710. The increased revenue and enrolment are encouraging, but it is admitted that the schools of the State (sparsely settled as it is) cannot be what they should be without more money to build decent school-houses, employ competent

teachers, and have longer sessions. Little Rock has fourteen school houses, only one or two of which are commendable. The High-School, with 50 pupils and 2 teachers, is held in a district building. The colored people have their fair proportion of schools, with teachers of their own race. Little Rock is abundantly able to tax itself for better schools, as it is for better payements. In all the schools most attention seems to be paid to mathematics, and it is noticeable how proficient colored children under twelve are in figures.

The most important school in the State, which I did not see, is the Industrial University at Fayetteville, which received the Congressional land grant and is a State beneficiary; its property, including endowments and the university farm, is reckoned at \$300,000. The general intention is to give a practical industrial education. The collegiate department, a course of three years, has 77 pupils; in the preparatory department are about 200; but the catalogue, including special students in art and music, the medical department at Little Rock of 60, and the Normal School at Pine Bluff of 245, looks up about 600 students. The university is situated in a part of the State most attractive in its scenery and most healthful, and offers a chance for every sort of mental and manual training.

The most widely famous place in the State is the Hot Springs. I should like to have seen it when it was in a state of nature; I should like to see it when it gets the civilization of a European bath place. It has been a popular and even crowded resort for several years, and the medical treatment which can be given there in connection with the use of the waters is so nearly a specific for certain serious diseases, and going there is so much a necessity for many invalids, that access to it ought by this time to be easy. But it is not. It is fifty-five miles southwest of Little Rock, but to reach it the traveller must leave the Iron Mountain Road at Malvern for a ride over a branch line of some twenty miles. Unfortunately this is a narrow-gauge road, and however ill a person may be, a change of cars must be made at Malvern. This is a serious annoyance, and it is a wonder that the main railways and the hotel and bath keepers have not united to rid themselves of the monopoly of the narrow-gauge road.

The valley of the Springs is over seven hundred feet above the sea; the country is rough and broken; the hills, clad with small pines and hard wood, which rise on either side of the valley to the height of two to three hundred feet, make an agreeable impression of greenness, and the place is capable, by reason of its irregularity, of becoming beautiful as well as picturesque. It is still in the cheap cottage and raw brick stage. The situation suggests Carlsbad, which is also jammed into a narrow valley. The Hot Springs Mountain—that is, the mountain from the side of which all the hot springs (about seventy) flow—is a government reservation. Nothing is permitted to be built on it except the government hospital for soldiers and sailors, the public bath-houses along the foot, and one hotel, which holds over on the reserved land. The government has enclosed and piped the springs, built a couple of cement reservoirs, and lets the bath privileges to private parties at thirty dollars a tub, the number of tubs being limited. The rent money the government is supposed to devote to the improvement of the mountain. This has now a private lookout tower on the summit, from which a most extensive view is had over the well-wooded State, and it can be made a lovely park. There is a good deal of criticism about favoritism in letting the bath privileges, and the words “ring” and “syndicate” are constantly heard. Before improvements were made the hot water discharged into a creek at the base of the hill. This creek is now arched over and become a street, with the bath houses on one side and shops and shanties on the other. Difficulty about obtaining a good title to land has until recently stood in the way of permanent improvements. All claims have now been adjudicated upon, the government is prepared to give a perfect title to all its own land, except the mountain, forever reserved, and purchasers can be sure of peaceful occupation.

Opposite the Hot Springs Mountain rises the long sharp ridge of West Mountain, from which the government does not permit the foliage to be stripped. The city runs around and back of this mountain, follows the winding valley to the north, climbs up all the irregular ridges in the neighborhood, and spreads itself over the valley on the south, near the

Ouachita River. It is estimated that there are 10,000 residents in this rapidly growing town. Houses stick on the sides of the hills, perch on terraces, nestle in the ravines. Nothing is regular, nothing is as might have been expected, but it is all interesting, and promising of something pleasing and picturesque in the future. All the springs, except one, on Hot Springs Mountain are hot, with a temperature ranging from 93 to 157 Fahrenheit; there are plenty of springs in and among the other hills, but they are all cold. It is estimated that the present quantity of hot water, much of which runs to waste, would supply about 19,000 persons daily with 25 gallons each. The water is perfectly clear, has no odor, and is very agreeable for bathing. That remarkable cures are performed here the evidence does not permit one to doubt, nor can one question the wonderfully rejuvenating effect upon the system of a course of its waters.

It is necessary to suggest, however, that the value of the springs to invalids and to all visitors would be greatly enhanced by such regulations as those that govern Carlsbad and Marienbad in Bohemia. The success of those great “cures” depends largely upon the regimen enforced there, the impossibility of indulging in an improper diet, and the prevailing regularity of habits as to diet, sleep, and exercise. There is need at Hot Springs for more hotel accommodation of the sort that will make comfortable invalids accustomed to luxury at home, and at least one new and very large hotel is promised soon to supply this demand; but what Hot Springs needs is the comforts of life, and not means of indulgence at table or otherwise. Perhaps it is impossible for the American public, even the sick part of it, to submit itself to discipline, but we never will have the full benefit of our many curative springs until it consents to do so. Patients, no doubt, try to follow the varying regimen imposed by different doctors, but it is difficult to do so amid all the temptations of a go-as-you-please bath place. A general regimen of diet applicable to all visitors is the only safe rule. Under such enlightened rules as prevail at Marienbad, and with the opportunity for mild entertainment in pretty shops, agreeable walks and drives, with music and the hundred devices to make the time pass pleasantly, Hot Springs would become one of the

most important sanitary resorts in the world. It is now in a very crude state; but it has the water, the climate, the hills and woods; good saddle-horses are to be had, and it is an interesting country to ride over; those who frequent the place are attached to it; and time and taste and money will, no doubt, transform it into a place of beauty.

Arkansas surprised the world by the exhibition it made of itself at New Orleans, not only for its natural resources, but for the range and variety of its productions. That it is second to no other State in its adaptability to cotton raising was known; that it had magnificent forests and large coal fields and valuable minerals in its mountains was known; but that it raised fruit superior to any other in the Southwest, and quite equal to any in the North, was a revelation. The mountainous part of the State, where some of the hills rise to the altitude of 2500 feet, gives as good apples, pears, and peaches as are raised in any portion of the Union; indeed, this fruit has taken the first prize in exhibitions from Massachusetts to Texas. It is as remarkable for flavor and firmness as it is for size and beauty. This region is also a good vineyard country. The State boasts more miles of navigable waters than any other, it has variety of soil and of surface to fit it for every crop in the temperate latitudes, and it has a very good climate. The range of northern mountains protects it from "northerns," and its elevated portions have cold enough for a tonic. Of course the low and swampy lands are subject to malaria. The State has just begun to appreciate itself, and has organized efforts to promote immigration. It has employed a competent State geologist, who is doing excellent service. The United States has still a large quantity of valuable land in the State open to settlement under the homestead and pre-emption laws. The State itself has over 2,000,000 acres of land, forfeited and granted to it in various ways; of this, the land forfeited for taxes will be given to actual settlers in tracts of 160 acres to each person, and the rest can be purchased at a low price. I cannot go into all the details, but the reader may be assured that the immigration committee make an exceedingly good showing for settlers who wish to engage in farming, fruit raising, mining, or lumbering. The constitution of the State is very democratic, the statute

laws are stringent in morality, the limitations upon town and city indebtedness are severe, the rate of taxation is very low, and the State debt is small. The State, in short, is in a good condition for a vigorous development of its resources.

There is a popular notion that Arkansas is a "bowie-knife" State, a lawless and an ignorant State. I shared this before I went there. I cannot disprove the ignorance of the country districts. As I said, more money is needed to make the public-school system effective. But in its general aspect the State is as orderly and moral as any. The laws against carrying concealed weapons are strict, and are enforced. It is a fairly temperate State. Under the high license and local option laws, prohibition prevails in two-thirds of the State, and the popular vote is strictly enforced. In forty-eight of the seventy-five counties no license is granted, in other counties only a single town votes license, and in many of the remaining counties many towns refuse it. In five counties only is liquor perfectly free. A special law prohibits liquor selling within five miles of a college; within three miles of a church or school, a majority of the adult inhabitants can prohibit it. With regard to liquor selling, woman suffrage practically exists. The law says that on petition of a majority of the adult population in any district the county judge must refuse license. The women, therefore, without going into politics, sign the petitions and create prohibition.

The street-cars and railways make no discrimination as to color of passengers. Everywhere I went I noticed that the intercourse between the two races was friendly. There is much good land on the railway between Little Rock and Arkansas City, heavily timbered, especially with the clean-boled, stately gum-trees. At Pine Bluff, which has a population of 5000, there is a good colored Normal School, and the town has many prosperous negroes, who support a race-track of their own, and keep up a county fair. I was told that the most enterprising man in the place, the largest street-railway owner, is black as a coal. Further down the road the country is not so good, the houses are mostly poor shanties, and the population, largely colored, appears to be of a shiftless character. Arkansas City itself, low-lying on the Mississippi, has a bad reputation.

Little Rock, already a railway centre of importance, is prosperous and rapidly improving. It has the settled, temperate, orderly society of an Eastern town, but democratic in its habits, and with a cordial hospitality which is more provincial than fashionable. I heard there a good chamber concert of stringed instruments, one of a series which had been kept up by subscription all winter, and would continue the coming winter. The performers were young Helonians. The gentleman at whose pleasant, old-fashioned house I was entertained, a leading

lawyer and jurist in the Southwest, was a good linguist, had travelled in most parts of the civilized globe, had on his table the current literature of France, England, Germany, and America, a daily Paris newspaper, one New York journal (to give its name might impugn his good taste in the judgment of every other New York journal), and a very large and well-selected library, two-thirds of which was French, and nearly half of the remainder German. This was one of the many things I found in Arkansas which I did not expect to find.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS.

BY EOE DANA FROBELL.

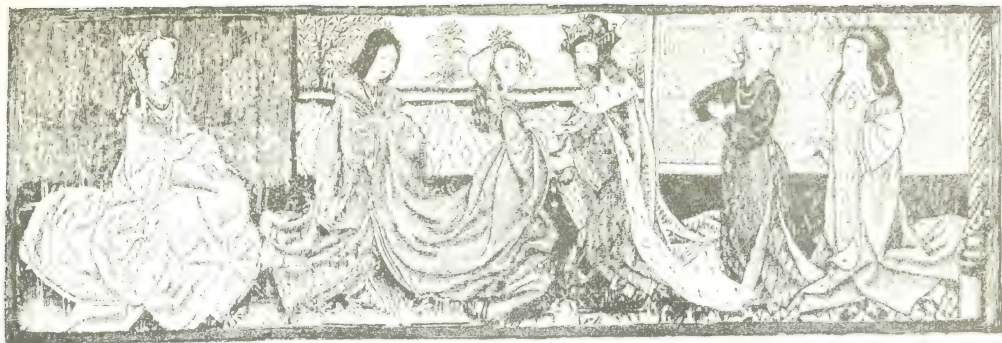
THE master called to his reapers—
 "Make ye like and take ye care
 And bring me the grain from the uplands
 And the grass from the meadows abroad
 And then off of the marshy meadows,
 Where the salt water runs and foams,
 Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
 To furnish the doves' home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
 We will bring thee the yellow grain;
 That waves on the windy hillside
 And the tender grass from the plain;
 But that which grows on the meadow
 Is dry and harsh and thin,
 Unlike the sweet bold grasses,
 So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O farmers,
 For many a weary day,
 Through storm and drought ye have labored
 For the grain and the fragrant hay.
 The generous earth is fruitful
 And teases at summer's bow,
 Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
 Have ripened soft and slow."

"But out on the wide bleak marsh land
 Hath never a plough been set;
 And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
 The shivering soil is wet.
 There flower the pale green sedges,
 And the tiles thatebb and flow,
 And the biting breath of the sea wind,
 Are the only care they know."

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
 Their food hath been sharp sea sand,
 And yet they have yielded a harvest
 Unto the master's hand,
 So shall ye all, O reapers,
 Harvest them now the more,
 And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
 The grass from the desolate shore."



I.—A GERMAN TAPESTRY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—SCENE FROM THE CANTICLES.

THE NEW GALLERY OF TAPESTRIES AT FLORENCE.

"And he made a hanging for the tabernacle, even of blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, of needlework."—*Exodus*, xxxvi. 37.

"With cherubim of cunning work shalt thou make them."—*Exodus*, xxxv. 11.

PAINTING in textile fabrics, or the art of producing figures by the loom, is almost as ancient as that of painting on a wall or panel. The art existed on the banks of the Nile many thousands of years before our era. In Eastern Asia and in Greece we meet with it simultaneously with the first signs of a general civilization. In those different regions the decorative roll of tapestry asserts itself at a very early period. To nomadic tribes it furnished the principal element of ornamentation of their tents. Dwellers in towns made use of them to complete the arrangement or to heighten the splendor of their temples or their palaces. Semper says that in primitive architecture the most important part, the generating element, belongs to stuffs. According to him, drapery is the principle which dominates the art of building, and which presides over its development; each new material of textile art giving birth to form and color, sources of perpetual modification, and that one has but to examine the plan of an ancient house to discover that it was only inhabitable thanks to the hangings, which in the absence of walls served as the necessary divisions, and also as protection against heat and cold.

The loom is one of the oldest inventions. Those used by the ancient Egyptians, pictures of which are painted and sculptured upon some of their monuments, are of similar form to those of

the Hindoo and Chinese, and the form was not very essentially varied in the looms used by Western nations in their development toward modern civilization for several thousands of years. In Egypt weaving was an important branch of industry, cotton and flax being indigenous; it is uncertain whether silk was used. Stuffs were woven in large manufactories under the superintendence of the priests, who had a monopoly of all the cloths used for sacred purposes, especially for the mummies. The stuffs were generally dyed in the wool, and many of them embroidered with threads of gold and silver wire. Some of them are striped, others stained or flowered, and the colors of all exhibit those dazzling hues of the East which we are unable to rival in Europe.

The art of embroidering cloth with needle-work is said to have been first invented by the Phrygians; the interweaving of gold, by King Attalus; the interweaving of different colors, by the Babylonians; the raising of several threads at once, by the people of Alexandria, in Egypt, which produced a cloth similar to the Babylonian, called *polymita*, wrought, as weavers say, with a many-leaved comb. The art of mixing silver in cloth was not invented till the time of the Greek emperors. Spinning and weaving constituted the chief employment of the ancient Greek and Roman women, hence the frequent allusions to it in the poets. Hector, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with



II.—HENRY II. AND CATHERINE DE MEDICI WITNESSING GAMES.—A FLEMISH TAPESTRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



III.—CHRIST WASHING THE APOSTLES' FEET.—A SIXTEENTH CENTURY TAPESTRY

terror, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff (*Iliad*, vi.).

Herod besieged Jerusalem and took it in 37 B.C.; he restored the Temple on a more magnificent scale than Solomon's, and hung it with Babylonian tapestries. We read, too, that Nero spent £32,281 for hangings and furniture of Babylonian tapestries for his dining-room alone. The tapestries Rome possessed at that time were imported. Rome ruled the world, and her soldiers brought back with them spoils from every country. The works of the Grecian artists became the first object of proconsular rapacity, and the astonishing number which Verres had acquired during his government of Sicily formed one of the most striking features of the invectives of Cicero, who asserted that throughout that whole province of Sicily, so distinguished by the taste and

riches of its inhabitants, there was not a single statue or figure, either of bronze, marble, or ivory, not a picture or *piece of tapestry*, that Verres had not appropriated and brought back to Rome with him.

In those days tapestries were not only used for the interior decoration of palaces, temples, and villas, but they were used also to convert public highways and squares into the guise of galleries or rooms to add splendor during the solemnity of a civic or religious festival, to which they lent themselves in a marvellous manner. Such, however, was the devastation which took place in Italy during the Middle Ages, age of superstition and barbarian invasion, that of the innumerable works of art collected by the Roman conquerors, scarcely a specimen was to be found in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

upon their labors; but there was no extended traffic. The insecurity of movable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it, the ignorance of mutual wants, the peril of robbery in carrying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion, are sufficient explanation why manufactures did not flourish; and before any manufactures were established in Europe, her common



IV—A HOME INTERIOR OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

cial intercourse with Egypt and Asia must have been very trifling, because, whatever inclination she might feel to enjoy the luxuries of those genial regions, she wanted the means of obtaining them. It is not, therefore, necessary to rest the miserable conditions of Oriental commerce upon the Saracen conquest, because the poverty of Europe is an adequate cause, and in fact what little traffic remained was carried on with no material inconvenience through the channel of Constantinople; but imports from the East beginning to fail, the inhabitants of the different states of western Europe began to consider their local resources and to develop them.

We read that the art of weaving tapestry was introduced into France about the ninth century, but it was not generally introduced into Europe until the time of the Crusades, and the workmen employed in the manufacture were originally called *saracens* and *saracinois*, indicating the origin of the art as derived from the Saracens. But the fabrication of tapestry with the needle had always been a favorite occupation for ladies of the highest rank. The famous Bayeux tapestry is supposed to have been done by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court; it is a wonderful piece of pictorial needle-work, representing the events connected with the conquest of England. It is worked like a sampler, in woollen thread of different colors.

It is only from the end of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Charles V., surnamed the Wise—for he was one of the most useful of French kings in promoting all kinds of industries—that we can follow the developments of the art. The tapestries of Arras were so famous about that time that the name generally given to this species of hangings (*arras*, French; *arazzo*, Italian) is said to have been derived from the name of the town. At Bruges in 1430 Philip the Good instituted the order of the Golden Fleece, in honor of the prosperity of the woollen trade of the town. Bruges had then a large share of the commerce of the globe, while its manufactures, especially in tapestry, excelled all others. It is supposed that Flemish workmen went to Constantinople to learn the secrets of the art of weaving tapestry, for they were at that time superior to all other workmen, and were sought for all over Europe. The famous Gobelin estab-

lishment in Paris derives its name from the brothers Jehan and Gilles Gobelin, who came from Holland about 1470, and erected a building in the Faubourg St.-Marcel, upon the Bièvre, as they believed that the water of the little stream possessed qualities advantageous to their art. Louis XIV. purchased it in 1667, and ever since it has belonged to the French government.

The first tapestries made in Italy were manufactured at Mantua, in 1449, by Flemish workmen, but it was not until 1545 that Cosmo I. de' Medici created an establishment in Florence. Cosmo I. turned his especial attention to the encouragement of all arts and industries, and wished the Florentine factory to surpass all others. The founders of the factory were Nicolo Karelles and Giovanni yander Roost, who were already celebrated by their works in the factory at Ferrara. They were tempted to Florence by the princely offer of the Grand duke Cosmo. They bound themselves to teach the secrets of their art in all its branches to a stated number of Florentines, in return for which, commodious quarters were placed at their disposal, and a sum of 600 gold scudi yearly. The work that was done for the house of Medici was paid apart. They were also at liberty to execute private commissions, but were obliged to keep 24 tapestries in hand as examples and instruction for the students.

This new Gallery of Tapestry in Florence was opened in February, 1884, and is the first and only institution of its kind in Italy: it contains specimens of the different developments of tapestry, and represents in a special manner its history in Tuscany. There are about 124 pieces of tapestry, made from designs of celebrated artists, and woven by foreign and domestic workmen.

This wealth of tapestries was scattered about in the palaces of Florence, Pisa, and Siena, and in the grand-ducal villas, until brought together by the care of Baron Ricasoli, who had them placed temporarily in the gallery that unites the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, where they remained from 1865 to 1882; then the collection was removed to its present abode, on the second floor of the Palazzo della Crocetta (the Egyptian Museum is on the first floor), and a quantity of forgotten tapestries were brought to light from the store-rooms of the Uffizi, and now the whole collection is carefully and systematically



V.—GOLLINS TAPESTRY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



VI.—THE FALL OF PHARAOH.—AN ITALIAN TAPESTRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

arranged; it forms an almost complete history of Tuscan tapestry, besides containing some beautiful specimens of Gothic and German and Flemish work.

There is no specimen earlier than the fourteenth century. The engravings Nos. I. and VII. illustrate two of a series of very interesting German works of that date, representing scenes from the Canticles of Solomon. The colors are still

rich and beautiful, deep in tone, and in the days when these tapestries were made each different material employed had its particular signification. Colors were symbolical, white representing purity of morals; red, charity; green, contemplation; black, mortification of the flesh; livid colors (*les livides*) remembrance. Guillaume Dorand, Bishop of Meaux, in his treatise upon tapestry, written at the end of the

the most luxuriantly adorned with ornaments preserved in the world.

No. II. is a superb tapestry of the sixteenth century, depicting Henry II. and Catherine de Medici with the ladies of their court, with some children seated in their bosom. The dresses of the ladies are very delicate. It also depicts one of a series of most beautiful and interesting tapestries, perhaps the most interesting in the world.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century this palace and magnificent in its decorations, for the Grand Duke Ferdinand I. divided his patrimony, making more or less of it, into six parts, and giving them to his children, and a small part to his daughter. He gave to his daughter, but induced her to leave to her husband, a portion of Paris, and the Grand Duke began to rebuild it again. Very little remains of the original work, as it was destroyed by fire, and the rest was rebuilt.

No. III. is a beautiful example of the Florentine school, by Michelangelo, 1501 and 1509, from a cartoon of Andrea del Verrochio. Christ was then the subject

of one of the most interesting and beautiful tapestries of the collection, executed in the sixteenth century.

No. IV. is a tapestry hanging executed by France about 1610, representing an interior of a room. It is interesting as depicting a scene from the seventeenth century.

No. V. is an exceedingly pretty tapestry of the seventeenth century.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany was at the head of the Florentine school, the Grand Duke Ferdinand I. divided his patrimony, making more or less of it, into six parts, and giving them to his children, and a small part to his daughter. He gave to his daughter, but induced her to leave to her husband, a portion of Paris, and the Grand Duke began to rebuild it again. Very little remains of the original work, as it was destroyed by fire, and the rest was rebuilt.



VII.—Tapestry, from the collection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, from the collection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

THE BELLARY CHAIRS.

(1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605-2606-2607-2608-2609-2610-2611-2612-2613-2614-2615-2616-2617-2618-2619-2620-2621-2622-2623-2624-2625-2626-2627-2628-2629-2630-2631-2632-2633-2634-2635-2636-2637-2638-2639-2640-2641-2642-2643-2644-2645-2646-2647-2648-2649-2650-2651-2652-2653-2654-2655-2656-2657-2658-2659-2660-2661-2662-2663-2664-2665-2666-2667-2668-2669-2670-2671-2672-2673-2674-2675-2676-2677-2678-2679-2680-2681-2682-2683-2684-2685-2686-2687-2688-2689-2690-2691-2692-2693-2694-2695-2696-2697-2698-2699-2700-2701-2702-2703-2704-2705-2706-2707-2708-2709-2710-2711-2712-2713-2714-2715-2716-2717-2718-2719-2720-2721-2722-2723-2724-2725-2726-2727-2728-2729-2730-2731-2732-2733-2734-2735-2736-2737-2738-2739-2740-2741-2742-2743-2744-2745-2746-2747-2748-2749-2750-2751-2752-2753-2754-2755-2756-2757-2758-2759-2760-2761-2762-2763-2764-2765-2766-2767-2768-2769-2770-2771-2772-2773-2774-2775-2776-2777-2778-2779-2780-2781-2782-2783-2784-2785-2786-2787-2788-2789-2790-2791-2792-2793-2794-2795-2796-2797-2798-2799-2800-2801-2802-2803-2804-2805-2806-2807-2808-2809-2810-2811-2812-2813-2814-2815-2816-2817-2818-2819-2820-2821-2822-2823-2824-2825-2826-2827-2828-2829-2830-2831-2832-2833-2834-2835-2836-2837-2838-2839-2840-2841-2842-2843-2844-2845-2846-2847-2848-2849-2850-2851-2852-2853-2854-2855-2856-2857-2858-2859-2860-2861-2862-2863-2864-2865-2866-2867-2868-2869-2870-2871-2872-2873-2874-2875-2876-2877-2878-2879-2880-2881-2882-2883-2884-2885-2886-2887-2888-2889-2890-2891-2892-2893-2894-2895-2896-2897-2898-2899-2900-2901-2902-2903-2904-2905-2906-2907-2908-2909-2910-2911-2912-2913-2914-2915-2916-2917-2918-2919-2920-2921-2922-2923-2924-2925-2926-2927-2928-2929-2930-2931-2932-2933-2934-2935-2936-2937-2938-2939-2940-2941-2942-2943-2944-2945-2946-2947-2948-2949-2950-2951-2952-2953-2954-2955-2956-2957-2958-2959-2960-2961-2962-2963-2964-2965-2966-2967-2968-2969-2970-2971-2972-2973-2974-2975-2976-2977-2978-2979-2980-2981-2982-2983-2984-2985-2986-2987-2988-2989-2990-2991-2992-2993-2994-2995-2996-2997-2998-2999-3000-3001-3002-3003-3004-3005-3006-3007-3008-3009-3010-3011-3012-3013-3014-3015-3016-3017-3018-3019-3020-3021-3022-3023-3024-3025-3026-3027-3028-3029-3030-3031-3032-3033-3034-3035-3036-3037-3038-3039-3040-3041-3042-3043-3044-3045-3046-3047-3048-3049-3050-3051-3052-3053-3054-3055-3056-3057-3058-3059-3060-3061-3062-3063-3064-3065-3066-3067-3068-3069-3070-3071-3072-3073-3074-3075-3076-3077-3078-3079-3080-3081-3082-3083-3084-3085-3086-3087-3088-3089-3090-3091-3092-3093-3094-3095-3096-3097-3098-3099-3100-3101-3102-3103-3104-3105-3106-3107-3108-3109-3110-3111-3112-3113-3114-3115-3116-3117-3118-3119-3120-3121-3122-3123-3124-3125-3126-3127-3128-3129-3130-3131-3132-3133-3134-3135-3136-3137-3138-3139-3140-3141-3142-3143-3144-3145-3146-3147-3148-3149-3150-3151-3152-3153-3154-3155-3156-3157-3158-3159-3160-3161-3162-3163-3164-3165-3166-3167-3168-3169-3170-3171-3172-3173-3174-3175-3176-3177-3178-3179-3180-3181-3182-3183-3184-3185-3186-3187-3188-3189-3190-3191-3192-3193-3194-3195-3196-3197-3198-3199-3200-3201-3202-3203-3204-3205-3206-3207-3208-3209-3210-3211-3212-3213-3214-3215-3216-3217-3218-3219-3220-3221-3222-3223-3224-3225-3226-3227-3228-3229-3230-3231-3232-3233-3234-3235-3236-3237-3238-3239-3240-3241-3242-3243-3244-3245-3246-3247-3248-3249-3250-3251-3252-3253-3254-3255-3256-3257-3258-3259-3260-3261-3262-3263-3264-3265-3266-3267-3268-3269-3270-3271-3272-3273-3274-3275-3276-3277-3278-3279-3280-3281-3282-3283-3284-3285-3286-3287-3288-3289-3290-3291-3292-3293-3294-3295-3296-3297-3298-3299-3300-3301-3302-3303-3304-3305-3306-3307-3308-3309-3310-3311-3312-3313-3314-3315-3316-3317-3318-3319-3320-3321-3322-3323-3324-3325-3326-3327-3328-3329-3330-3331-3332-3333-3334-3335-3336-3337-3338-3339-3340-3341-3342-3343-3344-3345-3346-3347-3348-3349-3350-3351-3352-3353-3354-3355-3356-3357-3358-3359-3360-3361-3362-3363-3364-3365-3366-3367-3368-3369-3370-3371-3372-3373-3374-3375-3376-3377-3378-3379-3380-3381-3382-3383-3384-3385-3386-3387-3388-3389-3390-3391-3392-3393-3394-3395-3396-3397-3398-3399-3400-3401-3402-3403-3404-3405-3406-3407-3408-3409-3410-3411-3412-3413-3414-3415-3416-3417-3418-3419-3420-3421-3422-3423-3424-3425-3426-3427-3428-3429-3430-3431-3432-3433-3434-3435-3436-3437-3438-3439-3440-3441-3442-3443-3444-3445-3446-3447-3448-3449-3450-3451-3452-3453-3454-3455-3456-3457-3458-3459-3460-3461-3462-3463-3464-3465-3466-3467-3468-3469-3470-3471-3472-3473-3474-3475-3476-3477-3478-3479-3480-3481-3482-3483-3484-3485-3486-3487-3488-3489-3490-3491-3492-3493-3494-3495-3496-3497-3498-3499-3500-3501-3502-3503-3504-3505-3506-3507-3508-3509-3510-3511-3512-3513-3514-3515-3516-3517-3518-3519-3520-3521-3522-3523-3524-3525-3526-3527-3528-3529-3530-3531-3532-3533-3534-3535-3536-3537-3538-3539-3540-3541-3542-3543-3544-3545-3546-3547-3548-3549-3550-3551-3552-3553-3554-3555-3556-3557-3558-3559-3560-3561-3562-3563-3564-3565-3566-3567-3568-3569-3570-3571-3572-3573-3574-3575-3576-3577-3578-3579-3580-3581-3582-3583-3584-3585-3586-3587-3588-3589-3590-3591-3592-3593-3594-3595-3596-3597-3598-3599-3600-3601-3602-3603-3604-3605-3606-3607-3608-3609-3610-3611-3612-3613-3614-3615-3616-3617-3618-3619-3620-3621-3622-3623-3624-3625-3626-3627-3628-3629-3630-3631-3632-3633-3634-3635-3636-3637-3638-3639-3640-3641-3642-3643-3644-3645-3646-3647-3648-3649-3650-3651-3652-3653-3654-3655-3656-3657-3658-3659-3660-3661-3662-3663-3664-3665-3666-3667-3668-3669-3670-3671-3672-3673-3674-3675-3676-3677-3678-3679-3680-3681-3682-3683-3684-3685-3686-3687-3688-3689-3690-3691-3692-3693-3694-3695-3696-3697-3698-3699-3700-3701-3702-3703-3704-3705-3706-3707-3708-3709-3710-3711-3712-3713-3714-3715-3716-3717-3718-3719-3720-3721-3722-3723-3724-3725-3726-3727-3728-3729-3730-3731-3732-3733-3734-3735-3736-3737-3738-3739-3740-3741-3742-3743-3744-3745-3746-3747-3748-3749-3750-3751-3752-3753-3754-3755-3756-3757-3758-3759-3760-3761-3762-3763-3764-3765-3766-3767-3768-3769-3770-3771-3772-3773-3774-3775-3776-3777-3778-3779-3780-3781-3782-3783-3784-3785-3786-3787-3788-3789-3790-3791-3792-3793-3794-3795-3796-3797-3798-3799-3800-3801-3802-3803-3804-3805-3806-3807-3808-3809-3810-3811-3812-3813-3814-3815-3816-3817-3818-3819-3820-3821-3822-3823-3824-3825-3826-3827-3828-3829-3830-3831-3832-3833-3834-3835-3836-3837-3838-3839-3840-3841-3842-3843-3844-3845-3846-3847-3848-3849-3850-3851-3852-3853-3854-3855-3856-3857-3858-3859-3860-3861-3862-3863-3864-3865-3866-3867-3868-3869-3870-3871-3872-3873-3874-3875-3876-3877-3878-3879-3880-3881-3882-3883-3884-3885-3886-3887-3888-3889-3890-3891-3892-3893-3894-3895-3896-3897-3898-3899-3900-3901-3902-3903-3904-3905-3906-3907-3908-3909-3910-3911-3912-3913-3914-3915-3916-3917-3918-3919-3920-3921-3922-3923-3924-3925-3926-3927-3928-3929-3930-3931-3932-3933-3934-3935-3936-3937-3938-3939-3940-3941-3942-3943-3944-3945-3946-3947-3948-3949-3950-3951-3952-3953-3954-3955-3956-3957-3958-3959-3960-3961-3962-3963-3964-3965-3966-3967-3968-3969-3970-3971-3972-3973-3974-3975-3976-3977-3978-3979-3980-3981-3982-3983-3984-3985-3986-3987-3988-3989-3990-3991-3992-3993-3994-3995-3996-3997-3998-3999-4000-4001-4002-4003-4004-4005-4006-4007-4008-4009-4010-4011-4012-4013-4014-4015-4016-4017-4018-4019-4020-4021-4022-4023-4024-4025-4026-4027-4028-4029-4030-4031-4032-4033-4034-4035-4036-4037-4038-4039-4040-4041-4042-4043-4044-4045-4046-4047-4048-4049-4050-4051-4052-4053-4054-4055-4056-4057-4058-4059-4060-4061-4062-4063-4064-4065-4066-4067-4068-4069-4070-4071-4072-4073-4074-4075-4076-4077-4078-4079-4080-4081-4082-4083-4084-4085-4086-4087-4088-4089-4090-4091-4092-4093-4094-4095-4096-4097-4098-4099-4100-4101-4102-4103-4104-4105-4106-4107-4108-4109-4110-4111-4112-4113-4114-4115-4116-4117-4118-4119-4120-4121-4122-4123-4124-4125-4126-4127-4128-4129-4130-4131-4132-4133-4134-4135-4136-4137-4138-4139-4140-4141-4142

ANNIE KILBURN.²⁶

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XIII.

IN the process of that expansion from a New England village to an American town of which Putney spoke, Hatboro' had suffered one kind of deterioration which Annie could not help noticing. She remembered a distinctly intellectual life, which might still exist in its elements, but which certainly no longer had as definite expression. There used to be houses in which people, maiden aunts and hale grandmothers, took a keen interest in literature, and read the new books and discussed them, some time after they had ceased to be new in the publishing centres, but whilst they were still not old. But now the grandmothers had died out, and the maiden aunts had faded in, and she could not find just such houses anywhere in Hatboro'. The decay of the Unitarians as a sect perhaps had something to do with the literary lapse of the place; their highly intellectualized belief had favored taste in a direction where the more ritualistic and emotional religions did not promote it; and it is certain that they were no longer the leading people.

It would have been hard to say just who these leading people were. The old political and juristic pre-eminence which the lawyers had once enjoyed was a tradition; the learned professions yielded in distinction to the growing wealth and plutocratic influence of the prosperous manufacturers; the situation might be summed up in the fact that Colonel Marvin of the shoe interest and Mr. Wilmington now filled the place once held by Judge Kilburn and Squire Putney. The social life in private houses had undoubtedly shrunk; but it had expanded in the direction of church societies, and it had become much more ecclesiastical in every way, without becoming more religious. As formerly, some people were acceptable, and some were not; but it was, as everywhere else, more a question of money: there was an aristocracy and a commonalty, but there was a confusion and a more ready convertibility in the materials of each.

The social authority of such a person as Mrs. Ferrish was not the only change that bewildered Annie, and the effort to

extend her relations with the village people was one from which she shrank till her consciousness had more perfectly adjusted itself to the new conditions. Meanwhile Dr. Morrell came to call the night after their tea at the Putneys', and he fell into the habit of coming several nights in the week, and staying late. Sometimes he was sent for at her house by sick people, and he must have left word at his office where he was to be found.

He had spent part of his student life in Europe, and he looked back to his travel there with a fondness that the Old World inspires less and less in Americans. Apparently he found it droll that a woman of her acquaintance with a larger life should be willing to live in Hatboro' at all, and he seemed incredulous about her staying after summer was over. She felt that she mystified him, and sometimes she felt the pursuit of a curiosity which was a little too like a psychical diagnosis. He had a way of sitting beside her table and playing with her paper-kutter, while he submitted with a quizzical smile to her endeavors to turn him to account. She did not mind his laughing at her eagerness (a woman is willing enough to join a man in making fun of her femininity if she believes that he respects her), and she tried to make him talk about Hatboro' and tell her how she could be of use among the working people. She would have liked very much to know whether he gave his medical service gratis among them, and whether he found it a pleasure and a privilege to do so. There was one moment when she would have liked to ask him to let her be at the charges of his more indigent patients, but with the words behind her lips she perceived that it would not do. At the best, it would be taking his opportunity from him and making it hers. She began to see that one ought to have a conscience about doing good.

She let the chance of proposing this impossibility go by; and after a little silence Dr. Morrell seemed to revert, in her interest, to the economical situation in Hatboro'.

"You know that most of the hands in the hat shops are from the farms around.

²⁶ Begun in June number, 1888.

and some of them own property here in the village. I know the owner of these small houses, who's always worked in the shops. You couldn't very well offer help to a landed proprietor like that?"

"No," said Annie, abashed in view of him.

"I suppose you ought to go to a factory town like Fall River if you really wanted to deal with overwork and squalor."

"I'm beginning to think there's no such thing anywhere," she said, desperately.

The doctor's eyes twinkled sympathetically. "I don't know whether Benson earned his three houses sitting at the hat shops. He 'likes a good horse,' as he says; and he likes to trade it for a better; I know that from experience. But he's a great friend of mine. Well, then, there are more women than men in the shops, and they earn more. I suppose that's rather disappointing too."

"It is, rather."

"But on the average, the work only lasts eight months of the year, and that cuts wages down to an average of a dollar a day."

"Ah!" cried Annie. "There's some hope in *that*! What do they do when the work stops?"

"Oh, they go back to their country-seats."

"All?"

"Perhaps not all."

"I *thought* so!"

"Well, you'd better look round among those that stay."

Even among these she looked in vain for destitution; she could find that mesalliance only in straggling Veterans of the great army of tramps which once overran country places in the summer.

She would have preferred not to see or know the objects of her charity, and because she preferred this she forced herself to face their distasteful misery. Mrs. Bolton had orders to send no one from the door who asked for food or work, but to call Annie and let her judge the case. She knew that it was folly, and she was afraid it was worse, but she could not send the homeless creatures away as hungry or poor as they came. They filled her gentlewoman's soul with loathing; but if she kept beyond the range of the powerful corporeal odor that enveloped them, she could experience the luxury of

pity for them. The filthy rags that early captured them, their sick or sodden faces, always frowzed with a week's beard, represented typical poverty to her, and accused her comfortable state with a poignant contrast; and she consoled herself as far as she could with the superstition that in meeting them she was fulfilling a duty sacred in proportion to the disgust she felt in the encounter.

The work at the hat shops fell off after the spring orders, and did not revive till the beginning of August. If there was less money among the hands and their families who remained than there was in time of full work, the weather made less demand upon their resources. The children lived mostly out-of-doors, and seemed to have always what they wanted of the season's fruit and vegetables. They got these too late from the decaying lots at the provision stores, and too early from the nearest orchards, and Dr. Morrell admitted that there was a good deal of sickness, especially among the little ones, from this diet. Annie wondered whether she ought not to offer herself as nurse among them; she asked him whether she could not be of use in that way, and had to confess that she knew nothing about the prevailing disease.

"Then I don't think you'd better undertake it," he said. "There are too many nuisances there already, such as they are. It's the dull time in most of the shops, you know, and the women have plenty of leisure. There are about five volunteer nurses for every patient, not counting the grandmothers on both sides. I think they would resent any outside aid."

"Ah, I'm always on the outside! But can't I send—I mean carry them any thing nourishing, any little dishes?"

"Arrowroot is about all the convalescents can manage." She made a note of it. "But jelly and chicken broth are always relished by their friends."

"Dr. Morrell, I must ask you not to turn me into ridicule, if you please. I cannot permit it."

"I beg your pardon—I do indeed, Miss Kilburn. I didn't mean to ridicule you. I began seriously, but I was led astray by remembering what becomes of most of the good things sent to sick people."

"I know," she said, breaking into a laugh. "I have eaten lots of them for my father. And is arrow-root the only thing?"

The doctor reflected, gravely. "Why, no. There's a poor little life now and then that might be saved by the sea air. Yes, if you care to send some of my patients, with a mother and a grandmother apiece, to the sea-side."

"Don't say another word, doctor," cried Annie. "You make me *so* happy! I will—I will send their whole families. And you won't, you *won't* let a case escape, will you, doctor?" It was a break in the iron wall of uselessness which had closed her in; she behaved like a young girl with an invitation to a ball.

When the first patient came back well from the sea side her rejoicing overflowed in exultation before the friends to whom she confessed her agency in the affair. Putney pretended that he could not see what pleasure she could reasonably take in restoring the child to the sort of life it had been born to; but that was a matter she would not consider, theoretically or practically.

She began to go outside of Dr. Morrell's authority; she looked up two cases herself, and upon advising with their grandmothers, sent them to the sea-side, and she was at the station when the train came in with the young mother and the still younger aunt of one of the sick children. She did not see the baby, and the mother passed her with a stare of impassioned reproach, and fell sobbing on the neck of her husband, waiting for her on the platform. Annie felt the blood drop back upon her heart. She caught at the girl's aunt, who was looking about her with a sense of the interest which attached to herself as a party to this spectacle.

"Oh, Rebecca, where is the child?"

"Well, there, Miss Kilburn, I'm *all* sorry to tell you, but I guess the sea air didn't do it a great deal of good, if any. I tell Maria she'll see it in the right light after a while, but of course she can't, first off. Well, there! *Somebody's* got to look after it. You'll excuse *me*, Miss Kilburn."

Annie saw her run off to the baggage car, from which the baggage-man was handing out a narrow box. The ground reeled under her feet; she got the public depot carriage and drove home.

She sent for Dr. Morrell, and poured out the confession of her error upon him before he could speak. "I am a murderess," she ended, hysterically. "Don't deny it!"

"I think you can be got off on the ground of insanity, Miss Kilburn, if you go on in this way," he answered.

Her desperation broke in tears. "Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do? I've killed the child!"

"Oh no, you haven't," he retorted. "I know the case. The only hope for it was the sea air; I was going to ask you to send it—"

She took down her handkerchief and gave him a piercing look. "Dr. Morrell, if you are lying to me—"

"I'm not lying, Miss Kilburn," he answered. "You've done a very unwarrantable thing in both of the cases that you sent to the sea side on your own responsibility. One of them I certainly shouldn't have advised sending, but it's turned out well. You've no more credit for it, though, than for this that died; and you won't think I'm lying, perhaps, when I say you're equally to blame in both instances."

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered, with downing comfort in his severity. "I didn't mean—I didn't intend to say—"

"I know it," said Dr. Morrell, allowing himself to smile. "Just remember that you blundered into doing the only thing left to be done for Mrs. Savor's child, and don't try it again. That's all."

He smiled once more, and at some permissive light in her face, he began even to laugh.

"You—you're horrible!"

"Oh no, I'm not," he gasped. "All the tears in the world wouldn't help; and my laughing hurts nobody. I'm sorry for you, and I'm sorry for the mother; but I've told you the truth. I have in deed; and you *must* believe me."

The child's father came to see her the next night. "Rebecca she seemed to think that you felt kind of bad, maybe, because Maria wouldn't speak to you when she first got off the cars yesterday, and I don't say she done exactly right, myself. The way I look at it, and the way I tell Maria she'd ought to, is like this: You done what you done for the best, and we wa'n't *obliged* to take your advice anyway. But of course Maria she'd kind of set her heart on savin' it, and she can't seem to get over it right away." He talked on much longer to the same effect, tilted back in his chair, and looking down, while he covered and uncovered one of his knees with his straw hat. He had the usual

pushed diffidently in getting away, but Annie was glad to keep him in her gratitude for his kindness. Besides she could not let him go without satisfying a suspicion she had.

"And Dr. Morrell—have you seen him for Mrs. Savor—have you—" She stopped, for shame of her hypocrisy.

"No, no. We haven't seen him since. I guess she'll get along."

It needed this stroke to complete her foundation before the single twisted bolt lay low.

"I, I suppose," she stammered, and "that you, your wife, wouldn't like me to come to this. I can understand that; but oh! if there is anything I can do for you, flowers or my courage or help in any way."

Mr. Savor stood up. "I'm much obliged to you, Miss Kilburn, but we thought we hadn't better wait with out a great while, and the funeral was this afternoon. Well, I wish you good evening."

She met the mother a few days after on the street; with an impulse to cross over to the other side she advanced straight upon her.

"Mrs. Savor! What can I say to you?"

"Oh, I don't presume but what you meant for the best, Miss Kilburn. But I guess I shall know what to do next time. I kind of felt the whole while that it was a risk. But it's all right now."

Annie realized in her resentment of the poor thing's untruth sorrow that she had spoken to her with the hope of getting not giving comfort.

"Yes, yes," she confessed. "I was to blame." The bereaved mother did not grieve for her, and she felt that whatever was the justice of the case, she had met her present deserts.

She had to bear the discredit into which the sea-side fell with the mothers of all the other sick children. She tried to bring Dr. Morrell once to the consideration of her culpability in the case of those who might have lived if the case of Mrs. Savor's baby had not frightened their mothers from sending them to the sea-side; but he refused to grapple with the problem. She was obliged to believe him when he said he should not have advised sending any of the recent cases there, that the disease was changing its character, and such a course could have done no good.

"Look here, Miss Kilburn," he said, after scanning her face sharply, "I'm going to leave you a little tonic. I think you're rather run down."

"Well," she said, passively.

XIV.

It was in her revulsion from the direct falsehood which had proved so dangerous that Annie was able to give herself to the more general interests of the Social Union. She had not the courage to test her influence for it among the same people whom it was to entertain and elevate and whose cooperation Mr. Peck had thought important; but she went about among the other classes, and found a degree of favor and deference which surprised her and an ignorance of what lay so heavy on her heart which was still more comforting. She was no longer treated as the guilty wretch she feared herself; none who knew of the facts looked at them wrong; and she discovered what must always surround the inquiry before the pretensions surface of our civilization—our indifference and an incredulity concerning the feelings of people of lower station which could not be supposed in another civilization. Her own case, but Mrs. Savor was treated as a great find for Miss Kilburn; but the mother's bereavement was regarded as something these people were used to and got over more easily than one could imagine.

Annie's foolish look led her to the members of the various denominations, and she was able to overcome any scruples they might have about the treatment by finding the beneficence of their object. As a Unitarian she was not prepared for the liberality with which the matter was considered. The Episcopals of course were with her; but the Universalist minister himself was not more friendly than the young Methodist preacher, who volunteered to call with her on the pastor of the Baptist church and help present the affair in the right light; she had expected a degree of narrow-mindedness, of bigotry, which her sect learned to attribute to others in the militant period before they had imbibed so much of its own tolerance.

But the recollection of what had passed with Mr. Peck remained a reproach in her mind, and nothing that she accomplished for the Social Union with the other ministers was important. In her vivid reveries

she often met him, and combated his peculiar ideas, while she admitted a wrong in her own position, and made every expression of regret, and parted from him on the best terms, esteemed and complimented in high degree: in reality she saw him seldom, and still more rarely spoke to him, and then with a distance and consciousness altogether different from the effects dramatized in her fancy. Sometimes during the period of her interest in the sick children of the hands, she saw him in their houses, or coming and going outside; but she had no chance to speak with him, or else said to herself that she had none, because she was ashamed before him. She thought he avoided her; but this was probably only a phase of the impersonality which seemed characteristic of him in every thing. At these times she felt a strange pathos in the lonely man whom she knew to be at odds with many of his own people, and she longed to interpret herself more sympathetically to him, but actually confronted with him she was sensible of something cold and even hard in the nimbus her compassion cast about him. Yet even this added to the mystery that piqued her, and that loosed her fancy to play, as soon as they parted, in conjecture about his past life, his marriage, and the mad wife who had left him with the child he seemed so ill fitted to care for. Then, the next time they met she was abashed with the recollection of having unwarrantably romanced the plain, simple, homely little man, and she added an embarrassment of her own to that shyness of his which kept them apart.

Except for what she had heard Putney say, and what she learned casually from the people themselves, she could not have believed he ever did anything for them. He came and went so elusively, as far as Annie was concerned, that she knew of his presence in the houses of sickness and death usually by his little girl, whom she found playing about in the street before the door with the children of the hands. She seemed to hold her own among the others in their plays and their squabbles: if she tried to make up to her, Idella smiled, but she would not be approached, and Annie's heart went out to the little mischief in as helpless good-will as toward the minister himself.

She used to hear his voice through the summer-open windows when he called

upon the Boltons, and wondered if some accident would not bring them together, but she had to send for Mrs. Bolton at last, and bid her tell Mr. Peck that she would like to see him before he went away, one night. He came, and then she began a parrying parley of preliminary nothings before she could say that she supposed he knew the ladies were going on with their scheme for the establishment of the Social Union; he admitted vaguely that he had heard something to that effect, and she added that the invited dance and supper had been given up.

He remained apparently indifferent to the fact, and she hurried on: "And I ought to say, Mr. Peck, that nearly every one—every one whose opinion you would value—agreed with you that it would have been extremely ill advised, and— and shocking. And I'm quite ashamed that I should not have seen it from the beginning; and I hope—I hope you will forgive me if I said things in my—my excitement that must have—I mean not only what I said to you, but what I said to others; and I assure you that I regret them, and—"

She went on and repeated herself at length, and he listened patiently, but as if the matter had not really concerned either of them personally. She had to conclude that what she had said of him had not reached him, and she ended by confessing that she had clung to the Social Union project because it seemed the only thing in which her attempts to do good were not unachievable.

Mr. Peck's thin face kindled with a friendlier interest than it had shown while the question at all related to himself, and a light of something that she took for human compassion came into his large, pale blue eyes. At least it was intelligence; and perhaps the woman nature craves this as much as it is supposed to crave sympathy; perhaps the two are finally one.

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Peck—an experience of mine," she said, abruptly, and without trying to connect it obviously with what had gone before, she told him the story of her ill-fated beneficence to the Savors. He listened intently, and at the end he said: "I understand. But that is sorrow you have caused, not evil; and what we intend in good-will must not rest a burden on the conscience, no matter how it turns out. Otherwise

the moral world is no better than a crazy dream, without plot or sequence. You might as well rejoice in an evil deed, because good happened to come of it."

"Oh, I *thank* you!" she gasped. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from me!"

Her words feebly expressed the sense of deliverance which overflowed her heart. Her strength failed her like that of a person suddenly relieved from some great physical stress or peril; but she felt that he had given her the truth, and she held fast by it while she went on.

"If you know, or if any one knew, how difficult it is, what a responsibility to do the least thing *over*wise!" And once it seemed so simple! And it seems all the more difficult the more means you have of doing good! The poor people seem to help one another without doing any harm, but if I try it—"

"Yes," said the minister, "it is difficult to help others when we seem to need help ourselves. A man begins poor, or his father or grandfather before him—it doesn't matter how far back he begins—and then he is in need and full understanding with all the other poor in the world; but as he prospers he withdraws from them and loses their point of view. Then when he offers help, it is not as a brother of those who need it, but a patron, an agent of the false state of things in which want is possible; and his help is not an impulse of the love that ought to bind us all together, but a compromise proposed by iniquitous social conditions, a peace-offering to his own guilty consciousness of his share in the wrong."

"Yes," said Annie, too grateful for the comfort he had given her to question words whose full purport had not perhaps reached her. "And I assure you, Mr. Peck, I feel very differently about these things since I first talked with you. And I wish to tell you, in justice to myself, that I had no idea then that—that you were speaking from your own experience when you—you said how working people looked at things—I didn't know that you had been—that is, that—"

"Yes," said the minister, coming to her relief, "I once worked in a cotton mill. Then," he continued, dismissing the personal concern, "it seems to me that I saw things in their right light, as I have never been able to see them since—"

"And how brutal," she broke in, "how

cruel and vulgar, what I said must have seemed to you!"

"I fancied," he continued, evasively, "that I had authority to set myself apart from my fellow-workmen, to be a teacher and guide to the true life. But it was a great error. The true life was the life of work, and no one ever had authority to turn from it. Christ himself came as a laboring man."

"That is true," said Annie; and the words transfigured the man who spoke them, so that her heart turned reverently toward him. "But if you had been meant to work in a mill all your life," she pursued, "would you have been given the powers you have, and that you have just used to save me from despair?"

The minister rose and said with a sigh: "No one was meant to work in a mill all his life—flood night!"

She would have liked to keep him longer but she could not think how, at once. As he turned to go out through the Bolton's part of the house, "Won't you go out through my door?" she asked, with a helpless effort at hospitality.

"Oh, if you wish," he answered, submissively.

When she had closed the door upon him she went to speak with Mrs. Bolton. She was in the kitchen mixing flour to make bread, and Annie faced her by following the lamp-light through the open door. It discovered Bolton sitting in the outer doorway, his back against one jamb and his feet resting against the base of the other.

"Mrs. Bolton," Annie began at once, making herself free of one of the hard kitchen chairs, "how is Mr. Peck getting on in Halbury?"

"I d' know as I know just what you mean, Miss Kilburn," said Mrs. Bolton, on the defensive.

"I meant, is there a party against him in his church? Is he unpopular?"

Mrs. Bolton took some flour and sprinkled it on her bread-board: then she lifted the mass of dough-out of the trough before her and let it sink softly upon the board.

"I d' know as you can say he's unpopular. He ain't poplar with some. Yes, there's a party—the Gerrish party."

"Is it a strong one?"

"It's pretty strong."

"Do you think it will prevail?"

"Well, most o' folks don't know *what*

they want; and if there's some folks that know what they *don't* want, they can generally keep from havin' it."

Bolton made a soft husky prefatory noise of protest in his throat, which seemed to stimulate his wife to a more definite assertion, and she cut in before he could speak:

"I should say that unless them that stood Mr. Peck's friends first off, and got him here, done something to keep him, his enemies wa'n't goin' to take up his cause."

Annie divined a personal reproach for Bolton in the apparent abstraction.

"Oh, now, you'll see it 'll all come out right in the end, Pauliny," he mildly opposed. "There ain't any such great feelin' about Mr. Peck; nothin' but what 'll work itself off perfe'ly natural, give it time. It's goin' to come out all right."

"Yes, at the day o' judgment," Mrs. Bolton assented, plunging her fists into the dough, and beginning to work a contempt for her husband's optimism into it.

"Yes, an' a good deal before," he returned. "There ain't any real feelin' agin Mr. Peck. There's always somethin' to objec' to every minister; we ain't any of us perfect, and Mr. Peck's got his failin's; he hain't built up the church quite so much as some on 'em expected but what he would! and there's some that don't like his prayers; and some of 'em thinks he ain't doctrinal enough. But I guess, take it all round, he suits pretty well. It 'll come out all right, Pauliny. You'll see."

A pause ensued, of which Annie felt the awfulness. It seemed to her that Mrs. Bolton's impatience with this intolerable hopefulness must burst violently. She hastened to interpose. "I think the trouble is that people don't fully understand Mr. Peck at first. But they do finally."

"Yes; take time," said Bolton.

"Take eternity, I guess, for some," retorted his wife. "If you think William B. Gerrish is goin' to work round with time—" She stopped for want of some sufficiently rejectional phrase, and did not go on.

"The way I look at it," said Bolton, with incorrigible courage, "is like this: When it comes to anything like askin' Mr. Peck to resign, it 'll develop his strength. You can't tell how strong he is without you try to git red of him. I 'most wish it would come, once, fair and square."

"I'm sure you're right, Mr. Bolton," said Annie. "I don't believe that your church would let such a man go when it really came to it. Don't they all feel that he has great ability?"

"Oh, I guess they appreciate him as far forth as ability goes. Some on 'em complains that he's a little *too* intellectual, if anything. But I tell 'em it's a good fault, it's a thing that can be got over in time."

Mrs. Bolton had ceased to take part in the discussion. She finished kneading her dough, and having fitted it into two baking pans and dusted it with flour, she laid a clean towel over both. But when Annie rose she took the lamp from the mantel-shelf, where it stood, and held it up for her to find her way back to her own door.

Annie went to bed with a spirit lightened as well as chastened, and kept saying over the words of Mr. Peck, so as to keep fast hold of the consolation they had given her. They humbled her with a sense of his wisdom and insight; the thought of them kept her awake. She remembered the tonic that Dr. Morrell had left with her, and after questioning whether she really needed it now, she made sure by getting up and taking it.

XV.

The spring had filled and flushed into summer. Bolton had gone over the grass on the slope before the house, and it was growing thick again, dark green above the yellow of its stubble, and the young generation of robins was foraging in it for the callow grasshoppers. Some boughs of the napples were beginning to lose the elastic upward lift of their prime, and to hang looser and limper with the burden of their foliage. The elms drooped lower toward the grass, and swept the straggling tops left standing in their shade.

The early part of September had been fixed for the theatricals. Annie refused to have anything to do with them, and the preparations remained altogether with Brandreth. "The minister," he said to her one afternoon, when he had come to report to her as a co-ordinate authority, "is going to be something exquisite. I assure you. A good many of the ladies studied it in the Continental times, you know, when we had all those Martha Washington parties—or, I forgot you were out of the country—and it will be done perfectly. We're going to have the

ball-room scene on the tennis-court just in front of the overgreens, don't you know, and then the balcony scene in the same place. We have to cut some of the best scenes between Romeo and Juliet because it's too long, you know, and some of it's too—too passionate; we couldn't do it properly, and we've decided to leave it out. But we sketch along through the play, and we have Friar Laurence coming with Juliet out of his cell into the tennis-court and meeting Romeo; so that tells the story of the marriage. You can't imagine what a Messieurs Mr. Putney makes; he throws himself into it heart and soul, especially where he fights with Tybalt and gets killed. I gave him lines there out of other scenes and the tennis-court sets that part admirably; they come out of a street at the side. I think the scenery will surprise you, Miss Kilburn. Well, and then we have the Nurse and Juliet, and the poison scene—we put it into the garden, on the tennis-court, and we condense the different acts so as to give an idea of all that's happened, with Romeo banished, and all that. Then the balcony scene with Paris; and then we have Juliet come to the door of the tomb—it's a little, of course; but we couldn't arrange the light inside—and she stabs herself and falls on Romeo's body, and that ends the play. You see, it gives a notion of the whole action, and tells the story pretty well. I think you'll be pleased."

"I've no doubt I shall," said Annie. "Did you make the adaptation yourself, Mr. Brandreth?"

"Well, yes, I did," Mr. Brandreth modestly admitted. "It's been a good deal of work, but it's been a pleasure too. You know how that is, Miss Kilburn, in your charities."

"Don't speak of my charities, Mr. Brandreth. I'm not a charitable person."

"You won't get people to believe *that*," said Mr. Brandreth. "Everybody knows how much good you do. But, as I was saying, my idea was to give a notion of the whole play in a series of passages or tableaux. Some of my friends think I've succeeded so well in telling the story, don't you know, without a change of scene, that they're urging me to publish my arrangement for the use of out-of-door theatricals."

"I should think it would be a very good idea," said Annie. "I suppose Mr. Chapley would do it?"

"Well, I don't know—I don't know," Mr. Brandreth answered, with a note of trouble in his voice. "I'm afraid not," he added, sadly. "Miss Kilburn, I've been put in a very unfair position by Miss Northwick's changing her mind about Juliet, after the part had been offered to Miss Chapley. I've been made the means of a seeming slight to Miss Chapley, when, if it hadn't been for the cause, I'd rather have thrown up the whole affair. She gave up the part instantly when she heard that Miss Northwick wished to change her mind, but all the same I know—"

He stopped, and Annie said, encouragingly: "Yes, I see. But perhaps she doesn't really care."

"That's what she said," returned Mr. Brandreth, proudly. "But I don't know. I have never spoken of it with her since I went to tell her about it, after I got Miss Northwick's note."

"Well, Mr. Brandreth, I think you've really been unfortunate; and I don't believe the Social Union will ever be worth what it's costing."

"I am sure you would appreciate, would understand, and Mr. Brandreth pressed her hand gratefully in leave-taking.

She heard him talking with some one at the gate, whose sharp, "All right, my son," identified Putney.

"See you to the door to welcome him,"

"Oh, yes, *in* *both* here!" she rejoined at sight of Mrs. Putney too.

"I say good-bye to you," suggested Putney.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Annie, with single-mindedness at which she laughed with Mrs. Putney. "Only it seemed too good to have you both," she explained, kissing Mrs. Putney. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Well, what's the reason?" Putney dropped into a chair and began to rock nervously. "Don't be ashamed; we're all selfish. Has Brandreth been putting up any more jobs on you?"

"No, no! Only giving me a hint of his troubles and sorrows with those wretched Social Union theatricals. Poor young fellow! I'm sorry for him. He is really very sweet and unselfish. I like him."

"Yes, Brandreth is one of the most

lady like young fellows I ever saw," said Putney. "That Juliet business has pretty near been the death of him. I told him to offer Miss Chapley some other part—Rosaline, the part of the young lady who was dropped; but he couldn't seem to see it. Well, and how come on the good works, Annie?"

"The good works! Ralph, tell me: *do* people think me a charitable person? Do they suppose I've done or can do any good whatever?" She looked from Putney to his wife, and back again with comic entreaty.

"Why, aren't you a charitable person? Don't you do any good?" he asked.

"No!" she shouted. "Not the least in the world!"

"It is pretty rough," said Putney, taking out a cigar for a dry smoke; "and nobody will believe me when I report what you say, Annie. Mrs. Munger is telling round that she don't see how you can live through the summer at the rate you're going. She's got it down pretty cold about your taking Brother Peck's idea of the invited dance and supper, and joining hands with him to save the vanity of the self-respecting poor. She says that your suppression of that one unpopular feature has done more than anything else to promote the success of the Social Union. You ought to be glad Brother Peck is coming to the show."

"To the theatricals?"

Putney nodded his head. "That's what he says. I believe Brother Peck is coming to see how the upper classes amuse themselves when they really try to benefit the lower classes."

Annie would not laugh at his joke. "Ralph," she asked, "is it true that Mr. Peck is so unpopular in his church? Is he really going to be turned out—dismissed?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. But they'll bounce him if they can."

"And can nothing be done? Can't his friends unite?"

"Oh, they're united enough now; what they're afraid of is that they're not numerous enough. Why don't you buy in, Annie, and help control the stock? That old Unitarian concern of yours isn't over going to get into running order again, and if you owned a pew in Ellen's church you could have a vote in church meetings, after a while, and you could lend Brother Peck your moral support now."

"I never liked that sort of thing, Ralph. I shouldn't believe with your people."

"Ellen's people, please. I don't believe with them either. But I always vote right. Now you think it over."

"No, I shall not think it over. I don't approve of it. If I should take a pew in your church it would be simply to hear Mr. Peck preach, and contribute toward his—"

"Salary? Yes, that's the way to look at it in the beginning. I knew you'd work round. Why, Annie, in a year's time you'd be trying to *buy* votes for Brother Peck."

"I should *never* vote," she retorted. "And I shall keep myself out of all temptation by not going to your church."

"Ellen's church," Putney corrected.

She went the next Sunday to hear Mr. Peck preach, and Putney, who seemed to see her the moment she entered the church, rose, as the sexton was showing her up the aisle, and opened the door of his pew for her with ironical welcome.

"You can always have a seat with us, Annie," he mocked, on their way out of church together.

"Thank you, Ralph," she answered, coldly. "I'm going to speak to the sexton for a pew."

XVI.

A wire had been carried from the village to the scene of the play at South Hatboro', and electric globes fizzed and hissed overhead, flooding the open tennis-court with the radiance of sharper moonlight, and stamping the thick, velvety shadows of the shrubbery and tree-tops deep into the raw green of the grass along its borders.

The spectators were seated on the verandas and terraced turf at the rear of the house, and they crowded the sides of the court up to a certain point, where a cord stretched across it kept them from encroaching upon the space intended for the action. Another rope enclosed an area all round them, where chairs and benches were placed for those who had tickets. After the rejection of the exclusive feature of the original plan, Mrs. Munger had liberalized more and more; she caused it to be known that all who could get into her grounds would be welcome on the outside of that rope, even though they did not pay anything; but a large number of tickets had been sold to

the bands, as well as the other village and the area within the rope was closely packed. Some of the boys climbed the neighboring trees, where from time to time the town authorities threatened them, but did not really dislodge them.

Annie with other friends of Mrs. Munger, gained a reserved seat on the veranda through the drawing-room windows; but, once there, she found herself in the midst of a sufficiently mixed company.

"How do, Miss Kilbourn! That you? Well, I don't!" said a voice that she seemed to know, in a low and nervous accent. Mrs. Sayre's startled head turned, but with a rapid, calm, barely perceptible motion. "Whom do you mean?" Mrs. Sayre would not wait to explain. "I got to do *something*. Ain't it just too soon for something that way they got their seats? walked into the shabby theatre they are. Don't like the eye-balling to Boston you can't tell where the ground ends and the pavement commences. Oh, I do want *you* to begin."

Mrs. Sayre laughed at her with some shame, and she said, pleasantly: "What yer laughing at? I guess you're just as excited as what I be, what all's said and done."

There were other acquaintances of Annie's from Over the Track, in the group about her, and upon the example of the Sayres they all greeted her. The wives and sweethearts looked with self-denyin' expectation; the men were gravely jocose, like all Americans in unusual circumstances, but they were respectful to the coming performance, perhaps a tribute to Annie. She wondered how some of them came to have those seats, which were reserved at an extra price; she did not allow for that self-respect which saves the American workman to supply himself with the best his money can buy while his money lasts.

She turned to see who was on her other hand. A row of three small children stretched from her to Mrs. Gerrish, whom she did not recognize at first. "Oh, Emmeline!" she said; and then, for want of something else, she added, "Where is Mr. Gerrish? Isn't he coming?"

"He was detained at the store," said Mrs. Gerrish, with cold importance; "but he will be here. May I ask, Annie," she pursued, solemnly, "how you got here?"

"How did I get here? Why, through the windows. Didn't you?"

"May I ask who had charge of the arrangements?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Annie. "I suppose Mrs. Munger."

A burst of music came from the dense shadow into which the group of evergreens at the bottom of the tennis court deepened away from the glister of the electric. There was a deeper hush; then a slight jerking and scraping of a chair beyond Mrs. Gerrish, who leaned across her child, then and said, "He's come, Annie—right through the parlor window!" Her voice was lifted to carry above the music, and all the people near were able to share the fact that reached Mrs. Gerrish in her own ear.

From the center of the low place in the middle of the scene Miss Northwick and Mr. Herodeth appeared hand in hand and took the place filled with figures from other apartments of the little house and through the hybrid wares at the sales and without the market. Mr. Herodeth, the painter, had helped with the costume supply; and from his own private properties, and radiatingly otherwise, the Boston customers had been drawn upon by the men; and they all moved through the stately figures with a security which the drama had given them. The broad solid colors which they wore took the light and shadow with picturesque effectiveness; the models constituted a sort of mystery novel in Harbors, and kept the friends of the dancers in exciting doubt of their identity; the strangeness of the audience to all purposes of the sort held its judgment in suspense. The minuet was entered, and had to be given again; and it was some time before the appearance of the repetition allowed the spectators to be heard when the partners of the minuet began to move about arm in arm, and the drama properly began.

When the applause died away it was still not easy to hear; a boy in one of the trees called, "London!" and made some of the people laugh, but for the rest they were very orderly throughout.

Toward the end of the fourth act Annie was startled by a child dashing itself against her knees, and breaking into a gurgle of shy laughter as children do.

"Why, you little witch!" she said to the uplified face of Idella Peck. "Where is your father?"

"Oh, somewhere," said the child, with entire ease of mind.

"And your hat?" said Annie, putting her hand on the curly bare head—"where's your hat?"

"On the ground."

"On the ground—where?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Idella, lightly, as if the pursuit bored her.

Annie pulled her up on her lap. "Well, now, you stay here with me, if you please, till your papa or your hat comes after you."

"My—hat—can't—come—after—me!" said the child, turning back her head, so as to laugh her sense of the joke in Annie's face.

"No matter; your papa can, and I'm going to keep you."

Idella let her head fall back against Annie's breast, and began to finger the rings on the hand which Annie laid across her lap to keep her.

"For goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Savor. "who you got there, Miss Kilburn?"

"Mr. Peck's little girl."

"Where'd she spring from?"

Mrs. Gerrish leaned forward and spoke across the six legs of her children, who were all three standing up in their chairs: "You don't mean to say that's Idella Peck? Where's her father?"

"Somewhere, she says," said Annie, willing to answer Mrs. Gerrish with the child's nonchalance.

"Well, that's great!" said Mrs. Gerrish. "I should think he better be looking after her—or some one."

The music ceased, and the last act of the play began. Before it ended, Idella had fallen asleep, and Annie sat still with her after the crowd around her began to break up. Mrs. Savor kept her seat beside Annie. She said: "Don't you want I should spell you a little while, Miss Kilburn?" She leaned over the face of the sleeping child. "Why, she ain't much more than a baby! William, you go and see if you can't find Mr. Peck. I'm goin' to stay here with Miss Kilburn." Her husband humored her whim, and made his way through the knots and clumps of people toward the rope enclosing the tennis-court. "Won't you let me hold her, Miss Kilburn?" she pleaded again.

"No, no; she isn't heavy. I like to hold her," replied Annie. Then something occurred to her, and she started in amusement at herself.

"Or yes, Mrs. Savor, you *may* take her awhile;" and she put the child into the arms of the bereaved creature, who had fallen desolately back in her chair. She hugged Idella up to her breast, and hungrily mumbled her with kisses, and moaned out over her. "Oh dear! Oh my! Oh my!"

XVII.

The people beyond the rope had nearly all gone away, and Mr. Savor was coming back across the court with Mr. Peck. The players appeared from the grove at the other end of the court in their vivid costumes, chatting and laughing with their friends, who went down from the piazzas and terraces to congratulate them. Mrs. Munger hurried about among them, saying something to each group. She caught sight of Mr. Peck and Mr. Savor, and she ran after them, arriving with them where Annie sat.

"I hope you were not anxious about Idella," Annie said, laughing.

"No; I didn't miss her at once," said the minister, simply; "and then I thought she had merely gone off with some of the other children who were playing about."

"You shall talk all that over later," said Mrs. Munger. "Now, Miss Kilburn, I want you and Mr. Peck and Mr. and Mrs. Savor to stay for a cup of coffee that I'm going to give our friends out there. Don't you think they deserve it? Wasn't it a wonderful success? They must be frightfully exhausted. Just go right out to them. I'll be with you in one moment. Oh yes, the child! Well, bring her into the house, Mrs. Savor: I'll find a place for her, and then you can go out with me."

"I guess you won't get Maria away from her very easy," said Mr. Savor, laughing. His wife stood with the child's cheek pressed tight against hers.

"Oh, I'll manage that," said Mrs. Munger. "I'm counting on Mrs. Savor." She added in a hurried under-tone to Annie: "I've asked a number of the work-people to stay—representative work-people, the foremen in the different shops and their families—and you'll find your friends of all classes together. It's a great day for the Social Union!" she said aloud. "I'm sure *you* must feel that, Mr. Peck. Miss Kilburn and I have to thank you for saving us from a great mistake at the outset, and now your staying," she continued, "will give us just the appearance we want. I'm going

to keep your little girl as a hostage, and you shall not go till I let you. Come, Mrs. Savor?" She hustled away with Mrs. Savor, and Mr. Peck reluctantly accompanied Annie down over the lawn.

He was silent, but Mr. Savor was hilarious. "Well, Mr. Putney," he said, when they joined the group of which Putney was the centre, "you done that in apple-pie order. I never see anything much better than the way you carried on with Mrs. Wilmington."

"Thank you, Mr. Savor," said Putney. "I'm glad you liked it. You couldn't say I was trying to flatter her up much, anyway."

"No, no!" Mr. Savor assented, with delight in the joke.

"Well, Annie," said Putney. He shook hands with her, and Mrs. Putney, who was there with Dr. Morrell, asked her where she had sat.

"We kept looking all round for you."

"Yes," said Putney, with his hand on his boy's shoulder. "we wanted to know how you liked the Mercutio."

"Ralph, it was incomparable!"

"Well, that will do for a beginning. It's a little odd, but it's in the right spirit. You mean that the Mercutio wasn't comparable to the Nurse?"

"Oh, Lyra was wonderful!" said Annie. "Don't you think so, Ellen?"

"She was Lyra," said Mrs. Putney, definitively.

"No! She wasn't Lyra at all!" retorted Annie. "That was the marvel of it. She was Juliet's nurse."

"Perhaps she was a little of both," suggested Putney. "What did you think of the performance, Mr. Peck? I don't want a personal tribute, but if you offer it, I shall not be ungrateful."

"I have been very much interested," said the minister. "It was all very new to me. I realized for the first time in my life the great power that the theatre must be. I felt how much the drama could do—how much good."

"Well, that's what we're after," said Putney. "We had no personal motive; good, right straight along, was our motto. Nobody wanted to outshine anybody else. I kept my Mercutio down all through, so's not to get ahead of Romeo or Tybalt in the public esteem. Did our friends outside the rope catch on to my idea?" Mr. Peck smiled at the banter, but he seemed not to know just what to say, and

Putney went on: "That's why I made it so bad. I didn't want anybody to go home feeling sorry Mercutio was killed. I don't suppose Winthrop could have slept."

"You won't sleep yourself to night, I'm afraid," said his wife.

"Oh, Mrs. Munger has promised me a particularly weak cup of coffee. She has got us all in, it seems, for a sort of supper, in spite of everything. I understand it includes representatives of all the stations and conditions present except the outcasts beyond the rope. I don't see what you're doing here, Mr. Peck."

"Was Mr. Peck really outside the rope?" Annie asked Dr. Morrell, as they dropped apart from the others a little.

"I believe he gave his chair to one of the women from the outside," said the doctor.

Annie moved with him toward Lynn, who was joking with some of the hands.

With all her good nature, she had the effect of patronizing them, as she stood talking about the play with them in her drawl, which she had got back to ozone. They were admiring her, in her dress of the quondam old nurse, and told her how they never would have known her. But there was an insincerity in the effusion of some of the more nervous women, and in the reticence of the others, who were holding back out of self respect.

She met Annie and Morrell with eager relief. "Well, Annie!"

"Perfect!"

"Well, now, that's very nice; you can't go beyond perfect, you know. I *did* do it pretty well, didn't I? Poor Mr. Brandrott! Have you seen him? You must say something comforting to him. He's really been sacrificed in this business. You know he wanted Miss Chapley. She would have made a lovely Juliet. Of course she blames him for it. She thinks he wanted to make up to Miss Northwick, when Miss Northwick was just flinging herself at Jack. Look at her!"

Jack Wilmington and Miss Sue Northwick were standing together near her father and a party of her friends, and she was smiling and talking at him. Eyes, lips, gestures, attitude expressed in the proud girl a fawning eagerness to please the man, who received her homage rather as if it bored him. His indifferent manner may have been one secret of his power over her, and perhaps she was not capable

of all the suffering she was capable of inflicting.

Lyra turned to walk toward the house, deflecting a little in the direction of her nephew and Miss Northwick. "Jack!" she drawled over the shoulder next them as she passed, "I wish you'd bring your aunt's wrap to her on the piazza."

"Why, stay here!" Putney called after her. "They're going to fetch the refreshments out here."

"Yes, but I'm tired, Ralph, and I can't sit on the grass, at my age."

She moved on, with her sweeping, lounging pace, and Jack Wilmington, after a moment's hesitation, bowed to Miss Northwick and went after her.

The girl remained apart from her friends, as if expecting his return.

Silhouetted against the bright windows, Lyra waited till Jack Wilmington reappeared with a shawl and laid it on her shoulders. Then she sank into a chair. The young man stood beside her talking down upon her. Something restive and insistent expressed itself in their respective attitudes. He sat down at her side.

Miss Northwick joined her friends carelessly.

"Ah, Miss Kilburn," said Mr. Brandreth's voice at Annie's ear, "I'm glad to find you. I've just run home with mother—she feels the night air—and I was afraid you would slip through our fingers before I got back. This little business of the refreshments was an after thought of Mrs. Munger's, and we meant it for a surprise—we knew you'd approve of it in the form it took." He looked round at the straggling work-people, who represented the harmonization of classes, keeping to themselves as if they had been there alone.

"Yes," Annie was obliged to say; "it's very pleasant." She added: "You must all be rather hungry, Mr. Brandreth. If the Social Union ever gets on its feet, it will have *you* to thank more than any one."

"Oh, don't speak of me, Miss Kilburn! Do you know, we've netted about two hundred dollars. Isn't that pretty good, doctor?"

"Very," said the doctor. "Haudn't we better follow Mrs. Wilmington's example, and get up under the piazza roof? I'm afraid you'll be the worse for the night air, Miss Kilburn. Putney," he called to his friend, "we're going up to the house."

"All right. I guess that's a good idea."

The doctor called to the different knots and groups, telling them to come up to the house. Some of the work-people slipped away through the grounds and did not come. The Northwicks and their friends moved toward the house.

Mrs. Munger came down the lawn to meet her guests. "Ah, that's right. It's much better in-doors. I was just coming for you." She addressed herself more particularly to the Northwicks. "Coffee will be ready in a few moments. We've met with a little delay."

"I'm afraid we must say good-night at once," said Mr. Northwick. "We had arranged to have our friends and some other guests with us at home. And we're quite late now."

Mrs. Munger protested. "Take our Juliet from us! Oh, Miss Northwick, how can I thank you enough? The whole play turned upon you!"

"It's just as well," she said to Annie, as the Northwicks and their friends walked across the lawn to the gate, where they had carriages waiting. "They'd have been difficult to manage, and everybody else will feel a little more at home without them. Poor Mr. Brandreth, I'm sure *you* will! I did pity you so, with such a Juliet on your hands!"

In-doors the representatives of the lower classes were less at ease than they were without. Some of the ministers mingled with them, and tried to form a bond between them and the other villagers. Mr. Peck took no part in this work; he stood holding his elbows with his hands, and talking with a perfunctory air to an old lady of his congregation.

The young ladies of South Hatboro', as Mrs. Munger's assistants, went about impartially to high and low with trays of refreshments. Annie saw Putney, where he stood with his wife and boy, refuse coffee, and she watched him anxiously when the claret-cup came. He waved his hand over it, and said, "No; I'll take some of the lemonade." As he lifted a glass of it toward his lips he stopped and made as if to put it down again and his hand shook so that he spilled some of it. Then he dashed it off, and reached for another glass. "I want some more," he said, with a laugh; "I'm thirsty." He drank a second glass, and when he saw a tray coming toward Annie, where Dr. Morrell had

joined her, he came over and exchanged his empty glass for a full one.

"Not much to brag of as lemonade," he said, "but first-rate rum punch."

"Look here, Putney," whispered the doctor, laying his hand on his arm, "don't you take any more of that. Give me that glass!"

"Oh, all right!" laughed Putney, dashing it off. "You're welcome to the rum punch, if you want it. Now."

XVIII.

Mrs. Munger's guests kept on talking and laughing. With the rum punch and the punch there began to be a little more freedom. Some prohibitionists among the working people went away when they found that the lemonade was punch; but Mrs. Munger did not know it, and she saw the idea of a Social Union vigorously accomplished in her own house. She stared about among her guests till she perceived a fleeting, empty good fellowship among them. One of the shoeshop fellows with an inextinguishable scent of leather and the clatter of a stool, surrounded himself with noisy jokes. He proposed games, and would not be smothered by the refusal of his boss to commence them; he had the applause of so many others. Mrs. Munger approved of the idea.

"Don't you think it would be about time Mrs. Gerrish?" she asked.

"Well, now, if Squire Putney would lead off," said the joker, looking round.

Putney could not be found, nor Dr. Morrell.

"They're off somewhere for a smoke," said Mrs. Munger. "Well, that's right. I want everybody to feel that my house is their own to night, and to come and go just as they like. Do you suppose Mr. Peck is offended?" she asked, under her breath, as she passed Annie. "He *couldn't* feel that this is the same thing; but I can't see him anywhere. He wouldn't go without taking leave, you don't suppose?"

Annie joined Mrs. Putney. They talked at first with those who came to ask where Putney and the doctor were; but finally they withdrew into a little alcove from the parlor, where Mrs. Munger approved of their being when she discovered them; they must be very tired, and ought to rest on the lounge there. Her theory of the exhaustion of those who had taken part in the play embraced their families.

The time wore on toward midnight, and her guests got themselves away with more or less difficulty as they attempted the formality of leave taking or not. Some of the hands who thought this necessary found it a serious affair; but most of them slipped off without saying good night to Mrs. Munger or expressing that rapture with the whole evening from beginning to end which the ladies of South Hatboro' professed. The ladies of South Hatboro' and Old Hatboro' had met in a general intimacy not approached before, and they parted with a flow of mutual esteem. The Gerrish children had dropped asleep in nooks and corners, from which Mr. Gerrish hunted them up and put them together for departure, while his wife remained with Mrs. Munger, unable to stop talking, and no longer amenable to the looks with which he governed her in public.

Lyra came down stairs, loaded and wrapped for departure, with Jack Wilmington by her side. "Why, Ellen?" she said, looking into the little alcove from the hall. "Are you here yet? And Annie! Where in the world is Ralph?" At the phantasmic look with which Mrs. Putney replied, she exclaimed: "Oh, it's what I was afraid of! I don't see what the woman could have been about! But of course she didn't think of poor Ralph! Ellen, for me to do you and Winthrop home! Dr. Morrell will be sure to bring Ralph!"

"Well," said Mrs. Putney, passively, but without rancor.

Annie came too. "There's plenty of room! Jack can walk."

Jack Wilmington joined Lyra in urging Annie to take his place. He said to her, apart, "Young Munger has been telling me that Putney got at the sideboard and carried off the rum. I'll stay and help look after him."

A easy laugh came into the parlor from the piazza outside, and the group in the alcove started forward. Putney stood at a window, resting one arm on the bar of the long lower sash, which was raised to its full height, and looking ironically in upon Mrs. Munger and her remaining guests. He was still in his Mercurio dress, but he had lost his plumed cap, and was bareheaded. A pace or two behind him stood Mr. Peck, regarding the effect of this apparition upon the company with the same dreamy, indrawn presence he had in the pulpit.

"Well, Mrs. Munger, I'm glad I got back in time to tell you how much I've enjoyed it. Brother Peek wanted me to go home, but I told him, Not till I've thanked Mrs. Munger, Brother Peek; not till I've drunk her health in her own old particular Jamaica." He put to his lips the black bottle which he had been holding in his right hand behind him; then he took it away, looked at it, and flung it rolling along the piazza floor. "Didn't get hold of the inexhaustible bottle that time; never do. But it's a good article; a better article than you used to sell on the sly, Bill Gerrish. You'll excuse my helping myself, Mrs. Munger; I knew you'd want me to. Well, it's been a great occasion, Mrs. Munger." He winked at the hostess. "You've had your little invited supper, after all. You're a manager, Mrs. Munger. You've made even the wrath of Brother Peek to praise you."

The ladies involuntarily shrank backward as Putney suddenly entered through the window and gained the corner of the piano at a dash. He stayed himself against it, slightly swaying, and turned his flaming eyes from one to another, as if questioning whom he should attack next.

Except for the wild look in them, which was not so much wilder than they wore in all times of excitement, and an occasional halt at a difficult word, he gave no sign of being drunk. The liquor had as yet merely intensified him.

Mrs. Munger had the inspiration to treat him as one caresses a dangerous lunatic. "I'm sure you're very kind, Mr. Putney, to come back. Do sit down!"

"Why?" demanded Putney. "Everybody else standing."

"That's true," said Mrs. Munger. "I'm sure I don't know why—"

"Oh yes, you do, Mrs. Munger. It's because they want to have a good view of a man who's made a fool of himself."

"Oh, now, Mr. Putney!" said Mrs. Munger, with hospitable deprecation. "I'm sure no one wants to do anything of the kind." She looked round at the company for corroboration, but no one cared to attract Putney's attention by any sound or sign.

"But I'll tell you what," said Putney, with a savage burst, "that a woman who puts hell-fire before a poor devil who can't keep out of it when he sees it, is better worth looking at."

"Mr. Putney, I assure you," said Mrs. Munger, "that it was the *mildest* punch! And I really didn't think—I didn't remember—"

She turned toward Mrs. Putney with her explanation, but Putney seemed to have forgotten her, and he turned upon Mr. Gerrish, "How's that drunkard's grave getting along that you've dug for your porter?" Gerrish remained prudently silent. "I know you, Billy. You're all right. You've got the pull on your conscience; we all have, one way or another. Here's Annie Kilburn, come back from Rome, where she couldn't seem to fix it up with hers to suit her, and she's trying to get round it in Hatboro' with good works. Why, there isn't any occasion for good works in Hatboro'. I could have told you that before you came," he said, addressing Annie directly. "What we want is faith, and lots of it. The church is going to pieces because we haven't got any faith."

His hand slipped from the piano, and he dropped heavily back upon a chair that stood near. The concussion seemed to complete in his brain the transition from his normal dispositions to their opposite, which had already begun. "Bill Gerrish has done more for Hatboro' than any other man in the place. He's the only man that holds the church together, because he knows the value of *faith*." He said this without a trace of irony, glaring at Annie with fierce defiance. "You come back here, and try to set up for a saint in a town where William B. Gerrish has done—has done more to establish the dry-goods business on a metronome to poltitan basis than any other man out of New York or Boston."

He stopped and looked round, mystified, as if this were not the point which he had been aiming at.

Lyra broke into a spluttering laugh, and suddenly checked herself. Putney smiled slightly. "Pretty good eh? Say, where was I?" he asked, slyly. Lyra hid her face behind Annie's shoulder. "What's that dress you got on? What's all this about, anyway? Oh yes, I know, *Romeo and Juliet*—Social Union. Well," he resumed, with a frown, "there's too much *Romeo and Juliet*, too much Social Union, in this town already." He stopped, and seemed preparing to launch some deadly phrase at Mrs. Wilmington, but he only said, "You're all right, Lyra."

"Mrs. Munger," said Mr. Goodish, "we must be going. Good-night, ma'am. Mrs. Goodish, it's time the children were at home."

"Of course it is," said Putney, watching the Goodishs getting their children together. He waved his hand after them, and called out: "William Goodish, you're a man. I honor you!"

He had freed the piano and pulled himself to his feet, and seemed to be waking aware, for the first time, of his wife, where she stood with their boy beside her.

"What you doing here with that child at this time of night?" he shouted at her, all that was left of the man to his eyes changing into the glare of a passion-belt.

"Why don't you go home?" You want to show people what I did to him? You want to publish my shame do you? Is that it? Look here!"

He began to work himself along toward her, to feel the piano. A step was heard on the piazza without, and Dr. Morrell crossed through the open window.

"Come now, Putney," he said gently. The other man obeyed and left them.

Putney stopped. "What's this? Interfering in family matters? You better go home and look after your own wives. If you get after— Get out the way, or you mind your own business. One Morrell! You trouble too much! His name was threatening and breaking. "You think science going do everything— evolution? Talk me about evolution? What's evolution done for Hutton?" "Vatted Goodish's stove. One day of Christianity— real Christianity. Where's that boy? I I got hold of him."

He lunged forward and Jack Wilmington and young Munger stepped before him.

Mrs. Putney had not moved, and had the look of sad, passive vigilance which she had worn since her fatalistic repentance.

She pushed the man aside.

"Ralph, believe yourself. He's Wilmington, and we want you to take us home. Come now!" She passed her arm through his, and the boy took his other hand. The action, so full of fearless custom and wonted affection from them both, seemed with her words to operate another total change in his mood.

"All right; I'm going, Ellen. Got to say something to Mrs. Munger, that's all." He managed to get to her, with his wife on

his arm and his boy at his side. "Want to thank you for a pleasant evening, Mrs. Munger—want to thank you—"

"And I want to thank you *too*, Mrs. Munger," said Mrs. Putney, with an intensity of bitterness no repetition of the words could give. "It's been a pleasant evening for *me*!"

Putney wished to stop and explain, but his wife pulled him away.

Dr. Morrell and Annie followed to get them safely into the carriage; he went with them, and when she came back Mrs. Munger was saying: "I will leave it to Mr. Wilmington, or any one, if I'm to blame. It had quite gone out of my head about Mr. Putney. There was plenty of coffee besides, and if everything that could harm particular persons had to be kept out of the way, society couldn't go on. We ought to consider the greatest good of the greatest number." She looked round from one to another for support. No one said anything, and Mrs. Munger, trembling on the verge of a collapse, made a direct appeal: "Don't you think so, Mr. Peck?"

The minister broke his silence with reluctance. "It's sometimes best to have the effect of error unmistakable. Then we can sure it's error."

Mrs. Munger gave a sob of relief into her handkerchief. "Yes, that's just what I was—"

There bent her face on her man, and Jack Wilmington put his head out of the window where to stand.

Mr. Peck remained staring at Mrs. Munger as if doubtful what to do. Then he said: "You seem not to have understood me too much. I should be to blame if I left you in doubt. You have been guilty of forgetting your brother's weakness, and if the consequence has promptly followed in his shame, it is for you to relieve it. I wish you a good evening."

He went out with a dignity that thrilled Annie. Lyra leaned toward her and said, chiding with laughter: "He's left *hella* asleep upstairs. We haven't *any* of his got *perfect* melodies, have we?"

"Run after him!" Annie said to Jack Wilmington, in under-tone, "and get him into my carriage. I'll get the little girl, Lyra, *don't* speak of it."

"Never!" said Mrs. Wilmington, with delight. "I'm solid for Mr. Peck every time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HELENA, LOOKING SOUTH.

TWO MONTANA CITIES.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

I.—HELENA.

THE Territory of Montana is in itself an empire. It was given Territorial rights in 1864, and since then has increased rapidly both in wealth and population. Fabulously rich in mines, already having an annual output of nearly \$26,000,000, it is famous for its vast areas of grazing land, and is becoming widely known as an agricultural country. With a total area of 93,000,000 acres of land, of which 16,000,000 are agricultural, 38,000,000 grazing, 12,000,000 timber, 5,000,000 mineral, and 22,000,000 mountainous, it is the source of the Columbia and the Missouri, and has an almost innumerable number of smaller streams, whose presence in the mountain cañons and in the valleys gives the Territory a charming picturesqueness. Within a distance of from twenty to forty miles of Helena are thousands of mining claims yet to be developed, any one of which may prove as rich as the richest of those that are now productive. If the several agricultural valleys were placed in a continuous line, they would form a belt about 100 miles long, and averaging four miles in width. Every year the number of farms increases. In the Gallatin, Prickly-Pear, Yellowstone, Bitter Root, Sun River, and other

valleys one no longer sees neglected fields.

But if one were to write in detail of Montana and its resources, he would find the task an arduous one. There are so many valleys, each with its own claims and characteristics, so many mines and towns and districts, that a volume might be devoted to each. There is great and general buoyancy among the people, and local populations high.

Regarding Helena and Butte, however, there is almost a unanimity of feeling. The two places are looked upon as perfect illustrations of what has been accomplished in the Territory since the age of development began.

To the younger generation Helena is a Parisian-like centre which he hopes in time to see. Capitalists may make their money at Butte or elsewhere, but are moderately sure to spend it at Helena; and the miner or ranchman is never so happy as when he finds himself in what, without question, is the metropolis of the Territory. There is no city in the extreme middle West that could so well satisfy one who had learned to appreciate Western life as Helena. Its climate, its surroundings, even its society, largely composed of Eastern and college-bred men and young wives fresh from

wild stampede to it from all directions. But still the infant Helena was without a name. The first Territorial election had already been held, and on the 12th of December the first Legislature assembled at Bannack. In view of this progress the miners of Last Chance decided that their camp must no longer go unchristened. At a meeting held in the cabin of Uncle John Somerville the name Helena was accepted, and given without dissent to the collection of rudely built huts in which the miners lived.

Helena then entered upon its eventful and prosperous career. Discovery followed discovery, and the town, unsightly with its main streets occupied by sluice boxes and gravel heaps, became the centre of a mining district that proved richer every day. In the summer of 1865 the first newspaper was printed. The press was brought in over the mountains on the backs of pack mules, and many of the earlier editions were printed on yellow wrapping paper.

In 1869 the township of Helena was entered from the general government. In a period of seven years the placer claims near Helena yielded \$20,000,000, and although far removed from the outside world, the city, as a mining centre, was of great importance, and may be said to have enjoyed an uninterrupted period of success.

Helena, regarded from a local standpoint, is the geographical, commercial, monetary, political, railroad, and social centre of Montana. Its trade is larger and more extended than that of any other city or town in the Territory, and therefore its commercial supremacy is unquestioned. The Helena banks, rich in deposits and many in number, may well entitle the city to its claim as the monetary centre. The terminus of the lately completed Manitoba system, and having the Northern Pacific as an outlet to the east, west, and south, it has several branch roads to the important mining camps of Wickes, Marysville, and Rimini, and is promised others which are to aid in developing the rich districts scattered about the surrounding country.

Helena, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. Let one walk the streets at any hour of the day or night, and he will be sure to notice the possibility. Crowding the sidewalks are miners, picturesque in red shirts and topknots; long-haired Missourians, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up"; ranchmen, standing beside their heavily loaded wagons; trappers; tourists; men of business. Chinamen and Indians, Germans and Holbrooks, whites and blacks; the prosperous and the needy, the representatives of every State in the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, all make Helena their home. No traditions, no old family influence, no past social embarras, temper the restless spirit of the busy workers. There is a long list of daily visitors, and the city is never without its sight-seers. Invalids seek it for its climatic advantages.

The site of Helena, though the railroad station is a mile from the heart of the town, was most happily chosen. It could not have been better had Crovan and his associates foreseen the future size and importance of the camp they founded. The city faces toward the north. Behind it rise the mountains of the main range, the noble isolated peaks, bare, brown, and of every varying shape and size, forming a background of which one never tires. The old camp was gathered into the narrow quarters of the winding gulch that extends from the mountains to the open valley of the Prickly-Pear. The present city has outgrown



MINING CAMP—WORKING SLUICE BOXES.



THE OLD CHURCH—HELENA.

such limitations, and from the gulch, down which the longing business street runs, has spread over the containing hills, and to-day proudly looks out upon the broad valley, and far beyond it, to the peaks that mark the course of the great Missouri. Directly overshadowing the city is Mount Helena. From its view is broadest, grandest, most complete. At one's feet is the town of rapid growth. You can see the houses scattered at random over the low, bare formations, and in the old mine, the source of so much wealth, the scene of such strange stories, are the flat-roofed business blocks in which Helena takes such justifiable pride. It is no mere frontier town that you look upon. It is a city rather—a city constantly built, and evidently vigorous and growing. On its outskirts, crowning slightly prominent or sloping to the eastern hill sides, are the new houses of those upon whom fortune has smiled, and far and upon the heights are scattered groups of noble log-cabin dwellings.

near to the railway that has come from the outside world to lend Helena a helping hand.

Leaving the hotel in the very heart of the town, and following Main Street to its upper end, we find ourselves in the oldest part of the city. Nothing here is ancient or suggestive of wealth. At your side are modestly built log cabins, with gravel roofs and dingy windows. They are time-stained and weather-beaten now. Chickens scratch upon the roofs; half-fed dogs slink away at your approach. A Chinaman has taken this for his home, and has hung his gaudy red sign of "Wah Sing" over the low doorway; and in this live those who have failed to find in Helena their El Dorado, and now are reduced to living. Heaven only knows how. But in years gone past, when the city was a camp, who settled at a cabin of logs? Those huts were the homes of future capitalists.

We pass now into Main Street, and from it into Broadway, that climbs a steep hill-side, and brings us to the government Assay Office. It is a plain two-storied brick building with stone trimmings and occupies a little square by itself. Within, all order and neatness. To the right of the main hall are the rooms where the miners' gold dust and silver ore are melted and poured in molten streams from the red-hot crucibles. Bars and bullets of the precious metals



TWO OLD TIMES, HELENA.

are shown, and in the vaults they are stacked in glittering array. Every room has its interest. In one the accounts are kept by the assayer; in another are rows of delicate scales, in which the smallest particles of ore are weighed to determine the purity of the moulds packed away in the strongly guarded vaults.

As the ore is received it is tested, weighed, and melted. From the retorts it is run

cellaneous), the Historical Society, and the Legislature. The walls are of Montana granite, quarried near Helena, and the trimmings, of red sandstone, came from Bayfield, on Lake Superior. The building is 132 feet long by 80 wide, and with the basement is three stories high.

To the left of the main entrance is a Norman tower. From it is had one of those views for which Helena is so fa-



A STREET SCENE IN HELENA.

into moulds, which, after being properly valued and marked, are placed in vaults or shipped to the government Mint at Philadelphia. An ordinary gold brick is a trifle larger than the common clay brick. One was shown us which measured 9 inches long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ high. Its actual weight was $509\frac{2}{100}$ ounces, the component parts being (basis 1000) 667.2 gold, 294 silver, and 29.2 base metals. The cash value of the mould was \$1343.

The County Court-house, costing \$200,000, is one of the most conspicuous objects of the city. Besides affording accommodation for all the courts and officers of the county, it has rooms for the Governor and other Territorial officials, the Montana Library (both law and mis-

cellaneous), the Historical Society, and the Legislature. We are nearly 5000 feet above sea level, and the air is clear and rarefied. Swiftly flows the blood through our veins, and our limbs are all expanded. No wonder the people love their city. Never is the weather sultry, never is the heat oppressive. In winter a month of snow and terrible cold; then an early spring, with wild flowers in March, and green grass in April.

From the Court-house our way is through a succession of residence streets. All are wide, long, and straight. On either side grows a row of cotton-wood trees, the leaves falling now, and some of them dropping to the ground, on this September day. Behind the trees are

country, composed of wood, stone, of granite and marble, and iron, and grained with various a lot of labor, with a few simple conveniences, and a dozen best rooms, away in the country, where a horse and a party is ready for a canter out into the valley (and a mountain trail) and a horse starts a party, please, upstate, in season of the old canvas-covered wagons that twenty years ago were the only conveyance to be seen in this far-off land.

The roadway into the mountains, houses in Helena are on Madison Avenue, a wide thoroughfare, now, after the Main

will descend the hill to Main Street once more, and crossing the city, climb to this popular boulevard. Far away, across the valley, are seen the purple peaks of the Beet Range, out of which rises a huge cone known as Bear's Tooth. At its base the Missouri takes its plunge into the Gate of the Mountains. For more than a hundred miles the view is unobstructed. Mountains are everywhere, piled together here, broken, snow-capped, and isolated in other directions. No wonder that the people have selected this plateau as the site of their homes. In no other city of the



SHOOTING WOODS, WILKES

Street, but having a much higher elevation and more commanding outlook. A few years ago the plateau which may now be regarded as the "round end" of Helena was without a tree or house. It now presents an entirely different appearance. Madison Avenue in itself would eliminate Helena in any city, while the residences that face it afford striking evidence of the fact that Helena is fast outgrowing all other cities and now deserves the title of "The City of the Future." It is indeed a pleasure to bestow

praise on the village town streets, we

far West is there to be had a more extended or a more interesting view.

Benton Avenue is another favorite residence street. Walking down its shaded length, passing the houses that are springing into existence as though by magic, we gain a still deeper insight into the life and attractions of the city. Are we interested in churches? If so, they are here. Episcopal and Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, and Catholic. Scattered at random about the city, and in no instance being more than well suited to present needs, they still give Helena its proper tone, and

show by their presence that a new life has crept into the old camp of reckless mining days.

The Helena Board of Trade was organized in 1887, and on the 1st of January, 1888, issued its first annual report. Many interesting facts regarding the growth of the city are given in the pamphlet. The assessable wealth of Helena in 1887, according to the Secretary of the Board, is \$8,000,000, or, estimating the population at 13,000, over \$615 *per capita*. The assessed valuation of Lewis and Clarke County for 1887 was \$41,000,000, while its actual wealth was \$75,000,000. There were 388 new buildings erected in Helena and its several additions in 1886 and '87, the total cost of which was \$2,937,000.

The chief social organization in Helena is the Helena Club. Among its members are men prominent in all business circles, and in such industries as cattle-raising and mining. The club-rooms are fully supplied with current literature, and are the popular resort during the late afternoon and early evening. A stranger in Helena is moderately sure of finding whomsoever he wishes to meet at the club, and I am sure the hospitalities of the organization are always gladly extended.

In her schools and other public institutions Helena is fully abreast of the times. There are five brick school-houses in the city, and money for their support is raised by direct taxation on property. School lands cannot be sold in Montana until the Territory becomes a State. Then, however, there will be 5,000,000 acres available for the establishment of a fund that will relieve the tax-payers from their present burden.

Besides the public schools there are other institutions, maintained by the Catholic sisters, and a business college with an enrolment already of nearly 500 scholars.

The two library associations of Helena, namely, the City Library and the Historical Society's Library, were both destroyed by fire in 1874, but have since been replaced by collections that are large, varied, and valuable. The Law Library contains nearly 4000 volumes of reports, text-books, and laws. The last Legislature appropriated \$3000 to its use. The Historical Society's Library consists of original MSS., old historical works, home pamphlets and maps, and contains 5000 volumes. The society occupies two rooms in the Court-house, and last year



THOMAS J. FOSTER
(President of the Helena Board of Trade.)

was given \$400 by the Legislature. The object of the officers is to collect and preserve such original letters, diaries, and accounts of travel in Montana as shall serve as the material from which a comprehensive history of the Territory may be gathered. The Helena Free Library contains 2500 carefully selected books of miscellaneous reading, and is supported by a city tax of one-half mill on each dollar of valuation. The income from such source was \$2600 in 1886. Still another library is that belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Sufferers from pulmonary troubles are often greatly benefited by living at Helena. The air is dry and bracing, and acts as a tonic to those who have not much natural energy. It would be unwise to advise all who are ill to try living at Helena. No one can select a new home for a patient without first knowing his particular trouble. But I have no doubt that one who takes his case in hand before disease does more than suggest its presence, and goes to Montana prepared to live in the open air, will be able to build up his constitution and begin life anew.

But having seen the city, let us now visit Wickes, and glance for a moment at one of the regions from which the people draw the revenue that they have poured

it itself, from the pine good, though not evenly good, we will drive from Missus to the station, and taking the train there, ride down the lovely Rose Valley to the Junction, and then on toward the southeast to another town. On one side are the mountains, with cool, inviting-looking cañons, hemmed in by high hills, and leading into the heart of the range; on the other is the valley, extending far away to the hills in the east. Grasses are brown and the pines deep green. For an hour the Montana of old is ours to enjoy, isolated, quiet, just as nature fashioned it.

And then comes *Wicked*, an unsightly town; a mining camp; a place with many saloons and no churches; wooden shanties; wavering streets; groups of men, flannel-shirted, unshaven; a background of mountains. This is the picture. We can hear the heavy pounding of the crushers in the works; the air at times is heavy with the smoke of the furnaces. The town is not pretty. It is as Helena mine was, roughly, unsmoothly, important at first, but it is rich.

Not rich in itself perhaps, but undoubtedly so in its surroundings. The largest works at *Wicked* are those of the Helena Mining and Reduction Company. The town is the creation of this company, and the works bring together the throng that greets us. The product of the millery in 1886 had a money value of \$1,105,190.76. Nearly 500 men are employed, and ore from Idaho as well as from the mines near the town is treated. Standing anywhere in the main street, we look upon a country fairly riddled with mines. Some of them are famous producers; others are but just opened. One can scarcely realize the possible future of the region. Every day brings its progress; every year the output is greater. As we walk through the dimly lighted buildings, stopping now to watch the crushers and again to listen while the miller explains the process of reduction, one begins to form a just estimate of Helena's claims, for all this district is at her very doors, and the more money *Wicked* produces, the more brilliant become the prospects of the Territorial Capital.

Marysville, nearly thirty miles from Helena, is a second *Wicked* in appearance, but, for one remembers the wealth of the mines which have created the town, the houses, the houses of the streets, and

ceases to notice the dilapidation of the misery-built cabins. Marysville is chiefly famous as the site of the Drum Lumber, but does not depend on this mine alone for its support. The town is the chief seat of an extremely rich district, already well developed, and is an important suburb of Helena. It is connected by rail with the latter city, and will eventually be the terminus of a branch of the Manitoba road.

The discoverer of the Drum Lumber was Mr. Thomas Cruse. In the days before he sold his property and returned to Helena a much honored millionaire, Mr. Cruse was locally known as "old Tommy," and was looked upon as a somewhat visionary man. None questioned after a time that his mine, where he lived and labored alone, was valuable, but few placed its worth so high as did the patient owner. When he refused half a million for his mine, the people of Helena called him foolish, and when he turned away from the offer of a million, they called him a fool. But the miner was wiser than his friends, and eventually received his price, \$41,500,000, and a goodly number of shares in the new company. Then, as so often is the case, the old familiarity was dropped, and the "Tommy" of by-gone days became Mr. Thomas Cruse, "capitalist." A kind, thoroughly honest man, of whom all who know him are ready to say a good word, he is a familiar figure on the streets of Helena, and to-day is president of a savings-bank in the city where a few years ago he was not sure of getting trusted for enough to keep himself alive. As an illustration of the ups and downs of a miner's life he is a notable example.

Mining, fascinating as it seems to one who learns only its brighter side, must not be thought the only industry from which Helena derives its revenue. It is undoubtedly the chief occupation of the people, but fortunes have been made and are now being made in that other great Montana industry, stock-raising. In his last report, the Governor of Montana estimated that there were then in the Territory:

Cattle	1,400,000
Horses	190,000
Sheep	2,000,000

Sheep-raising is a most profitable business. The Montana grasses are abundant and nutritious, and a vast area of country

is available for pasturage. Montana wool has a ready sale in Eastern markets. The clip for 1887 is estimated at 5,771,420 pounds. Cattle suffered severely in the winter of 1886-7, and the industry was badly crippled, although not by any means annihilated. Millions of Helena capital are invested both in sheep and cattle, and it is an open question which have been the more successful, the miners or the stockmen. "Cattle kings," as the men who have made fortunes out of stock are facetiously called, are by no means a rarity in the city. The possessions of many of them are enormous. I doubt if even the men themselves know exactly how many sheep or cattle they own.

east Helena is seen nestled in its winding gulch, and creeping out upon the low-browed hills. The air is so clear that objects fifty miles away seem close at hand. By degrees the grade becomes steeper, and leaving the valley, one finds himself among the gigantic cliffs and buttresses



STREET IN BUTTE, AND COURT HOUSE.

II—BUTTE

From Helena to Butte is only a half-day's ride. Leaving the one early in the morning, you are at the other by noon. The journey is extremely interesting. The route is westward, by the Northern Pacific, over the main divide of the Rocky Mountains to Garrison, and from there southward, through the fertile Deer Lodge Valley, to the city of mines, smelteries, and steep hills. For an hour after leaving Helena the road traverses the Prickly-Pear Valley. Westward rise the Rockies, seemingly impossible, and in the south-

of granite that form the foundations of the huge natural wall that stretches north and south from British Columbia to the borders of old Mexico. Then comes the Mullan Tunnel, long and dark, through which the train passes to the western side of the divide, where the slopes have a pastoral beauty in strange contrast to the appearance of those on the east. At last we are literally among the mountains. Tall peaks surround us; the pines choke the winding valleys that we follow; clear streams of water flow past us; we enter park after park. The coloring is exquisite, and so varied that one cries out with

deadly, strangely fashioned monuments of red and yellow sandstone, grim cliffs of dark basaltic rock, rich green masses of firs and pines, surrounded by dull rocky grass, and scattered over the slopes the bright patches of the quaking-asp, colored by the early frosts, and as beautiful as the New England maples after their first encounter with the chilly nights of fall.

The Deer Lodge Valley is of varying width, and contains a large area of agricultural and matured hay lands. The chief towns are Deer Lodge and Anaconda, the latter having a population of 5000. The smelting-works at Anaconda are said to be the largest in the world, and cover nearly fifteen acres of land.

The city of Butte does not claim to be picturesque. It is an interesting place, however, as one so rich and productive and unspoiled must be, and from the top of its high hills the view of distant mountains does much toward making and fixing the discomfiting features of the city itself. The very activity of Butte is sometimes wearisome. It never ceases. By day and night the tall chimneys at the mills are pouring forth their smoke and flame; the streets at all hours of the day and night are filled with moving throngs. Money-making is the evident passion of the day. In the race for it all else is forgotten. The city covers the slope of a steep, rocky hill, overlooked by a bare butte, from which the town derives its name, and for the most part the houses are set down at random and present a heterogeneous collection of wooden cabins and high brick blocks. There is everywhere a sign of haste and uncertainty. No trees are to be seen; the streets take a bold plunge from heights above to the levels below. There is nothing soft or winning to the side which nature shows. By some great convulsion the hills have been created, and man has occupied them with all their energy.

Silver Bow County, of which Butte is the county seat, has the smallest superficial area, but the largest population, of any county in Montana. It was originally a part of Deer Lodge County, but in 1881 recovered its independence by reason of the discovery of the great copper and silver lodes at Butte and vicinity. Mining has been the industry in the county, which since 1870 contained the locations of 661 placer claims and 226 bar and hill

claims. The total cost of ditches at that time was \$106,000. Gulch mining prospered until 1871, when it collapsed.

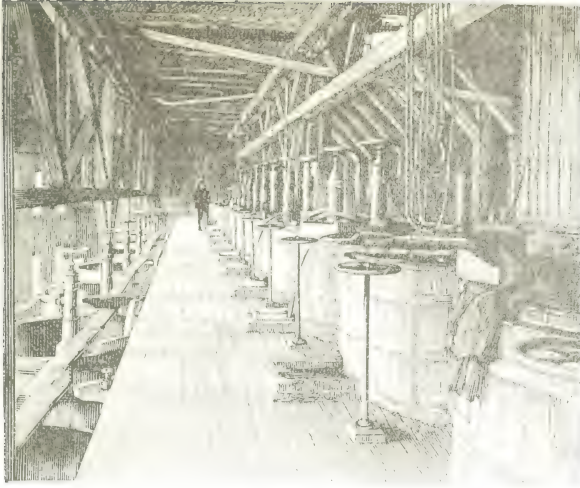
Butte is the centre of what is known as the Summit Mountain District, and has an elevation of 5800 feet. The city is virtually the county of Silver Bow. Under the general title of Butte are included Butte proper, South Butte, Walkerville, Centreville, and Meadesville; the several towns form the largest and richest mining camp in the world. The district of which Butte is the natural centre is three miles square, and contains more than 5000 mineral claims, 2000 of which are held under United States patents. The product of the camp for 1886 was \$13,246,500, divided as follows:

Fine bullion per express,.....	\$5,856,500
Copper (33,000,000 pounds) at 10 cents.....	3,300,000
Silver ore shipments,.....	650,000
Silver in matte,.....	1,240,000
Total,.....	\$10,046,500

In 1881 the output amounted to only \$1,247,000. For 1887 the returns show an increase over the product of 1886 of over \$3,000,000. Nearly 5000 men are employed in the various stamp-mills and smelteries, and the monthly pay-roll amounts to \$500,000.

The post-office at Butte pays a net profit to the government of \$23,000 a year. The city is well supplied with banks, carrying check deposits aggregating over \$2,000,000, and has an assessed property valuation of from \$8,000,000 to \$9,000,000. On the business streets are a number of buildings of great size and solidity, and elsewhere are several private houses built by those who have made princely fortunes since coming to Butte. Particularly noticeable are the public buildings, such as the schools and Court-house. The latter cost \$150,000, and on the former more than \$100,000 have been expended. Gas and electricity are used in lighting; the retail trade is large; and as a rule Butte is a well-regulated city, enjoying a majority of the modern improvements, and happy in the knowledge that its fame is world-wide, and its prestige as a mining centre undisputed.

Quartz locations were made on and near the present site of Butte as early as 1864. In 1867 the town site was laid out, and Butte had a population of nearly 500 souls. The early comers were only moderately successful in their ventures, however, and in time the placer claims were exhausted.



THE PAN.

In 1875 came the startling discovery that the "black ledges of Butte" were rich with silver. The news spread rapidly. Old claims were relocated, and smelteries and mills erected. The camp grew rapidly. In a year the Utah and Northern road reached the place, and the present era of wealth and progress was fully inaugurated. This, in brief, is the history of Butte. All its trials and disappointments came at an early day, and when once overcome, never returned. Today the Utah and Northern furnishes its southern outlet, and the Montana, Union, and Northern Pacific its eastern and western. Before another year passes the Manitoba will give it still another direct connection with the outside world, and with other local lines will bring it into closer communication with Helena and the various districts of Montana.

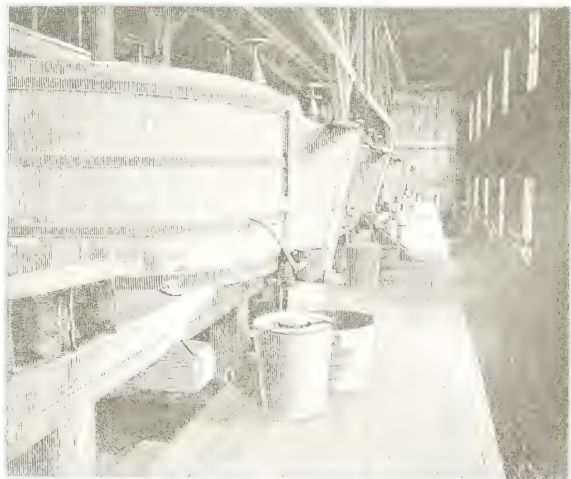
The mines of Butte are of two classes—one silver, the other copper-bearing. The silver ores vary in richness from fifteen to eighty ounces of silver per ton. Most of the silver veins also contain from \$1 to \$12 per ton gold. Some of the copper mines carry silver, but the percentage is small. The principal copper ores are copper glance, erubescite, and pyrites. The rough ore assays from 8 to 60 per cent copper, and most of it bears a concentration from two to two

and one half tons into one, with a small loss in lossings.

The process of robbing is practised at Butte, and has been patented a method is here properly described by a layman, and I therefore quote *verbatim*.

"The silver ores, both free and either free or base. In the first the silver content is extracted after the ore has been stamped by simply mixing it with mercury in water, the precious metal amalgamating readily with the quicksilver. In base ores, however, the process is more expensive and complex. After the ore has been hoisted from the mine, it is conveyed in hand cars to the upper part of the mill, where it is put through large iron

crushers, which reduce it to about the size of walnuts. From the crushers it drops to the drying floor, where all the moisture it contains is evaporated, and where it is mixed with a proportion of salt varying from 8 to 10 per cent. of its weight, the amount of salt depending on the leanness of the ore. When thoroughly dried it is shoveled under the stamps—large perpendicular iron bars weighing four pounds—which are raised by machinery and permitted to drop on the ore below at the rate of about fifty strokes per minute. The effect, of course, is to crush the ore to powder, in which condition it is taken automatically to the roasters. These are huge hollow cylinders, revolving slowly,



THE CRUSHER.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY

BY MARGARET DELAND

WHEN to its gracious heart has been unfolded,
The whispered wanderings of a hundred mile,
The river saunters slowly toward the west,
Watched by the powdered, mossy shoulder of hill

Close to its edge the meadow—leaf and dream,
All hazy where the level sunshine lies,
The distant fields seem drinking from the stream,
Till, far away, it melts in reddening skies.

slowly, as though reluctant not to go,
The river stops with fringing trees to play,
Or lifts some lonely umble with its sudden flow,
And for a pasture makes a summer bay.

Faintly it splashes mid the moss and willow,
That half conceal a fallen sycamore,
But, save a murmur at the water's edge,
The evening stillness holds the river more.

Till, like a vision, dim at first, then clear,
From out the shadowy east a raft floats slow,
And as it nears us soft and sweet we hear,
The toiling raftsmen singing as they row.

Still to the rhythm of their song, they push
The heavy oar from side to side again,
And breaking through the sunset glow and haze,
Comes suddenly the ringing oar refrain.

From up above	No, it's not we, you!
My raft drifts down	Up in the time
To you! to you!	As you! as you!
And oh, my love,	Say, when you hear
Your sweetheart brave,	This raft of mine,
Is true! is true!	I'm true! I'm true!

When they are past, the slowly creaking oar
Still jars the silence that is hushed and hazy,
The wrinkled water trembles toward the shore,
And reeds and grasses stir with hushed sound.

The soft, uncertain, hurried wind of night,
That rises when the cool gray shadows close,
Skims slowly, with a backward ripple light,
The ruffled river's departing repose.

It strikes the water with a dim white line,
Or makes its brown breast clapped like a drum;
It trails the rattling voices far and true,
Then in a sudden rings them clear and loud.

It holds a humming sentence sweet and true—
A line of words of but a word or two—
And then, as silent, like a meadow hay,
Breaks off the song until we hear, "To you!"

"No girl's so sweet," the wind repeats the word,
Till, growing fainter, comes, "I'm true! I'm true!"
Then they are gone—within the yellow haze,
And evening settles with its dusk and dew.



Come, Harvested Nod,
Come, Singing and Boil,
Each lad with his lass further come,
With singing and dancing,
To pleasure advancing.

To celebrate harvest home

To feast and play

And keep holiday

To celebrate harvest home

Our house turkey

And our barns in full store

Rejoice with each wife in the land

For such meat they take

For the good and the bad

He who and his lass in his hand

To feast and play

And keep holiday

To celebrate harvest home

To celebrate the

So happy as we

To harvest justice and might

We should be content

We are the heart or spouse,

And rejoice in the fruits of the earth





'Tis Corns bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.



IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN EXTREMITY.

THE evening after-glow had deepened and richened in its marvellous intensity of light and color; for while in the shining skies overhead there hung masses of crimson cloud that were soft and ethereal in their reposeful majesty and calm, down here the wide waters of the loch were all of a lambent ruddy-purple, broken everywhere by multitudinous swift-glancing ripples—black shuttles they seemed to be, darting transversely hither and thither through the rose-violet fire. And yet, despite this final glory in sky and sea, a sombre darkness was gathering over the western hills behind which the sun had gone down, and the profound and hushed silence prevailing everywhere seemed to tell of the coming of the night.

And it was under these still shining heavens and by the side of these lustrous waters that Alison and her lover walked slowly to and fro, he earnestly pleading with her, she almost too distraught to make answer; for the meaning of that letter was plain enough. The end had come.

"Ludovick," she said at length, between her only half-concealed sobs, "since ever we two met it has been one good by after another, but this is the last; and it is better it should be the last. It was all a mistake from the beginning. And I have been the one to blame, I know that. I should have discovered you were a Catholic; and then—and then, after knowing it, I should never have come back to Fort William. I thought it would be easy enough. I thought we could be friends. But I am the one that is to blame; and I—I shall have to bear the punishment; for you are a man—you will forget it all in a year or two; but I am a woman—it will go with me through life."

"Come, don't talk like that, Alison!" he said to her, but very gently. "Things are not so bad as that. But they are bad enough; and I will tell you what it is I fear. You see, when you are left to your own judgment, when you are removed from certain influences, when you are here in the Highlands, in short, I do be-

lieve you are the most clear-sighted, courageous, self-possessed woman I have ever met; but as soon as you go back to that town you surrender yourself and become quite a different being. You are afraid of the congregation; the elders' wives are all important to you; why, you even seem to owe some mysterious duty to those ancient Blakes of Moss End—who were no doubt worthy old gentlemen in their own day, walking according to their lights, just as you should do now, without being tyrannized over by them or their ghosts. Here in the Highlands you are bright and merry and talkative, and happy as the day is long; there you are a timorous frightened creature, who will hardly hold out your hand when a friend calls on you. I don't know whether it's the moral atmosphere of the place, or the physical, or both; but what I fear is that when you go back there you will lose your self-possession, you will let them do with you what they like, and then what will be the end? Why, that you and I may never see each other again in this world."

"Ludovick, what else is there?" she said, piteously.

"I wish you had never gone back to that town," he exclaimed, almost angrily, "Why was I such a fool as to let you go back last summer?—why am I such a fool as to let you go back now?"

"Ludovick," said she, with an accent of reproach, "would you have the door of my father's house shut against me for ever?"

"Well, I know what will happen," he said. "I know it to a certainty. I tell you, Alison, I do believe I understand you better than you understand yourself. I have reasoned it all out many a time—after what Flora told me. Many a night I used to lie awake in the dahabayah we had on the Nile—a fine place for thinking it was, the hammock slung in the small cabin, and hardly a whisper heard of the water outside—and I went over again and again all Flora's explanations, and I got to see pretty well how you were situated. And haven't I told you before now that you are a far more human kind of being in the Highlands—that you show all your frank qualities of mind and disposition—

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that, in fact, you are the Alison that all of us up here have got to be so fond of. But what are you in Kirk o' Shields—the Minister's daughter, a bowed creature, superstitious, timorous, with all your natural gaiety crushed out of you by the fear of the congregation—Oh, upon my soul, it's too bad!" he exclaimed, in his hot impetuosity. "It's too bad! You—who have the spirit of a lark—who are naturally as light-hearted as a bird—and—and marry—for you're betrothed down—to be shut up in that dingy old shut hole—it's too bad!"

But this indignant and incoherent protest brought no lighted direction with it.

"It isn't every one who can choose," she made answer, rather softly. "And it's all very well for you, Ludovick, to make light of duties; but the duties are there; and it would be better not to live at all than to live with a conscience that would always be reproaching you."

"Oh, now you're beginning to talk like Kirk o' Shields!" he said, roughly. "I wish you would talk like our Alison—like the Alison we know."

"And what would you have me say, Ludovick, except good by?"

The question was a simple one, not to say a politic one, but it received no answer. His soul within him was starting against these unseen bonds, that were all the more vexatious that they were unappreciable and not to be severed and broken asunder. He walked on in silence by her side, his brows knit, his eyes fixed mostly on the ground. As for her, she was regarding the now fading glories of sea and sky with the knowledge that, here at least, she should never look on them again. She was taking farewell of them, as it were. She was Princess Deirdri, gazing for the last time on the land where she had been beloved and happy.

"Alison," said he, presently, "have you definitely resolved to go back to Kirk o' Shields to-morrow?"

"What else can I do, Ludovick?" she said. "I cannot have my father's house shut against me. I must go back."

"Then, as I say, I know what will happen. Here and now you might make a resolution—I might even claim a promise from you; but there you would soon be under the power of old influences and associations, and you would let yourself be led. Do you forget what your aunt Gilchrist told me?—that you were very near-

ly being induced to marry that wretched creature of a divinity student?"

"But that was different, Ludovick!" she exclaimed, in eager self-justification. "I—I thought it was all over between you and me—I know it was—and I didn't seem to care what happened."

"And won't the same thing occur again?" he said. "The moment you go back you will be forbidden to have any communication with such a frightful monster as a Catholic; and the way will go for, and some fine day I shall hear of my Alison being married to that stickit minister, as your aunt calls him. That will be a pleasant thing for me to hear!"

"I don't think you ever will, Ludovick," she said, in rather a low voice.

"You don't think so now, because you are here on the shores of Loch Fath; but you may think differently when two or three years of living in Kirk o' Shields, among all those people, have changed you. And I wonder what Mrs. James Chowan, that is the name you will be wearing then, isn't it? I wonder what Mrs. James Chowan will be saying to herself when she sees in the newspaper that the Ludovick she used to know in other days has got married too? I wonder what she will be thinking then? or will she think at all? I suppose she will have forgotten there ever was such a person, or that she was ever in such a place as Loch Fath."

"You are not—not very kind to me to-night, Ludovick," she said, in tremulous tones, "and—and I am going away to-morrow."

He suddenly stopped (a gray twilight lay over the land now, and those two figures were dark against the wan lilac of the water), and he took both her hands in his, and held them tight.

"Sweetheart!" and he in a very different voice, "don't heed what I have been saying. The very idea of losing you altogether maddens me. I can't bear your going away. When I think of what may happen, with distance and perhaps years separating us; and when I see you standing here so close to me, and not very happy, I suppose—you, my own Alison, that should be mine always—and yet you are going away from me—well, I was too impatient, and you will forgive me!"

These appealing sentences had to cease; some belated traveller was coming along the road, and they had to resume their

walk in silence until he had passed. Then he said:

"You see, Alison, what I was thinking of is this: it is so easy for two young people to say they will never marry if they cannot marry each other; and they make promises and vows, and they separate quite sure of each other's constancy. It's the commonest thing in the world. But circumstances are strong; you can never tell what may happen in absence; misrepresentations may be made, or false rumors get about; and friends and relatives may be urgent until—well, until one of the lovers forgets what she has promised, or is perhaps piqued by false reports into marrying some one else; and the other one—well, he is miserable enough for a time, but he gives up the dreams of his youth, and by and by consoles himself as best he may. Oh, I assure you," he continued (and now the whole twilight world was to themselves, and there was not a sound but the monotonous plash of the ripples along the sea-weed), "I could preach to you for an hour on that subject, for I've been preached to again and again, and in very similar circumstances. I should like to tell you the story, Alison; perhaps you would care to know what the two sweethearts did?"

He paused in his walk, while she stopped too. He was regarding her curiously; her eyes were downcast; probably she was listening with sadly wandering thoughts—for how could a story interest one who was about to say good-by forever to the man she loved?

"They were both friends of mine," Ludovick continued, cheerfully enough, though he never for a moment removed his eyes from her downcast face. "One of them, indeed, was my chum—Ogilvie his name. Well, at that time his regiment was stationed at Fort George, and it was at the Northern Counties Ball at Inverness that he met the youngest of the Ramsay girls—the Ramsays of Kileontrie—Lilias I think her name was, but I've often heard her called the Flower of Strath-glas—and the two of them took such a fancy for each other that they were like Romeo and Juliet once again. He was quite daft about her, managed to get invitations to any country house she might be stopping at, and worried his colonel's life out for leave. But the Ramsay family wouldn't hear of it: they are very

wealthy; and besides, she had become quite a famous beauty; and young Ogilvie had little beyond his pay. At last they forbade him to have any communication with her; and as they found that wasn't enough, they resolved upon sending the Flower of Strath-glas to the south of Ireland, where she had some relatives, to live there for an indefinite time. Ogilvie came to me. I got preached at, as I tell you. He was quite pathetic, and magnified all the dangers of the threatened separation; but I don't think I would have intermeddled on his account. If the young lady had not come and appealed to me as well. That finished me; I couldn't refuse, and when I found out what luck she had, I became party to a little scheme, though the Ramsay family have no idea until this day that I had anything to do with it. The short and the long of it was that one fine morning these two young people, without saying by your leave or with your leave, got quietly married in Inverness, and no one knew anything about it for nearly three years thereafter."

"They got married?" Alison repeated, rather faintly, and she raised her face with asking eyes.

He was regarding her intently: her raised eyes were seeking, and fearing, to read the meaning in his.

"But that is not what I would have done," he said, slowly. "I would have no secret marriage—not a bit. If I were in a position like that, and if the girl had courage enough, and if there was a chance of our being separated forever, then I might ask her to go through a form of civil marriage before the sheriff, because that could be done instantly, and there could be no chance of interference; but immediately it was over, I should want everybody to know who cared to know. I should want to be able to say, 'She is mine; you can't touch her now; she may go back to her own home, if she thinks her duty lies that way, but she is mine: absence and threats and persuasion are of no avail now; sooner or later we shall come together again; in the mean time we will wait, if there is reason for waiting, but you cannot divide us the one from the other any more.' Alison," he said, "what is your answer?"

She uttered a little cry, and buried her face in his bosom.

"Oh, Ludovick!" was all she could say.

sheriff substitute; he reads it over and signs it; you take the warrant along to the registrar, and the ceremony is complete. Sim'lest thing in the world!"

And then as they were going up through the garden to the open door of the house he told them the story he had told to Alison, in explanation of his knowledge of these particulars.

"But, Ludovick," said Flora, who had not yet expressed either approval or disapproval, "how did that marriage turn out in the end?"

"Why, excellently—excellently!" he said, with unnecessary eagerness. "The Ramsays saw it was no use crying over spilt milk; they made it up with the young people very soon after the truth became known; and I must say the old man behaved very handsomely. As for Major Ogilvie and his wife—well, I went with them as far as Suez last winter, when they were going to India, and I'm sure there wasn't a happier or more true couple on board."

"Well, I don't know, Ludovick," Hugh said, doubtfully, as they were going into the house, "but I for one wouldn't advise Alison to do anything of the kind."

"Anything of what kind?" Captain Ludovick protested. "This isn't a secret marriage at all! This is as open as the day!"

He could say nothing further at the moment, for they had reached the dining-room door, and Mrs. Munro came out to scold the two recusants as well as she could scold anybody, and to inform them that they should leave to supper their two selves, as the rest of the family had declined to wait for them.

It was not supper that was in Alison's mind. She asked for her aunt Gilchrist. She was told that the old lady had gone to her own room. Thither, accordingly, Alison repaired—but slowly and thoughtfully, for she did not know how she was to acquaint her with what had happened.

And when she came to the door she paused there, irresolute, that she might gain some composure; for her heart was full. Aunt Gilchrist had been more than kind to her. And now she was come to say good-by; and she did not wish to appear ungrateful. There was something else that was bringing her near to tears; but she was trying to put that aside for the moment.

At last she summoned up courage, and tapped at the door.

"Come in!" called a cheerful voice; and then on entering she found her aunt seated by the little window-table, the gas lit, and an open desk beside her.

"Well, what does my bit lady want?" Aunt Gilchrist asked, encouragingly enough, as she laid aside the legal-looking document she had been reading. "I was just looking at your name, my dear, in that paper there."

The girl went forward, hesitating—not able to speak—and then she sank on to her knees, and buried her head in the old dame's lap, and burst into a passionate fit of crying.

"Oh, you've been so good to me, Aunt Gilchrist—you've been so good to me!" she sobbed. "And I'm going away to-morrow morning; and perhaps they'll never let me come to see you again!"

"Morey means what in all the world is this, now?" exclaimed Aunt Gilchrist, in a swift blaze of anger. "Going away? Who says that? Tell me who says that!"

But Alison could only sob and sob, and made no answer; and pity for the grief-stricken child before her quickly interfered with the old dame's wrath as fast as those passions threatened. She put her hand on the soft brown hair.

"Allice, my dear," said she, "what's all this now? Why, I've just been delighted this white-bark breeze you seek for in hospital and bath and moor; and now all of a sudden it's gone, and you're stricken down, and crying like a bairn. What is it, my dear? Thro' me, get up and dry your eyes, and tell that story, and tell me the whole story. I warrant it's none o' your own wrong-doing; I'll be bound for that. But I know there's folk in this world just that contentious and cantankerous that they'll not let things go smoothly on. And interfere waly such an innocent creature as you! I say interfere; for unless faces tell lies ye've been a very happy young maiden since ye've been in For' William this time. Oh, Fra' not asking for secrets, never fear; but old as I am I can see what's as plain as a pikestaff to everybody else. Well, now, that's a dear! there's my lamb! you just draw your chair close up, and keep quiet and peaceful, and tell me the whole story."

But Alison could not so quickly recover her self-control, and so, as the simplest way to the whole situation, she took and

the other that had summoned her to the south, and without a word banded it to her aunt's forehead. And for deeper need the little old dame began to feel a queer tremulousness that it was a great opportunity she had forgotten from which to reap the preservation and safety which she had been representing on her face, but a moment before. Her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth were set hard with indignation, and at last she dashed down the paper on the table with her fingered nail.

"It's *that* woman, Alison!" she exclaimed, with suppressed rage. "But that woman, that—*that* woman!—and I believe to you it is now not until I set my ten nails on her snickering, sniggering, sniggering face! I wish I could see that queer yellow forehead of a Catholic's, hers take a thick stone to her back, that would teach her to improve in other folks' affairs. Let I come down at her yet—my word, I've not; and for your father to be led away by her, that's something, something, double, triple, quadruple woman like that, one it would have a start with the best of you. But you no see that all her concern is to get you to marry that bit o' washed-out rag that they hope to make a fortune of?"

Alison shook her head.

"No, aunt, it is not that has made my father threaten to shut me down on me. Can you remember in the letter you sent to Mrs. Cowan, whether you happened to say that that tender son was a Catholic?"

"Of course I did," said Aunt Catherine, with rather a triumphant air; "of course I did! I thought I would give her a hint, her and her father-faced son! Certainly I told her what our questions were as to your probable future, my dear, and I let her know pretty plainly that the probability was *not* inclined."

"Ah, that is it, then," Alison said, sadly enough. "She has taken the letter to my father; and no doubt she made the most of Ludovick's being a Catholic. Well, it does not matter. He would have had to know sooner or later, and I suppose this is what would have been the end in any case."

"And so you are really going away back to-morrow morning, Alison?" the old lady demanded, with a curious look of interrogation.

"Yes, what else can I do?" the girl answered simply. "And I came to

thank you, dear aunt, or to try to thank you for all your goodness to me."

"We'll say nothing about that," Aunt Catherine broke in, without ceremony. "That is what I want to know—how you put off this affair before Captain Ludovick?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, aunt!"

"And what does he say about it?" the old dame asked, for an all-round hint of fashion, but still regarding her niece.

Alison hesitated. "What was the use of discussing that with *schools*? When it had already gone with Hugh—distinct, distinct proof—and with Flora—hardly less significant silence? Yet Ludovick had appeared to her in private. Aunt Catherine guessed her conclusion, and as brief it seemed, but with dominant eye she told the old dame what it was that Ludovick's *Modest* had proposed should be done on the very next morning.

And what a *flourish* came over Aunt Catherine's face during this recital! At first there was anxiety, surprise; but when she fully understood what was in contemplation she became quite radiant and exultant.

"Well done! Well done!" she cried, with a sort of forced laugh. "There's a power and a spirit there! a better boy you'll never see, more faithful, and—*that's* the queerest boy waiting down in the room in Kirk's chamber!" She hurried about in her delight. "I declare to you, Alison, I could take three ships over the moon and back, and if it were for that wee devil Periphery that's waiting for me! I thought you'd be ready for him, you'd slip through his fingers! My word, that's a good one; and the way to carry the war into the enemy's camp! And you, what do you say? Is it to be they the bonny broad-knee before ye go away by the steamer? Are we to have a wedding spinning on us at a moment's notice? As sure as I'm alive, Alison Blair, if ye get married the morn's morning, I'll dance a reel wi' your good man in the evening, ay, if I die for it!"

Alison smiled a little, and blushed too, and her eyes were averted.

"You see, Aunt Catherine, it is not quite easy to say either yes or no, for it has all been so sudden, so unexpected. I have only spoken of it to Hugh and Flora. Hugh is greatly against it; he foresees nothing but trouble."

"Hugh? What's Hugh?" the impetuous small creature exclaimed. "Hugh understands about music and poetry and things o' that kind; what does he know of the practical affairs o' this blessed world we are livin' in?"

"And I imagine Flora thinks the same way, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said, looking up doubtfully.

"Flora! What right has that impertinent young minx to have an opinion at all? Tell her from me to mind her own business, and keep to her gallyvanting with those young fellows she pretends to despise all the time."

"And—and you, Aunt Gilchrist?" Alison said, with some hesitation.

"Come here!"

She took the girl in her arms, and drew down her head, and kissed her very tenderly.

"Ailie, my dear, I've never had a child of my own, and ye've been like a daughter to me. There is nothing in the world I would not do for your welfare. And maybe I was a wee bit thing too hasty, because I was delighted with the spirit o' the lad, and—and I was glad to think o' they folk getting a ship on the cheek; but it's your own heart ye must consult, my lamb; ye must ask yourself what ye've the courage to face; for there may be trouble. But mind this—now mind this. Alison—if ever you are in trouble, ye'll never want for a friend and a warm welcome as long's I'm above the ground. Now go away and think it out for yourself—and ye're a wise kind of creature too—and ye've got decision enough when ye like; think it out for yourself; ask yourself what ye have the courage to do; and then come and tell me to-night, or as early the morn's morning as ye like."

"Very well, aunt," Alison said, and kissed her, and was about to leave the room, when the little old lady called to her again.

"And just remember this, my dear," Aunt Gilchrist said, in a much blither fashion. "that when I promised ye a home and a warm welcome, I did not mean a Hydropathic. Not one bit. You and I will find for ourselves something snuggier than a big hotel filled wi' lunatics drinking water. And if ye do get married the morn's morning, and if by-and-by ye would take up your naitural position in Oyre House, just you tell your Captain Ludovick that his bride will be

provided for on all points, for whenever he asks me I'll come and be a mother-in-law to him for as many weeks together as he likes."

Meanwhile the whole house had been put in commotion by the news that Alison was going away by the next day's steamer; but it was now grown late; and there was not much time left for consideration as to what should happen on the morrow. When Alison went down-stairs, she found that her two cousins and Ludovick had gone out into the garden, for there was a clear moonlight night shining all around—the pale and silvery radiance lighting up the flower beds near at hand, the white road, the gray beach, the still bosom of the loch, and the far slopes and crags of the opposite hills that rose into an almost cloudless sky. She joined that little group of black figures; but she had no definite message for them. Aunt Gilchrist had left the matter to her own decision; and she would take the intervening time to think over it. So Hugh and Flora discreetly bade Ludovick good-night, and slipped into the house, leaving the two lovers to their own farewells. These were not protracted; for Ludovick did not wish to weaken what he had said by any needless repetition; soon Alison had rejoined her cousins, and in a little while thereafter the whole household had retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVIII. FOR GOOD OR ILL.

LONG into the night, and on toward the morning, she sat at the open window of her room, with this ghostly, silent, moonlit world all around her, not even the whisper of a ripple along the sea-weed margin of the beach, not a breath of wind stirring the wan gray surface of the loch. A kind of phantom world it was, and she the only living thing in it. And as she looked absently and wistfully at the sleeping water, at the silvered crags and slopes that rose afar into the starry skies, at the darker pine woods in the north, and the still more distant and visionary hills beyond Loch Eil, the farewell song of the Princess Deirdri would come again and again into her head like some recurrent, ineffably sad refrain:

*"Glen Elce, O Glen Elce,
There was rood up earliest home;*

"I have been thinking of you a great deal lately,"
 she said, "and wondering how you are getting on."
 "I am well, thank you," he replied, "and hope
 you are the same. I have been thinking of you
 a great deal lately, and wondering how you are
 getting on."
 "I am well, thank you," he replied, "and hope
 you are the same. I have been thinking of you
 a great deal lately, and wondering how you are
 getting on."

But she was trying to put away from her
 the momentous decision she would have
 to face before the marriage. It was her
 heavenly-making (this time a dual heavenly-
 making) on which her mind was fixed. She
 had been living in a kind of paradise. Ludovick
 had warmed her of it at Kirk o' Shields o'
 Roy. And here was the sheep and sud-
 denly clearing, and a soft and really her
 pleasant day dawning, and to that peace-
 ness that for the time being she had deem-
 ed all sufficient.

But there were two or three other chance
 words of Ludovick Macdonell's that haunt-
 ed her in a curious way. The imagina-
 tion would insist on carrying her forward
 a few years, and showing her a certain
 thing happening to her. Should she pic-
 ture herself as Mrs. James Cowan. If her
 friends pleaded with her, as it was put be-
 fore her as her bounden duty—well, that
 might or might not be; it was hardly a
 matter of concern to her. She might be
 Mrs. James Cowan, or she might still be
 Alison Gray; she only knew that the wo-
 man she looked forward to and beheld in
 these coming years was a solitary woman,
 with hardly anything to hope beyond mor-
 tuous only to secure forgetfulness of what
 was by gone by, no more attention to
 the trivial duties surrounding her. One
 morning—this is what Alison saw, regard-
 ing herself as another person almost—she
 is in Kirk o' Shields, and busy as usual
 with her household cares, when a news-
 paper arrives. It is addressed to her by
 some friend in the north; she opens it;
 there is a mark that attracts her attention—
 then her startled eyes read the brief an-
 nouncement of the marriage of Captain
 Ludovick Macdonell, of Oyle House,
 Lochaber, to Miss So-and-So, daughter of
 So-and-So. "And he was once my Lu-
 dovick," that solitary woman is saying
 to herself, as the newspaper drops from
 her hand, and her memory flies swiftly
 back to the time when every hour was a
 delight to her, when kind friends were

around her, and the days shining and
 clear, and her lover by her side, waiting
 for a smile and a look, in the far solitudes
 of Lochaber. And perhaps that Alison,
 grown callous and indifferent with added
 years, might dismiss the announcement
 of Ludovick's marriage with merely a bit
 of a sigh; but this Alison—here at this
 window, and with the knowledge that her
 departure was now but a question of hours—
 had not so schooled herself. This Al-
 ison with her arms on the sill, and her
 head bent down on them, was sobbing
 and sobbing as if her heart would break.
 The only Alison might say, sobly enough,

"He was once my Ludovick." This Al-
 ison kept repeating to herself. "He is my
 Ludovick, and tomorrow I may be mar-
 ried, and he may be the last time."

Yet even now, in the bewitching al-
 ternative—that she should go through a
 hasty and informal marriage ceremony
 just before departing, to bind the story never
 would reassert itself, and press for a
 decisive yes or no. Guidance she had
 none. Even her own feelings, who at
 first had been captivated by the mere au-
 dacity of the proposal, had grown fright-
 ened. "It is no hand to go to and a
 natural dread of so sudden and serious
 an undertaking, on the edge were her
 lover's eager and impetuous representa-
 tions. And then, while her heart wavered
 the way and that now shrinking back in
 fear, now grown bold through very des-
 peration, there would come before her
 once more that vision of the solitary, sad-
 eyed woman living in Kirk o' Shields—
 and the newspaper with its *longue* an-
 nouncement—and her knowledge that
 now she was wholly cast aside and so-
 cial and forgotten. It was Ludovick himself
 who had told her that such was the way
 of the world. Lovers swore vows of eter-
 nal constancy when they were about to
 part; but absence, the persuasions of
 friends, perhaps false reports—all these
 were powerful solvents. She knew now
 what she had to expect when she went
 back to Kirk o' Shields; no more illusion
 was possible on that point. Just as likely
 as not she would be sternly forbidden to
 hold any, even the slightest, further com-
 munication with this dangerous person
 who had almost drawn her away from her
 allegiance to the true Church. And night
 and day they would be pointing out to her
 the iniquity of one in her position think-
 ing of marrying a Roman Catholic.

The silence of this sleeping world brought her no counsel; the ineffable beauty of the silvered night had no message for her, unless it were to increase her sadness at the thought of the morrow's farewell. That unspeakable sadness followed her even into the land of dreams; for when at length, worn out by these conflicting anxieties, she flung herself, half undressed, upon the bed, and eventually fell into a troubled and uncertain slumber, behold! she was once more the Princess Deirdri, sailing away from the shores where she had been joyous and beloved. There was a sound of lamentation; her friends were weeping around her; she could see the pleasant garden-land slowly receding from sight, and the dark mountains gradually hemming it in. But what was the song of mourning?—it was no longer a farewell to Glen Elvie and Glenorchy and Glenmassan—it was "Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!" that the very winds and the waves were sighing and calling as the boat sped away to the south. And then still stranger things began to happen. For surely this is no more the Princess Deirdri—the solitary, pale-faced woman, clothed in black, who slunds all alone in a pew in the church, with the rest of the congregation pointing at her and murmuring. Then some one reads aloud, and the sound of the reading goes echoing through the silent church: "*And I heard another voice from heaven saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine: and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.*" She stands unmoved, and white of face; no one comes near her; the people begin to leave—turning and pointing toward her as they go, and murmuring among themselves—until she is absolutely alone in the empty building.

Darker it grows, and darker. The walls seem to come closer together; why, this is a prison—a dungeon—and she is lost forever to the outer world. And yet she is unmoved; she is like a statue; no prayer rises to her lips, no tears come to her eyes; here in the darkness she remains unheeding; the life seems to have gone from her; she is as stone; she makes no appeal to God or man. And then—but she knows not how long thereafter—a sound strikes her ear—a sound as of distant bells—and a wild desire possesses her to learn what is going on in the world without. In the wall of the dungeon there is a small grating; she climbs up to it; eagerly she clasps two of the iron bars—and lo! a fair and sunlit landscape, with a white beach sloping down to the sea, and pleasant gardens, and dappled and far receding hills. Breathless she holds on to the bars; for there is a wedding procession coming along—the bride all in white—the bridegroom gay and smiling—the bridesmaids bearing white flowers. Nearer they come—now they are passing by—and in vain, in vain she strives to make herself heard. "Ludovick! Ludovick! have you no word for me?" she calls to him in her extremity of anguish; but he cannot hear. "Ludovick! Ludovick! have you quite forgotten?" she would call to him again; but her voice cannot reach him; the wedding party has passed by; her grasp relaxes; and with a wild cry of despair she falls backward from the light, and knows no more.

It was that despairing cry that awoke her; and when she came into the real world again, behold! the new day was here—the new day that was to see her a bride, or a broken-hearted fugitive and exile. Quickly she went to the window again—to assure herself that she was in no black dungeon, forsaken and alone, with the wedding party going on in its joyful procession, leaving her unheeded in the dark. And if there was anything that could bring peace to her humbled soul, surely it was this tranquil dawn that was now declaring itself over land and sea. Soft and shadowy it was as yet, for the skies were veiled by a net-work of cloud; and strangely still it was—the loch a dead calm, save where the smooth olive-green reflections of the opposite hills were broken by some wandering puff of wind into a shivering silver gray. There was no blaze of morning splendor in this pre-

lighted window: the only shaft of sunlight came into this mysterious half-darkness and caught a solitary distant peak—a shoulder of rose-tinted granite that rose up and wonderful above the shadowed mountains of Ardgour.

Suddenly, from this silence and solitude there stepped an apparition—at least, so her frightened eyes at first fancied; but the next instant she had recognized the well-known figure of Ludovick Macdonell, who was coming idly along the road, but with his eyes fixed on the Doctor's house. And the moment he caught sight of her she could see how his face lit up. He waved his hand. She began that she was but partly dressed; again and again she returned his salutations—for it seemed so reassuring to have him so near her after those black terrors of the night. But he lingered there in front of the small garden: did he expect her to go down to him? Then swiftly she retreated from the window, dressed herself in a kind of way, thrust her bare feet into slippers, drew a shawl round her head, and presently with steadily fast feet was making her way down the stairs and through the sleeping house. The heavy look made something of a noise, but she did not find that now; Ludovick was there, expecting her. And then the next moment she found herself in the garden—she rosy red, and yet with joy and welcome in her eyes; he looking at her with a look as glad as her own.

"What have you to say to me, Alison? Is it to be yes?"

He had not to wait for an answer—it was written in her upturned face. He caught her to him, and pushed back the shawl from her forehead, and kissed her again and again.

"Are you are going to be happy?" he said to her.

She had her burning face in his bosom, and murmured:

"Ludovick, I am yours—yours—yours! Tell me what is right."

"But you are all trembling!" he exclaimed.

"I have been so frightened," she said. "There was a terrible dream. I thought I was in a dungeon, and there was one small window, and I looked through it, and saw you—you were going away to be married."

"And there's a true dream, anyway!" he said, gaily. "Indeed I am going to

be married as soon as ever this blessed town of Fort William wakes up!"

"But why are you here already?" she asked, and she disengaged herself a little, so that they could walk up and down the small gravelled pathways between the beds of flowers, though still his arm was interlinked with hers. "What made you think of coming so early, Ludovick?"

"Oh, well," he said, evasively, "I have just been strolling about."

"Ludovick," she protested, "do you mean that you have never been to bed at all?"

"It was hardly worth while," he said; and then he added: "Well, not on the truth, I was determined to have the earliest possible glimpse of you; and I know you would come to the window some time. And really it was very pleasant. There has been hardly any darkness at all; the moonlight seemed to melt into the first light of the morning. I have been walking up and down in front of the gardens, and wondering whether the good people would be awfully angry if I went in and made me a bouquet of all the prettiest flowers, for the bride to carry in her hand."

"Were you so sure, Ludovick?" she said slowly, with downcast eyes.

"I was nearly sure."

She was silent for a second or two; then she said, but perhaps merely to hide her embarrassment: "How delicious the morning air is! Don't you think the flowers smell more sweetly before the sun gets at them? That is why I like to sleep with the window open; you can almost tell when the morning begins by the scent of the flowers coming in, and the birds beginning to chirp. I mean when I am lying here," she said, rather sadly. "We have neither birds nor flowers in Kirk o' Shields."

"I suppose not," he said, lightly—for he would not allow her to fall into any despondent mood on her wedding morning. "But you are not going to live always in Kirk o' Shields. By the-way, Alison," he said, in a sort of incidental fashion, "don't you think Oyre House looks very bare outside? I can't see why the gardener shouldn't get some flowering plants trained up the walls. I suppose you don't know whether honeysuckle or a tree-fuchsia would grow most quickly?"

"No, Ludovick, I'm sure I don't know," she said.

"The tree-fuchsia is certainly a beauti-

ful thing," he continued, as they were idly and happily walking together, with interlinked arms, between those beds of flowers, "when you can get it to grow properly. I have seen the whole side of a house covered with it—and the rich crimson bells go so well with the dark green leaves. But the honeysuckle has the great advantage of scent. Which would you like to have round your window?"

"I?" she said, looking up at this abrupt question.

"Yes. I was just thinking," he said, "that I must try and do something to make Oyre look less forlorn, and I was wondering whether honeysuckle or fuchsia would be best."

"I should think most people would say honeysuckle," Alison made answer, modestly; and then she said, "Now I must go in, Ludovick."

"No, not yet," he pleaded. "We have got the whole world to ourselves, there is no one thinking of stirring yet. I want you to tell me—" (for a moment he could not say what he wanted her to tell him; then he hit upon an excuse for delaying her.) "I want you to tell me what are your favorite flowers for planting out—beds like these, you say—tell me your favorite colors in flowers. You know, I don't think our man at Oyre has much taste—or perhaps it's direction he wants; my father and myself never think of interfering. Aren't you very fond of white moss-roses, Alison? I fancy they are not so common as they used to be, but we've got some bushes—oh yes, we've got some—"

"But I must go in, Ludovick! The fact is," she said, by way of laughing excuse, "the pebbles are hurting my foot—my slippers are so thin."

"Then come and stand on the doorstep," said he.

"But the servants will be about directly."

"Oh no, not at all. You have no idea how early it is yet. Why, don't they say it is unlucky for lovers to meet on their wedding day before the ceremony takes place? But then, you see, this isn't the wedding day yet; this belongs to the nighttime; it isn't day at all yet."

"It looks very like it, Ludovick," said she; for now there were stray shafts of sunlight striking on the higher crests of the opposite hills; and the yachts that had been black as jet on the blue gray

water, had now assumed their ordinary color, their riding lights being no longer distinguishable.

But despite the ever widening and brightening dawn, their leave taking was a long and lingering one, and even when she had crept silently back to her own room she found he was still in the garden below, waiting for a last look or wave of the hand. So from a jug of flowers that stood on the small table beside her she took a rose and flung it to him, and kissed her finger tips therewith; then she noiselessly shut the window so that none in the house should hear. But she did not go back to bed again—there was too much to think of on this eventful morning.

Eventful indeed! For no sooner had Alison's decision become known throughout the household than there was very considerable perturbation, not to say dismay.

The elder Munros having to be told, and the Doctor taking no pains to conceal his strong disapproval of so mad a project.

"Of course you are quite old enough to judge for yourself, Alison," he said at the breakfast table, when the servant had left the room, "and whatever you will do will be quite legal and proper and correct; but I wish it had not been done from this house. We have had charge of you; your father will put the blame on us. And I for one cannot but think that so sudden and unconsidered a step may lead you into difficulties that you don't anticipate just now—"

"Duncan," his wife interposed, with a quiet smile, "surely you have not forgotten that you wanted me to do exactly the same thing when we were sweethearts?"

"There's a great difference," he said, quickly and uneasily (for the father of a family does not like to have his romantic exploits of past days discussed at his own breakfast-table). "There's a great difference between a medical student without any certain prospects and the young laird of Oyre. Your family were quite right in their opposition—I may say that now; but where can the objection be to young Maedonell—what is the use of this hurry—what is the need of rushing into a hasty marriage—"

"Duncan, my man," interposed Aunt Gilchrist, with but scant courtesy toward her brother, "ye're just hawking. There's plenty of objection to young Maedonell among the folk in Kirk of Shields; and

"If Alison goes back there without some such man, I doubt whether she will ever see him again. Oh, I'm not responsible for the marriage—ye needna think that! I let it be herself. I let it be herself to say whether she had courage enough; but now that my laddie has plighted up his do, do ye think I'm going to desert her? Not I! That's and here am I tell ye! I'll stand by your side, Aliso, my dear; and I've got something to hint to your husband Laidlaw when he comes next word wi' him that 'll no disappoint him, I reckon."

"Unresponsible or irresponsible I am," said the Doctor, who seemed extremely uncomfortable about this affair, "you are taking act and part in it. And if it were an ordinary marriage, with proper notice given to everybody, but no declaration marriage—"

"Who says it is an irregular marriage?" demanded the little dame, fiercely.

"They are going to be married by declaration and a warrant in the court's signature. Isn't that the proposed?" her brother said.

"What then?"

"But that's an irregular marriage," he insisted. "You will find it well described in the Register."

Then Aunt Gilchrist laughed aloud in her room.

"Well, I declare!" she cried. "You do exactly as the law bids ye, and then the law itself tells ye it is irregular! But, ye see, however the lawyers may be as daft as the doctors! Never mind, it's no matter with the same, and if I'm to be at the wedding, I'm going to make myself as splendid as splendid can be, and Alison is coming to help me. And mind," said this imperious small person, as she was leading her niece away with her toward the door, "mind, as this is Alison's wedding day, I'm not going to tramp backward and forward through the streets of Fort William. One of you, Hugh or Flora, you'll just step along to Mr. Carmichael, and say I want the way made here instantly, and the best pair o' horses in the stable. And if the man has a new suit or fivery, then on wi' it once! Come away, Alison; it's time the bonny, bonny the bonny, lay the bonny breast-knots!" and if ye've got no special fivery for the wedding, see if I dinna make that up to ye before long—my word for it."

And then again, when the little silver-haired, fresh-complexioned, bright-eyed woman had got her niece into her own room, she placed her at Ann's length before her and regarded her.

"They've no frightened ye, Ailie, my dear."

"No, aunt, not in the least," Alison answered, quite simply.

"There's self-possession for ye! there's coolness!—there's my bit lady, that would have a testament of counsel when her mind's made up!" Aunt Gilchrist said, quite proudly. "That brother o' mine—dare ye lead him, Alison?"

"They professional folk are just that timid about what the neighbors may say—they're a' living in glass houses—and they darena call their soul their own. But I thought I might frighten ye."

"Well, aunt, this is how it is," Alison made answer. "I was very much troubled and very anxious at first when I had to consider this fine proposal; but since I have given my promise to Laidlaw, it's of no consequence what any one may say—that is all."

"Since ye've given your promise to Laidlaw?"—and when she had, I wonder?"

"This morning."

"This morning?"

"He was in the garden, aunt; I went down and saw him."

"They young folk! they young folk!" exclaimed Aunt Gilchrist, shaking her head mournfully. "but she was not deeply displeased, and forthwith she went to her chest of drawers. "Well, Alison, I'll show ye the gown I'm going to wear, and if ye dinna say it's fit for a wedding, I'll call ye an ungrateful hussy."

Indeed, one might have thought it was Aunt Gilchrist herself who was about to be married, from the importance she assumed on this momentous evening. Of course there was a vast amount of hurrying, for the time was short; and yet in the midst of it all Aunt Gilchrist found an opportunity of calibrating the consciences of the elder Misses, who were not a little alarmed by what was going on. She pointed out to them that they need not take any part whatsoever in this project, or be in any way responsible for it. What would happen, would happen after Alison had left their house. Her luggage was quite ready; let the lad John convey it down to the quay. Alison would say

good by to the Doctor and Mrs. Munro at their own door; and if she chose to go through a marriage ceremony with anybody—no matter whom—between that leave-taking and her departure by the steamer, why, that was her own affair, and they need not be supposed to know.

When Ludovick Maedonell came along, a few minutes thereafter, Flora's quick eye perceived that he did not wear his usual happy and careless audacity of manner; he seemed anxious about Alison somehow; he kept looking at her from time to time—though, to be sure, she appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed. He had no opportunity of speaking to her alone until they were going down through the garden to the wagonette, and even then it was only a word.

"Alison," he said, in a low voice, "am I asking too much?"

"No, Ludovick," she answered, simply, and with frank eyes upturned to his.

And indeed there was nothing very exacting or imposing or terrifying about this brief ceremony. When they drove along to the solicitor's office, that functionary drew out a declaration of marriage from particulars he had already received from Captain Ludovick. The two contracting parties signed it, Alison's hand just trembling a little; then two witnesses had to sign, of whom Aunt Gilchrist boldly claimed to be the first. The bridegroom looked doubtfully at Hugh.

"Perhaps you would rather have nothing to do with it, Hugh?" said he.

"Oh, I'm going to stand by you, Ludovick," the younger man answered, promptly, and he took the pen from Aunt Gilchrist and affixed his name.

The next part of the ceremony was equally brief and simple. Armed with this important document, they drove along to the big brown-stone building in which the sheriff's court is held; there they sought out the sheriff-substitute in his chambers. That worthy gentleman read over the declaration, signed it, and handed it back to Captain Ludovick, whom, by-the-way, he chanced to know slightly; and the next minute, when they were out in the open air again, Alison Blair was no longer Alison Blair but Alison Maedonell, whatever the change might bring to her in the coming years.

"And is it really all over, Ludovick?" Flora cried, clinging on to Alison's arm,

and looking a little bit awe-stricken as well as amused; for there was something uncanny about this swift, simple, informal transaction that had in a few minutes so completely transformed the lives of two human beings.

"Well," said the bridegroom, doubtfully, as he pulled out his watch. "There might be time to go to the register and get a copy of the entry, if Alison would like to take it with her."

"Ludovick," said Hugh, who was a long-sighted lad, "this steamer has left Coppersich."

"Then we'll run no risks," Maedonell said, forthwith. "I'll go to the register when I come back in the afternoon; there is no hurry; and we can walk down to the quay now, unless Mrs. Gilchrist would rather drive."

"Oh, I'll go with ye. Periphery will let me go that short way," Aunt Gilchrist responded. "But the wagonette must wait for me. I'm not going home until I see my bit lady fairly started for the south."

And now, as the red-framed steamer slows in and stops, picks up its passengers and cargo, and sets forth on its voyage again—and when the last farewells have been waved to the proud little ship still standing at the end of the quay—behold! this is no sad-eyed Princess Deirdri sailing away southward, surrounded by weeping companions. The steeled composure of the morning is no longer necessary; the ordeal is over; now she is rosy and happy and glad, as becomes a bride; and her cousins are as kind to her as they can be, though still they must tease her, and pay mock homage to her new estate. As for Captain Ludovick, he holds somewhat aloof; he is her husband, but does not press any claim on her attention; he allows the cousins to monopolize her; he appears indifferent; has he not the part of a husband to play? And is not the day a fair day and fit for a bride? The farther and farther south they go the skies get brighter and brighter, until here, close at hand, along the Appin shore, the sun is shining brilliantly on the sandy bays, on the rocks and crags half covered with ivy, and on the patches of dark-green fir and light-green ash; while away to the west, beyond the glassy plain of the sea, the far hills of Morven and Kingairloch have become of a faint rose-gray, with every

bursts in illuminated rain, through which moored ships seem magnified as through a fog of gold. It ceases as suddenly as it began; the clouds and the luminous mist vanish; and the world-azure is revealed unflecked, dazzling, wondrous, a midsummer tropical noon. The horizon glow at once charms and dazzles the eye; the sea line curves sharp as a razor edge; and motionless upon the level water nearly a hundred ships lie, masts, spars, booms, cordage, nettings, cutting against the amazing blue splendor. Then the island brings out all its beauties, displays all its gradations of color. First comes the long white winding thread line of beach—bright sand and coral; then rises the deep green fringe of tropical vegetation, through which roofs peep and spires rise; and over these appear the feathery heads of very tall palms with white trunks. The general tone of the foliage is sombre green, although it is full of lustre; there is a glimmer in it as of metal. But just a little above all this coast fringe long undulations of misty green are visible—far slopes of low hill and plain, the loftiest curving line, the spine of the island, bearing a fringe of coco-palms, so far away that their stems are finer than spider threads; only the crests are clearly discernible, like arachnids dangling between earth and sky. Tamarinds, mangoes, mahoganies, bread-fruits, bananas, fig trees, plantains, cabbage palms, peep up here and there among city dwellings; but afar off no woods are visible; the land is a naked green.

Architecturally the city of Bridgetown is almost uninteresting; it has few unique features, no romantic ones; it looks just like a little English town, not an old-time English town, but a new one, modern, plain, commonplace. Even the palms are powerless to lend the place a really tropical look. The streets are narrow without picturesqueness, white as lime roads, and full of glare; the manners, the costumes, the style of living, the system of business, are thoroughly English and modern; the population is French without originality, and its tremendous activity and energy (so oddly at variance with the quiet indolence of other West Indian peoples) appear absolutely unnatural.

The merchants, the officials, the professional men, the storekeepers, soldiers, sailors, and police, are all blue. Black regiments march through the streets to

English music, all clad as Zouaves; black policemen in white uniforms and white helmets maintain order; black postmen deliver letters; black hackmen await customers at one shilling per hour. Comely half-breed women, attractive colored girls, do not appear; there is little grace, little beauty, observable.

XXIII.

Night: steaming toward the equator, with Demerara for a goal. A terrific warm wind that compels the taking in of every awning and wind-sail. Driving tepid rain. Blackness intense, broken only by the phosphorescence of the sea, which to-night displays extraordinary radiance.

Our wake is a great broad soothing river of fire, whiter than strong moonlight; the glow is bright enough to read by. At its centre the trail is brightest; at the edges it pales faintly, curling like a smoke of phosphorus. Great sharp lights burst up momentarily through it like meteors. Weirder, however, than this wake of strange light are the long shadowy lines that keep burning ahead us at a distance, out in the dark. *Notabians* mean-describes some change from and past, or pentine flames wriggle by; then there are long billowing wreaths of fire. These seem to be formed of millions of tiny sparks that light up all at the same time; they brightly awhile, disappear, reappear, and swirl away in a prolonged smouldering.

Morning: steaming still south, through a vast blue day. Deep warm brown with bluish white glow in the horizon, indigo sea.

Then again night, all land masses very calm. The Southern Cross burns white-ly. We are nearing the enormous shadowy bows of the South American coast.

XXIV.

Morning. The light of an orange and red sun illuminates and a blue but a greenish yellow, sickly sea—black, red, glassy smooth. We are in the shallows. The fire-aster begins rattling boat after hour. "And a half boat, he!" "Quarter less five, she!" There is little variation in his soundings—always a quarter of a fathom or half a fathom difference. The air has a sickly heaviness, like the air above a swamp.

And a blue day! The water green shows olive and brownish tones alternate-

ly, the foam looks creamy and yellow; our wake is ochre-colored, very yellow and very slaty looking. It seems imagined that a blue sky should hang over so hideous a waste of water; it seems to demand a gray blind sky, such gray and such smothering the colors of a fresh-water inundation. We are only five or six degrees north of the equator. Very low the land lies before us, a thin dark green line suggesting mountains, mounds, paludal odors; and always the nauseous colour of the water decays.

Even this same ghastly flood washes the green paludosity of the town. There, when a ray of sun, the daily offering to the sun, but a wind-bell is lifted. And then is the viscous, glaucous sea surface furrowed suddenly by this homogeneously swart, sharp, triangular, the legions of the sharks rushing to the bottom interval. They show the teeth!

XXX.

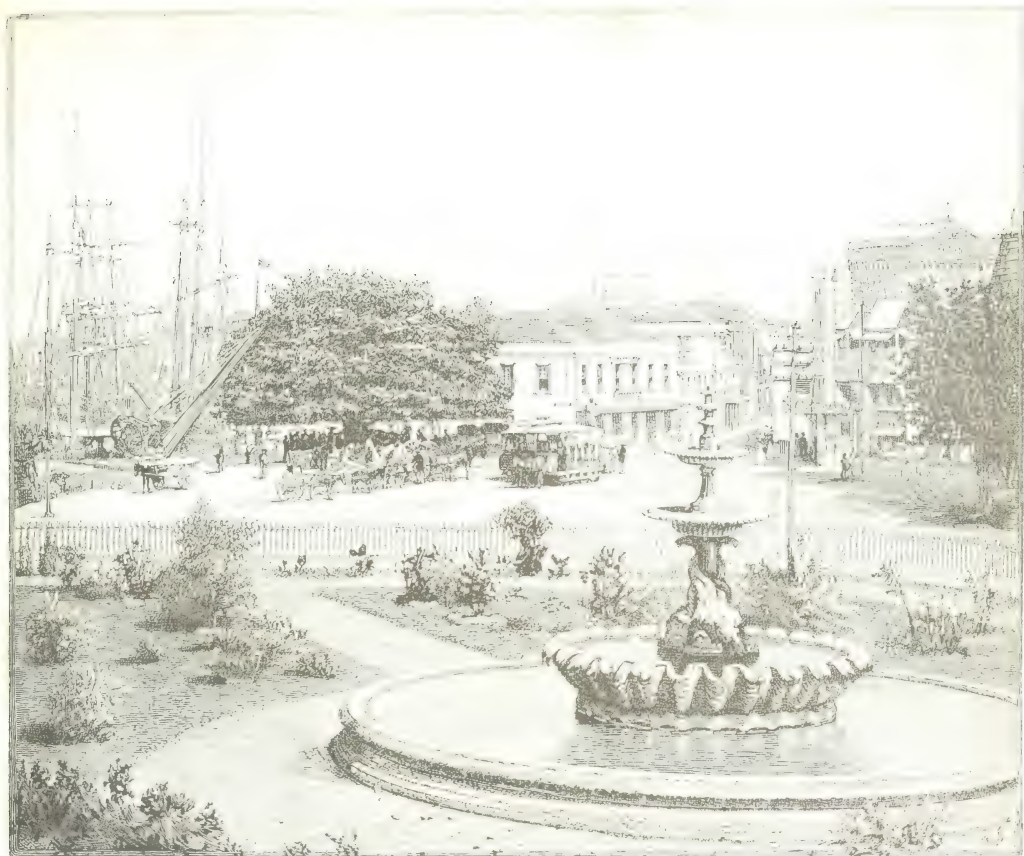
As the land draws near, it reveals an extraordinary tropical appearance. The slender green and bright-red-orange-leaves ens into a splendid fringe of fantastic evergreen froths, bristling with pinnules. Then a mossy sea-wall seems intercalated, dull gray, shagreened, green-frothed, and green-lined at all its joints. There is a fort. The cannon's salute is scornfully mocked by a queer echo, and the cannon-shot once reverberated—only once; there are no mountains here to multiply a sound. And all the while the water becomes a thicker and more turbid green; the wake looks more and more ochreous, the foam rozier and yellower. Vessels becalmed speak the glass level of the sea, like insects sticking upon a mirror surface. Boats approach filled with negroes who speak English with a strong old-country accent. We pass through lamp-post rows, government warehouses, and find ourselves in the broad, palm-bordered streets of Georgetown, Demerara.

This is certainly the most tropical-looking city I have yet seen, and its exotic aspect is largely, if not chiefly, due to the palm. For the outlines, the plan, the general idea of the town, is European and modern; the white streets, laid out very broad to the sweep of the sea-breeze, and damped by canals running through their centres, with bridges at the cross streets, display all the value of nineteenth-century knowledge regarding house-building

with a view to coolness as well as to beauty. The architecture is a tropicalized Swiss style. Swiss curves are developed into veranda roofs, and Swiss porches prolonged and lengthened into beautiful piazzas and balconies. The men who devised these large and hilly, these admirably ventilated rooms, these latticed windows opening to the breeze, may have lived in India; but the physiognomy of the town also reveals a fine sense of beauty in the designers; all that is rich and strange and beautiful in the revelation of the tropics has had a place contrived for it, a home prepared for it. Each dwelling has its garden, such garden leaves with singular and lively colour, but everywhere and always tower the palms. There are colonnades of palms, clump-palms, groves of palms, sugar and cabbage and cocoa and fan palms. You can see that the palm is cherished here, is loved for its beauty, like a woman. Every where you find palms, in all stages of development, from the first sheaf of tender green, plumes rising above the sea to the wonderful colossus that holds its head a hundred feet above the rest; palms border the garden walks in colonnades; they are grouped in symmetrical pose about the bases of fountains; they stand like grand gray pillars at either side of gates; they look into the highest windows of public buildings and hotels.

For miles and miles and miles we drive along vast avenues of palm avenues leading to splendid cane fields, traversing queer coolie villages. Rising on either side of the road to the same level, the palms present the vista of a long unbroken double colonnade of dead river reeds, standing tall pillars with deep green plume-tufted summits, almost touching, almost forming something like the dream of an interminable Moresque arcade. Sometimes for a full mile the trees are only about thirty or forty feet high; then, turning into an older alley, we drive for half a league down a colonnade of giants nearly a hundred feet in altitude. The double perspective lines at their crests, meeting before us and behind us in a bronze-green darkness, betray only at long intervals any variation of color, where some dead leaf droops like an immense yellow feather.

In the tremendous glow that brings out all the rings of their bark the palms seem to move, slowly, stealthily, as if endowed with some sort of subtle fleshy life. They



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.

seem more and more alive the longer you look at them, more and more like long, animated, articulated, silver-gray bodies that poise, that undulate, that stretch and elongate serpentwise. And all this beautiful, solemn, silent life upreaching to the sun—seeking for warmth, for color, for power—impresses you at last with an almost terrifying conception of vital energy, of individual effort. The longer one looks, the more is one tempted to suspect that each lithe body is animated by a thinking ghost—that all are watching you with the passionless calm of superior beings. You feel humble, like a mortal for whom some legion of spirits had mercifully opened their ranks to make way.

All through the land round about are other wonders. There are avenues of table-trees, whose foliage seems exaggerated horizontally; alleys of mahogany-trees; tanes of Orinokes, whose fronds coruscate with crimson blossoming. There are

amazing shrubs—orange-colored things; there are plants with glossy leaves speckled in four different colors; there are various plants that look like wigs of green hair, or masses of filiform green sea-weed, set on short sticks; plants with enormous broad leaves, so diaphanous as to seem made of green glass; plants that do not look like real plants, but like idealizations of plants, like the fantasticalities of wood-carvers and stone-cutters animated by witchcraft. There are grasses that look like dwarf palms—tiny arborescent grasses with curving stems and plumed heads. There are flowers of extravagant forms and colors—flowers that possess familiar shapes, but have absurd tints and unfamiliar perfumes, yellow and indigo and green, orange and black and crimson plants. And in all the ponds, covering all the canals, float the green navies of the monster lily, the *Victoria Regia*. Close to shore the leaves are not extraordinarily large; but they in-

with very heavy full beards are probably Mussulmans: they have their mosques, and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shaye—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are in their close-clinging soft brief robes and tantalizing veils—a costume leaving shoulders, arms, and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded; the silver-circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking or in repose, present perpetually stilled grace; their attitude when erect always suggests lightness and suppleness like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a very pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny nipples are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statuette of Kama, the Indian Eros. The mother's arms are covered from elbow to wrist with silver bracelets, some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose ornament does not seem absurd; on those dark

skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman: is she a Chinese blanco—a coolie or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose soft white garment, leaving arms, ankles, and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer: it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek-bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable *bonité du diable*: it is a very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silky lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon.

XXVII

Evening is brief: all this time the days have been getting shorter. It will be black



VICTORIA BEACH IN THE WEST INDIES.

and tepid winds.
But toward even-
ing the water once
more shifts its hue
—takes olive tint—
the mighty flood
of the Orinoco is
near.

Over the rim of
the sea rise shapes
faint pink, faint
gray—misty shapes
that grow and
lengthen as we ad-
vance. We are near
ing Trinidad.

It first takes defi-
nite form as a pro-
longed, undulating,
pale gray mountain
chain, the outline
of a sierra. Ap-
proaching nearer,
we discern other
: ill summits round-
ing up and shoul-
dering away behind
the chain itself.
Then the nearest
heights begin to
turn faint green—
very slowly. Right
before the first cliff
spur, strange rocks
are rising sheer
from the water—
fantastically splin-
tered and reddish-
gray where the
naked surface re-
mains unclothed by green creepers and
shrubs. Between them the sea leaps high
and whitens wildly.

Then we begin to steam along a mighty
tropical shore, before a grand volcanic
billowing of hills all wrapped in forest
from sea to sky—astounding forests, dense,
impenetrable, sombre; every gap a black-
ness as of ink. Tremendous palms here
and there overtop the denser foliage, and
queer green monsters, never seen before,
rise over the forest level against the azure,
spreading out immense flat crests, from
which masses of creepers stream down like
huge green rags. This forest front has the
solidity of a wall, the loftiness of a moun-
tain; and forty-five miles of it undulate
unbrokenly past us, rising by terraces, or
projecting in turrets, or shooting up into



(CARIB, DEMERARA.)

cathedral forms, or displaying extraor-
gant mockeries of castellated architecture.

There comes a chill!—another, another;
then a vast breath begins to blow steadily
upon us—the mighty breath of the Ori-
noco! It is night when we steam at last
through the Apr's Mouth, to cast anchor
in perhaps the most silent harbor of the
world. Over unruffled water the lights
of Port-of-Spain shoot long thin motion-
less yellow beams. The night grows chilly
with vapors, frigid with the breath of the
enormous woods.

XXVIII.

Sunrise in the harbor of Port-of-Spain.
A morning of supernatural beauty; the
sky of a fairy tale, the sea of a love poem.
Under a heaven of exquisitely tender



VIEW OF HONOLULU, HAWAII.

blue, the whole smooth and blue as perfect limpidous day-color, the horizon being filled to a great height with opaline golden haze, a mist of unspendably sweet tint, a hue that irradiated from everywhere, would be cried out against as an impossibility. As yet the hills are nearly all gray, the forests also overtopping them are gray and ghostly, for the sun has but just risen above the sea and vapors hang blue-violet between. Then, from the glassy level of the flood, bands of purple and violet and pale blue and fluid gold begin to shoot and quiver and broaden; these are the currents of the luminous, rushing, varying color with the deepening of the day and the lifting of the tide.

Then, as the sea rises higher, gray mists begin to glimmer among the grays; the outlines of the forest summits commence to define themselves through the vapory light, to left and right of the sea and sky. Then the sky still remains unbroken, the sea slowly, between us and the distant point of solar splendor, and the sun there only, bright with radiance, but the pure seems hidden by a fog of blue, and the gold green of the

horizon changes to a pure yellow—the hills assume soft, rich, sensuous colors. One of the more remote has turned a mar-velous blue, so seemingly diaphanous aureate color, the very ghost of gold. But at last all of them sharpen, bloody, show bright fold and wrinkle of green through their haze. The valleys remain white clouded, as if filled with something like blue smoke; but the projecting masses of cliff and slope swiftly change from phantom green to a brighter hue. All these tints and colors have a spectral character, a post-natural loveliness; every thing seems subdued, softened, semi-vaporized, the only very sharply defined silhouettes being those of the little becalmed ships sprinkling the western water, all streaming colored wings to catch the morning breeze.

The more the sun ascends, the more rapid the development of the landscape out of vapory blue; the hills all become green, faded, reveal the details of frondage. The wind fills the waiting sails—white, red, yellow—ripples the water, and turns it green. Little fish begin to leap; they spring and fall in glittering showers

like opalescent blown spray. And at last, through the fading vapor, dew glittering red-tiled roofs reveal themselves: the city is unveiled—a city full of color, somewhat quaint, somewhat Spanish looking—a little like St. Pierre, a little like New Orleans in the old quarter; everywhere fine tall palms.

XXIX.

Ashore, through a great sable swarming and a tempest of creole chatter, into warm, narrow, yellow streets.

White faces have begun to look almost unearthly; and one feels, in a totally novel way, the dignity of a white skin. When a white face does show itself it usually appears under the shadow of an Indian helmet; it is formidably bearded, austere—the countenance of one accustomed to command. Against the black and fantastic ethnic background of these queer little worlds, this calm, strong, bearded, aquiline English face takes heroic outline, grandiose relief: you involuntarily murmur to yourself, with pride of race, "I also am of such blood as these!"

There is not so much of the picturesque in this black and brown population as one might expect: there is little of real beauty in the town save what verdant Nature has bestowed upon it: arborescent grasses and palms, tree-ferns, shadowing fruit trees of many kinds. We drive out of it, to the nearest coolie village, over smooth white roads rounding high forest covered hills, or overlooking valleys displaying a hundred shades of green, sometimes traversing perfect arcades formed by interlacings and intercrossings of dense alleys of bamboos. Rising in giant clumps, spreading out sheafwise from the soil toward the sky, the curves of their jointed stems meet at Gothic angles above the way, and at either side of

it form groinings at regular intervals, imitate exactly the beautiful architecture of old Gothic abbey cloisters. Above the road, shadowing the slopes of lofty hills, forests beetle in dizzy precipices of verdure. They are green—burning, flashing green—covered with parasitic green creepers and vines; they show enormous forms, or rather dreams of form, fetichistic and startling. Banana banners flicker and flutter along the way-side: palms shoot up to vast altitudes, like pillars of white metal; and there is a perpetual shifting of foliage color, from yellow-green to orange, from reddish-green to purple, from emerald-green to black green. But the background color, the dominant tone, is bright, bright green, like the plumage of a green parrot.

We drive into the coolie village, along a narrow white road, lined with plantain trees, bananas, bamboos, tropical



THE MIDSUMMER TRIP



THE TEMPLE OF SIVA, KOLKATA, INDIA.

growths, mostly with very broad, large leaves. Here and there are palms. Beyond the little ditches on either side, occupying cleared openings in the natural hedge, are the dwellings—wooden cabins widely separated from each other. The narrow lanes that cross the road are also lined with habitations, half concealed by banana-trees. There is a prodigious glare, an intense heat. Around, above the trees and the roofs, rise the far hill shapes, some brightly verdant, some cloudy blue, some grey. The road and the lanes around it are deserted; there is little shade; only at intervals some slender brown girl or naked baby appears at a doorway. The carriage halts before a shed built against a wall—a mere sloping roof of palm thatch supported upon jointed posts of bamboo.

It is a little coolie temple. A few weary Indian laborers slumber in its shadow; poorly naked children, with silver rings round their ankles, are playing there with a white dog. Painted all over the wall are figures of gods and goddesses, in red, yellow, brown, blue, and green designs upon a white ground, are colorful figures of gods and goddesses, very rude, but none recognizable.

These seem to refer to a variety of avatars of Siva or Vishnu. They have several pairs of arms, all brandishing mysterious objects. They seem to swagger, to strut, sometimes to dance; they are *naïf*; they are absurd; right; and yet touching. They remind me of the first efforts of a child with the first box of paints, which must be contemplated without a smile. While I am looking at these things, one coolie after another wakes up (these men sleep lightly) and begins to observe me almost as curiously, and I feel much less kindly, than I have been observing the gods. "Where is your priest?" I inquire. No one seems to comprehend my question; the iron gravity of each dark face remains unrelaxed. Yet I would have liked to make an offering unto Siva.

Outside the Indian goldsmith's cabin, palm shadows are crawling slowly to and fro in the white glare, like shapes of tarantulas. Inside, the heat is augmented by the tiny charcoal furnace which glows beside a ridiculous little anvil set into a wooden block buried level with the soil. Through a rear door come odors of unknown flowers and the cool brilliant green



COOLIES—CALCUTTA TYPES

of banana leaves. Then the nude-limbed smith enters noiselessly as a spectre, squats down upon his little mat before his little anvil, and turns inquiringly toward us a face half veiled by a black beard, austere, regular, and withal slightly unpleasant in expression. "*Vlé beras*," observes my creole driver, pointing to his client. The turbaned smith lifts his voice, utters the single syllable "*Ra!*" and folds his arms.

Almost immediately a young woman responds to the call, enters, squats down on the earthen floor at the further end of the bench, and turns upon me a pair of the largest black eyes I have ever seen. She is very simply clad, in a coolie robe leaving arms and ankles bare, and cling-

ing about the figure in gracious folds; her color is a clear bright brown—new bronze; her face a perfect oval, and charmingly aquiline. I perceive a little silver ring, in the form of a twisted snake, upon the slender second toe of each bare foot: upon each arm she has at least ten heavy silver rings; there are also large silver rings about her ankles; a gold flower is fixed by a little hook in one nostril, and two immense silver circles, shaped like new moons, shimmer in her ears. The smith mutters something to her in his Indian tongue. She rises, and seating herself on the bench beside me, in an attitude of perfect grace, holds out one beautiful brown arm to me that I may choose a ring.

That arm is much more worthy of attention than the rings: it has the firm, the smoothness, the symmetry of a fine statuary's work in metal; the upper arm tattooed with a bluish circle of arabesques, is otherwise unadorned; all the bracelets are on the forearm. Very clumsy and coarse they prove to be on closer examina-

tion: it was the fine dark skin which by color contrast made them look so pretty. I choose the outer one, a round ring with terminations shaped like viper heads; the smith inserts a pair of tongs between these ends, presses outward slowly and strongly, and the ring is off. It has a faint musky odor, not unpleasant, the perfume of the tropical flesh it ringed. The smith snatches it from me, heats it in his little charcoal furnace, hammers it into a perfect circle again, slakes it in an earthen bowl of water, burnishes it.

Then I ask for children's bracelets; and the young mother brings in her baby girl, a little brown beauty just able to walk. She has positively enormous eyes—the



INDIAN SERVANT

mother & pyms idealized; the father's are
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single
—and then there is a bargain for the single

eye as the size of the iris rather than the size of the ball. These eyes are not soft like the mother's, after all; they are ungentle, beautiful as they are; they have the dark and splendid flame of the eyes of a great bird or a bird of prey.

She will grow up, this little maid, into a slender, tall, and comely woman, very beautiful, no doubt, perhaps a little sinister, a little dangerous. She will marry, of course; probably she is betrothed even now, according to Indian custom, pledged to some brown boy, the son of a friend. It will not be so many years before the day of their merry wedding; girls shoot up under this sun with a swift growth as those broad-backed beautiful shapes which fill the narrow doorway with quivering, uncreakable. And surely she will know the witchcraft of those eyes will test the temptation to use them, and to make one of those smiles which have power over life and death. What then?

And then the old coolie boy? One day in the yellowing cane fields, among the swarm of veiled and turbaned workers, a word is overheard, a side glance interpreted; there is the swirling flush of a enthusiastic, a shrieking gathering of brown women about a headless corpse in the sun; and passing cityward, between armed and helmeted men, the vision of an Indian prisoner, blood-crimsoned, walking very steadily, very erect, with the solemnity of a judge, the dry bright gaze of an idol.

XXX.

A frightful volley of reverberations, like a long roll of thunder, replies to the single boom of the steamer's cannon as we drop anchor in the glassy harbor of

St. George, Grenada. Then dead silence. There are heavy damp smells in the warm air as of mould, or of rich wet clay freshly upturned.

This harbor is a deep clear basin, surrounded and shadowed by enormous volcanic hills, all green. The opening by which we entered is cut off from sight by a promontory, and hill shapes beyond the promontory: we seem to be in the innermost ring of a double crater. There is a continuous shimmering and plashing of leaping fish in the shadow of the loftiest height, which reaches half across the water.

Climbing up the base of the huge hill at an almost precipitous angle, the old city can be viewed from the steamer's deck almost as in a bird's-eye view. A secent city; mostly antiquated Spanish architecture; ponderous archways and earthquake-proof walls. The old yellow buildings fronting us beyond the wharf seem half decayed; they are strangely mottled and streaked with green, look as if they had been long under water. We row ashore, land in a crowd of lazy-looking, silent blacks.

What a quaint, dawdling, sleepy place it is! All these narrow streets are falling into ruin; everywhere the same green stains upon the walls, as of slime left by a flood; everywhere disjointed brick work, crumbling roofs, pungent odors of mould. Yet this Spanish architecture was built to endure; those yellow, blue, or green walls were constructed with the solidity of fortress-work; the very stairs are stone; the balustrades and the railings of stone balconies were made of good wrought iron. In a Northern clime such edifices would resist the wear and tear of five hundred years. But here the powers of disintegration are extraordinary, and the very air would seem to have the devouring force of an acid. Everywhere surfaces and angles are yielding to the attacks of time, weather, and microscopic organisms; paint peels, stucco falls, tiles unble, stones slip out of place, and in

every chink tiny green things nestle, propagating themselves through the joints and dislocating the masonry. There is an appalling mouldiness, an exaggerated mossiness, the mystery and the melancholy of a city deserted. Old warehouses



COFFEE MERCHANT

without signs, vast and void, are opened regularly every day for so many hours; yet the business of the aged merchants within seems to be a problem; you might fancy those gray men were always waiting for ships that sailed away a generation ago, and will never return. You see no customers entering the stores, but only a black mendicant from time to time. And high above all this, overlooking streets too steep for any vehicle, slope the red walls of the mouldering fort, patched with the redescences of rain.

By a road leading up beyond the city, you reach the cemetery. The staggering iron gates by which you enter it are almost rusted from their hinges, and the low wall enclosing it is nearly all verdant with mossy growths. Within, you see a wilderness of strange weeds, vines, creepers, fantastic things run mad, with a few palms mounting above the green

stone, and here and there a gleam of tomb-stones from conspicuous hill-crofts. Such as you can read are epitaphs of Spanish, dating from the years 1800, 1802, 1812. Over these lizards are running; undulating in the weeds with you to bewilder of snakes. Heads leap away as you proceed; and you observe everywhere crocods (crocods)—grass-colored creatures with two ruby specks for eyes. They make a sound shrill as the shriek of machinery beveling iron. At the farther end of the cemetery is a heavy ruin that would seem to have once been part of a church: it is so covered with green vines here that you only distinguish the masonry on close approach, and high trees are growing within it.

There is something to tropical rain—potentially and terribly impressive; this inviolant, evergreen, overexpendible Nature consumes the results of human endeavor so swiftly, buries in ruin so inflexibly, distorts the fabric of civilization so grotesquely, that one feels here, as nowhere else, how ephemeral man is—how intense and how useless the effort necessary to preserve his frail creations even a little while from the vast incalculable forces antagonistic to all stability, to all fabric, to all equilibrium.

A gloomy road winds high around one cliff overlooking the history of the bay. Following it you pass under extraordinarily dark shadows of foliage, and over a blackish soil strewn with pretty bright green fruit that has fallen from above. Do not touch them even with the tip of your finger! These are marbled apples, with their mottled juice the birds of prey were wont to poison the barbs of their patrol feathered arrows. Over the mud, swarming among the venomous fruit, innumerable crabs make a sound almost like the murmuring of water. Some are very large, with prodigious stalked eyes, and claws white as ivory, and a red cuirass; others, very small and very swift in their movements, are raspberry-colored; others, again, are apple-green, with queer mottlings of black and white. There is an oppressive odor of decay in the air—of rottable decay.

Emerging from the shadow of the mountainous trees, you may follow the foot up, up, up, under beetling cliffs of polished rock that seem about to topple down upon the pathway. The rock is rufous and black near the road; higher, it

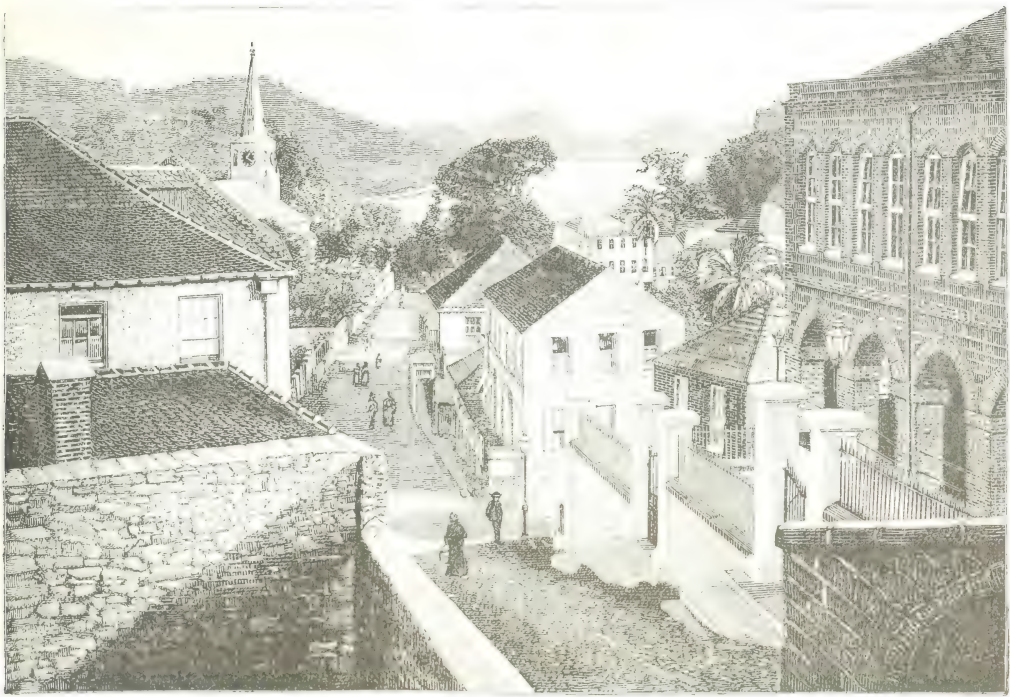
is veiled by a heavy green drapery of ferns, clinging creepers, unfamiliar vines. All around you are sounds of crawling, dull echoes of dropping; the thick growths far up waver in the breathless air as if something were moving sinuously through them. And always the sickly odor of humid decomposition. Further on, the road looks wilder, sloping up between black rocks, through strange vaultings of foliage and night-black shadows. Its loneliness oppresses; one returns without regret, by rising gateways and tottering walls, back to the old West Indian city rolling under the sun.

Yet Grenada, despite the dilapidation of her capital and the seeming desolation of its environs, is not the least prosperous of the Antilles. Other islands have been less fortunate; the era of depression has almost passed for Grenada. Through the rapid development of her secondary cultures—coffee and cocoa—she hopes with good reason to repair some of the vast losses incurred by the decay of the sugar industry.

Still in the silence of mouldering streets, this melancholy of abandoned dwellings, the wreckage of masses—there is a suggestion of what any West Indian port might become when the resources of the island had been exhausted, and all its commerce failed. After all persons of means and energy enough to seek other fields of industry and enterprise had taken their departure, and the plantations had been abandoned and the warehouses closed up forever, and the countless wharves left to rot slowly into the green water, Nature would soon have veiled the place as to obliterate every outward visible sign of the past. In scarcely more than a generation from the time that the cannon signal of the last merchant steamer had awakened the thunders of the folk, some traveler might look for the once populous and busy mart in vain: the forests would have devoured it.

In the mixed English and creole speech of the black population one can discern evidence of a linguistic transition. The original French *patois* is being rapidly forgotten or transformed irretrievably.

Now, in almost every island the negro idiom is different. So often have some of the Antilles changed owners, moreover, that in them the negro has never been able to form a true *patois*. He had scarcely acquired some idea of the language of



CHURCH STREET, ST. GEORGE, GRENADA.

his first masters, when other rulers and another tongue were thrust upon him, and this may have occurred four or five times. The result is a *baragoinin* that defies analysis, a totally incoherent agglomeration of speech forms, a bewildering medley, fantastic, astonishing, incomprehensible, almost weird.

XXXI.

Saint Lucia approaches through the aureate morning light: first shaped in misty gold, then in gray, then in blue, changing swiftly to green. Most strangely formed of all this huge volcanic family—an odder beauty, a more singular outline. Far off, the Pitons—twin volcanic peaks—show like two black breasts pointing against the sky.

The harbor of Castries, with its hills, seems of craterine origin. Between the massings of the green peaks about it are deep gaps showing groves of palm beyond. Over the highest summit hangs the invariable cloud. Behind us the harbor mouth seems spanned by broad steel-blue bars—lines of sea currents. The town is still hidden by a blue mist; but everything is sharpening—the haze is clearing off. Away, on either hand, hills

are billowing through varyings of color that range from brightest green through blues and bluish-grays into cloudy gold. In the nearer hollows are beautiful deepenings of color—ponded shadows diaphanously blue or purplish.

We remain but a moment, and steam on to another port. Always the same color-effects as we proceed, with new and surprising shapes of hills. The near slopes descending to the sea are ever radiantly green, with some streakings and patchings of darker verdure; the further lying hills gray-blue with green saliences catching light; and yet beyond these there are upheavals of very radiant gray—pearl-gray—sharpened against the silver glow of the horizon. The general impression is one of terrific motion suddenly arrested—earthquake surgings suddenly fixed and petrified: a raging of cones and peaks and monstrous truncated forms. We approach the Pitons.

Seen afar off, they first appeared like twin mammiform peaks, naked and black against the sky; but now they begin to brighten color a little and to change shape: they assume a lilaceous hue, with green and gray lights here and there; and as we draw still nearer they prove dissimi-

the boat in tops and tails. Now they are sailing before us throwing vast pyramidal shadows across the steamer's path. Then, — they open to one another, between them a sea bay is revealed — a very lovely curving bay, bounded by hollow cliffs of fiery green. At either side of the gap the Pitons rise like monster pylones. And a charming little settlement, a beautiful sugar-plantation is nesting there between them on the very edge of the bay.

Out of a bright sea of verdure, speckled with oases of darker foliage, these Pitons from the land side tower in very sombre verdure. Very high up on the nearest one, amid the forest-shadowed slopes, you can see houses perched; and there are bright breaks in the color there — tiny mountain pastures that look like patches of green silk velvet.

We pass the Pitons and enter another trade-estuarine harbor to reach another before the village of Choiseul. It lies on a ledge above the beach and under fresh hills; we land through a soft running tide high up on soft yellowish sand. A delicious saline scent of sea-weed.

It is disappointing, the village; it is merely one cross of brief streets, lined with blackening wooden dwellings; there are no buildings worth looking at except the queer old French church, deep red and bristling with gables that look like extinguishers. Over broad reaches of lava rock a shallow river flows by the village to the sea, gurgling under deep green shadows of tamarind foliage. It passes beside the market-place a market-place without stalls, benches, sheds, or pavements; meats, fruits, and vegetables are simply fastened to the trees. Women are washing and naked children bathing in the stream; they are bronze-skinned, a fine dark color with a taint of red tint. There is nothing else to see; the steep wooded hills cut off the view toward the interior.

But over the verge of the sea there is something strange growing visible, looming up like a beautiful gold-yellow cloud. It is an island, so lofty, so luminous, so phantom-like, that it seems a vision of the Island of the Seven Cities. It is only the crest of St. Vincent, bathed in vapory mist by the sun.

On to La Soufrière: still another harbor, a star bay in a hollow of green hills, — a hold bluish shadows. The color of the heights is very tender; but

there are long streaks and patches of dark green, marking watercourses and very abrupt surfaces. From the western side immense shadows are pitched brokenly across the valley and over half the roofs of the palmy town. There is a little river flowing down to the bay on the left; and west of it a walled cemetery is visible, one of which one monumental palm rises to a sublime height; its crest still babbles in the sun, above the invading shadow. Night approaches; the shade of the hills inundates all the landscape, rises even over the palm-crest. Then, black-loomng over the purple flood, black-towering into the golden glow of sunset, the land loses all its color, all its charm; forms of frondage, variations of tint, become invisible. Saint Lucia becomes a monstrous silhouette, all its billowing hills, its volcanic bays, its amphitheatrical valleys turn black as ebony.

And you behold before you a geological dream, a vision of the primeval sea; the apparition of the land as first brought forth, all pebble-tossed and fissured and pined and crumpled in the tremendous parturition of an archipelago.

XXXX

Homeward bound.

Again the enormous poem of nature and geocold worlds before us, but in order inverse; again is the island-Litany of the Saints repeated for us, but now backward. All the blue height harbors once more open to receive us, each lovely Shape floats to us again, first golden yellow, then vapory gray, then ghostly purple, but always sharply radiant at last, symmetrically exquisite, as if chiselled out of amethyst and emerald and sapphire. We review the same monstrous wrinkling of volcanic hills, the cities that sit in volcanic waters, the woods that tower to heaven, the heights that are forever coiled with radiant cloud, turbaned eternally with folded mist.

Then all the long succession of impressions received — fantastic, sensuous, exotic, unfamiliar — begin to group, to blend, to form homogeneous results, ideas, beliefs. Strongest among these is the conviction that the white race is disappearing from these islands, acquired and held so long, at so vast a cost of blood and treasure. Reasons almost beyond enumeration have been advanced — economical, climatic, ethnical, political — all of which contain truth,



VASTUES, SAINT-PIERRE

yet no single one of which can wholly explain the fact. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credulity. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there were 25,000 whites; now, against 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are less than 8000 creoles left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been almost deserted by their former cultivators: St. Vincent is becoming desolate; Tobago is a ruin; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. Christopher is crumbling; Grenada has lost more than half her whites. St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most prolific, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian ports, is in full decadence. Perhaps in Trinidad, where immense English capital has been invested, and where the coolie population is intelligent and powerful enough to supplant and master the African, the struggle will be greatly prolonged, and the result less dismal; but elsewhere the slave races of the past seem destined to become, sooner or later, the masters of the future; and the exterminated Indian peoples of the Antilles will eventually be replaced by populations similarly fitted to cope with climatic conditions, in perfect physiological harmony with this tropical Nature—violent, terrible, splendid—which mocks the will and consumes the energies of the races of the North, which swallows up the grandest

results of their labors, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroisms or their crimes, obliterating their cities, rejecting their civilization.

But with the disappearance of the white populations the ethnical problem would be still unsolved. Between the black and mixed peoples rage hatreds far more enduring and more intense than any race prejudices between masters and freed men in the past; a new struggle for supremacy could not fail to begin, with the perpetual augmentation of numbers, the ever-increasing competition for existence. And the true black element, more numerically powerful, more fertile, more cunning, better adapted to the conditions of pyrogenic effluvia and tropical environment, would surely win the contest. All these mixed races, all these beautiful fruit-colored populations, seem doomed to extinction; the future tendency must be to universal blackness, if existing conditions continue—perhaps to universal savagery. Everywhere the sins of the past have borne the same fruit, have furnished the colonies with social enigmas that mock the wisdom of all humane legislators, a dragon-crop of problems that no modern political science has yet proved competent to deal with. Can it even be hoped that future sociologists will be able to answer them, after Nature—who never forgives—shall have exacted the utmost possible retribution for all the errors and follies of three hundred years?



SPEECHES ONE HAS TO LIVE DOWN.

HOSTESS. "So sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Green."
VISITOR. "Oh, don't mention it—the anticipation, your know, is always so much brighter than the reality."

DRAWN BY GEORGE DE MAYER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE field of Gettysburg is one of the most interesting of American battle-fields for many reasons. Its natural beauty is very great, and makes it a fitting scene of imposing historic associations. From New York it is approached through a rich region of Pennsylvania—a magnificent farming country, which in midsummer has an air of the utmost prosperity and comfort. At Harrisburg the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad is left by the pilgrim, who then proceeds into the Cumberland Valley. The panorama of the battle which has been on exhibition in New York for some months gives an admirable impression of the general aspect of the landscape from the centre of the Union line upon Cemetery Hill. The battle of three days drifted over a space of many miles from the first engagement of Buford's cavalry with the advance of the Confederate force upon the Chambersburg road, to the Round Tops at the left of the Union line, so that the battle field is of great extent.

The village of Gettysburg, around which the contest raged, through which the Union forces were driven on the first day, and which remained in possession of the Confederate army until the close of the battle, contains a population of about three thousand persons. It is a farming, market, and county town, extremely quiet, as becomes a secluded Pennsylvania village. Its most noted citizen in the past seems to have been Thaddeus Stevens, who came to reside there soon after he became a citizen of the State, and he remained until he removed to Lancaster in 1842. His law office was in the little square of the town. The most famous building of the neighborhood is the Lutheran Seminary, upon the ridge to the west of the town, along which the Confederate forces lay. The cupola of the seminary at the beginning of the battle was the point from which the Union commanders studied the field, and afterward it was the lookout of General Lee. On the other side of the town is the Pennsylvania College, in whose establishment Mr. Stevens was interested.

The view from the cupola of this secondary is very comprehensive. The land slopes gently both ways, toward the west with the spacious country stretching to

the Blue Ridge, and toward the east with the village and Cemetery Ridge and the familiar points of the second and third days' battle. The ground in every direction is marked with monuments commemorating the position of troops and signal incidents of the encounter. The ground for this purpose has been bought by the various military bodies interested, while the National Cemetery belongs to the government. This is a very beautiful enclosure, sloping from the summit of Cemetery Hill, with fine distant views over the picturesque country. The grounds are planted with shrubs and trees from all the Union States, and they are kept in exquisite condition. At a high point a lofty monument marks the spot upon which Lincoln stood when he made his speech at the dedication of the grounds, as the burial place of the Union soldiers slain in battle. Part of the speech is carved upon the monument.

A citizen of the town who heard the speech says that Mr. Lincoln arrived on the evening before the ceremonies of dedication, and drafted the speech upon a large leafy envelope, then dipped it upon a table-street of paper. To the question whether the audience was aware that it was listening to an utterance which would become immortal, he answered that it was, and that the impression was profound. The sadness of Mr. Lincoln throughout his visit the good citizen described as deeply affecting. A permanent restraint of some kind has been found at a little distance from the monument, which is like a large bower, the columns and roof covered with vines. But the audience in the afternoon is exposed to an afternoon of midsummer by a strong sun.

It was from this platform that the speeches at the last session of the fair and the great veterans of the battle of Gettysburg were delivered. It was an occasion of the most touching significance. There were several corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and two of the chief lieutenants of Lee—General Longstreet and General Hinton, with General Hooker from Mississippi, who, however, was not in the habit of cross-dressing. In the crowd there was a large number of Confederate soldiers, some wearing the gray, but usually in citizens' dress. The

names" and ingenious combination of scurrility is merely rhetoric. It serves the rhetorical purpose, but it does not convince. It does not show the hearer or reader that one course is more expedient than another, nor give him any reason whatever for any opinion upon the subject. Virility, vigor, masculinity of mind, and essential force in debate are revealed in quite another way. If an American were asked to mention the most powerful speech ever made in the debates of Congress, he would probably mention Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne. It contained the great statement of nationality and the argument for the national interpretation of the Constitution, and it was spoken in the course of a famous controversy. Let any man read it, and ask himself whether it would have gained in power, in effect, in weight, dignity, or character, by personal invective and elaborate vituperation of any kind and any degree whatever.

The truth is that the fury which is supposed to imply force is the conclusive proof of weakness. The familiar advice, "If you have no evidence, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," contains by implication the whole philosophy of what is called the manliness and force of the blackguard. He has no reason, therefore he sneers. He has no argument, therefore he swears. He will get the laugh upon his adversary if he can, forgetting that those who laugh at the clown may also despise him.

Of wit, humor, satire, sarcasm, we are not speaking. The ordinary blackguardism of the political platform and press does not belong to that category. Caricature, however, easily may. There are certain pictures in American caricature which are wit made visible. They are the satire of instructive truth. Indeed, they tell to the eye the indisputable truth as words cannot easily tell it to the ear. In this way caricature is one of the most powerful agents in public discussion. But, like speech or writing, it may be merely blackguard. The incisive wit, the rich humor, the withering satire of speech, gain all their point and effect from the truth. They have no power when they are seen to be false.

So it is with caricature. Nobody can enjoy it more than its subject when it is merely humorous; nobody perceive so surely its pungent touch of truth: no-

body disregard more completely its mere malice and falsehood. True wit and humor, whether in controversial letters or art, whether in the newspaper article or the "cartoon," as we now call it, often reveal to the subject in himself what otherwise he might not have suspected. It is very conceivable that an actor, seeing a really clever burlesque of himself, may become aware of tendencies or peculiarities or faults which otherwise he would not have known, and quietly address himself to their correction.

This sanitary service of humor in every form, as well as that of the honest wrath which shakes many a noble sentence of sinewy English as a mighty man-of-war is shaken by her own broadside, is something wholly apart from the billingsgate and blackguardism which are treated as if they were real forces. Publicity itself, as the Easy Chair has often said, has a certain power, and to call a man a rascal to a hundred thousand persons at once produces an undeniable effect. But we must not mistake it for what it is not. Being false, it is not an effect which endures, nor does it vex the equal mind.

It is the fact that the public often seems to demand that kind of titillation, to enjoy fury instead of force, and ridicule instead of reason, which suggests the inquiry whether, if self-restraint and wise discipline are desirable for every faculty of the mind and body, the tongue and hand alone should be allowed to run to wanton excess. If even the legitimate superlative must be handled like dynamite, with extreme caution, blackguardism of every degree is a nuisance to be summarily discountenanced and abated by those who know the difference between grandeur and bigness, between Mercurio and Tony Lumpkin, between fair play and foul.

It was recently said that the censor is a living insult to all other persons because of his self-asserted superiority. There is nothing more unpopular, certainly, than a censorious disposition, and nobody is more disagreeable than the censor who is continually and vociferously grateful that he is not as other men. But it is necessary to discriminate carefully. The man who declines to take a glass of wine in a company where others take it, really censures them by his conduct, and may be said to assert his own superiority.

But ought he therefore to take a silver of mine?—ought he to offend his conscience in order to succeed according to the usual custom and to purchase his own reputation? Answer:—that calls the devil in a company of good men to finance them. But to guard them impudently would be baseness.

If men are to come to great force from their thoughts and to rise by the light of reason from contributions beyond their immediate necessities, there should be different human progress will be necessarily constituted. If a society of irreproachable reputation which is expressed by the remark that you did yourself upon being better than other men, and yet after men who does not conform strictly to the company in order to make ground, and to make himself in high respect. Truth it seems to be. However, it is a matter which they are easily professed from individual extreme. The man who is in the way of the good and good sense and of practical wisdom. And when it is reasonably made it is regarded as a very small and unimportant matter.

The modern man who is held in the little business and confidence of a piece of it is better to conform than to protest and resist. If people generally wear their hair long, it is foolish to make a man of consequence by wearing your hair short. If people wear white cravats at dinner, it is better not to wear a red one. But it does not mean that because. Reason is in times and confusion, yet must therefore go to mass and confusion. Yet if you do not join the mass in a vast herd of these whorls. You are a Protestant and set yourself up as a rebel and a heretic in the eyes of the people of the country. The liar who feels insulted by the man who speaks the truth, and the drunkard who denounces the peasant as a vulgar and a common man, and a lowly creature. The height of the Twelfth century man who alleged that he had eleven immortal ancestors, was larger than Columbus and Galileo and Jenner. They all insulted the ignorance of their time, and secured as generally in the majority.

The change of mind in such extreme times is generally the cry of the wounded. It is a confession that the mind has been hurt. An arrogant arraigner of the new and of common courses, a man who stands upon a personal superiority, is the true Pharisee, who is instantly and instinctively repudiated

by honest men. But Luther was not a Pharisee, nor Sam Adams, nor Garrison. They spoke truths most unwelcome to great multitudes of men—truths which condemned general beliefs and practices. But they had no personal air of censorship. They spoke as John the Baptist spoke from the fulness of conviction and from the loftiest of motives. The small gift of "censor" hung at such men expresses merely the jealousy of small men, who are always consciously reproved by noble sentiments and generous aspirations.

The gift, however, is undoubtedly a serious obstacle to many men, and to the advance of good causes. The wisdom of minding your own business is so obvious, and so generally lived by that principle is so generally and fully esteemed that a man is reluctant to expose himself for a cause which explains that he is trying to mind the business of others. It is better he should be left wrong than that he should be left right by the effort to remedy wrong. In another section the East India Company's observations upon black men, and the condemnation as a censor does not fall under that head precisely, but the condemnation arose at the same purpose. It tends to silence men, but little the man whose words assail or influence others.

But if a popular man is taken as an accepted and one hundred years, or an accepted and one hundred years, and my son. In this sense the censor, instead of assuring other men, shows and helps them. The man who is so courageous that he will not consort with Lilliput, and frankly calls Lovelace a profligate, is a social benefactor, to whom every moderate man and every gentleman is beholden. The man who refuses to be associated with the conduct of business with men whom he knows to be unprincipled, and a censor of their behavior, but he certainly insults no one. Indeed, the man who is often described as a censor, and therefore an assailer of others, is usually a man who denounces the frauds and hardships which he sees around him, and who has merely the courage of his opinions and principles.

If censor be understood to be the name of a mere fault-finder, a man who points out faults only to jeer and not to correct, or who cultivates a habit of sneering, and of seeking the worse rather than the bet-

ter aspects of life for the gratification of a morbid taste, he is a nuisance and a pest. Of that there is no dispute. But it is an ill disposition which, inclined to self-indulgence of any kind, rails at the critic as a fault-finding censor, and holds the Vic-

ar of Bray to be the type of the Christian moralist. To cry honestly, repent! repent! is not a popular nor a gratifying office, but it is a truer and manlier service than to insist upon eating and drinking because to-morrow we die.

Editor's Study.

SO many books of verse have come to the Study lately that a department much more obstinate than this in its impressions might well question whether it was not mistaken in ever supposing a decline of poetry among us. Quantitatively, at least, we do not think the Study could maintain that opinion, and qualitatively there is a chance that possibly the Study may have been wrong, though that is a great deal to say. What is certain is that in these books, quite fortuitous in their arrival and desultory in their range, there is the presence more and more of what seems the color of an authentic life; or, if we may not quite say this, then there is the increasing absence of reflected life. We have before now spoken of the gradual silencing in the minor poets of the echoes from the great modern masters; and though this hush means the extinction of the voices that woke the echoes, it means something more than that too. Perhaps while they sounded at their grandest, it was not possible for any lesser note to lift itself except in tune with them; perhaps an interval of suspense in what has long seemed the highest poetry was necessary to the facilitation of any new utterance. At its lowest the ebb is a prophecy of the flood, and the rising tide is the next thing in order, unless the moon forget her office upon the seas and the sensibilities.

The reader is not to imagine, however, that the tide is coming back with the doubled rush of its reflux on Labradorian coasts; there will be time enough apparently for every one who dislikes poetry to get out of the way before it touches high-water mark. But the fact remains that there seems really a stir again in forms supposed nearly lifeless, and that the impulse is from within rather than from without.

It must always be a surprise to the critic nurtured in the times of the great poets

now quiet or quiescent, not to find their influence in every young poet he takes up, but this is the surprise, not to say disappointment, we have suffered in the new books of verse before us. It is impossible not to name Tennyson here, and one hardly feels contemporary with these poets who have not only not tried to write like him (with all that sweet unconsciousness of imitation once so delightfully obvious), but who are apparently insensible if not ignorant of him. We do not find his mental attitudes in them, nor his turns of phrase, nor his pet words; it is all very strange; it is like another country, another language, another world; we are a little lost in it. He is even more extinct in them than Dickens, his only compeer as an influence, is in any fiction; for one still comes upon traces of that master now and then in apprentices of the art. It would be extremely interesting, if one could do it, to follow the decline of such a literary domination, and mark the moment of its final lapse; but the remedy would be possible only to German thoroughness and German patience. Our airier criticism may yet make this sort of research its office, but to the mean time it can now only recognize the accomplished fact, and another fact equally important, that there is an aversion to all earlier types in the new writers who have not felt his influence. The poets who do not sing like Tennyson do not sing like Byron either, nor like Keats, nor Shelley, nor Wordsworth.

A literary influence seems to come at a certain date, so that even the writers who once felt it strongly no longer feel it after that date. We were struck by reading Mr. Coates Kinney's powerful poem "Optim and Pessim," a few months ago, with the absence of Tennysonism in the treatment of a theme akin to several that Tennyson treated with his greatest mastery; and this although Mr. Kinney was a mature writer at the time of Tennyson's

language as an influence. It would have been impossible for an almost blind man to be able to have written *Alfred and Oswald* more than twenty years ago and not have imbibed the Tennysonian spirit. We said, and the spirit positively lay in every verse. Mr. Kinsley seems to have escaped it in *Stanzas* before. But even in the poems which are the proper subject of this study, and even in the most Tennysonian of our poems, there is a certain freedom of way, and certainly, such have been proved to disclaim, have completely outgrown his influence (to those free ways) and they now no more write like Tennyson than Mr. Madison Cawein does, or Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, or Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, one of the new poets whose books have inspired these observations.

II

But by all this we have we have not been depicting the enduring influence upon the language of such a poet as Tennyson: his will not always touch us in our taste his manner does today. It is still a sweeter and simpler tongue for his having used it and governed it with his master-touch: whoever, to the end of time, writes to it well, and it is a million times more impressive. Tennyson's breath is so long that it. The new manner has not escaped its influence in this sense: there placed is a new and more clear language, his sense of sense of diction has ennobled and clarified the position, vocabulary, leaving it impossible for them to be a part of the same in their writing as they might have been without him. In this alone, however, Tennyson does not stand for himself alone, but for many generations, for the general tendency of English verse, a nearly perfectness of manner: his influence is hardly to wind that of Wordsworth, of Keats, or Coleridge, or Shelley, was at its best.

We should like to know if our young poets read him as fondly as their literary circles and none and older business did, and we wish some of the journals that are the barometers of sympathetic criticism and questions of value and estimates would make a general confession of this point. Who is free to say the most influential poet? We cannot give the word of our most potent force: it gives back no impression. If it is imitative at all, it is collective, not specifically, imitative, and this is a synthesis of all the poetic minds of the century. We have spoken

of Mr. Cawein's verse before, and we have to note in *The Triumph of Music and Other Lyrics*, chiefly the ripening of qualities felt in his first volume: a love of nature in her remotest as well as obvious aspects and a rich sympathy with all that is spiritual and beautiful in the outer world. The spirit of his poetry feels itself at home with the arts that interpreted the old mythologies and yet is at home with the least associated suggestions of the life and in which it is native, and in which it naturalizes the lovely things of art, as the spirit of Keats revived Greece under the gray English skies. Our words do not say it quite, and it is hard to choose from the book just the passages which shall characterize its love book as like a man's face, and one point of view gives only one effect, and is not the whole of its meaning. But perhaps the reader will get some indication of what we intend from this very recently finished, delicately worded little poem:

—THE FLYING

Light soon met young eyes
Large with a radiant brightness
—Through the world's mysteries
Like two flames of joy and glory
That seemed to burn in
Wonder to the end of life

It felt not the heavy cloud
Nor a shadow of a leak
—Through the narrow slat
Of dark Olympus, and down
Went I made more one, and
To a red pine hid

Once by the ferny lake
Backward through the shadows
—At the same time
And the following, eyes in vain
They had looked into rain
—Still on the hidden

Once by the ferny lake
Backward through the shadows
—At the same time
And the following, eyes in vain
They had looked into rain
—Still on the hidden

—That, I was told, was the way
For a soldier, passing on
Through the maze of myrtle,
Within a wild, ancient forest
All his flowers, 'twas the first
—Garden of a castle.

Another mood utters itself here in no less choice and fortunate phrase, whose truth will be felt by any one who recalls a country usage in the South and older West, where a family's dead are often laid in a little plot of ground near the home of the living.

"THE FAMILY BURYING-GROUND.

- "A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep.
Old chronicled graves-stones of its dead,
On which oblivious mosses creep,
And lichens gray as lead.
- "Warm days the lost crows as they pass
Rest here and browse the juicy grass
That springs about its sun-scorched stones;
Afair one hears their bells' deep brass
Waft melancholy tones.
- "Here the wild morning-glory goes
A-rambling as the myrtle grows,
Wild morning-glories, pale as pain,
With holy urns that hint at woe,
The night hath filled with rain.
- "Here are blackberries largest seen,
Rich, waxy dark, whereon the bear
Black hornet sucks, noons sick with heat,
That bend not to the shadowed green.
The heavy-headed wheat
- "At dark, for its forgotten dead,
A requiem of no known wind said,
Through ghostly cedars moans and throbs,
While to thin starlight overhead
The shivering screech-owl sobs."

For the mere pleasure of it we light our page with these gorgeous dyes from the poet's study of an old garden:

- "Bubble-like the hollyhocks
Budded, burst, and flaunted wide
Gypsy beauty from their stocks;
Morning-glories, bubble-dyed,
Swung in bonnet-matched flocks.
- "Tawny tiger-lilies flung
Doublets slashed with crimson on;
Graceful girl-slaves, fair and young,
Like Circassians, in the sun
Alabaster lilies swung.
- "Ah, the drooping of the bee
In his dusty pantaloons
Tumbling in the fleurs-de-lis;
In the drowsy afternoons
Dreaming in the pink sweet-pea.
- "Ah, the moaning wild-wood dove,
With its throat of amethyst
Ruffled like a shining cove
Which a wind to pearl had blessed,
Moaning, moaning, of its love.
- "And the insects' gossip thin,
From the summer-bean-ness lit
In the leafy shadows green;
Then at eve the katydid
With its hard, unvaried din.
- "Often from the whispering willow
Lorn within the golden dune
Gold with gold of daffodils—
Thrilled into the garden's noise
The wild wail of whippoorwills.
- "From the purple-tangled rose
Like the white, full heart of night,
Solemn with majestic peace,
Swam the big moon, veined with light,
Like some gorgeous golden fleece."

Caprices, conceits if you will, and excesses, as in the case of this moon doing double metaphoric duty on such short notice, but all full of the serenity and courage of the born artist who dashes his color or his epithet on, and leaves it to appraise itself to you in due, as you choose. We cannot put down his book without copying one thing more from it, in which he touches a flying emotion that perpetually escapes the hold:

"DEFICIENCY.

- "Ah, God! were I away, away,
By woodland-wetted hills,
Thou might'st to me in Thy bright day
Than my poor spirit thrills.
- "The cedar coppice, banks of bloom—
The spice-wood bush, the field
Of tumbled clover, and perennials
Hot, weedy pastures yield.
- "The old rail-tenes, whose angles hold
Bright bays and scudding
Sweet-proves with flowers, blue and cold,
Scattered through the moss and gold.
- "The singed bank path that winds under
Fame cow-behinded mule,
Through brambles, to the shade and dew
Of rocks and woody haunts.
- "To see the minnows turn and gleam
White sparkling bellies, all
Sleat in gray wheel down the stream
Let but a dead leaf fall.
- "The buoyant pleasure and delight
Of floating feathered seeds,
Capricious wanderers, soft and white,
Born of self-bending wood.
- "Ah, God! were I away, away,
Among wild woods and birds
There were none out within Thy day
Thou one night bless with words."

We will not dwell upon the fidelity with which all this sumptuousness and subtlety renders the thought and the thing in the poet's mind and eye. Here, whatever his future in other ways, is already a master of diction. By an allusion which we will let the reader trace, the poem last quoted brings us to one of the loveliest in Mr. Robert Burns Wilson's volume of *Life and Love*. Without representing his whole range, it intimates the tender pensiveness of much of his work.

"15 SEPTEMBER.

- "The slanting sun shines softly on the hills
Where lay the glimmering dunes of green and gold;
The hush of hazy time, hushed and still—
Creeps out upon the grey and violet wood
Half-heard, uncertain rustlings fill the air
Among the reeds and on the crisp green ground.

ture, with that tenderness for the past, that half-compassionate interest in the present, which the years bring; how different it all is from the poetry of those young Southerners! What the books are alike in is the genuineness of their poetry, the same stream bubbles in the grass-grown spring and shines in the marble fount, sculptured and inscribed on every surface. But one is again struck with the deeply municipalized, personalized character of Dr. Holmes's verse. No poet ever more strictly identified himself with his native city than he. It is Boston throughout his book, in its public character; and then that inner Boston of classmates and friends which every Bostonian bears in his bosom. It is eminently a city of cherished friendships, and these speak constantly in the poems of occasion which half fill the volume; but it is friendship on its human or universal side that the Boston laureate celebrates.

There is no need to speak of his qualities, but it would be difficult to read these latest poems and not be sensible of the perfection of what we may call his instrumentation. Like the art of Longfellow, it seems only to have grown lovelier and finer with time, and more intimately responsive to the spirit whose music it transmits.

Dr. Holmes's poetry expresses New England on one side as Whittier's does on another, and Emerson's on yet another; and if we were to look for an embodiment in verse of New England womanhood, we do not know where we should find it so fully as in the *Poems of Rose Terry Cooke*. It is not complete; that could never be; but so far as it goes it is perfectly New England, and perfectly womanly. Mrs. Cooke's name is not new in our literature, and needs no special validation here; but of late years she has made herself known by her honest and strenuous dealing with New England in fiction to a generation not recent to remember when the ballad of "Rosamund" and the poem of "The Two Villages" imparted their pathos and solemnity to the young hearts of magazine readers. It is for this reason, as well as our regard for it otherwise, that we welcome this collection of her poetry; and we should be very sorry if it failed of wider welcome. It is, as we said, the expression of the *ewig Weibliche* as the New England civilization has influenced it: the pas-

sion deepened and silenced; the conscience piercing and relentless; the wide interest in the events of thought and of life; the high love of beauty and the higher love of truth; the tendency to self-question; and the revolt within decorous bounds, from convention and tradition, which make that avatar of the *ewig Weibliche* a thing of perpetual fascination and occasional fear. There is little or nothing here of the Yankee humor which plays so richly through Mrs. Cooke's stories and sketches, and we are well enough content to have the humorist flushed in the poet. But there is great sweetness and tenderness and sympathy in response to widely varying appeals of life and letters. Something—we should not like to be asked what exactly—makes us think of Adelaide Anne Procter in Mrs. Cooke's poetry. Probably it is the fact that as contemporaries they both felt the wave of German influence which has now quite spent itself. The New England poet seems to have felt it more remotely than the kindred English talent; and her work, in choice of subject and in its versions, shows greater friendship with other literatures. Compared with that of our young Southern poets, her poetry addresses itself to the senses through the mind, while theirs seems to reach the senses first, like color.

IV.

The thing is not easy to say without seeming to slight the more intellectual work; but if criticism has grown at all of late years, it has been in the direction of inclusion and of the appreciation of kinds. We no longer content that if Pope was a poet, then Keats was none; we know they were both poets, and are a good deal richer for the knowledge. It would be easy to overrate the value of such poetry as that of these young Southerners, but it is not necessary to do this in order to prize it. In fact we shall find it all the better if we remember that each poem is from what they have in common, their youth, rather than from their separate qualities and intentions. They all have the stir of the impulse to appropriate the outside world by recognizing and naming its facts; they cannot rest till they have found a tint of phrase, a music of words, for each of its appealing sights and sounds, and thus made it, or seemed to make it, their own. It is winning, and

touch the heart; but it is not the only poetry, though one likes to have them work as if it were.

On the other hand, we need not under-estimate their work, as one might quite as easily do. If you look at a very small or you will find that it is nature, different in many things from that hitherto known

to literature, which they are observing in such keenly felt detail. Traits of the outer world which are yet subtly to influence life appear in the verse which scarcely hints of the expression of social conditions, as in Mrs. Cooke's poems, and Dr. Holmes's, the external world is lost in the interest of associations, of experiences.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

INTERNATIONAL.

OUR RECORD IS CLOSED ON THE 15th OF JULY.

The following were passed by Congress during the month: Naval Appropriation and Smaller 1901 Appropriation, House, June 22d; Public Land, House, June 27th; Upper and Lower Harbor Appropriation (amended), Senate, July 2d; Census, House, July 14th.

The President approved the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill July 15th.

The decrease in the public debt during June amounted to \$14,990,000 41.

The Republican National Convention assembled at Chicago June 18th and July 2dth on the eighth ballot nominated to Spanish Expedition, of Indiana, for President, and on the third ballot Levi P. Morgan, of New York, for Vice-President of the United States. The final ballot for President resulted as follows: Benjamin Harrison 141; John Sherman 118; Russell A. Alger, 100; William Brewster, 90; William McKinley, June 1; James B. Payne 1.

The official figures of the census in Oregon, June 1th, give a total property of 7408 in a total count of 400.

George A. S. Eastman has resigned his seat as United States Minister to Rome.

The late Emperor Frederick III. of Germany was buried in the Friedrichsruhe of Potsdam June 18th.

The appointment of Herr Harnack as Vice-President of the Prussian Ministerial Council and Prussian Minister of the Interior, to succeed Herr Von Lottum, was officially published July 3d.

After a stormy debate a motion by General Boulanger for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies was rejected in that body July 12. A vote of censure was passed upon General Boulanger after he had resigned his seat and left the Chamber. A duel with swords between General Boulanger and Premier Floquet followed July 13th at Neuilly-sur-Seine, near Paris.

A Páid Búayelbáid under date of June 20th, represents the former decree against boycotting and the play of campaign in Ireland.

The cholera chosen, June 24th, formally closed, July 3th, General Porfirio Diaz, to succeed General Carranza as President of Mexico.

Dr. Juan Pablo Rojas Paul has taken possession of the Presidency of Venezuela.

DISASTERS.

June 15th.—Several thousand persons were killed by the overflowing of the Leon River, Mexico. The greatest loss of life and property occurred in the towns of Leon and Silao.

June 20th.—Potential accidents of the gates on the coast of Iceland in May show that four hundred French fishermen were drowned.

July 13th.—Two hundred and twenty-four persons were killed in a fire in the tobacco store at Karlsruhe, Colquhoun West South Africa.

July 12th.—A south-bound express train on the Virginia Midland Railroad ran through a hostile mob Orange County, Virginia. Ten persons were killed.

OBITUARY.

June 14th.—At Deer Island, in the Merrimack, near Newburyport, Massachusetts, Miss Mary N. Prescott, aged fifty-eight years.

June 19th.—In Paris, M. Charles-Louis Fauts de Monpau, his French stevedore, in the seventieth year of his age.

June 20th.—The Rev. George Trevor, canon of York, England, aged seventy-nine years.—In London, Dr. J. H. Zukertort, the chess-player, aged forty-five years.

June 24th.—In Portland, Maine, Rowe Ford, of the Boston Herald, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

June 24th.—At Staten Island, New York, Sydney Howard Gay, aged seventy-four years.

June 28th.—In Lucerne, Switzerland, James Jackson Jarves, the art critic and collector, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

June 29th.—In San Francisco, General Washington L. Elliott, aged sixty-seven years.—At Long Island, New York, Francis Henry Temple Bellows, the artist, aged sixty-one years.

July 11th.—In London, Rev. George Robert Gleig, formerly Chaplain-General to the British forces, aged ninety-two years.—In Brooklyn, General Jesse C. Smith, in the eightieth year of his age.

July 12th.—At Contentment Island, Darien, Connecticut, Vincent Colyer, the artist, aged sixty-three years.—In Rochester, New York, Hiram Sibley, aged eighty-one years.

July 15th.—News received of the death of Sir Johannes Hermann Brand, President of the Orange Free State, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.



It is fortunate that a passion for display is implanted in human nature; and if we owe a debt of gratitude to anybody, it is to those who make the display for us. It would be such a dull, colorless world without it! We try in vain to imagine a city without brass bands, and military marchings, and processions of societies in regalia, and banners, and resplendent uniforms, and gayly caparisoned horses, and men clad in red and yellow and blue and gray and gold and silver and feathers, moving in beautiful lines, proudly wheeling with step elate upon some responsive human being as axis, deploying, opening and closing ranks in exquisite precision to the strains of martial music, to the thump of the drum and the

scream of the life, going away down the street with nodding plumes, heads erect, the very port of heroism. There is scarcely anything in the world so inspiring as that. And the self-sacrifice of it! What will not men do and endure to gratify their fellows! And in the heat of summer, too, when most we need something to cheer us! The Drawer saw, with feelings that cannot be explained, a noble company of men, the pride of their city, all large men, all fat men, all dressed alike, but each one as beautiful as anything that can be seen on the stage, perspiring through the golden streets of another distant city, the admiration of crowds of huzzaing men and women and boys, following another company as resplendent as itself, every man bearing himself like a hero, despising the heat and the dust, conscious only of doing his duty. We make a great mistake if we suppose it is a feeling of ferocity that sets these men tramping about in gorgeous uniform, in mud or dust, in rain or under a broiling sun. They have no desire to kill anybody. Out of these resplendent clothes they are much like other people; only they have a nobler spirit, that which leads them to endure hardships for the sake of pleasing others. They differ in degree, though not in kind, from those orders for keeping secrets, or for encouraging a distaste for strong

drink, which also wear bright and attractive regalia, and go about in processions, with banners and music, and a pomp that cannot be distinguished at a distance from real war. It is very fortunate that men do like to march about in ranks and lines, even without any distinguishing apparel. The Drawer has seen hundreds of citizens in a body going about the country on an excursion, parading through town after town, with no other distinction of dress than a uniform high white hat, who carried joy and delight wherever they went. The good of this display cannot be reckoned in figures. Even a funeral is comparatively dull without the military band and the four-and-four processions, and the cities where these resplendent cortéges of woe are of daily occurrence are cheerful cities. The brass band itself, when we consider it philosophically, is one of the most striking things in our civilization. We admire its commonly splendid clothes, its drums and cymbals and braying brass, but it is the impartial spirit with which it lends itself to our varying wants that distinguishes it. It will not do to say that it has no principles, for nobody has so many, or is so impartial in exercising them. It is equally ready to play at a festival or a funeral, a picnic or an encampment, for the sons of war or the sons of temperance, and it is equally willing to express the feeling of a Democratic meeting or a Republican gathering, and impartially blows out "Dixie" or "Marching through Georgia," "The Carl L. Let Behind Me" or "My Country, 'tis of Thee." It is equally piercing and exciting for St. Patrick on the Fourth of July.

There are cynics who think it strange that men are willing to dress up in fantastic uniform and regalia and march about in sun and rain to make a holiday for their countrymen, but the cynics are ungrateful, and fail to credit human nature with its trait of self-sacrifice, and they do not at all comprehend our civilization. It was doubted at one time whether the freedman and the colored man generally in the republic was capable of the higher civilization. This doubt has all been removed. No other race takes more kindly to martial and civic display than it. Nevertheless a greater passion for societies and uniforms and regalias and banners, and the pomp of marchings and processions, and peaceful war. The negro naturally inclines to the picturesque, to the flamboyant, to vivid colors and the trappings of office that give a man distinction. He delights in the drum and the trumpet, and so willing is he to add to what is spectacular and pleasing in life that he would spend his time in parading. His capacity for a holiday is practically unlimited. He has not yet the means to indulge his taste, and perhaps his taste is not yet equal to his means, but

There is no question of his adaptability to the most of the place which is so pleasing to the sweet part of the human face, and which consists so much as the brightness and cheerfulness of the world. We cannot all have decorations and cannot all wear nothing, or even nothing, and some of us have little time to go about in military or clerical professions, but we all like to have our streets put on a holiday appearance, and we cannot express in words our gratitude to those who so cheerfully spend their time and money in gathering apparel and in parades for our entertainment.

CHARLES DEWEY WARREN

THE FIVE BELLS

You off to your moment— I had written nothing
 And came to pay the salute had joined them
 The voice which went nearest was a moment
 The family reader groined with a room imminent

Then, wrapped with such feeling, I turned to paper
 I started in thought— I never had found the four

And doing at the first of those— and for
 I needed my most— and a steady— and a steady

And with my heart— and in the end I found
 Sweet back the future— and a steady— and a steady

I found— and a steady— and a steady— and a steady
 And wrapped the whole in such a steady— and a steady

My song— and a steady— and a steady— and a steady
 And with the end, the end— and a steady— and a steady

The sound— and a steady— and a steady— and a steady
 And with the end, the end— and a steady— and a steady

And with the end, the end— and a steady— and a steady
 And with the end, the end— and a steady— and a steady

And with the end, the end— and a steady— and a steady
 And with the end, the end— and a steady— and a steady

CHARLES W. THURSTON

A RIDICULOUS TEACHING.

A somewhat impolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Madam Warren's school. They don't teach 'em right. Now I don't know so very much my self, but I never would tell my child that IN spells nine. It's absolutely ridiculous."

On the morning of the engagement of a Miss HARRIS to a Mr. HARRIS a friend of the young lady sent her the following lines:

So strange in such a world as this,
 Not even at the altar,
 That one should have a state of bliss
 To be forever harassed.

FROM QUINCY NANTUCKET.

Annals of Nantucket, one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there.

"You see, we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders: "so tramps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our summer visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night."

Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Ruston boat when they passed a man sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said: "Good morning, judge."

The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question: "Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly: "yes, that's the man; but you— you see, judge, we— we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that if he'd keep there awhile it would be all right."

R. A. MARR

What an ardent prayer was that of the colored brother who besought the Lord to *anoint* his congregation with the "oil" of Fatness!

THE REFRIGERATOR.

QUITE a prominent member of the Society of Friends had by various matrimonial ventures accumulated a number of names originally belonging to her deceased husbands. As it was difficult for many of the members of the society to report her name in proper chronological order without the omission of one or more of her fathers, she was known in a cumulative way as Alphabet Smith, Directory Smith, and Cemetery Smith.

Not long since she had lost her third husband and placed him beside his predecessors, the much-widowed woman determined to marry again, and nominated the candidate for the fourth place in her affections. Invitations to the wedding were sent to her numerous children. In due course of time one of them was returned to her with this endorsement upon it:

DEAR MOTHER, I regret that I cannot be with thee on the occasion of thy approaching wedding, but I will endeavor to be present at the next.
 Affectionately thy son,

GOODBOY SMITH.

UNDENIABLY TRUE

"My objection to babies," said an old bachelor, "is that they are so insufferably childish."



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

EMILY: "Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor young wretch!"

ARTHUR: "That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

In ancient Mexico
There dwelt, some thirty years,
A person whom I know.

Called in this way:

"Señor Don Rodrigo,

José del Armijo

Hermanos Toland."

Likewise "el Rey."

When we got through with it,

If foods or wine it gave

Not one in ten could fill

What it all meant.

Not one in twenty could

Pronounce it as he should;

If one had time, he would

Think it misspent.

So when we spoke this man,

This titled Mexican,

We all pursued this quest

Thinking it meet:

Dropped every clank and

José and Don as well.

All names we couldn't spell,

Just called him "Pey."

He, with his wealth of name,

Took this one, just the same.

And thus he said to me:

"Here that day—"

Señor Don Rodrigo

José del Armijo

Hermanos Toland

El Rey y Pey."

W. C. KNOX.

THE EXACT TIME.

On the occasion of a wedding in Virginia not long ago, the hospitality of the family mansion was taxed to the utmost, and one of the guests had to be accommodated with a hastily erected bed in his host's room. Early in the morning, Jim, an irrepressible member of the family, came in to light the fire, and his master asked him the time. He didn't know.

"Well, you might, can't you look at the clock?"

Jim studied it anxiously for a few minutes, and then ventured: "I can't see exactly make out what time 'is. Mis Sam; but one hand's pintin' tides you an' one hand's pintin' tides Marse Sammy. I reckon *you know* what time dat is."

REVISED ANECDOTES.

—THE ROMAN EMPIRE—

LAMBE:—LAMB was once introduced to a noble American, who greeted him with the remark, "I should have known you were Charles Lamb by your stutter."

"N-yep-ho, s-s-s-s-s," said Lamb; "y-y-y-y-you a-are m-m-mist-t-t-taken. I-it i-is m-m-m-y h-b-b-rother G-g-g-g-George wh-wh-who s-s-s-s-s-s-s-st-t-tut-tut-tutters, n-n-n-o-t I."

—ROMAN EMPIRE—

Rome was burning. The destroying element was gradually eating up the business portion of the Eternal City, and the Emperor consoled himself by playing to a violin. On the evening of the third day of the fire, the imperial *musical* was interrupted by the freedman Milichus, who rushed into the Emperor's presence with the news that the Tigelline Block had been attacked, and that all the stores there in were going up in smoke.

"What?" cried the Emperor, stepping in the middle of a bar—a thing he had never been known to do before—"the Tigelline Block gone up? Oh dear! oh dear! This will never do. Why, they kept the best strings in the Roman Empire at No. 6 Tigelline Block. Hie thee, dear Milichus, to the Tigelline, and seek through the ruins and if by any thou bringest me word that the strings were saved, I will make thee Commissioner of Lieutenants of the Empire forthwith."

And the strong man sat down upon his *Sarcophagus chair* and wept bitter tears.

—ROMAN EMPIRE—

Some friend of Caesar's—Brutus perhaps—once asked the great Roman whether he deemed a liberal education necessary to success in life.

"I do," said Caesar. "I attribute my success to the thorough grounding I received in the dead languages at school. Indeed I could not have attained my present eminence in Roman affairs without Latin."

—ROMAN EMPIRE—

General Washington, while visiting New York in the fall of 1796, was accosted one day on Broadway by a fifteen-year-old beggar, who asked the General for aid, saying that he was an orphan, with a paralytic father and a dying mother to support.

"Sir," said Washington, fixing his eye sternly upon the beggar, "you may have judged from your reading in the newspapers that I cannot tell a lie. Sometimes the papers mislead. I can tell a lie when I hear it, especially one so transparent as this. Had you assumed to be so blind that you could not see where your supper was to come from, I might have been persuaded to give you a nickel. As

to those other injuries, Nero developed a great fondness for earthquakes, which accounts for the present state of the *Mayanah* chair in the imperial *palace*."

it is, the boy who would deceive the Father of his Country is unworthy of my alms. I wish you good-evening."

The beggar was so affected by Washington's noble words that he immediately joined the army, and soon became one of the best spies in the service.

—ROMAN EMPIRE—

AFTER Goldsmith had written the *Man of the World* he rose considerably in the estimation of blunt old Dr. Johnson, who extolled the book to the skies. Goldsmith's natural modesty made the enthusiastic praise of his work exceedingly painful to him, and he invariably did his best in self-depreciation when his friend began sounding his praises.

Upon one occasion Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith were luncheon together in a Fleet Street chop-house, when an acquaintance of Johnson's entered, and approaching the group, grasped the Doctor's hand and asked him how he did.

"Sir," said the Doctor, with his accustomed courtesy, "I don't." Then turning toward Goldsmith, who was trying to hide behind a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, he roared out: "Mr. Robinson, permit me to introduce my friend Goldsmith. Goldsmith is the author of the *Man of the World*, you know."

"Indeed!" cried Robinson, with a pleased smile. "Are you the author of that delightful work?"

"N-no, sir, p-please, sir," replied Goldsmith, overcome with shame.

The effect of this reply upon Dr. Johnson may be better imagined than described.

—ROMAN EMPIRE—

QUINTUS CURTIUS FLACUS having had the misfortune in the heat of a political campaign to offend the Emperor, Caligula ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling lead. A few days before the execution was to take place, Flaccus sent a letter to the Emperor with a note in which he asked the Emperor if he remembered the fact that as a boy Flaccus had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, by eating a poisoned tart intended for the imperial lunch, and beseeching the Emperor, if he did remember the episode, to mitigate the severity of his punishment. Caligula was deeply moved as the remembrance of Flaccus's heroic self-sacrifice flashed across his mind, and he immediately issued a decree providing that "in view of services rendered, the sentence of Quintus Curtius Flaccus, to wit, that he be boiled in lead, be and is hereby commuted, and that in lieu of said boiling in lead the said Quintus Curtius Flaccus shall be flayed alive and thrown into the sea." Rome was so astonished at the unexpected clemency of the Emperor that her historians forgot to record this one bright page in the annals of the Caligulan sway.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE PRINCE'S VISITING CARDS.

"Now, Meesha" (Mike), "here's a list of the houses at which you are to call, and you must be sure to leave one of my cards at each of them. You'll find the cards on my study table. Do you hear?" So spoke Prince G——, one of the leaders of society in Moscow, to the liveried servant who bowed before him as he stepped into his carriage.

It was New-Year's Day, a time when, in Russia, as in France, every one visits his friends, and the salutation of "S novym godom S novym stehaniem" (With the new year, new happiness) is heard on every side; so the Prince was setting out to call in person upon a few of his chosen friends, while sending his footman to leave cards upon the fifty or sixty less intimate acquaintances whom he possessed in the fashionable quarter of the town.

"I hear, your Brightness," said the lackey, bowing again, and his master drove away.

Two hours later a dashing young officer of the Imperial Guard reined up his horse beside Prince G——'s carriage as it passed him, and said, in a voice tremulous with laughter: "Oh, Yakov Andreievitch" (James, son of Andrew), "that was a splendid idea of yours! It'll be all over the town to-morrow. I'm sure I haven't had such a laugh since I don't know when." And off he went, laughing unrestrainedly.

G—— looked after him in blank bewilderment; but he was still more perplexed about half an hour later, when a stout bald, red-faced man, in the rich uniform of a government official, came and said, sternly:

"Yakov Andreievitch, I don't know what I have done that you should insult me in this unwarrantable way. You shall hear from me to-morrow." And he passed on, foaming with rage.

"Are they all mad?" muttered the amazed Prince. "What on earth can I have done?"

But the explanation came only too soon. Just as he reached his own door again, up came the footman whom he had sent round with his visiting cards, and said, with a respectful bow, "I've left all the cards, your Brightness, except the ace of spades and the queen of diamonds."

Then the poor Prince understood it all. This model servant of his had left *playing-cards* upon his friends by mistake. DAVID KEE.

PERHAPS there is too much progressive anarchy about. At any rate a small boy in a New England household who has learned to read enough to join in the morning exercises, but sometimes *hunts* a large word astonished the family one morning when he came to the passage in the Psalms, "Let not my enemies triumph over me," with this rendering, "Let not my enemies trump over me."



A PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.

VAN DUZEN (*making his first tour of a farm*). "It is simply preposterous! The idea of calling country milk healthy after working the poor cows all day long in the hot sun!"

THE AWFUL COURT.

THE MILD CAPTAIN James M. Armstrong, of Texas, as honest and patriotic a man as ever lived in any age or country, emigrated from Kentucky to Texas immediately after the Republic had been organized. Soon after his arrival at Nacogdoches, he found out that the refugees from "the States," who were then quite numerous, were in the habit of holding from time to time what they called "The Awful Court." Every new-comer was arrested, was brought before the "court," which sat while an imposing array of offenders and spectators in a secluded room, was arraigned, and asked, "What made you come to Texas?" If in his reply he did not admit that he came as a refugee, the judge would order him to be whipped until he confessed, and when he had confessed, he was sentenced to treat the crowd. No new-comer was permitted to claim that he was innocent, or came of his own free-will. If the judge ascertained, however, proferred sympathy, stating some cause that he had committed before leaving "the States," and giving time, place, and circumstances, he was at once discharged without notice.

"The Awful Court" was generally presided over by a gentleman who was known to have robbed a gold-mining company, which was the immediate cause of his leaving Georgia. One day in conversation he observed to young Armstrong, "Young man, we will shortly have you up before our Awful Court."

Armstrong, with an air of surprise and diffidence, said he hoped not, and passed on.

On the night of that very day he was arrested, and led through devious ways to where The Awful Court was sitting. Although late, the dimly lighted courtroom was thronged. At a few moments the presiding judge ordered him to stand up, and asked him the following question: "Young man, what made you come to Texas?"

Armstrong replied, hesitatingly, with an air of embarrassment,

"It is such a mean little thing that I don't want to tell about it."

The question was calmly put a second time, and received the same answer.

Thereupon the judge sternly remarked, "I now ask you for the third and last time, what made you come to Texas?"

Armstrong responded, with apparent confidence: "If I must say, I stole a sheep."

"Stole a sheep?" exclaimed the presiding judge, in real astonishment. "Stole a sheep! Now, did you ever hear the

like? Young man, what made you steal a sheep?"

Armstrong dryly replied, "Because they who came to Texas ahead of me left nothing else in the criminal line to do."

"The prisoner's discharged, and the court adjourned," said the judge. "Men, it's my treat."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A FORMER Governor of a large city in Japan, after spending an evening at a friend's table with several companions, was unable to find his carriage, and determined to walk home. Losing his way, however, in the narrow, winding streets, he applied to a policeman to direct his erring footsteps. To his surprise the solemn functionary could not solve his perplexity. He was not acquainted, he said, with the location asked for. A happy expedient suggested itself to the inquirer.

"Be good enough to direct me to the residence of the Governor of the city," said the Governor.

"I don't know where that is either," responded the policeman.

"What! not know where the Governor lives? I shall report you tomorrow. I am the Governor."

"Well," was the enustic rejoinder, "how do you expect me to know where you live if you don't know where you live yourself?"



NOT SO FAVORABLE.

DEACON WILLIAMS. "Budder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?"

BROTHER JONES. "De judge done give 'im two munts in de jayul."

DEACON WILLIAMS. "Pears ter me like as if you oughter be powerful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did."

BROTHER JONES. "Twarnt s' light 's you seem ter think. Dey's a new winter bing 'im when de two munts is up."



“EARLY ONE MORNING”
[From a drawing by F. A. Abbey — See Old English Songs.]

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LIMOGES AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

LIMOGES is of interest as being the centre of the French porcelain manufacture, as the former seat of the mediæval goldsmith's art, as the place where the art of enamel was carried to the highest degree of perfection after the Renaissance, and finally because, having been only sparingly modified by modern improvements, it has retained in a great measure the physiognomy of a mediæval town. Broad streets, straight boulevards, and handsome modern buildings are not unknown at Limoges, but the greater part of the town is composed of narrow and tortuous alleys, winding in and out around the Cathedral of St.-Étienne and the Church of Saint-Michel des Lions, which crown the two hills on which Limoges is built. These hills form a sort of amphitheatre commanding a view of the immense valley of the river Vienne.

In the old streets, such as the Portail Saint Imbert, or the Rue des Petits-Charles, we can figure to ourselves how the people lived four or five hundred years ago. The quaint old houses have not changed. They line the narrow streets just as they did of old, with their red crinkled-tiled roofs projecting over the roadway, their gables at all possible angles, their timbers forming net-work over the walls, and their Gothic or Roman doors studded with big nails, like the doors of a prison. Generally the ground-floor alone is built of stone, and a niche is reserved on the outer wall for an image of the Virgin or of some saint. Opening on the street was the shop and the workshop, and at the back the kitchen, which was also the reception and sitting room at Limoges, even in well-to-do houses, up to the beginning of the present century. The furniture of the kitchen was composed of a table, some stools, a dresser with its charge

of pewter plates, and a few pieces of furniture. The big open fireplace was adorned with andirons, and crossed by spits geared to a primitive mechanism worked by some domestic animal, generally a dog, sometimes a goose or a turkey. One has only to peep into the gloomy and smoky interiors in these old streets to see that the domestic arrangements have undergone but little change. Nor in so doing will you appear indiscreet or prying, for the doors are wide open, and the women and children are sitting in the gutter, in company with chickens and queer blindfolded dogs, who bark in the sun undisturbed by vehicles, which can rarely venture into these steep and narrow alleys.

The porcelain industry at Limoges is of comparatively recent origin. The discovery of porcelain clay—kaolin and feldspath—at Saint-Vricix, near Limoges, dates from 1765, and the first hard porcelain manufactory was established in 1773, by MM. Grellet, Massier, and Fourneyrat. But it was not until about 1830 that the industry became really important, and it is within the last twenty years only that the production of Limoges has achieved perfection in the manufacturing processes and at the same time acquired an artistic stamp in form and decoration. It is interesting to notice that these results are largely due to American enterprise. In 1839 a lady came to the store of Messrs. Daniel and David Haviland, in New York city, and asked them if they could match a porcelain cup which she showed them. The cup was of French manufacture; it was the first that the Havilands had seen, and the paste seemed so far superior to that of the English china and faience which they were in the habit of selling that they conceived the idea of intro-

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English table goods into the American market believing that the population would be insatiable. Just at this time, Mr. Haviland came to France with the only real English export which such goods were made. His researches led him to Limoges and thence to Limoges. The desire was to obtain English shapes and English patterns executed in French porcelain. The matter seemed simple enough; the only obstacle Mr. Haviland had to contend against was routine and usage. When he asked the Limoges manufacturers for English shapes, they replied, "We do not make them; we have not the moulds."

"Very good," replied Mr. Haviland; "I will give you the moulds;" and he proceeded to make his moulds. Then, having his articles in white, he failed to have them decorated in the English style to suit the taste of his buyers.

"We cannot execute that kind of decoration," replied the manufacturers.

"Very good," replied the indomitable American. "I will train some decorators for you." And he proceeded to hire professors and to teach a handful of apprentices to paint artificial flowers in the English manner. The end of it was that French routine and want of enterprise forced Mr. Haviland to establish gradually a complete porcelain manufactory, which since its foundation in 1850 has grown to be the largest and most excellently organized of all the manufactories in the Limoges district. At present the Haviland works at Limoges have nine kilns extending each from eighty to one hundred and twenty metres; they employ, when in full activity, 1200 hands, and manufacture 3000 plates a day, to mention only one typical article.* Furthermore, the Havilands have revolutionized the porcelain industry by taking prompt advantage of all the discoveries of modern science, by perfecting the baking kilns, by the introduction of lithography and engraving in decoration, and generally by substituting in the making of current articles mechanical processes for hand labor, a fact which has enabled them to diminish the difference in

price between porcelain and fine faience so that now eighty porcelain plates cost no more than one hundred faience plates.

The principal stages of the manufacture of pottery have been so often described that it would be useless to go over the ground again. The general reader may be supposed to be familiar with the outlines of the subject, and it is not in these pages that specialists will seek details and recipes which come within the province of special works.* For some time past the preparation of the clay for pottery has been executed by machinery; the grinding, mixing, kneading, filtering, and desiccation of the paste are executed by a series of apparatus which requires very little attention, and therefore renders the production of the raw material of porcelain very cheap. The problem that has been presented to manufacturers of late has been the extension of steam-power to the fashioning of this raw material. In order to be able to contend against the cheap labor of Germany and against the makers of fine faience the French manufacturers felt that mechanical production was absolutely necessary. Their aim was to be able to produce porcelain economically, rapidly, and by means which could be readily increased or diminished according to the situation of the market. On the other hand, it seemed impossible to replace by a mechanical operation the skilful fingers of the potter, his constant intelligent attention, and his sure and prompt eye. However, modern engineers are bold to admit anything to be impossible, and thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Haviland, M. Faure, of Limoges, has been enabled to carry out a series of experiments which have resulted in the construction of machines for fashioning porcelain clay so simple and so ingenious that we may safely say that hence forward the primitive potter's wheel may be relegated to the museum of antiquities.

Vases, bowls, all open hollow vessels, cups, saucers, plates, and dishes are now made by machines. To describe these machines thoroughly would need many diagrams and an abundant use of technical terms. I will confine myself to a

* Haviland and Company reserve about ten per cent. of the whole of the porcelain now made in France. In 1880 there were in the town and district of Limoges 1000 porcelain manufactories, possessing 50,000 kilns, and giving employment to some 100,000 persons in decorating establishments, employing 2000 hands in each of the grinding and preparing the clay.

* Under those interested in the technology and scientific and practical details of the modern French manufacture to M. Dubreuil's volume on porcelain, forming the fifth volume of Frémy's *Encyclopédie Chimique*. Paris: Dunod, 1885.

brief indication of the mechanical operations by which plates are made on the Faure vertical moulding lathes. The prepared clay is handed to the workman in

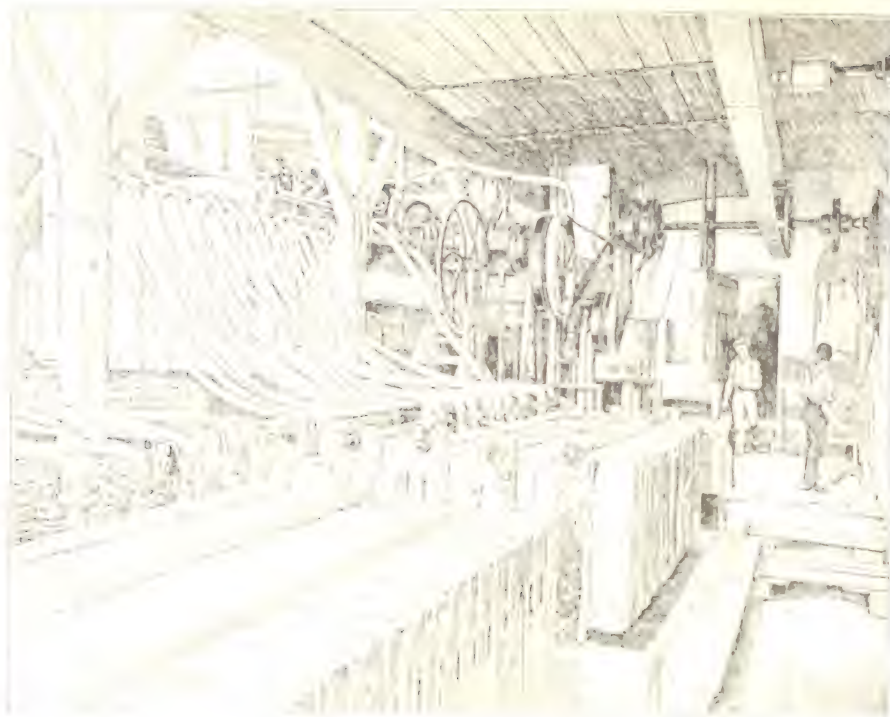
clay on the head or mandrel of a vertical lathe, on which a cam descends gradually, while the head revolves until the ball is flattened into a circular *croûte* or cake



UNE DES PETITES CARMES

balls proportionate to the mass of the piece to be made. The operator has before him three machines forming the series. First of all he places the ball of

of the necessary thickness, at which point the cam ascends automatically, and remains stationary until the operator sets it to work on a new ball of clay. This



Making the *croûte* (mould) part.

croûte is transferred to the second lathe, and centred for a time which depends and depends it on a model of the form of the inside of the plate. And for revolving head, the axis of the revolving disk and the axis of the mould and lathe head being identical. With a sponge the operator presses the *croûte* into the mould guiding the sponge from the centre toward the edges. The surplus clay having been removed, the mould, with the adhering *croûte*, is transferred to a third lathe head, over which is fixed a *calibre*, or cutting bar of special shape. This *calibre* descends into contact with the revolving *croûte*, and in a few turns forms the under side of the plate, the rim, and the beading, if there are any, of the thickness desired. The thinning and fettling of the edge of the rim are done on a fourth lathe, which has no special interest. The three operations of making the *croûte*, centring, and *calibrage* are performed by one workman, the movement of the machines being automatic, and in a working-day of ten hours two men can mould six hundred plates, all perfectly regular, identical in form and size, and cleaner and better than the old-fashioned hand-made piece. The suppression of water in the

fastening, centring, *calibrage*, and corresponding loss of water of the moulds and a great economy for the manufacturer. In the baking of machine-made plates the moulds are excellent and the same and inferior pieces almost a negligible quantity.

M. France has also invented a machine for making regular and irregular oval dishes. One of its say dishes of which the rim has or has not the same inclination and an identical profile and round. The *croûte* is perfectly centred and depressed on the mould in the same way as in the making of round plates and the oval form is then determined by an eccentric movement of the table on which the mould is placed, the movements of translation and of rotation combining into a closed elliptical curve. In making regular oval dishes the *calibre* or fashioning tool descends regularly upon the clay *croûte*. In the machine for making irregular oval rims, the *croûte*, centred on the disk, whose axis corresponds exactly with the axis of the mould, is let down vertically on to the mould, and fashioned with the sponge. The *calibres*, in two parts, are then brought into position, and while one *calibre*, moving independently

and evenly, fashions the bottom of the dish, the other *calibre* is articulated with and follows the movements of the elliptical table on which the mould rests, and of which the profile corresponds with the inclinations and undulations of the rim of the dish.

For the reason already stated we shall not need to visit in detail the various departments of the Haviland manufactory, or to describe the delicate operations of moulding, casting egg-shell cups, printing, lithographing, gilding, firing in the *beg kilns*, firing in the *muffle* furnaces. Our illustrations will give an idea of a few of the characteristic scenes. Here is the large filter press, with its forest of serpentine pipes, through which the liquid paste, or *barbotine*, is forced by steam-pumps into narrow compartments braced together by screws. In these compartments it is filtered through calico cloths, and the water pressed out. When the filtering is finished the press is unscrewed, and the clay is taken out in oblong cakes, which have to be still further compacted and kneaded before they pass into the potter's hands. Here we see a moulder in the act of cutting up the layer of paste, with which he will make a very complicate piece: a basket from which an angry duck protrudes his head, and frightens away a too venturesome little boy. To make this piece the moulder must be somewhat of a sculptor too, in order to fit together the many fragments of which the object is made. On the table and on the shelves stand the model and the different parts of the mould, which keys together into a heavy and curiously shaped mass of plaster of Paris. Here, in a sunny atelier, women, old and young, wearing the

characteristic Limousin head-dress, the *barbiche*, are burnishing gift ornaments on finished pieces, and gossiping in the strange dialect of the country. The burnishers are, of all the porcelain workers, those who have remained most resistant to progress; they work, dress, and talk just as they did a century ago. Yet another characteristic scene of the La



OLD BURNISHING.—HAVILAND MANUFACTORY.

ness of their fine industry and of the technical progress. It is evident to the most ignorant that the Chinese supply by a good reason the forehead, these patient animals give enormous amounts of labor and in fact, as we have seen, accomplish the only work of thought used in the whole district.

The source of the artistic success of the Haywards is to be sought in the thorough understanding of the nature and qualities of porcelain and in the rational study of decoration. Instead of remaining, as most of the French makers so long remained, in the routine conceived by the high example of Louis the Haywards went back to the fountain-head of ceramic art, and studied the products of China, Japan, and Korea, where they found a treasure of typical forms and a theory of perfect decoration. Furthermore they carried so high an opinion of the dignity of porcelain that they ventured to call in the aid of artists to decorate their products, and men like Bracquemond, Delpierre, Lemaître, Yano, and Lalou were invited to exercise their fancy in all the materials which the ceramicist has at his disposal. The idea seems simple and obvious enough, and yet we have only to reflect a moment to see that it is by no means commonplace. Let us visit together a ceramic museum. The Musée Adrien Dubouché at Limoges is the most complete perhaps in the world from the point of view of a historical museum of pottery. The seven thousand pieces which it contains will enable us to form an idea of the history of pottery from the earliest times down to the present day. We will take European pottery first of all, and consider it from two points of view, material and decorative. All these objects that we see are clays baked at a more or less intense heat, and for the most part covered with a surface glaze, enamel or *couverte*. In some the paste has remained porous after the baking; in others the paste has become compact and impervious to liquids, and even to the scratch of a steel point. Terra-cotta, faience, majolica, grès, hard porcelain, soft porcelain, artificial porcelain—the names and classes are manifold and the component matters various; but the phenomenon of which we see the results in these numerous products is throughout the same, vitrification. The ceramic art is therefore an inflexible one. All clays and

objects acquire by firing a degree of vitrification proportionate to the heat which is applied to them, and this application of heat depends upon the materials which are used and upon the product which it is wished to obtain. The more complete the vitrification, the more precious is the aspect of the object. Take, for instance, a piece of glass, a piece of rock-crystal, and a diamond; place them side by side, and compare the three objects and the sensations which they produce on the eye. The diamond will evidently give the greatest pleasure. Why? Because it reflects more luminous rays than rock-crystal or glass, and the eye being organized to enjoy light, receives from the diamond a greater sensation of pleasure. But why does the diamond reflect more luminous rays than the other two objects? Because the diamond is more compact, more dense, more homogeneous, and it is more homogeneous because it has been transformed at a higher temperature. Now if we substitute for these translucent objects ceramic objects, we shall find that the sensation of pleasure conveyed by them to the eye varies according as the vitrification of the piece is more or less complete; or, in other words, the higher the temperature at which the piece has been transformed, the more amiable will its aspect be to that of a precious stone. We may base our material classification of ceramics on this scientific fact, and assign them a grade accordingly, and this classification we shall find justified by the instinctive and traditional preferences of connoisseurs, who can imagine nothing finer than that old Chinese translucent porcelain which may be compared to jade; than that blue porcelain which a Chinese poet has described as "blue like the sky, thin as paper, brilliant as a mirror"; or than that white porcelain of which another Chinese poet celebrates the "plaintive sonority," and the "whiteness surpassing the whiteness of snow."

It is to this Chinese porcelain that all the Eastern and European ceramic arts are due. Invented apparently in the second century before our era, Chinese porcelain found its way westward through Persian and Arabian merchants, whose compatriots tried to imitate it, and so discovered the stanniferous faience of the East. Chinese porcelain appears to have penetrated to Europe certainly as early as the tenth century, and Marco Polo, the first

European who visited China, where he lived twenty-six years, published in his book at the end of the thirteenth century a note on the nature and even on the processes of the manufacture of porcelain. "The Chinese," he says, "extract, as it were, from a sort of mine a peculiar kind of clay, which they collect in heaps and leave exposed to sun, rain, and wind during thirty or forty years without stirring it. By this long keeping the clay becomes refined and fit to be fashioned into all kinds of vessels. Afterward it is painted with divers colors and baked in a furnace. Thus those who collect the clay bequeath it to their children and grandchildren." By some accident Marco Polo's relatively exact statement as to the nature of porcelain fell into oblivion, and until the eighteenth century, when kaolin and feldspath—its two constituent natural elements—were discovered, the wildest theories were current as to its composition. Giving credit to these strange recipes, those who tried to make porcelain in Europe were led to employ elements absolutely foreign to translucent pottery, and so discovered majolica, Italian and French faience, grès, and the different kinds of *pâte tendre*, of which the Sèvres *pâte tendre* is an absolutely unique and exquisite matter, suggesting not so much a precious stone as soft satin, or something rare, delicate, and feminine. This French *pâte tendre*, or artificial porcelain, as it is sometimes called, is composed of alkaline "frittes" and carbonate of lime, covered with a lead glaze analogous in nature to flint-glass; it has nothing in common with true porcelain but its whiteness and translucidity. It has, however, the merit of communicating to the colors applied on its surface an incomparably fine and velvety appearance, for the paste imbibes the colors, which thus become incorporated with it and produce the illusion, both to the eye and to the touch, of a homogeneous matter. Certainly the blues and roses of old Sèvres *pâte tendre* are delightful beyond expression.

But what are we to say of the Italian and French and other European faïences?

Merely from the material point of view the paste is coarse and imperfectly conglomerated. The decoration is painted on the biscuit under the glaze, and baked at a high temperature, and so they have a certain appearance of homogeneity, but only an appearance, for in the old faïence, just as in the modern fine faïence with a plumbiferous glaze, the body of the paste and the glaze do not become intimately incorporated so as to form one whole; they simply adhere more or less solidly together; in short, they are incompletely vitrified. Now compare with any faïence or pseudo-porcelain, ancient or modern, a piece of real porcelain, either of the Oriental or of the European family. The paste of both is composed of the same elements, namely, kaolin and petuntse—that is to say, decomposed and undecomposed feldspath—together with accidental quantities of silica, alumine, potash, lime, etc., with which we need not concern ourselves, except so far as to say that the chemical composition of Chinese kaolins and feldspaths is not identically the same as that of the same materials found in Europe. The consequence is that the Chinese paste is more fusible than the European paste, and the Chinese glaze is also more fusible than the European glaze. Chinese porcelain is therefore relatively a tender porcelain, and its fabrication is easier than that of the harder European porcelain, which, contrary to an accepted prejudice, is superior to the Oriental product. The finest hard Limoges or Sèvres porcelain is absolutely the ideal of ceramic production, as far as material superiority is concerned. But enough of comparisons; let us see what is the aim of the Chinese and of the European porcelain-makers. In the beginning the constituent elements are extracted from the ground separate, and having little or no cohesion or plasticity. Then begins a long process of washing, grinding, mixing, filtering, plunging, sieving, rolling, pressing, and compacting, the whole object of which is to impart to the elements plasticity, absolute homogeneity, and perfect cohesion. The last stage of the transformation is the firing, which deprives the clay of all moisture, coagulates the constituent molecules, deprives them forever of all plasticity, and transforms the paste into a hard, white, translucent matter, smooth, brilliant, homogeneous, and so perfectly

* English current porcelain is not a true porcelain. It contains, it is true, kaolin and feldspath, but also phosphate of lime and other substances. Above all, it has not a feldspathic *concrete*, but a plumbiferous glaze somewhat thicker than the glaze of the old French *pâte tendre*.

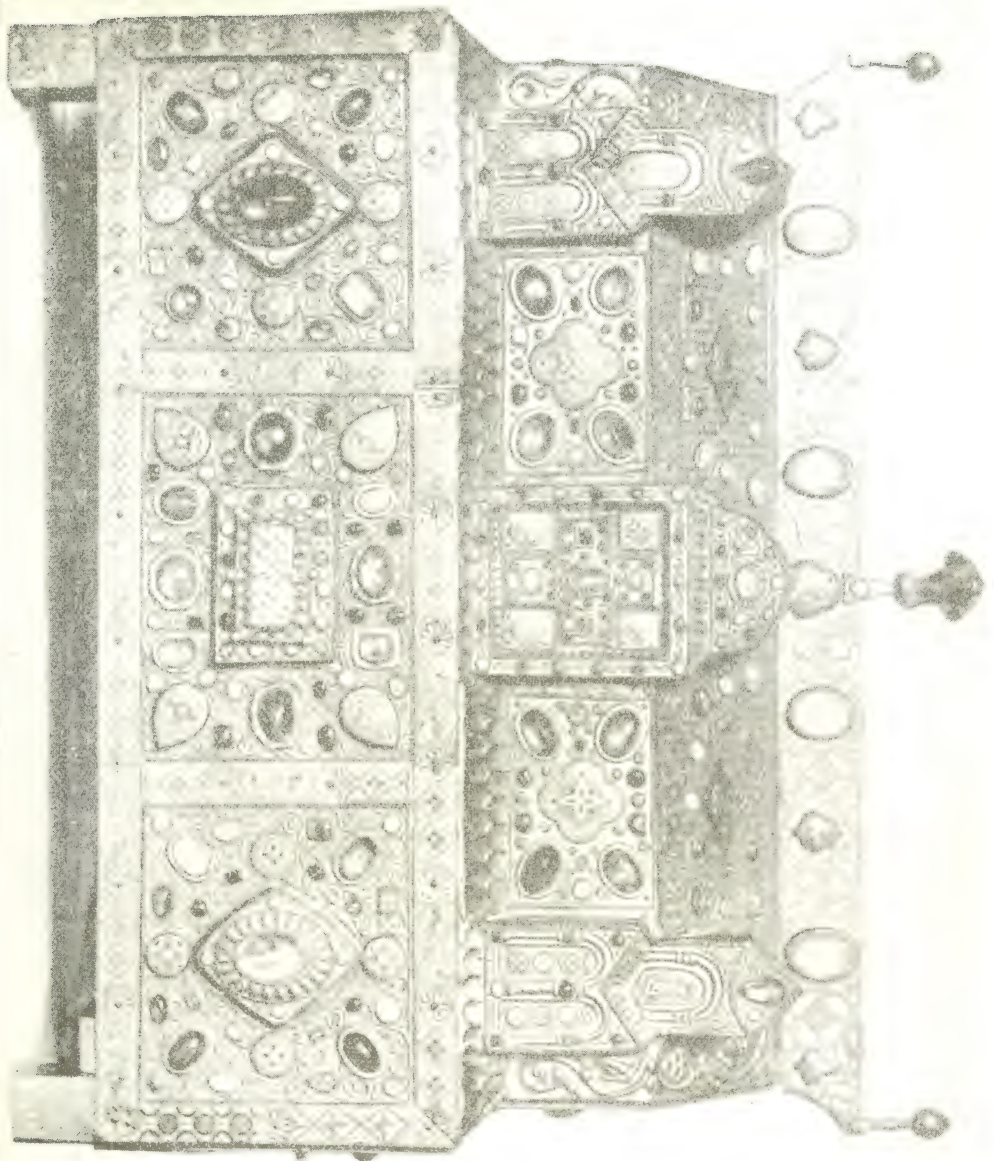
with a fault in section of the piece seen under a microscope—shows the atomic composition of the glaze with the body—showing how they have the same chemical composition and thus the same temperature become a perfectly homogeneous vitrified mass. Savitry, by decomposing the feldspathic rock, has enabled the potter to manipulate a hard stone as easily as the commonest clay. The heat of the pot—any other which may be employed in addition to the heat of a furnace, restores its rocky quality to the kaolin, and thus the expert potter can produce French porcelain is identical in material to a cup or platter wrought out of solid feldspath rock, as the Chinese would work jade or rock-crystal.

This analysis of the nature of porcelain and of the theory of the processes by which its elements are transmuted will aid the reader in understanding why—these fine diamonds are rare—standard of perfect vitrification. The process by which nature produces the diamond are matched by none in the production of porcelain. The pure white porcelain is itself so beautiful that the connoisseurs for no ornamentation, or admits only those colorations where red and blue alternate, each shade passing imperceptibly into the other. That *porcelaine hamydeuse*—the old connoisseurs used to call it, those *flambé* vases in which modern science has restored the Chinese name of *yao-pien*—transmutations of porcelain into the semblance of jade, jasper, porphyry, or agate. One must indeed be dull of eye not to admire those *jeux de la flamme et de la couleur* as a *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Philippe Berty, has termed the deep and mysterious streams of ruby red which seem to have been fixed by some magical power into the form of a vase. What colors are presented in the eye than those pearls which the flames have burnt in the color of mulberry juice, or those clouds of tin gray that sweep across a vase like a spring shower, or fall in isolated splashes like the last drops of a summer storm? The comparison of these *flambé* vases with onyx or precious stones is all to the advantage of the brilliant porcelain, prepared and modelled by the hand of man, passed into the immortal moulding furnace and taken out glowing in depth and richness of color—minous and profound, an intense and rapid delight for the eye. The Orientals attach great price to fine specimens

of *yao-pien*; we Occidentals have followed their example, and our great ceramic artists have endeavored to produce in their furnaces similar works. In 1884 the manufactory of Sèvres exhibited some *flambé* vases made of the new semi-hard paste or *porcelaine nouvelle*, invented by M. Hantz, which would have been as beautiful as Chinese *flambés* had the porcelain been as hard and as completely vitrified. The same critic also holds good of M. Théodore Bache's *flambés*, in which the colored glaze is but imperfectly incorporated with the body. The only really hard European porcelain *flambés* are a few pieces made by the Havilands, who, after many years of experiments, seem to be now masters of the theory of *flambé* porcelain, and as much masters of the practice as the hazard of the flames will permit.

Perfectly vitrified paste of the finest quality, or a combination of this paste in one or two times varied only by the caprice of the flames whipped into furious or glowing tongues by the blasts of oxygen let into the furnace during the burning—such are the ideal productions of the ceramic art from the point of view of the most refined connoisseurs. This, however, we must admit is rather an esoteric point of view and outside of this pure paradise of porcelain there is much that is delightful and indeed the whole current production of the art. His eye and his reason confirm the connoisseur in his apparently narrow admiration of pure form and pure color in porcelain; but at the same time he will remain accessible to the lesser but incontestable charm of decorated porcelain executed with due regard to appropriateness of means and of design. Not only have the Orientals achieved perfection in the matter of porcelain, but they have also exhausted the resources of beautiful form and shown by example what decorated porcelain should be, and what are the most appropriate means to be used. We have only to compare a collection of Oriental decorated porcelain with a collection of European work in order to see at once that, until within a very few years, the decoration of ceramics has been practised rather unintelligently in Europe, with few exceptions, such as the productions of certain periods of Sèvres and Saxe.

The decorations of the old Italian faïences, it may be suggested, are very mag-



AMAZON SHRINE.—TWELFTH CENTURY.—[SEE PAGE 669.]

nificent. Are they really so fine as fashion represents them to be? Let us say nothing of the forms, or of the coarse material, or of the rudimentary drawing of the figures, but let us ask seriously if the pictured plates and vases of Gubbio and Urbino are models of appropriate ceramic decoration. Is a hollow bowl or a soup plate appropriately decorated by complicated battle scenes in which the legs of the warriors are broken by the bulging rims? Is the surface of a plate a fitting place in which to depict mythologic scenes? Shall

we not rather regard these storied Italian faïences as merely quaint and curious, just as the Palissy dishes are curious? I confess frankly I have not yet seen a Xandlio da Rovigo or a Maestro Giorgio which gave my eyes such rapid and profound pleasure as a simple Persian plate or a Chinese vase covered with a gay bloom of peonies or chrysanthemums. This may seem to be dreadful heresy, but let the reader only see with his own eyes, and free his mind from the subtle influence of tradition and fashion. Let him forget

II. The time when that we find by every comparison the copies prove to be inferior to the celebrated X, has written a confused treatise on faïences with metallic tints, and that the same Z has published various plates (blue, white, and green) to the bewilderment of the reader, which is inspired by the sight of rows of rare specimens marshalled on the shelves of museums, side by side, like so many *monstrueux copies*. It is precisely this unreasoning admiration of all that is old, and which was rare until the amateur-fetters came to the crazy collectors' rescue.

It is precisely this blind love of antiqueness which is closing people's eyes to the many excellent productions of modern art, and discouraging all the efforts of the manufacturers in any artistic direction. We must deliberately exclude the elements of quantity, rarity, and historical interest from the elements constituting the intrinsic artistic excellence of objects, that is to say, the matter, the form, the appropriateness of the decoration, the color, and the general aspect. If we examine in the spirit not only Italian majolica, but also the faïences of the old French manufactures of Rouen, Marseilles, Nevers, Strasbourg, Saintonge, Moustiers, and Bordeaux, we shall find that their interest is not so much artistic as historical and curious. Old French faïence is the unpretentious product of a clever industry with which no men of superior talent ever deigned to concern themselves; the material is coarse, the forms are poor, but often the decoration is in good taste. In the history of the decoration of French porcelain the same phenomenon is to be observed: it was a charming industry when it worked for Madame de Pompadour, Madame Dubarry, or Marie Antoinette, but beside the exquisite and delicate trifles of eighteenth century Sèvres, how often has the immaculate whiteness of porcelain been marred by petty symmetrical designs, obscured by dull landscapes, genre pictures, or portraits of ancient persons framed in oval blurrings. Go through the museum of Limoges or of Sèvres and remark how unintelligent the production of European ceramics has been within the past two hundred years! how poor have been the logical, how imperfect the comprehension of the ornament ought to be, and also of the decorative ceramic decoration!

It is only within the past fifteen or twenty years that a critical and scientific

study of Eastern and Western ceramics has enabled us to establish the theory of this subject of decoration. Apart from engraving, niello, reliefs, and other manipulation of the paste itself, there are some six means of coloring and decorating ceramic products, namely, metallic oxides, *émaux*—that is to say, natural colored earths or artificially colored pastes applied with more or less relief, as in the vase portrayed on the opposite page, the body of the object being of grès, and the ornamentation in red *émail* and green and white porcelain paste—enamels, vitrifiable colors, metals, and metallic lusters. Porcelain has the advantage of accepting all these means of decoration, which, according to their degree of fusibility, are applied by the *grand feu* of the kiln, or by the *petit feu* of the moufle.

The *grand feu* decoration is executed on or under the glaze by means of the most refractory oxides mixed with a flux or without a flux. These oxides penetrate into the paste and form part of it: the color and the body become homogeneous, the whole surface is equally uniform, becomes more equally vitrified. Thus, in judging the decoration of porcelain, the principle of complete vitrification serves as a sure guide. In decoration applied by *petit feu* the colors are merely fixed on the glaze, they have not penetrated into it, nor do they form part of it. Hence the glaze of the porcelain and of the decoration are unequal; the body and the colors are unequally vitrified; the piece is not homogeneous. The main difference between the decoration of Eastern and Western porcelain is that the Western ceramists paint with the processes of picture painters, spreading the pigments with a brush, and using the surface of the porcelain as if it were a panel or a piece of canvas. The Orientals paint, as it were, with translucent gouache: they lay on their tones with a vitreous fluid mixed with coloring matter or, in other words, with enamel which become identified with the porcelain or faïence, and form part of it. These enamels used by the Orientals are silicates, boro-silicates, and phospho-silicates, colored by oxides maintained in solution by the flux: they are applied over the glaze, and melt at a lower temperature than the glaze. The *nouvelle porcelaine* of Sèvres is decorated in this manner. As we have already seen, this new porcelain is softer

than the real hard porcelain, that is to say, its paste and glaze have been composed in such a manner as to be fusible at a lower temperature than the paste and glaze of real hard porcelain—a fact which extends the palette of colors, for few metallic oxides resist the temperature of *grand feu*. The problem was to make a porcelain whose enamel would melt below the degree of temperature at which certain metallic oxides volatilize. The solution of Sèvres is admirable, but nevertheless the new porcelain, from an artistic point of view, is less beautiful than the old hard porcelain; one has only to put a piece of old *grand feu* porcelain in the midst of a collection of objects of the new porcelain to see how much more brilliant and delightful it is, even although its decoration may be less varied and rich. The new porcelain, simply by being less pure and less completely vitrified than the old porcelain, has lost in quality and preciousness all that it has gained in decorative capacity. To the end, then, our principle of complete vitrification will confirm our instinctive preferences. The less complete the vitrification of the decoration, the more will the porcelain object lose its ceramic aspect; and when, like certain Sèvres plates and vases, the whole surface is covered with opaque muffle colors, the ceramic aspect is lost entirely, and the plate or vase would look just as well if it were made of tin or wood instead of porcelain.

I had the good fortune to visit Limoges during the very important exhibition of ancient and modern industrial art held there in the town-hall in 1886, which gave me an excellent opportunity of studying both the modern ceramic arts of Limoges and the arts of the goldsmith and of the enameller for which the town was so famous in the Middle Ages, during the Renaissance, and even until the middle of the seventeenth century. Saint Eloi of Limoges became the most famous goldsmith of the seventh century, and after his death the patron saint of the craft. It was at the request of this saint that King Dagobert founded the monastery of Solignac, near Limoges, which became a great manufacturing of goldsmith's work, as also was certainly the case with the immense monastery of Grandmont, whose gold and silver treasures were dispersed over the whole Limousin country at the time of



LIMOGES VASE DECORATED WITH ENAMEL OF RED CLAY AND COLORED EARTHEN PASTES.

the Revolution. These mediæval artists, while producing some table objects, devoted themselves mainly to the manufacture of liturgical work—reliquaries, shrines, coffers—adorned with filigree-work, precious stones, and enamels, and destined to contain the relics which the pilgrims and crusaders brought back in quantities from the Holy Land. From an artistic point of view this mediæval work is curious and interesting rather than beautiful. The workmen, generally monks, were influenced by Oriental taste, and by the asceticism of the primitive Church. Their figures have rough and emaciated physiognomies, expressive of humility or menace; the gestures are those of cursing or blessing or beatitude; the movements are angular and cramped by narrow vestments. In simple decorative work their genius is more sympathetic and thanks to the palette of enamels, they soften the Asiatic accent of the object by incrustated ornaments of lapis and turquoise blue, laurel green, and brilliant yellow, arrayed with superior comprehension of the conditions of decora-



BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN—ENAMEL OF THE REVEREND OF THE
—XIIITH CENTURY

ration. The finest piece of medieval Limoges goldsmith's work in existence is considered to be the shrine now belonging to the church of Antibes, and formerly belonging to that famous and rich monastery of Clarendon, which Kings Henry I. and II. of England used to hold in particular affection. This shrine, twenty-five inches high, twenty-nine inches broad, and ten inches deep, dates from the twelfth century. The form is that of a building, and it is covered with repousse, ornamented with silver-work, convolutions, engraving, and enamelled medallions. This art of enamel, which began by being necessary to the goldsmith's craft, and which became unperpetrated and developed into an independent art, deserves more lengthy consideration. It is one of the national arts of France and the glory of old Limoges, where it was practised with such perfection that it acquired the name of the town where it was born, and throughout the Middle Ages enamel is always spoken of as *opus lemoicensis* or *opus Limogico*.

Enamel is a sort of glass fusible at a low temperature, composed generally of a mixture of different borates and silicates. This mixture is colorless, but it combines

with the greatest facility under heat with all or almost all metallic oxides, and then acquires, according to the nature of these oxides, various colorations, which constitute an incomparably rich palette, comprising almost all the tones of precious stones and gems. Enamel may be applied to pottery, glass, or metals, and fixed by firing. The metals available are those which are less fusible than the enamel itself, namely, platinum, which was unknown to the old enamellers, gold, silver, copper, and iron, the latter being the least suitable on account of the readiness with which it oxidates. The processes of enamelling are various. The earliest specimens are *champlevé* or *taille d'épargne*, that is to say, the compartments destined to receive the pulverized enamel are reserved in the plate of metal which is wrought by the chisel or by acids. Enamels *de basse taille* are those in which figures

or ornaments are engraved in intaglio on the metal before the translucent enamel is molten over the surface. When these figures are engraved in relief the enamels are called *de relief*. Translucent enamelling of this kind was invented by John of Pisa, and was much used in Italy in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. *Châssonné* enamels are those in which the compartments are formed of thin bands of metal bent into a design and soldered on to the surface of the plate destined to receive the enamel. The old Limoges goldsmiths used chiefly the *champlevé* process, which sufficed for their simple ornaments. The famous shield and helmet of Charles IX. in the Louvre Museum is decorated with *châssonné* and *basse taille* enamels. But the true Limoges enamel is the so-called painted enamels, invented in the second half of the fifteenth century.

In reality these early enamels, the finest that have ever been produced, are modelled almost in low relief rather than painted; whereas the truly painted enamels are the inferior products of the artists of the end of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries. Let us examine the enamel representing the "Birth of the Vir-

gin," which is engraved in our illustration, and analyze the process of its manufacture. First of all, the artist took a fine sheet of copper, 9 by 8 inches, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick, and beaten out at the edges so as to present a slightly convex form, which gives it strength to resist the heat, and re-

tectural outlines and the drawing of the figures and drapery, accentuating the shadows with the same tone. Then he took his colored enamels, perfectly pulverized and purified, and with a spatula modelled the dresses, some in emerald green, others in red of the color of wine



THE CRUCIFIXION.—LIMOGES ENAMEL: END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

tain its shape without curling or erikling. On the underside he applied a coating of colorless enamel, called counter-enamel, and then turning the plate over delicately, he applied a similar coating to the upper surface, and fired the whole, the object of counter-enamelling the plate being to secure equal contraction and expansion on both sides, otherwise the plate might warp and oxidize in the fire. On the transparent layer of enamel thus obtained he next traced in brown the archi-

tees, others in blue, and fired the plate again as convenience required. But the dresses of blue, and also the blue sky, he underlaid with opaque white enamel, in order to prevent the yellow of the copper plate from appearing beneath and impairing the purity of the cerulean tone. Then he modelled the faces and head-dresses in white, touched the cheeks with carmine, and finished the plate by laying in a golden sun, and relieving the dresses, the dais, and the curtains of the bed with



“BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN.”—ENAMEL BY LIMOGES.
—LIMOGES ENAMELS—THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

gold ornaments of this *faïence*, combining the thing after each application of pulverized enamel. This piece is the perfection of the enamel—(it is exquisitely drawn and composed, the work is brilliant and harmonious, and the aspect of singular richness). As we have seen, with the exception of the white faces, the blue draperies, and the sky, the enamel is all translucent, and the brilliant sheen of the polished copper appears through it. The strength of effects obtained by means of translucent masses carrying their color perfectly incorporated, and varying in intensity according to the thickness of the vitrified coat, is greater than the effect of the opaque glaze of *grisaille* and of the Limoges enamels of the sixteenth century. The epoch of the decadence of the art, which differ only in point of hardness from an ordinary oil painting covered with varnish. The enamel as in porcelain the criterion of excellence is complete vitrification, solidity, homogeneity. The beauty of enamel consists in its precious, costly aspect. The “Birth of the Virgin,” which we have just analyzed, and which is an admirable masterpiece of the beginning of the sixteenth century, represents the utmost amount of this kind can give. The “*Entombment*,” figured in the engraving on page 605, an enamel of the end of the sixteenth century, executed by the same artist, is equally rich in aspect and execution, though more sum-

mary and less correct in drawing. The “*Entombment*,” made by Penicaud in the beginning of the sixteenth century, is also an interesting specimen: the whole plate is modelled in white opaque enamel, over which are laid translucent colors. The medallion of the Virgin by Leonard I. Limoges, 1534, shows the beginning of the decadence of the art by the introduction of processes of drawing, hard outlines, modelling, and shading by means of cross or parallel hatchings; it is simple miniature painting on a background of black enamel.

M. Chaudius Popelin has practised and perfected all the processes of Limoges painted enamel, working in the spirit of the Renaissance. MM. Gilbert, Laper, F. de Chazet, and Alfred Meyer have also produced good imitations of Limoges work, and miniature portraits worthy of Petitot. *Chinoiserie* enamels

of the Japanese style have been produced experimentally but successfully in the establishments of Haplesdonne and Christodide. But the real innovator and master enamel-er of the present day is M. Fernand Thesmar, whose work figures with equal honor in the apartment of Limoges, and in the museum of Tokio. M. Thesmar has the merit of having completed the palette of opaque enamels so far as to be able to execute in enamel any colors and shades of color which the palette of the water-color painter possesses.



“THE ENTOMBMENT.”—ENAMEL BY PENICAUD.
—BEGINNING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



Perigot & Cuddy's Roundelay.



BY EDMUND SPENSER



I fell upon a holy eve
(Heigho, holy-day!),
When holy fathers went to
shrive.

(Now 'ginneth this roundelay),
Sitting upon a hill so high
(Heigho, the high hill!),
The while my flock did feed thereby,
The while the shepherd's self did spill.

I saw the bouncing Bellibone
(Heigho, bonny-bell!)
Tripping over the dale alone—
She can trip it very well
Well deckèd in a frock of gray
(Heigho, gray is great!)
And in a kirtle of green say
The green is for maidens meet.

A chaplet on her head she wore
(Heigho, the chaplet!);
Of sweet violets therein was store—
She's sweeter than the violet.
My sheep did leave their wonted food
(Heigho, silly sheepl!),
And gazed on her as they were wood—
Wood as he that did them keep.

As the bonny lass passed by
(Heigho, bonny lass!)
She roll'd at me with glancing eye
As clear as the crystal glass,
All as the sunny beam so bright
(Heigho, the sudden!)
Glanceth from Phœbus forth
right,
So love into my heart did stream.



Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds
 (Heigho, the thunder!)
 Wherein the lightsome leaven shrouds,
 So cleaves my soul asunder.
 Or as dame Cynthia's silver ray
 Heigho, the moonlight
 Upon the glistening wave doth play—
 Such play is a pleasant flight.

The glance that my heart did hold
 (Heigho, the glance)
 Time with my soul has slowly sold,
 Such wounds some never heal.
 Hastening to wound the heart once more
 (Heigho, Perigot!)
 I left the head in my heart's door—
 It was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more
 (Heigho, the arrow)
 Nor can I find salve for my sore—
 Love is a cureless sorrow.

And though my life were long and bright
 (Heigho, the sorrow)
 Yet should this loss be my delight
 So you may love me all the day.

My heart is in your hand, I know
 Heigho, my heart is gone
 For I have seen your face so long
 And it is in my hand
 And I have seen your face so long
 And it is in my hand
 And I have seen your face so long
 And it is in my hand

And you that love me so
 (Heigho, my heart is gone)
 I have seen your face so long
 And it is in my hand
 And I have seen your face so long
 And it is in my hand
 And I have seen your face so long
 And it is in my hand





"EARLY ONE MORNING"



EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing to the valley below:

"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Oh, gay is the gallant and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on my brow.
Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Remember the vows you made to your Mary;
Remember the bower where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing;
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:
"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"



III.

OLD KING COLE.



OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he;
 And he call'd for his pipe,
 And he call'd for his bowl,
 And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

Then twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle went the fiddlers;
 Twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle twee.

There's none so rare as can compare
 To King Cole and his fiddlers three.



DOWN IN CVPID'S GARDEN




T WAS down in Cupid's garden
 For pleasure I did go
 To see the fairest flowers
 That in that garden grow
 Of many one the jessamine,
 Of pink, and rose,
 All these and the fairest flowers
 That in that garden grow.

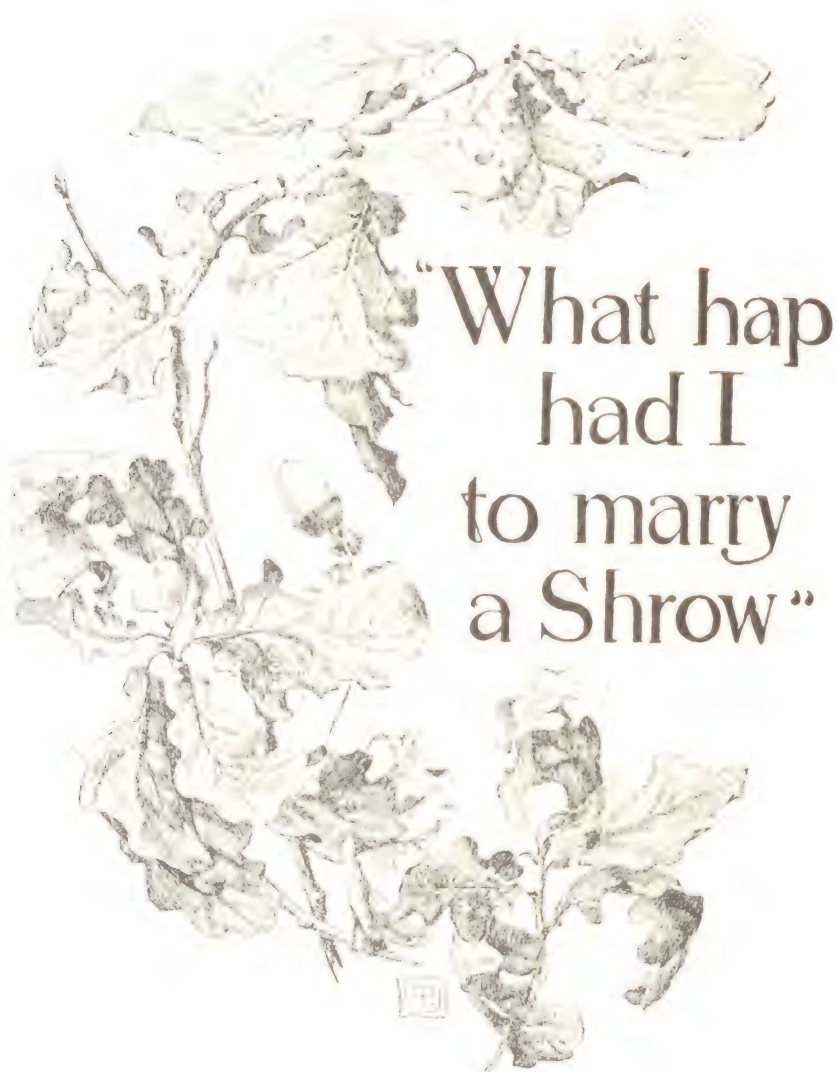
I'd not walked in that garden
 The part of half an hour
 When there I saw two pretty maids
 Sitting under a shady bower.
 The first was lovely Nancy,
 So beautiful and fair;
 The other was a virgin
 Who did the laurel wear.



1857
1858

I leaped up to her,
 And unto her did say:
 "Are you engaged to any young man?
 Or to me, I pray."
 "I'm not engaged to any young man,
 I solemnly do swear;
 I mean to live a virgin,
 And still the maid remain."

Then hand in hand together
 This lovely couple went.
 Resolved was the sailor boy
 To know her full intent
 To know if he would slighted be
 When to her the truth he told.
 "Oh no! oh no! oh no!" she cried;
 "I love a sailor bold."



"What hap
 had I
 to marry
 a Shrow"



WHAT hap had I to marry a shrow!
 For she hath given me many a blow,
 And how to please her, alack! I do not know.



From morn to even her tongue ne'er lies;
 Sometimes she brawls, sometimes she cries:
 Yet I can scarce keep her talents from mine eyes.

If I go abroad and late come in,
 "Sir Knave," saith she, "where have you been?"
 And do I well or ill, she claps me on the skin.



“Here’s to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen”



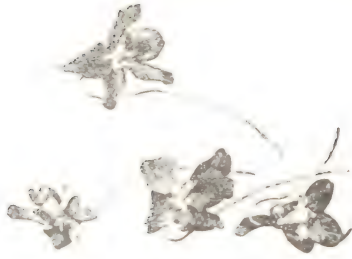
HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Now to the widow of thirty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean;
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes;
And now for the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to him that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woo;
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast, etc.



For let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast, etc.



NEVER LOVE THEE MORE



Y^e deem and only love like hood
How thou thyself expose,
By loving longing lovers food
Upon such looks as those,
I'll mumble will thee round about,
And build without a door;
But if thy heart do once break out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, by volleys shot,
Make any breach at all,
Nor smoothness of their language plot
A way to scale the wall;
No balls of wild-fire love consume
The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about it fume,
I'll never love thee more.

Then if by fraud or by consent
To ruin thou shouldst come,
I'll sound no trumpet as of wont,
Nor march by beat of drum,



But fold my arms, like ensigs, up,
 Thy falsehood to deplore,
 And after such a bitter cup
 I'll never love thee more.

WESTERN JOURNALISM.

BY Z. L. WHITE.

"THE West that," as Minut Haistoad says, "never was in the wilderness, and never will be in this world," has long ago outgrown the primitive, but wholly original, daringly enterprising, and intensely characteristic journalism that it once had. In the early times, that is, half a century ago and more (for the magnificent empire beyond the Alleghany Mountains is the child of but two generations), the West, especially the frontier, was the Mecca of two classes of men from the older sections of the country—the great army of hardy pioneers, who sought permanent homes for their families, and the few who, being "off color" in the East, found residence more convenient in newly settled towns, where the people were too busy to care as much for the antecedents as for the present acts of their neighbors. Among the latter were many of the so-called "characters" who, rather than the average, every-day citizen, made for the West its popular reputation, but not its real character.

Many of these restless, erratic geniuses drifted into journalism, and the frontier newspapers they made, often written and printed under great difficulties, possessed the merit of having at least a positive and unmistakable individuality. They were crude in style and in moral tone as well as in mechanical construction, it is true, for the picket line of civilization is not generally in its surroundings and associations favorable to the attainment of literary excellence or nice ethical distinctions, although some of the editors were men of good education; but the papers were made for a constituency that was as peculiar in its tastes as it was independent in its habits of thought, and cared less for the form than for the substance of what it had to read.

The frontier journal no longer exists, except at a few remote points in some of the Territories to which the railroads have not as yet penetrated, but it has left its impress upon the character of its more mature and polished successors.

The successful Western newspaper is, about all things, enterprising, and this quality, now so wonderfully developed, is a legacy from the pioneer press. The special telegraph wires of to-day from

Cincinnati and Chicago to New York, Washington, and important near-by cities had their prototypes in the pony expresses and special messengers of the pre-rail-road and ante-telegraph times. And it required more courage and pluck to send out the latter than to put in the former.

This enterprise displayed itself in many startling ways, as it does to-day. It adapted itself to surrounding circumstances. When Denver, in 1859, was but a collection of tents, rude shanties, and corrals on Cherry Creek, and the nearest United States post-office was at Fort Laramie, 220 miles away, when the mails arrived but once or twice a month, and were uncertain at that, and news from "the States" came only at long and irregular intervals, the editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* was the one who sent a messenger to Fort Laramie to bring back, in spite of the suffering and hardships the journey entailed, a mule-load of letters and Eastern newspapers. And his readers, with that generosity that has always distinguished Western newspaper constituencies, showed their appreciation of his enterprise in a substantial manner.

An implicit faith in the future greatness of the country is as characteristic of the Western journal of 1888 as it was when the Omaha and Wisconsin editors were printing their initial numbers on the bare prairie and in the woods, before the first settlers had broken the sod or cleared sites for their cabins.

The founders of a state or community generally have more to do with the determination of its character than any succeeding generation—sometimes than all of them; so too the founder of a newspaper and the character of the people for whom it is first made generally make a more lasting impression upon it than any of its succeeding editors or readers. Nowhere has this truth been more forcibly illustrated than in Ohio, where Western journalism may be said to have been born. The founders of that State were not adventurers, restless, uneasy, chafing under the restraints of growing civilization, and seeking the freedom and excitement of pioneer life. They were New England and Virginia gentlemen in the best sense of the term, friends and comrades of Washington

in the Revolutionary struggle, men of education and culture, whose purpose it was to found a State in which religion, patriotism, intelligence, and industry should be the corner-stones.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, although it had been established eleven years when Mr. Halstead first joined its staff as a reporter in 1853, may be said to have been born again as a newspaper when, a few months later, during the sickness of Mr. Potter, the chief proprietor and editorial manager, the conduct of the paper fell temporarily into Mr. Halstead's hands. He conceived the idea that the readers of the *Commercial* desired the news not only of Cincinnati, but of the surrounding country. Telegraphing thirty-five years ago was very expensive, and the news that the wires brought to a Western newspaper office was always meagre; frequently it consisted only of the briefest market reports; but Cincinnati was a central point, and there came into the *Commercial* office from all directions the weekly newspapers, bringing the local news of the growing towns of Ohio and of the adjoining portions of Indiana and Kentucky. The newspapers from the East also often contained interesting and important intelligence no reference to which, or only the briefest mention, had been made by the telegraph. Mr. Halstead began the systematic compilation of the news from the exchanges and its publication in the *Commercial*, and this became so popular that it not only caused the circulation of that paper to increase rapidly, but made a great change in Western journalism.

The same appreciation of the value of news distinguished the management of the *Commercial* during its entire subsequent history, and is one of the characteristic features of the *Commercial-Gazette* to-day. Mr. Halstead not only knows what is news, but he knows how to get it. He increases his telegraphic service faster than tolls are reduced or the net-work of wires extended over the country. To-day the same leased wire connects the news-room of the *Commercial-Gazette* with its New York and Washington offices. By an arrangement with the *Courier-Journal* the special service is extended from Cincinnati to Louisville whenever there is occasion to use it, and by another with the *Inter Ocean*, from New York to Chicago and St. Paul. Thus Mr. Halstead,



MURAT HALSTEAD.

sitting at his desk at night, is always in instant communication with his New York and Washington offices, and may "call up" in a minute or two his Louisville, Chicago, or St. Paul correspondent, and order a "special" upon any subject that he thinks that his readers will be interested in the next morning. The New York and Washington wire is kept "hot" for eight hours every night. It supplements the very full market reports sent West by the Associated Press with more details collected in New York by the paper's own representatives. It gathers the cream of the "exclusive" news to be found in the offices of the great New York morning newspapers. The gossip of the hotel lobbies, the clubs, the theatres, the talk of Wall Street and the Produce Exchange, political rumors and chat about distinguished visitors to, or residents of, New York, go over this wire every night, and are given almost as much prominence in the paper as though its editorial rooms looked out on Printing-House Square. The long cable despatches received by the New York *Herald* are also put upon this wire and sent to the *Commercial-Gazette*. Nor is the Washington office any less prolific. Not only is the political and governmental news telegraphed without a thought about condensation because of the method of transmission, but Eastern newspapers that arrive in Washington late at night are closely scanned for in-



JOHN R. McLEAN.

interesting stories either in their news or editorial columns, and the important matters are put upon the wire and are reprinted the next morning.

All this vast machinery for the collection and transmission of news, the development of which other Western newspapers have also carried as far as the *Commercial-Gazette*, and one or two even farther, began with Mr. Halstead's clippings from the Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky exchanges.

As the name indicates, the *Commercial-Gazette* is the result of a union of what were formerly the two leading Republican newspapers of Ohio. The *Gazette*, the first daily newspaper of the State, and always conducted with an ability that made it one of the foremost journals in the country, had, under the editorship and management of Mr. Richard Smith, made great journalistic strides. More conservative and steady than the *Commercial*, the Republicans of the State had greater confidence in it. Both were prosperous, but the managers conceived the idea that one paper, combining the best features of each, would be more influential and more profitable than the two separately. The consolidation, which took place in 1883, was a most harmonious one. The capital of the new company was made one million of dollars, of which Mr. Halstead, who presented, owned a controlling inter-

est, and Mr. Richard Smith, the vice-president, the next largest share.

The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* may be said to be the leading Republican newspaper published west of the Alleghany Mountains.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has been published under its present name for about fifty years, and during most of that time has been under the control of the McLeans. It is the old-time Democratic newspaper of Cincinnati and Ohio, and still perseveres in that political faith, though of late years it has eliminated all qualities of organship, and made itself essentially a newspaper, with strong editorial convictions when they seem to be important or necessary, but with very little perfunctory editorial matter.

Since about 1870 the *Enquirer* has been under the sole control of John R. McLean, who for nearly ten years has been its sole proprietor. This has been the period of its eminent success. The absolute power in every department has been in one man. Mr. McLean began his management of the paper by making himself thoroughly familiar with every branch of the business in his establishment. His first experience was with the publication department, of which he took the charge, and while conducting that made himself acquainted with the composing, press, mailing, and other departments. He magnified liberal expenditures of money for news, and saw that the business department was conducted so that the necessary money would be forthcoming.

After putting the business end of the paper on a basis that pleased him, he assumed direct charge of the editorial department, though he had, of course, all along had general supervision of that as well as of the other branches of the office. He now, however, assumed the duties of managing editor in detail, and still further carried out his ideas of a popular newspaper that would make it unnecessary for its readers to go to any other journal for news of the day in any phase of life. While he has since relaxed from labor of the managing editorship, he still remains in active control of the paper in all respects, and when he is not at the office, his agents are in direct and frequent communication with him.

The *Enquirer*, while preserving its Democratic bias and fulfilling the mission of the leading Democratic paper of

Ohio, commends itself to the people more by a general dissemination of news than by its party fealty. It aims to give the news uncrippled by party prejudice. It is read by politicians of both parties for its political news. It is a recognized authority in sporting matters; and the special attention it has ever given to theatrical matters has made it a dramatic index that the profession seems to recognize as fully as it does the dramatic papers of the East.

Some years ago it started a department of social news in its Sunday edition, which has been the model for similar enterprises in many other papers. Its social department is largely a people's department, and it does not take a sledgehammer to break into it. In fact, the aim of the owner is to make it a people's paper, and his success has fully justified his most ardent hopes. The *Enquirer* has large circulation in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, Western Pennsylvania, and Southern Michigan, and is largely represented in nearly all of the States of the Union.

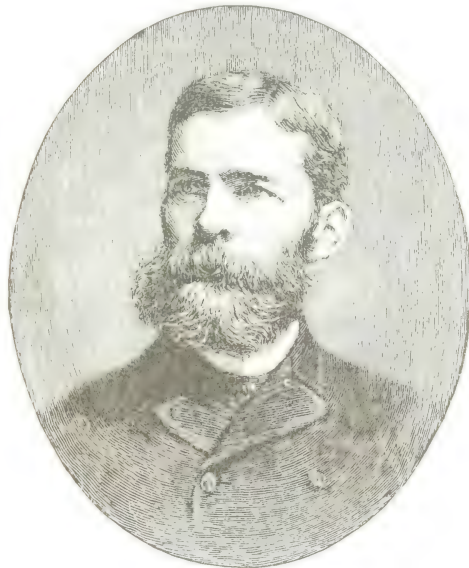
The *Enquirer* is probably conducted with less "red tape" than any other journal of its size and importance. It long since overthrew the conventionality of printing Governors' and Presidents' messages in full. It carves these and all other perfunctory public documents down to their exact news' worth to the people. It leaves the few who want these things in full to avail of the benevolence of the government printing-office, and devotes the space in the paper to something the people will read. The daily circulation of the *Enquirer* is estimated at between 25,000 and 50,000, and that of its weekly edition at from 50,000 to 75,000.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* is one of the oldest daily newspapers in the West. Its history begins with the *Spirit of the Times*, established in April, 1840, by Calvin W. Starbuck and others. In January, 1841, Mr. Starbuck became sole proprietor. He reduced the title of the paper to the *Daily Times*, by which it was known for nearly forty years.

In June, 1880, the *Star*, a rival evening paper, united with the *Times*. The *Times-Star* is Republican in politics. It advocates a protective tariff as the essential economic system for America, and believes, moreover, that the solution of the "Southern problem" will be reached

by division of the white voters of the South upon economic questions. It favors immigration, but draws the line at Socialists and Anarchists. It believes that the American nation has ample capacity to assimilate the good and exclude the bad in foreign civilization.

Mr. Charles P. Taft, the controlling owner, is responsible for the political tendency and business management of the paper. He was graduated from Yale College in 1864, and from Columbia College Law School in 1866; in 1868 he took the degree of Doctor Juris Utriusque at Heidelberg, Germany. He served in the Ohio General Assembly in the years 1872-3



CHARLES P. TAFT.

as a member of the House, and during his term succeeded in securing a complete codification of the common-school laws of the State. Since his term in the Ohio Legislature he has avoided politics. He purchased a controlling interest in the *Times* in 1879, and assumed active management of the affairs in 1886.

The evening newspapers of Cincinnati are the *Post*, mentioned in another part of this paper, and the *Evening Telegram*, a wide-awake Republican newspaper only three years old, and with a circulation already of about 15,000 copies.

The second-class cities of Ohio—that is, second-class in population and commercial importance only—all have newspa-



EDWIN COWLES.



D. R. LOCKE ("PETROLEUM V. NASBY").

pers of wide circulation and great local influence, some of them edited by gentlemen who have given the journals over which they preside even a national reputation. The *Cleveland Herald* and *Leader*, the latter of which absorbed the former a few years ago, and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, have been very important factors in the moulding of public opinion in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and they have had constituents that were as critical and exacting as any in the United States.

The *Cleveland Leader* stands at the head of the Republican press of northern Ohio. Mr. Edwin Cowles, who is still its editor, was one of the members of the original firm of Medill, Cowles, and Co., the leading partner being Joseph Medill, now editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. In 1855 Mr. Cowles's partners sold out their interests to him and went to Chicago, and he joined in the great movement of that day that resulted in the calling of the first Republican Convention, which was held at Pittsburgh and which Mr. Cowles, through the *Leader*, was largely instrumental in bringing about. From that day to this the *Leader* has been one of the truest and ablest advocates of Republican principles in Ohio.

The *Cleveland Leader* is something more than a political journal: it is an ably and judiciously edited newspaper. Its news from all parts of the West-

ern Reserve is very full and it has an exceptionally strong corps of special correspondents. Its Sunday editions are especially interesting; very few Sunday journals published anywhere in the country are more so. Its circulation is given as about 40,000 copies daily.

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* is the Democratic rival of the *Leader*, and under the editorship of Mr. Armstrong is a worthy political as well as journalistic antagonist. Mr. Armstrong has been as prominent in State and national politics on the Democratic side as Mr. Cowles has been on the Republican and when he speaks through his newspaper on party questions his readers feel that he knows what he is talking about.

Toledo, although seemingly fortunate at present, has until very recently had less vitality in its growth than any other Western city. It has nevertheless not been behind its sister cities of Ohio in the character of its journalism. The late D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), by the letters he wrote for the *Blade* during reconstruction times, supplementing those he had contributed to the *Findlay (Ohio) Jeffersonian* during the war, not only made the fortune of his newspaper and his own, but made the city of Toledo itself famous. The *Toledo Weekly Blade*, with its circulation of 130,000 or 140,000, and its annual net income of at least \$100,000, does not owe its remarkable suc-

cess to Mr. Locke's fame, but to its popular features as a newspaper, for the introduction and maintenance of which Mr. Locke is entitled to almost all the credit.

One of the most widely known newspaper men of Ohio is General James M. Comley, editor and owner of the *Toledo Commercial Telegram*. For many years he was the editor and one of the publishers of the *Ohio State Journal*, printed at Columbus, and was consul to Hawaii under the Hayes administration. In 1883 he purchased a share of the paper he now owns, and two years after acquired his partner's interest. General Comley is a most virile and forceful writer, and is most at home when engaged in a controversy in which he has an opportunity to use the bitter invective of which he is master.

The *Evening Bee* has a larger circulation than either of the other daily newspapers in Toledo. It is a wide-awake, independent sheet, founded by Henry S. Chapin in 1881, and filling a niche in the journalistic field of Toledo that before was vacant.

The best known newspaper in Columbus is the *Ohio State Journal*, which, though exceeded in circulation and outstripped in enterprise by the independent *Evening Dispatch*, still holds an important place in the journalism of the State, as being the organ of the State government when it is, as now, in Republican hands. Its present editor is F. J. Flickinger.

In any grouping of the leading journalists of Ohio, W. D. Bickham, of the *Dayton Journal*, ought not to be omitted. His experience as a newspaper man has been varied. He bought the *Dayton Journal* in 1863, and has made that paper one of the best of interior Ohio. It has great weight in the Republican party.

A history of the *Courier-Journal*, including its relations with other Kentucky newspapers, would be almost a history of the press of the State, and biographical sketches of George D. Prentice, Walter W. Haldeman, and Henry Watterson would be a history of that newspaper. But the life of Prentice has often been written. The *Courier-Journal* is his most fitting monument, for by his wonderful genius and tireless industry he made the *Journal*, which really absorbed its rival when the consolidation was made by Mr. Watterson.

Mr. Watterson seemed in many respects to have been born and educated to succeed Mr. Prentice. A large proportion of the *Journal's* readers had either openly espoused the cause of the Confederacy or secretly sympathized with it, although Mr. Prentice had remained loyal to the Union; therefore it was natural that they should from the first repose a certain amount of confidence in the young editor who had chosen to throw in his lot with the South, and had gone over Long Bridge alone when he could no longer remain at the national capital and be a disunionist. Then his style of writing was rather ornate and flowery—a style that was held in higher esteem than now in the South a quarter of a century ago.



W. D. BICKHAM.

before the influence of later Northern and European literature had been felt as much as it has been of late years. He had the habit, too, of saying startling things in a startling way that arrested attention and aroused interest even though they did not convince his readers. This habit he has not altogether outgrown, as a perusal of recent files of the *Courier-Journal* will prove.

The *Journal* and the *Courier* were both Democratic newspapers published in Louisville, and Mr. Watterson very soon found out if he did not care before he assumed the editorship of the *Journal*, that the field was big enough for only one



HENRY WATERSON.

of them. Each had to struggle for existence. Probably the sorest thing to ever fall in his life, the one thing that made the fortune of his newspaper and his civil, was his contribution to the *Journal and Courier* when he reflected with Mr. Haldeman, the owner of the latter, a few months after he went to Louisville. He subsequently bought the *and Louisville Democrat*, and thus still further enlarged his field.

Mr. Waterson began immediately the introduction of metropolitan methods and modern machinery, and as improvements have been invented and introduced he has adopted them until the operations of the *Courier-Journal* office are today equal for the work to be done in those of a New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati or Chicago newspaper.

The *Courier-Journal* is very fortunately located for the building up of a large weekly circulation, and Mr. Waterson has improved his opportunity. In a large section of country to the south and southwest of Louisville, with which that city has direct railway communication, it has no real rival. This territory embraces the larger part of Kentucky and Tennessee, a portion of Alabama and Mississippi, Arkansas, southwestern Missouri, and northern Texas. Although the greater part of these States is sparsely settled, and a considerable portion of the population does not buy and read newspapers, it is

still a large field into which the *Courier-Journal* sends more than 100,000 copies.

There are also published daily in Louisville in English, the *Commercial*, a morning independent newspaper, and the *Post and Times*, evening journals. A few of the larger towns of Kentucky have daily newspapers of limited local circulation, the whole number in the State being nine. The number of newspapers of all kinds in Kentucky is 195.

The best known journalist of Tennessee is Mr. A. S. Colyar, the editor since 1851 of the *Nashville American*, except during 1856-57 when he conducted the *Union*. The *American* is a high tariff Democratic newspaper. This seems like contradiction in terms, but it simply means that it is supposed to support the candidates of the Democratic party, but advocate protective tariffs for the encouragement of American industry and the benefit of American labor.

Mr. Colyar is both editor and managing editor of his paper, and is accustomed to work until eleven o'clock every night, though he is now sixty-eight years old. He has twice, firstly by his civic exertions, been the city government of Nashville out of the hands of vicious management, and once by securing the appointment of a boarder for the city, a thing which it is believed was never before done in the United States or England.



A. S. COLYAR.

Although Mr. Colyar is a Democrat and his paper Democratic, he always refuses to support notoriously bad nominations, even when made by his own party. By this policy he has frequently brought down upon himself the wrath of the extreme partisans; but he has also caused the leaders of his party to be very cautious about the selection of candidates. Mr. Colyar is greatly interested in the public schools of Tennessee, and through his paper, and in public lectures on educational questions, has done much to establish and improve them.

The Nashville *Banner* is an independent morning newspaper with Democratic proclivities, started about a dozen years ago, and is fairly prosperous. It is a good newspaper.

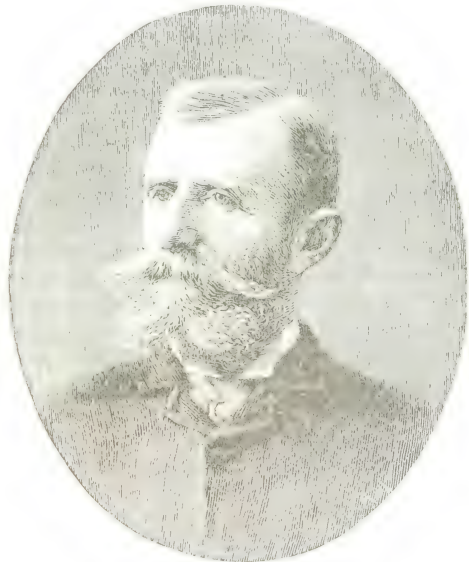
Knoxville is a conservative and very wealthy city, settled chiefly by Scotch Irish Presbyterians. It had a newspaper, the *Gazette*, as early as 1793, and one established in 1816, the *Tribune*, is still published, its daily editions having been started at the close of the war. The Knoxville *Whig* was a very famous and influential journal in its day, but long ago disappeared from the ranks of journalism, and its place has never been filled. Knoxville has also two other daily newspapers, the *Sentinel* (independent) and the *Journal* (Republican). The former is a bright, newsy little sheet.

Chattanooga has been experiencing a tremendous "boom" during the last two or three years, and is growing very rapidly, but its newspaper men have not shown themselves equal to the occasion, and their journals are hardly worthy of the city. Three daily papers are issued there, the *Commercial*, the *Sun*, and the *Times*. Neither of them has more than 3000 daily circulation, although the city itself has a population of 32,000.

Memphis is destined to become one of the greatest cotton markets of the country, and is already a city of extensive trade. Its newspapers are not particularly bright. The *Appeal* is the oldest, and most dignified, but the *Arctanche* is more progressive and the better known. Both of these papers, and the *Public Ledger* and the *Scimitar*, evening journals, are Democratic in politics. The *Appeal*, edited by J. M. Keating, has a circulation of about 5000 copies; that of the others is considerably smaller.

The present editor and principal owner

of the Galveston (Texas) *News* is Colonel A. H. Belo. A soldier of the Confederacy, after the surrender at Appomattox he started for Texas, and made the journey from Virginia to Galveston on horseback, arriving there in June, 1865. Colonel Belo had never done any newspaper work, but he was ready to enter upon any employment that promised to be remunerative; and so, in August, 1865, he became connected with the *News*, of which Mr. W. Richardson was then owner, and not



A. H. BELO.

long after bought an interest in the paper. In 1875, after the death of Mr. Richardson, Colonel Belo bought of Mr. Richardson's executors the interest he had owned, and has ever since controlled the *News*. His principal lieutenants have been Messrs. Jenkins and Hand, experienced and accomplished journalists, who have been connected with the paper many years.

Under Colonel Belo's management the Galveston *News* was greatly improved. Its large and growing income made possible a wide extension of its already well-developed system of collecting news. The old presses and other machinery that had gotten out of date were replaced by those of the most improved patterns, and the office was thoroughly equipped for the production of a first-class newspaper. A small steam vehicle was obtained, and sent over the railroad to Houston every

through every nook of the *News* to be transmitted in different directions by means of the wires forming the city only in the morning.

In 1881 Colonel Belo formed a company, placing in its charter a clause authorizing it to publish newspapers not only in Galveston, but at such other points in the state of Texas as it might select. Colonel Belo had conceived a new and bold idea. Other journalists had probably thought of and discussed the possibility of publishing simultaneously at widely separated cities, duplicates of the same newspaper, thus securing two points of distribution instead of one, but no one had ventured to try the experiment. Colonel Belo had the courage to do so.

Dallas is the commercial centre of northern Texas, its largest city, and a centre from which many railways radiate. It is fifteen miles from Galveston, and there-

fore that can be reached from it early in the morning over its radiating railways.

Colonel Belo did not make the mistake of simply setting up a printing-press in Dallas, sending a telegraph editor and a few reporters there to pick up local news, and then of transmitting the entire contents of the *Galveston News* by wire, simply to be reprinted in Dallas. Something of that kind had been done before on a small scale, and the people of Dallas would never have been convinced that the interests of themselves were properly protected in a newspaper that was entirely written 315 miles away. Colonel Belo not only duplicated his mechanical plant and sent local reporters to Dallas, but he sent one of his best editors from Galveston to manage the Dallas newspaper, and he placed upon the staff there others of his ablest editors and writers. In short, the Dallas office, as a fully equipped one, to publish a newspaper without aid from Galveston in case the telegraph wires should be broken, or any other accident interrupt the communication between the two cities, and the Dallas *News* is just as much identified with Dallas local interests as the *Galveston News* is with those of that city. The number of editors is not increased as it would be if the entire paper was produced in Dallas, and, on the other hand, the staff of the Galveston office has been considerably reduced since it has been relieved by Dallas of a portion of the work it formerly did. The experiment has been successful even beyond Colonel Belo's most sanguine expectations.

When the story of the *Galveston News* and Dallas *News* has been told, the story of Texan journalism, so far as it is known beyond the borders of the State (except the religious press and the comic *Texas Sittings*), has been related. Of the 37 daily newspapers in the State, only one, except those already referred to, the *Fort Worth Gazette*, has a circulation of more than one or two thousand, and the most of them fall below the former figure. Some of the 306 weekly newspapers have large circulations, but a majority print editions of from 300 to 800.

Indiana has never produced any great newspapers. Cincinnati, Chicago, and Louisville have extended the circulation of their great journals into the State, and thoroughly covered it as a news field, leaving to the local press the local news



JOHN F. BELO.

fore beyond the territory in which a daily newspaper printed in the latter city could hope to gain large circulation. But the interests of the people in both portions of the State are the same, the population being singularly homogeneous. The kind of discussion of national and State affairs and the general comments on the news of the world that would please the people of Galveston would be equally acceptable to the people of Dallas and the vast coun-

and State politics only as its own peculiar, exclusive province. And this field was early and well occupied. The Indianapolis *Journal* and *Sentinel*, the former the leading Republican and the latter the Democratic organ, have been published either as weekly or daily newspapers for nearly seventy years, and have actively participated in every important political campaign from the day of their establishment to this. The *Journal*, in early times, was a Whig newspaper, and afterward advocated the abolition of slavery at a time when it was only necessary to mention this subject to set the public mind into a perfect ferment of excitement.

The present editor of the *Journal* is the Hon. John C. New, formerly United States Treasurer, and one of the most influential Republican leaders in the country. But although the *Journal* may be called an "organ," it is not solely nor chiefly for its politics that it commends itself to public support. It is a good newspaper, alert, progressive, enterprising, and since it absorbed the *Times* about two years ago, has been greatly improved, and has gained largely in circulation and advertising business.

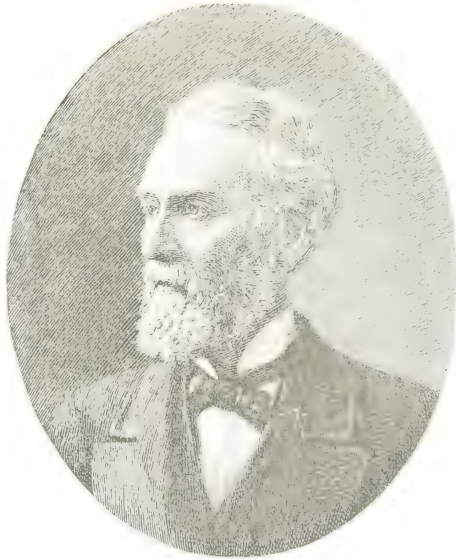
The *Sentinel* sustains similar relations to the Democratic party in Indiana that the *Journal* does to the Republican. It is an "organ," but an able and effective one. The present editor and publisher is W. J. Craig.

The evening newspapers of Indianapolis are the *News* and *Call*, neither of which has any politics. Their sole aim is to give the news, and that they do well, especially the *News*, which has a circulation of more than 20,000 copies a day.

Many of the smaller cities of Indiana have local daily newspapers, and the country weekly press will compare favorably with that of other Western States.

Chicago journalism, like the city itself, is one of the wonders of the times. The New York newspaper editors and publishers claim for themselves the first place among the press of the United States, but it is not a claim that is accorded to by Chicago journalists. There is a certain dignity which may perhaps carry influence that only belongs to age, a stability that only the lapse of years can bring.

Chicago newspapers can have little of this. But they have everything else that



JOSEPH MEDILL

the great newspapers of New York have—capital, editorial talent, reportorial enterprise, and competent business management—and an unequalled field both for the collection of news and the extension of their circulation, and some of these qualities in an intensified and greatly developed degree. As newspapers, that is, as gatherers of the details of the world's daily history, and its presentation with fulness and skill, they have no equals on the continent.

The enterprise of the Chicago newspapers stops at no expense, sluggers at no difficulties. Its special telegraph wires are like the spokes of a wheel, reaching especially all important points of the Northwest. The citizen of Chicago, as he opens his morning paper, has the satisfaction of knowing that no important event that has happened anywhere in the known world the day before has been missed from its news columns.

Editorially, the Chicago newspapers are in no respect inferior to the best published elsewhere in the United States. There is, it is true, running through a majority of the articles, an indescribable quality due to the influence of a community where, according to the local slang, "everything goes and goes like thunder," a disposition to carry a point by the use of the bludgeon instead of the more artistic flourish of the rapier; but, like most Western writers, Chicago editors go to the point aimed at

by very direct lines, and when it is reached, no one has any difficulty in finding out what it is.

Weekly journals among Chicago newspapers in the estimation of the country, though not, perhaps, in that of read Chicago editors and publishers, is the *Tribune*. Its history may be said to have begun when Joseph Medill went to Chicago and, with John C. Vaughan and Dr. C. H. Ray, purchased the *Tribune*. This was in May, 1855. He secured a controlling interest in the *Tribune* in 1874, and for the last fourteen years has been editor-in-chief.

The *Tribune* is the leading journal of Chicago. Editorially it is strongest as a purveyor of news it is never behind, and it is the favorite with business men who seek an advertising medium. Its profits are probably a quarter of a million of dollars a year. But the *Tribune* is not the only great newspaper in Chicago. There are several others which are its worthy rivals. The *Times* for a great many years was a sharp competitor of the *Tribune* in the collection and publication of the news, although not as good as to the quality of it. For a while before the recent change of ownership had settled down into something of a rut, founding well enough what came to it but not reaching out and constantly turning up something startling as desired by the when Mr. William F. Storey was in his prime as a journalist.

After various vicissitudes since the retirement and death of Mr. Storey, the Chicago *Times* was recently purchased by Mr. James A. West, a man barely thirty years of age, but whose success as a journalist during the seven years since he entered the profession has been phenomenal, even for the West. Mr. West's Chicago *Times* is not Mr. Storey's Chicago *Times*. The latter was staid and was as yet unproductive again. Morally loving people hope that it never will be. But the paper under its new management displays all the enterprise that Mr. Storey ever showed, better directed and adapted to the demands of the present day.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* was started in 1872 as the political organ of the "Stalwart" wing of the Republican party of the West, the field for it seeming to have been opened by the course of the *Tribune* in supporting Horace Greeley, the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for

the Presidency that year. It was built up upon the ruins of the Chicago *Republican*, which Charles A. Dana had made too high-toned and able for the popular taste of the West of that day. It has always been a clean, high-toned, interesting newspaper, and it has built up a weekly circulation that once stood second, and perhaps still does, in magnitude among the weekly editions of political dailies in the United States. Its Sunday edition is remarkably well edited, the correspondence, special articles by distinguished writers, fiction, and selected miscellany, as well as the other distinctive features it maintains, being chosen and prepared with exceptional care and judgment. It is enterprising, too, in its news departments, and well written on its editorial page.

There is one man who has been identified with the *Inter-Ocean* from the beginning whose faith and courage through sixteen years of a struggle such as very few American journalists have made kept the newspaper alive, and at last, as it is now reported, have placed it on a paying basis, and hereafter must command for him the admiration of the profession and that part of the public who know of the obstacles which he has had to overcome. That man is William Penn Nixon, the present editor and from the beginning business manager of the *Inter-Ocean*.

A new idea to journalism—one that is really essential and has in it something that impresses the public favorably—is often worth a fortune. To the incorporation of such an idea in a newspaper may be traced the success of almost every very profitable journal in the United States. The idea which the founders of the Chicago *Herald* thought opened a broad field for such a newspaper as they proposed to make was that there were hundreds of thousands of people whose breakfast-tables they could reach every morning who would prefer to have the news of the day, particularly that from a distance, unless it was of great importance, condensed into the space that a four-paged newspaper would have to give to it without interfering with the publication of the news of the city and State in such fulness of detail as its importance and the interest in it should demand.

As has frequently happened, the founders of the *Herald* lacked capital, but there was one man among them who possessed what has often proved to be of



W. P. NIXON.



MELVILLE E. STONE.

more importance than capital—courage, vim, pertinacity, and grim determination to make the venture a go—coupled with great administrative ability, and that was Mr. James W. Scott, the business manager. In conducting the publication department of the *Herald* he determined that there should be nothing cheap about it except its price. He bought a better grade of white paper than was generally used by morning newspapers, and thought that the fraction of a cent per pound extra that he paid for it money well invested. The best machinery was purchased; great care was exercised to secure clean, first-class typography, and as nearly perfect press-work as lightning machinery would produce. "The best is none too good" was the motto. And the people of Chicago appreciated all this, as Mr. Scott expected them to do.

In no other department was anything omitted that would make the paper attractive. Not being a member of the Associated Press, the young publisher leased a telegraphic wire to New York, and immediately set about developing the United Press Association, then a new and struggling rival of the older organization.

After some discouraging delays, the business of the *Herald* began to grow—slowly at first, but subsequently much more rapidly than any one pecuniarily interested in it had ever hoped for. In 1887 it placed at the head of its edito-

rial columns the declaration that it had the "largest morning circulation in Chicago," and nobody has arisen to deny it. It prints a sixteen-page Sunday edition, which is one of the very best of that class of journals in the country. It is independent in politics, with positive convictions on every important public question.

Nowhere, probably, can there be found a more remarkable example of the rapid building up of a great newspaper properly chiefly through the labors of one man, supplemented by those of competent assistants working under his personal direction than in the history of the *Chicago Daily News*, founded by Mr. Melville E. Stone. After a varied experience in journalism, Mr. Stone returned to Chicago from Washington, where he had been writing for the New York *Herald*, in the fall of 1875, for the purpose of founding a cheap evening paper. On the 20th of December, 1875, he issued the first copy of the *Chicago Daily News*, a one-cent evening newspaper. The capital stock consisted of something like \$500, and the entire plant was purchased "upon time." Two or three previous attempts to establish a one-cent paper in the Garden City had failed, and when Mr. Stone issued his first number there were already three other evening papers in the city. One of these was the *Chicago Telegram*, and the evening edition of the *Chicago Times* at that time was conducted by Mr. W. F.

Mr. Victor K. Lawson, a son of one of the pioneers of Chicago, soon after purchased an interest in the *Daily News*, and began publishing, giving Mr. Smith an opportunity to devote himself exclusively to the editorship of the paper. From this time the growth of the *Daily News* was phenomenally rapid. The business and editorial departments were kept independent of each other, so that neither was permitted to influence the other. The editorial platform of the paper was substantially this: "Independence of the Four great Free-Press Lines are based upon Freedom rather than Plunder."

Devotion to Civil Service Reform. Favorable to a Tariff for Revenue only. Opposed to Saloon Influence in Politics.

The other evening newspapers in Chicago are the *Evening Journal* and *Evening Mail*, both of which are Republican in politics. The former is the oldest newspaper in Chicago.

No attempt is made in this paper to describe the newspapers of Chicago, or of other Western cities, printed in other than the English language.

The *Free Press* is the oldest newspaper in Hawaii and the best known. In the past forty-seven years it has had three editors, all of them remarkable men, and that is no exaggeration of the important position that the *Free Press* has always held in the journalism of the country. For most of these was Colonel John H. Harmon, now a resident of Washington, who was a compositor on the paper in 1850, a third owner and editor in 1841, and sole proprietor in 1838.

In 1861 Edward Harmon sold out the *Free Press* to William F. Storey, afterward the editor of the *Chicago Times*, and he started and published it until 1867, when the present editor William F. Gould, who afterwards bought it. Mr. Gould is an able man with a keen appreciation of history, and a successful manager, and a philanthropist.

The *Free Press* may be said to have a dual character, as we saw of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in journalism. It is a strong Democratic newspaper, a leader of its party in Montana; and for its local character, it is the weekly literary and literary paper with a literary department that has given it a reputation and opportunity to cover part of the United States and more recently the publication of a special edition in England to be sent to Europe. The writer of the most popular humorous articles and sketches for the *Free Press* is Charles B. Lewis, whose *nom de plume* is "M. Gao."

The 100,000 circulation of the weekly *Free Press* was not built up exclusively on the reputation of Mr. Quimby's literary articles, nor is it retained solely or directly by them. Mr. Quimby has made of it a popular literary and family newspaper. This expectation of finding something funny in the "Bijah" or "Limekiln Club" papers may cause one who has never seen a copy of the *Free Press* to buy it to read upon the cars or in a leisure hour. The

interesting character of its general contents causes that purchaser to subscribe for it for a year.

The Detroit *Tribune* is the Republican organ of Michigan. It has been owned since about 1884 by a syndicate of politicians, with Colonel John Atkinson, Republican candidate for Congress in 1884, at their head. Ex-Governor Alger is said to have an interest in it. The *Tribune*, during the more than fifty years of its existence, has had many rivals of its own political faith to contend with, but in the end it has absorbed them all. In 1877 the last of its competitors was consolidated with it, under the title of the *Post and Tribune*. The first part of the name has since been dropped. The *Tribune* is a good newspaper, and a strong political advocate.

One of the most notable features of Western journalism during the past few years has been the rise and success of the penny and two-cent newspapers. The first journalist of the West to discover the demand for journals of this class, and to act upon his discovery, was Mr. James E. Scripps, the principal owner of the Detroit *Evening News*. For fourteen years he had been connected with the Detroit *Advertiser*, most of the time as part owner. At last he came to the conclusion that people were not anxious to buy a given number of pounds of paper in the course of a year, but that they did want the news, and that it was an editor's duty, in a purely newspaper issue, so to gather, condense, and epitomize the record of the world's doings that a busy man could learn what was going on without wading through a mass of matter in which he had no possible interest. Having sold out his interest in the *Advertiser and Tribune*, he put this idea into practice in August, 1873, when he began the publication in Detroit of the *Evening News*, a six column, four page paper, which was sold at retail for two cents a copy. This was the pioneer of the cheap newspapers in the West.

The *Evening News* gained its way slowly at first, but by its enterprise in getting the news, its skill in condensing it, and the ability as writers of the men who were employed upon its staff, it grew in circulation, enlarged to seven columns to a page, and before many years printed larger editions than any other paper in Detroit. The circulation of the *News* is now about 40,000, and its net earnings for a



W. F. QUINCY

number of years more than \$100,000 per annum.

Not only was Mr. Scripps the pioneer in cheap journalism in Detroit—cheap in price, but not in quality—but seeing fields for similar enterprises in other cities that no one seemed to have the courage or ability to occupy, he has taken possession of some of them himself. In 1878 he established the *Cleveland Press*, modelled after the Detroit *News*, and still owns a large interest in that profitable paper, which earns from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. In 1880 he moved upon St. Louis, and started the *Chronicle*. That took root rather slowly, but is now on a profitable and growing basis. The latest addition to the list is the Cincinnati *Post*, which, with a daily circulation of nearly 50,000 copies, is already a very valuable piece of property.

Neither Milwaukee, with its population of more than 115,000, nor Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, is favorably situated for the support of great newspapers, and there is no other city or town in the State large enough to make one possible. Chicago, with its enormous capital invested in newspapers, and the great enterprise that the possession of such capital makes possible, jones into Milwaukee in time for the early breakfast-table its five or six morning papers with which in size, amount of news of every kind furnished, and general variety of contents no local

papers can hope to compete, and these same great circulating dailies are distributed over the precincts to the cities and towns lying in the south and southwest of Milwaukee, being before the papers of the latter city can reach them. To the northwest, also, a Milwaukee newspaper can go but a short distance, comparatively, before it gets into the territory supplied by the St. Paul and Minneapolis newspapers, which are now perfectly inferior to those of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

Of the newspapers now published in Wisconsin, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* is the oldest, its first number having appeared June 27, 1837. Philip White, afterward United States Minister to one of the South American republics, was its first editor. It was not made a daily newspaper until

Milwaukee. Its first number appeared June 8, 1847. William E. Cramer has been its chief editor, although for many years he has been almost totally blind, and unable to hear except through an ear-trumpet. In spite of these very serious impediments, which would seem insuperable to most men, he has the current news read to him every day, and dictates a large portion of the editorial articles that appear in his newspaper. He is a graduate of Union College, and before going West was a sub-editor on the *Albany New York Argus*.

The Hon. Horace Rublee has had charge of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* since 1882. He is one of the best known men of the West, having taken an active part in Wisconsin State politics on the Republican side, and has several times appeared prominently in national affairs. He has represented the United States very creditably abroad, and has given the *Sentinel* a character and influence in the party which it never before had.

Many of the smaller cities of Wisconsin have good daily newspapers, but none of them has attained national fame.

In no part of the West, where we are accustomed to look for wonderfully rapid growth of cities and institutions, has the press advanced from the modest beginnings of frontier newspapers to the first rank of American journalism by such quick and positive strides as in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The *Press* was the first daily newspaper published at St. Paul, and it was founded by Mr. Goodrich, who continued his connection with it for a dozen years or more. Mr. J. A. Wheelock was its first editor, and now, although thirty-four years have elapsed, he is still editor-in-chief of the *Pioneer-Press*. This paper is now dated and published simultaneously in St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is thoroughly equipped in every department, and is in all respects a first class newspaper; it would be considered so in Chicago or Cincinnati, in New York or Philadelphia. It is Republican in politics, having adopted in this respect at the consolidation the principles of the *Press* rather than those of the *Pioneer*, which was a Democratic newspaper of the Bourbon stripe. The soundness and consistency of the *Pioneer-Press*, and its independence within the Republican lines, have made it a great power in its party.



GENERAL KING.

1811. General Rufus King was longest in editorial charge of the *Sentinel*—from June, 1843, until 1861, when, being a private of West Point, and an ardent Union man, he supported the cause. General King was a son of President Charles King, of Dartmouth College, and grandson of Rufus King, the early American statesman. Ill health led to his resignation from the army in 1862, and he was appointed Minister to Rome, where he remained ten years and more.

The second oldest daily newspaper of the State is the *Evening Wisconsin*, of



LEWIS BAKER.



A. J. BLETHEN.

The only rival of the *Pioneer-Press* in St. Paul is the *Globe*—a sensational Democratic sheet with a large circulation, but having little weight in the city. Its prosperity is due to the very qualities that cause it to be considered disreputable by the more self-respecting citizens. Its editor is Lewis Baker.

Although St. Paul and Minneapolis are only eight miles apart, and have many interests in common, the latter city has newspapers of its own of which all that has been said in praise of the press of St. Paul is equally true. Minneapolis is a younger city than the capital of the State further down the Mississippi River, although within the past few years it has outstripped the latter in population. The Minneapolis *Tribune*, the leading Republican journal of the city, founded in 1867, was until recently edited and managed by Alden J. Blethen and Will E. Haskell. Mr. Blethen is a veteran journalist, and had made the *Tribune* a great power in the Northwest, as well as a valuable newspaper property, before Mr. Haskell became associated with him. The latter is a young man whose special preparation for the profession of journalism has not been surpassed, probably, by that of any other editor in the United States. In addition to a university education at Harvard, the study of special branches, such as political economy and political history, a knowledge of which is essential to the editor

and extensive travel, he had the advantage of the advice and guidance of his father, who, as editor of the *Boston Herald*, has made a name and a fortune in journalism, the first of which he may rightfully be proud of, and for the last of which he is envied by less fortunate members of his profession.

The younger Mr. Haskell has yet his reputation as a newspaper man to make, but during the three years that he has been one of the great powers that be in the office of the *Tribune* he has shown talents that, when coupled with more experience, promise to make him as successful as his father has been. During the past spring Mr. Blethen sold out his interest in the *Tribune* to Mr. Palmer and retired; the firm is now Haskell and Palmer.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* is full of enterprise and "go." It is very liberal in its expenditures for news, and in procuring specially attractive features not only for its Sunday but also for its daily editions. It is enough to say that both it and the *Pioneer-Press* hold their own where they come into direct competition with the great Chicago journals of many points in Wisconsin.

The Minneapolis *Journal*, an independent Republican evening newspaper, started in 1878 is a very bright, newsy, and prosperous sheet. Though not as widely known as the *Pioneer-Press* and *Tribune*,



FREDERICK W. KNAPP

its circulation proudly exceeds that of either of them. Its editor is J. S. McClure.

St. Louis is a great, overgrown, provincial city. It has discarded some of the more distinctive Southern peculiarities during the past few years, and taken on a more metropolitan air, but it still lacks that indescribable something that makes Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Kansas City wonders of the age, and which seems to act like a glass of champagne upon every new-comer, arousing him and stimulating him as he never was aroused and stimulated in his Eastern home. And the press of St. Louis is as characteristic of the city as the city is *sublimis in itself*.

It is, above all other things, a conservative press, and its conservatism is aptly illustrated in the names of several of the leading journals. The most important Democratic newspaper of St. Louis was called the *Missouri Republican* from 1822 until May, 1888, although it never was a Republican journal. And the explanation given for the recent change of name is rather an amusing one. The present editor, Charles H. Jones, had been conducting the Jacksonville (Florida) *Times-Union*, a Democratic sheet, and had been very active in Florida politics on the Democratic side. But when his friends heard that he was to go to St. Louis to edit the *Republican*, they were disgusted and angry that he should have proved himself

such a political renegade. No amount of explanation could convince them. How could the *Missouri Republican* be a Democratic newspaper? The idea was absurd. To save his reputation, therefore, and maintain his standing among the Democrats of Florida, Mr. Jones changed the name of the paper to *St. Louis Republic*, and under that unfamiliar title the oldest newspaper published west of the Mississippi River, and which has been read by Democrats for sixty-six years under the old familiar name of *Missouri Republican*, now makes its daily appearance.

The *Globe-Democrat*, too, is not a Democratic but a Republican journal of the most radical stripe. Some day a new editor, placed in a similar predicament to that in which Mr. Jones lately found himself, may have to change the name of that too, or leave off the last part of the hyphenated title.

Although the press of St. Louis has been conservative, it has kept abreast of the times in other respects. The editor of the *Missouri Republican*, until within the past year, was William Hyde, the present postmaster of St. Louis. He had held the position for many years—twenty, probably.

While the paper was principally owned and published by several members of the Knapp family.

The managing editor of the *Missouri Republican* was for many years Mr. Charles W. Knapp, a younger member of



J. E. McCLURE



MORRISON McMEORD



R. T. VAN HORN

the family that has owned the paper, and who preceded Mr. Jones as editor-in-chief, and to him is principally due whatever credit is to be given for the excellence of the news departments of the *Republican*.

In striking contrast with the air that pervades the old *Republican* office is that that surrounds the *Globe-Democrat*. "The editor of this paper, Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, is what the Western people call 'a rustler.'" A war correspondent who was tireless in his industry, and daring even to reckless, a Washington correspondent in exciting years immediately following the war, his letters and despatches were not of the perfunctory sort that simply run in the same groove from day to day. He saw the coloring of the events he recorded, and he transferred that coloring to what he wrote. He was said to be sensational, but if he was, it was a sensationalism that was popular, and everybody read what appeared with his initials attached, and liked to read it too.

When Mr. McCullagh went to St. Louis, early in the seventies, to take the editorship of the *Globe*, there were two rival Republican newspapers in that city where there was room for only one. The old St. Louis *Democrat*, founded in 1852, had been the organ of the Republican party, but there had been a quarrel both in the party and among the owners of the paper, and in consequence the *Globe* had been started. Its lot was not a prosperous one,

although it took away enough of the business of the *Democrat* to injure that very materially.

The *Democrat* was a member of the Associated Press, and the *Globe* was not, and in those days and in that city this was a far greater obstacle to success than it would be now. While Mr. McCullagh was unable to make the balance come upon the right side of the ledger of the *Globe*, he was able to make a newspaper which people talked about. There was a snap in its editorial comments that St. Louis had not been accustomed to; there was an air of sensationalism about its news departments that was new in that field.

Finally a series of political and personal events which it is unnecessary to dwell upon here brought about a consolidation of the two papers, with Mr. McCullagh at the head of the new journal, and from that day the *Globe-Democrat* became one of the leading newspapers of the country and a very valuable property. It retained all the sprightliness of the *Globe*, and, with the extended facilities for news getting and a largely increased income, it was greatly improved in every department. Editorially it is strong and aggressive, though partisan; it prints the news literally in full—that is, the art of condensation does not seem to have been acquired in its office—and to make space for its long stories it uses small type,

The first is the editor of the *Times*, the Democratic newspaper. Kansas City had already got a good start when he went there, in 1871, from Tennessee, and although it was still in a semi-chrysalis state, it required no great exercise of faith to believe that it had a great future before it. It was a very different thing when Colonel Van Horn settled in the straggling little village on the banks of the Missouri River in the early days, when all beyond was an almost unbroken wilderness, traversed only by wagon trains, and little suggesting the immense agricultural possibilities that lay hidden beneath the roots of its dried-up prairie-grass, and which even now have been only partially developed. He began to "boom the town" when almost every thing about it was *in posse* and very little *in esse*. But the *Journal* had, and still has, a large influence and a numerous constituency beyond the boundaries of Kansas City and of the State of Missouri. The same may be said of the *Times*, but for different reasons.

The *Times* and *Journal* are both of metropolitan size and shape, and are managed by metropolitan methods. Both have first-class mechanical facilities, both print large daily editions and still larger weekly ones: the circulation of the *Weekly Times* is rapidly approaching 100,000 copies. Sunday journalism is popular in Kansas City, and the Sunday issues, like

those of other Western cities, may be compared with those of the great Eastern commercial centres without much disadvantage to the former.

Iowa has no great newspapers, although it has some good ones. At Des Moines, the State capital, there are the *State Register* and *State Leader*, respectively the Republican and Democratic organs of the State. The former is edited by J. S. Clarkson, who, by his activity in national politics, has become better known than his newspaper. The *Register* is strong in its editorial columns and full and well edited in its news departments. Its daily circulation is between 5000 and 10,000, and its weekly edition more than 25,000.

The *Leader* is an older newspaper than the *Register*, but the latter has outstripped it in circulation as it has in quality and influence. There isn't much of a field in the interior of Iowa for a Democratic journal. It is creditable, therefore, to Mr. John Watts that he makes as good a paper as he does, and he makes a very good one.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* was made famous by the funny articles of Robert J. Burdette. Since he has published his stories and sketches in Eastern newspapers the *Hawkeye* has passed into obscurity compared with its former fame. It still has a fair weekly circulation, however, and is a good newspaper, which does good service for the Republican party.



L. PICKERING.



J. S. CLARKSON.



W. H. H. RUSSELL



C. D. DRAKE

"Nebraska has one great newspaper, the *Omaha Trib.* started as a little business man's idea in the early days of the present ownership and edited by Edward H. Bess. He has seen his paper advance to the third rank of Northwestern journalism, its daily circulation grow to nearly 15,000 and its weekly edition to 10,000, while there are universally recognized as the ablest exponent of the principles of the Republican party in a city that, with its 50,000 inhabitants, has apparently such a future that it may now be considered fairly out of the world of the oldies, and on its side where resources have hardly begun to be developed."

The *Omaha Republican* is one of three political journals which, like the *New York Evening Post*, do not depend upon the size of their circulation for their influence or support. It is the organ of the Republican party of Nebraska, and is edited by Mr. C. H. Robinson. The *Republican* is the oldest daily newspaper now published in Omaha.

The *Rocky Mountain News* was born in 1858, amidst the excitement of the rush to the Pike's Peak mines, and its first office was in a log hut, which was until quite recently still in existence. With its expanding bold and unmeasured resources, especially since 1880, it has only extended that enterprise so early down to the very bottom until the *News* has become one of the very best newspa-

pers of the West, thoroughly metropolitan in its metropolitan style of journalism and conduct. The *News* is Democratic in politics and was until quite lately the only journal representing that party in the state. It is now owned by a syndicate of the kind of which is John A. Yettie, the editor-in-chief.

The *Denver Tribune* is a very new newspaper, dated 1884, and industriously using strong language to expressing its opinions. It is called the *News*, which, however, never fails to return all compliments with interest. It is almost impossible to measure what the future of *Denver* may be, but if its newspapers continue to be conducted with the same enterprise and push that now distinguish them, when its population is as great as that of Chicago or St. Louis now is, there will appear at the base of the Rocky Mountains a journalism such as this country has never before seen.

The *Alta* was the first daily newspaper issued in California, and it still occupies a prominent place in the ranks of the daily journals of the Sunset City. It is now conducted by John P. Irish, formerly of Iowa, is Democratic in politics, and has a large circulation up and down the Pacific coast.

The publication of the *Daily Bulletin* began in October, 1855, and it has been steadily prosperous ever since. It is an evening newspaper. The first number of

the *Morning Call* appeared in December, 1856. The *Bulletin* is edited by George K. Fitch, familiarly known as Benson Fitch, and the *Call* by Loring Pickering. The two journals are really evening and morning editions of the same journal, but they are managed as distinct papers, with separate editorial staffs. They have very large circulations, their weekly editions being distributed from Alaska to the Mexican line.

The *Daily Chronicle* is the most important newspaper on the Pacific coast, one of the few in the United States that may be said to stand in the front rank of American journalism. Its circulation is reported to be about 60,000 copies a day, and its advertising business is more valuable than shares in the bonanza mine that is working in my creek.

It is aggressively Republican. Mr. M. H. De Young, now the editor-in-chief, having taken a very active and influential part in the late Republican National Convention in Chicago.

The San Francisco *Daily Examiner* is the leading Democratic newspaper of the Pacific coast. Although more than a quarter of a century old, until two or three years ago, when it was bought by United States Senator George Hearst, its circulation was small. Owing to Senator Hearst's efforts the circulation has advanced to 50,000.

William R. Hearst, son of the Senator, is now at the head of the paper, with A. H. Henderson as managing editor.

The *Evening Post* is the last of the leading San Francisco daily newspapers. It was established in 1854 and has been fairly successful.

Of the weekly newspapers of San Francisco it is only necessary to mention *The Argonaut*, founded in 1822 by Frank Packer. Mr. Packer is a terse and vigorous writer, and contributes brilliant editorial articles on current local and political topics to his paper.

The numerous cities of California have some influential and ably edited journals.

FLAX FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

BLUE as heaven, light as air,
All these slender stems can bear;
Nothing swaying as they float
Each one like a mother's heart.

One would think they'd anchored there—
Just to wait till winds were fair.

On these stems they tug and strain,
Longing to be all again.

If the wind that murmurs sweet
Would but stir the tiny fleet.

Surely their light keels could pass
Over seas of meadow-grass;

Safely they could sail and show
Round the islands of the air.

Trees and bushes, growing here,
Where the rippling wind does blow,

Over waves of gold and blue,
Down the meadows, pale and true.

Sail and sail and find the port
When I've lost my willing heart.

Bid the Hesper set it free,
Or return her own to me.

Then, by breath of flowers blown,
Haste to tell her she's mine own.

"Would you like to read to Rose with me?" Annie suggested from her bed.

She lifted her face, and looked with eyes at lightning into the Virgin's soul. Anne pushed her face against Father's face and cried: "You're a saint!"

"She would not when Mr. Hyde would come to see her," said Mrs. Hyde, "but when Mr. Hyde would come to see her, she would not stay the week out of her home."

said Annie. "I'm glad Mr. Bolton asked."

As the journal of Wheeler on the gravel shows the frankness Anne turned away with such an imperious nod of disbelieving Dr. Morrell's buggy that it was almost an indecent exposure destined to lead to Mrs. Abner's admission.

"Miss Kalburn, I wish to know what you think of Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy's behavior to me, and Mr. Peck's to my own

house, last night. They are friends of yours, and I wish to know if you approve of it. I come to you as their friend, and I am sure you will feel as I do that my hospitality has been abused. It was an outrage for Mr Putney to get intoxicated in my house, and for Mr Peck to attack me as he did before everybody, because Mr Putney had taken advantage of his privileges, was abominable. I am not a member of his church, and even if I were, he would have had no right to speak so to me."

Annie felt the blood fly to her head, and she waited a moment to regain her coolness. "I wonder you come to ask me, Mrs. Minger, if you were so sure that I agreed with you. For certainly Mr. and Mrs. Putney's friends, and so far as admiring Mr. Peck's simplicity and goodness is concerned, I am his friend. But I'm obliged to ask that your judgment about the fact?"

She added her hands at her waist, and stood up very straight, looking down at Mrs. Minger, who made a show of taking a new grip of her senses, as she was suddenly taken into a storm.

"Why, what do you mean, Miss Kilburn?"

"It seems to me that I should say."

"Why, did you must! You *must*, you know. I can't be left so! I must know whose I *stand*. I must be sure of my ground! I can't let go without understanding just how much you mean by my being mistaken."

She looked Annie in the face with eyes so emphatically expressive of indignation and pride, and Annie perceived that she wished to restore herself in her own esteem by insinuating some one else into the position of her antagonist.

"Well, if you *must* know, Mrs. Minger, I mean that you ought to take your membered Mr. Peck's authority, and that it was right to put temptation on his way. Everybody knows that he can't resist it and that he is weak as such a hard fight to keep out of it. And then, if you *must* see his argument, I must say that you were not justified in asking Mr. Peck to take part in several amusement when we had expressly dropped that part of the affair."

Mrs. Minger had not pressed Annie for an opinion on this point at all; but in their interest in it they both showed their faith. Mrs. Minger barely indicated her

position in retorting, "He *couldn't* have stood."

"You *must* let me stay—you remember how—and for goodness' sake get away without being rude."

"And you *must* be *would* rude to send me before my needs."

"He told you the truth. He didn't wish to say anything, but you forced him to speak just as you have yourself."

"Proved you? How false!"

"Yes. I don't at all care, still Mr. Peck is fairly tolerant, but for a married man and last night he spent the truth. I shouldn't be saying that if I didn't see you I should see."

"Very well, then, said Mrs. Minger, rising. "After this, you'll be sure to have something to say when the school begins, you *must* make up your mind. My opinion of his character."

"I haven't expressed any opinion of your character, Mrs. Minger, if you'll remember, please, and as for the school Union, I don't say nothing further about it."

Annie then turned and a little longer, and finally said to her visitor to go.

For Mrs. Minger remained.

"I don't believe, Mrs. Peck, you'll avoid saying what you have said, and as to that, after an extraordinary remark, and if you really are a child, be willing to say any reasonable thing to her. Will you go with me to Mrs. Peck's? I have my opinion expressed."

"I shouldn't dream of going to Mrs. Peck's," she said.

Mrs. Minger turned with the object of private apartment. She kept down to the village and first went to a good many clients, signed the hundred board of the day, and then, Mrs. Minger, that person, and she said, "I have a view of it from what I said. They think that are, especially those who are not fully aware." "I don't see how he should think I should have the power to say that. I don't care for all that. What I want to know is that I can't say that I don't go with you to go to Mrs. Peck's, I don't see what you can do say. Will you come?"

"I don't care," said Annie.

They both stood a moment, and in this moment Mr. Minger came up and dropped his head on Annie's head, and Mrs. Minger's passion.

As he raised his head, "We will be

Dr. Maxwell thought. "For hours, when Miss Kilburn is so with me or Mrs. Putney. I think I could bear any trial and pain, only for me to be in a position of sympathy and interest, and to hear what Mrs. Putney really has to say. But you think I ought to go to see her, don't you?"

"The doctor laughed. "Even a physician is anxious to avoid duty. But what do you want to see Mrs. Putney for?"

"What for? Why, to be on a point of view of Mr. Putney, and not, please, but right?"

"Yes! What was there?"

"What was there? Why, for Mr. Putney to be in a position of sympathy and interest, and to hear what Mrs. Putney really has to say. But you think I ought to go to see her, don't you?"

"What was there? Why, for Mr. Putney to be in a position of sympathy and interest, and to hear what Mrs. Putney really has to say. But you think I ought to go to see her, don't you?"

"Why, you were there, doctor. But I don't think so?"

Annie looked at him with an air of satisfaction as Mrs. Munger.

"The doctor looked at him. "You said it was a full when Putney's going to be a great job. Perhaps he was wrong."

"Oh, doctor, do you think he would have been?" and Mrs. Munger with a sharp look. "It was a serious one, the biggest woman in the world. I'd give him all his money and more. But you're going to be a doctor?"

"You can't tell what procedure is going to be. I'm not, but I think that I'm well-intentioned."

"Oh, but that's not the case. He's wrong. That's sure. What doctor call it? Oh, yes, I don't mind it. I guess it's a straw." Mrs. Munger looked at him of the mind to show him. "But what do you mean?"

"Well, Mrs. Putney was a talented and good man, but she's not with this morning. I'm afraid she couldn't see you."

"Just as you say, doctor," said Mrs. Munger with a surprised expression. "I wish I knew just how much you meant, and how little." She moved closer to the doctor and held a look of painful friendship upon him. "But I know you're trying to help me."

She pursued him with questions which he easily parried, smiling and laughing. At the end she left him to Annie with advice that were almost radiant. "Anyhow, I shall take the benefit of the doubt, and if Mr. Putney was wrong, I shall try to be myself anyway. He told me what he means, Miss Kilburn, won't you?" She

took hold of Annie's mottled hand, and pressed it in a double-fisted grasp, and an air of the same with a lightness of spirit which her physical look imperfectly expressed.

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"Well," said Annie, to the phango which came over Maxwell's face when Mrs. Munger was gone.

"Oh, it's a terrible business. He must be in a position of sympathy and interest, and to hear what Mrs. Putney really has to say. But you think I ought to go to see her, don't you?"

Annie's heart warmed to his position, and she postponed another emotion. "Yes, he is a good. I wish you had understood him deeper."

They looked at each other solemnly, and then laughed. "It won't do for a physician to seem," said Maxwell. "I wish you'd give me a cup of coffee. I've been up all night."

"With Ralph?"

"With Putney."

"You shall have it instantly. That is, certainly," said Mrs. Bolton, and she took up a bottle and took it to the door. "She went out to the kitchen and I saw her with an expression which she softened in Dr. Maxwell's interest to expressing rather fully to Mrs. Bolton."

When she came back she wanted to talk seriously, especially about Putney. But the doctor would not. He said that it paid to sit up with Putney, drunk or sober, and leave him go on. He repeated some things Putney said about Mr. Peck, about George, about Mrs. Munger.

"But why did you try to put her off in that way, or make her believe he wasn't intoxicated?" asked Annie, venturing her postponed emotion, which was of disapproval.

"I don't know. It came with my head. But she knows better."

"It was rather cruel; not that she deserves any mercy. She caught on at the idea."

"Oh, yes, I saw that. She'll find out herself with it, and you'll see that before night there'll be two theories of Putney's escapade. I think the last will be the popular one. It will jump with the general opinion of Putney's ability to carry anything out. And Mrs. Munger will do all she can to support it."

Mrs. Bolton brought in the coffee-pot,

and Annie hesitated a moment, with her hand on it, before pouring out a cup.

"I don't like it," she said.

"I know you don't. But you can say that it wasn't Putney who teased Mrs. Munger, but Dr. Morrell."

"Oh, you didn't either of you tease her."

"Well, then, there's no harm done."

"I'm not so sure."

"And you won't give me any coffee?"

"Oh, yes, I'll give you some *coffee*," said Annie, with a sigh of baffled solicitude that made them both laugh.

He broke out again after he had begun to drink his coffee.

"Well?" she demanded, from her own lapse into silence.

"Oh, nothing! Only Putney. He wants Brother Peck, as he calls him, to unite all the religious elements of South Harbor in a church of his own, and send out missionaries to the heathen of South Harbor to preach a practical Christianity. He makes South Harbor stand for all that's worldly and depraved."

"Poor Ralph! Is that the way he talks?"

"Oh, not all the time. He talks a great many other ways."

"I wonder you can laugh."

"He's been very severe on Brother Peck for neglecting the discipline of his child. He says he ought to remember his duty to others, and save the community from having the child grow up into a capricious, wilful woman. Putney was very hard upon your sex, Miss Kilburn. He attributed nearly all the trouble in the world to women's wilfulness and caprice."

He looked across the table at her with his merry eyes, whose sweetness she felt even in her sudden preoccupation with the notion which she now brooded upon him, leaning forward and pushing some books and magazines aside, as if she wished to have nothing between her need and his response.

"Dr. Morrell, what should you think of my asking Mr. Peck to give me his little girl?"

"To give you his—"

"Yes. Let me take Idella—keep her—adopt her! I've nothing to do, as you know very well, and she'd be an occupation; and it would be the best for her. What Ralph says is true. She's growing up without any sort of training; and I think if she keeps on she will be

mischievous to herself and every one else."

"Really?" asked the doctor. "Is it so bad as that?"

"Of course not. And of course I don't want Mr. Peck to renounce all claim to his child; but to let me have her for the present on indefinitely, and get her some decent clothes and trim her hair properly, and give her some sort of instruction—"

"May I come in?" drawled Mrs. Wilmington's mellow voice, and Annie turned and saw Lyra peering round the edge of the half-opened library door. "I've been discreetly hemming and scraping and hammering on the woodwork as usual, to overhear, and I'd have gone away if I hadn't been afraid of being overheard."

"Oh, come in, Lyra," said Annie; and she hoped that she had kept the spirit of resignation with which she spoke out of her voice.

Dr. Morrell jumped up with an apparent desire to escape that wounded and exasperated her. She put out her hand quite laughingly to him and asked, "Oh, must you go?"

"Yes. How do you do, Mrs. Wilmington? You'd better get Miss Kilburn to give you a cup of her coffee."

"Oh, I will," said Lyra. She forbore any retort, even by a look, to the intimate little situation she had disturbed.

Morrell added to Annie: "I like your plan. It's the best thing you could do."

She found she had been keeping her hand, and to the relief from which to joy she violently wrung it.

"I'm so glad!" She could not help following him to the door in the hope that he would say something more but he did not, and she could only repeat her rapturous gratitude in several forms of incoherency.

She ran back to Mrs. Wilmington. "Lyra, what do you think of my taking Mr. Peck's little girl?"

Mrs. Wilmington never allowed herself to seem surprised at anything. She was, in fact, surprised at very few things. She had got into the easiest chair in the room, and she answered *triumphantly* with a luxurious interest in the affair. "Well, you know what we do with my, Annie?"

"No, I don't. What will they say?"

"That you're after Mr. Peck pretty openly."

Annie turned scarlet. "And when

Annie. "You ought to respect yourself enough to care. You ought to respect other women enough."

"Oh, I guess I'd let the balance of the sex slide, Annie," said Lyra.

"No, you mustn't; you can't. We are all bound together; we owe everything to each other."

"Isn't that rather Pookish?" Lyra suggested.

"I don't know. But it's true, Lynn. And I shouldn't be ashamed of getting it from Mr. Peck."

"Oh, I didn't say you would be." She jumped up and laughed at the look on Anne's face. "Will you go around with me to the Putneys? I thought Ellen might like to see us."

"No, no. I can't do," said Anette, finding it impossible to recover at once from her failure to perform L.A.m.

"Well, you'll be glad to have me too, anyway," said Lynn. She saw Anne shrinking from her, and she took hold of her, and patted her upward-bowed face. "You dear old thing? I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. And what ever it is, Anne, the person or the doctor, I wish him joy."

That afternoon, as Annie was walking to the village, the doctor drove up on the sidewalk and stopped momentarily. "Miss Kilburn, I've got a letter from John. They will be in about ten minutes in a way that makes me rather anxious, and I shall run down to Chelsea this evening."

"Oh, I'm sorry for your bad news. I hope it's nothing serious."

"Oh, no doubt. I do hope you'll find all right with her."

"Thank you very much," I answered. "I must leave. Please contact me at home. I leave from work. My tasks were promised to the wife and I thought you'd like to know."

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During the days that Mr. Peck had consented to leave life to which her Aunt took the whole charge of the child, and grew into an intimacy with her that was ex-

himself in a house of his own, or she brooded in some way more comfortable for Idella than he was now living. In her anxiety to make him believe that she was not taking too great a burden on her hands, she became slowly aware that no one of the kind apparently scandalized, and that he was looking at the whole matter from a point outside of questions of public opinion, even of personal feeling.

She was vexed a little with his insensibility to the force she meant the child, and she could not help trying to make him realize it. "I don't promise always to be the best guide, philosopher, and friend that Idella could have," she said in this light tone because she found herself afraid of him; "but I think I shall be a little improvement on some of her friends Over the Track. At least, if she wants my cat, she shall have it without fighting for it."

Mr. Peck looked up with question, and she went on to tell him to a struggle which she had soon run dry between Idella and a small Irish boy fox-kitten; it really belonged to the boy, but Idella carried it off.

The minister listened attentively. At the end "Yes," he said, "that kind of possession is something all but impossible even with constant care to root out of children. I have tried to teach Idella that nothing is rightfully hers except what she can use it, but it is hard to enter her understand, and when she is with other children she forgets."

Annie could not believe it that he was serious, and then she was disposed to laugh. "Really, Mr. Peck," she began, "I can't think it's so important that a little thing like Idella should be kept from coveting a kitten as that she should be kept from using naughty words and from scratching and biting."

"I know," Mr. Peck responded. "That is the usual way of looking at such things."

"It seems to me," said Annie, "that it's the common-sense way."

Perhaps, but upon the whole I don't agree with you. It is bad for the child to use naughty words and to scratch and bite; that's part of the warfare in which we all live; but it's worse for her to covet, and to wish to keep others from having."

"I don't wonder you find it hard to make her understand that."

"Yes, it's hard with all of us. But if it is over to be easier we must begin with the children."

He was silent, and Annie did not say anything. She was afraid that she had not helped her cause. "At least," she modestly ventured, "you can't object to giving Idella a little rest from the fray. Perhaps, if she finds that she can get things without fighting for them, she'll not covet them so much."

"Yes," he said, with a dim smile that left him sad again, "there is some truth in that. But I'm not sure that I have the right to give her advantages of any kind, to lift her above the lot, the chance, of the least fortunate."

"Surely we are bound to provide for those of our own household," said Annie.

"Who are those of our own household?" asked the minister. "All mankind are those of our own household. These are my mother and my brother and my sister."

"Yes, I know," said Annie, somewhat severely, spurring this difficult ground. "But you can have her with me at least till you get settled," she faltered, "if you don't wish it to be for longer."

"Perhaps it may not be for long," he answered, "if you mean my settlement in Hudson. I doubt," he continued, before he came to the question in hers, "whether I shall remain here."

"Oh, I hope you will," cried Annie. She then to she must make a pretence of misunderstanding him. "I supposed you were very much satisfied with your work here."

"I am not satisfied with myself in my work," replied the minister; "and I know that I am far from acceptable to many others in it."

"You are acceptable to those who are best able to appreciate you, Mr. Peck," she protested, "and to people of every kind. I suppose it's only a question of time when you will be thoroughly acceptable to all. I want you to understand, Mr. Peck," she added, "that I was shocked and ashamed the other night at your being tricked into countenancing a part of the entertainment you were promised should be dropped. I had nothing to do with it."

"It was very unimportant, after all," the minister said, "as far as I was concerned. In fact, I was interested to see the experiment of bringing the different grades of society together."

"It seems to me it was an utter failure," suggested Annie.

"Quite. But it was what I expected."

There appeared an uneasiness in this which Annie could not let pass even if it imperilled her present object to bring up the matter of past contention. "But when we first talked of the Social Union you opposed it because it wouldn't bring the different classes together."

"Did you understand that? Then I failed to make myself clear. I wished merely to argue that the well-meaning ladies who suggested it were not intending a social union at all. In fact such a union in our present condition of things, with its division of classes, is impossible—as Mrs. Munger's experiment showed—with the best will on both sides. But as I said, the experiment was interesting, though unimportant, except as it resulted in heart burning and offence."

They were on the same ground, but they had reached it from starting-points so opposite that Annie felt it very unsafe. In her fear of getting into some controversy with Mr. Peck that might interfere with her designs regarding Idella, she had a little insincerity in saying: "Mrs. Munger's bad faith in that was certainly unimportant compared with her part in poor Mr. Putney's misfortune. That was the worst thing; that's what I *crave* for give."

Mr. Peck offered no comment, and Annie, somewhat daunted by his silence, proceeded: "I've had the satisfaction of telling her what I thought on both points. But Ralph—Mr. Putney—I hear, has escaped this time with less than his usual—"

She did not know what lady-like word to use for *spare*, and so she stopped.

Mr. Peck merely said, "He has shown great self-control," and she perceived that he was not going to say more. He listened patiently to the reasons she gave for not having offered Mrs. Putney anything more than passive sympathy at a time when help could only have embittered and kindness wounded her, but he made no sign of thinking them either necessary or sufficient. In the mean time he had not formally consented to Idella's remaining with her, and Annie prepared to lead back to that affair as artfully as she could.

"I really want you to believe, Mr. Peck, that I think very differently on some points from what I did when we first talked about the Social Union, and I have you

to thank for seeing things in a new light. And you needn't," she added, lightly, "be afraid of my contaminating Idella's mind with any wicked ideas. I'll do my best to keep her from coveting houses or property of any kind; though I've always found my father say that *anything* was founded upon the instinct of ownership, and that it was the only thing that had advanced the world. And if you dread the danger of giving her advantages, as you say, on bettering her worldly lot," she continued, with a smile for his quixotic scruples, "why, I'll do my best to reduce her blessings to a minimum, though I don't see why the poor little thing shouldn't get some good from the inequalities that there always must be in the world."

"I am not sure there always must be inequalities in the world," answered the minister.

"There always have been," cried Annie.

"There always had been slavery, up to a certain time," he replied.

"Oh, but surely you don't compare the two!" Annie pleaded with what she really regarded as a kind of luxury in the good name. "In the first slavery, I've heard my father say, there is naturally an upward and downward tendency; a perfect level is impossible. Some must rise, and some must sink."

"But what do you mean by rising? If you mean material things, or wealth, and the power over others that it gives."

"I don't mean that altogether. But there are other ways—in cultivation, refinement, higher tastes, and aims than the great mass of people can have. You have risen yourself, Mr. Peck."

"I have risen, as you call it," he said, with a meek sufferance of the application of the point by herself. "Those who rise above the necessity of work for daily bread are in great danger of losing their right relation to other men, as I said when we talked of this before."

A point had remained in Annie's mind from her first talk with Dr. Merrill. "Yes; and you said once that there could be no sympathy between the rich and the poor—no real love—because they had not had the same experience of life. But how is it about the poor who become rich? They have had the same experience."

"Too often they make haste to forget that they were poor, they become blind

by a belated reluctance to appear before so much of Bathonia in charge of the re-
luctant's child. But now she could not re-
trude, and with Idella's hand in hers she
advanced blushing up the aisle to her
post.

XVII.

Outside Marvin, of the largest shoe shop, surveyed the mob of rag-bagged faces, with the kindly smile that seemed to beam loosely upon it, and there was a good number of the big shop and shoe shop brands of different sizes and sizes scattered about. The gallery, commonly empty, reeked my shawd group and single figures dropped along here and there on the seats.

The Patnays were in their pews, the little lame boy between the father and mother, as their custom was. They were

looked up at her as she passed, and smiled in the slight measure of recognition which people put on themselves in return. Percy was sitting with his head hanging forward in pathetic resignation; his eyes, when he first lifted it to look at Anne in passing, was haggard, but otherwise there was no consciousness in it of what had passed since they had seen the strange woman. When his glance turned to reflection, or speculation there, a light or friendly smacking came to it, and seemed to comment the relative Anne had assumed to the child.

Annie's new was just in front of I was, and Lynn pulled me inside to investigate suspicious Annie and myself with lifted and turned round to lift the child to the seat. While Mr. Cook was giving me my 15 min, Lynn heard from what and was good.

"Don't imagine that this reward will be on your account, Annie. This goes to pay towards the Second Union and the second glass."

The barren coltoid is much more obvious when he stands in front of the house, which was partially present in many others there. "It was some time before he could find a girl, even after he had taken his last," says the Resurrection and the life, "and he followed him with a momentary disappointment at his failure to meet it."

He began by saying that he wished to disengage his text in his hearing minds from the shackles of the material world, and the fact of death upon the mortal life, and he asked them to join him in contemplating his text in a manner becoming befitting to its lofty and heavenly meaning. He believed that those words of Christ would be a key to us of this world as well as the next and vision upon its *placidity* which we might all find in him, as well as realise us immortality with him. As the sermon went on, Arnold followed him with the present which they felt that was heard between the words himself and occasionally in a thoughtful way what seemed a mystical, almost a fantastical, quality of his thought.

There is no evolution, no growth, no life in the mind — well, in the material world, and good unfolds in growth, that which was once dead moves to life in that which is better. In the individual world we have stages toward the final as in the final good but with the difference we find that identity is not a process and cannot exist, and that we need

abuse it as a means if we do not use it even—sacrifice it, to promote equality; or in other words, equality is the perfect work, the evolution of liberty. Patriotism has been the virtue which has secured an image of brotherhood, rude and imperfect, to large numbers of men within certain limits, but nationality must perish before the universal ideal of fraternity is realized. Charity is the holiest of the agencies which have hitherto wrought to ~~redeem the race from savagery and despair~~; but there is something holier yet than charity, something higher, something purer and farther from selfishness, something ~~into which charity shall willingly grow and cease, and that is justice~~. Not the justice of our Christless codes, with their pompous but the ~~horrors~~ of a ghastly shame which, however dumbly, however obscurely, stings every human man's heart when his superfluous is confronted with another's destitution, and which is destined to increase in power till it becomes the social as well as the individual conscience. Then, in the ~~early~~ Christian state, there shall be no more asking and no more giving, no more gratitude and no more merit, no more charity, but only and evermore justice: all shall share alike, and want and luxury and killing toil and heartless indolence shall all cease together.

"It is in the spirit of this justice that I believe Christ shall come to judge the world; not to condemn and punish so much as to ~~renew~~ and to ~~right~~. We live in an age of seeming preparation for indefinite war. The lines are drawn harder and faster between the rich and the poor, and on either side the forces are embattled. The working-men are combined in vast organizations to withstand the strength of the capitalists, and these are ~~teaching the lesson and uniting in trusts~~. The smaller industries are gone, and the smaller commerce is being devoured by the larger. Where many little shops existed, one huge factory assembles manufacture; one large store, in which many different branches of trade are united, swallows up the small dealers. Yet in the labor organizations, which have their bad side, their weak side, through which the forces of hell enter, I see evidence of the fact that the poor have at last had pity on the poor, and will no more betray and underbid and desert one another, but will stand and fall together as ~~brothers~~ and the monopolies, though

they are founded upon ruin, though they know no pity and no relenting, have a final significance which we must not lose sight of. They prophesy the end of competition: they eliminate one element of strife, of rivalry, of warfare. But woe to them through whose evil this good comes, to any man who prospers on to ease and fortune, forgetful or ignorant of the ruin on which his success is built! For that death the resurrection and the life seem not to be. Whatever his creed or his religious profession, his state is more pitiable than that of the sceptic, whose words perhaps deny Christ, but whose works affirm him. There has been much anxiety in the Church for the future of the world abandoned to the godlessness of science, but I cannot share it. If God is, nothing exists but from Him. He directs the very reason that questions Him, and Christ rises anew in the doubt of him that the sins of Christendom inspire. So far from dreading such misgiving as comes from contemplating the disparity between the Church's profession and her performance, I welcome it as another resurrection and a new life."

The minister paused and seemed about to resume, when a scuffling and knocking noise drew all eyes toward the pew of the Gerrish family. Mr. Gerrish had risen and flung open the door so sharply that it struck against the frame-work of the pew, and he stood pulling his children, whom Mr. Gerrish ~~dragged from behind one after another~~, into the aisle beside him. One of them had ~~been asleep~~, and he now gave way to the alarm which seizes a small boy suddenly awakened. His mother tried to still him, stooping over him and twitching him by the hand, with repeated "Sh! sh's!" as mothers do, till her husband got her before him and marched his family down the aisle and out of the door. The noise of their feet over the floor of the vestibule died away upon the stone steps outside. The minister allowed the pause he had made to prolong itself painfully. He ~~wavered~~, after clearing his throat, as if to go on with his sermon, and then he said, sadly, "Let us pray!"

XXIII.

Putney stopped with his wife and boy, and waited for Annie at the corner of the street where their ways parted. She had eluded Lyra Wilmington in coming down the aisle, and she had ~~tried~~ to escape

the sensation which broke into eager talk among the people before they got out of church, and which began with question whether one of the Gerrish children was sick, and ended in the more satisfactory conviction that Mr. Gerrish was offended at something in the sermon.

"Well, Annie," said Putney, with a satirical smile.

"Oh, Ralph—Ellen—what does it mean?"

"It means that Brother Gerrish thought Mr. Peck was hitting at him in that talk about the large conference, and it means business," said Putney. "Brother Gerrish has made a beginning, and I guess it's the beginning of the end, unless we're all ready to take hold against him. What are you going to do?"

"Do? Anything! Everything! It was abominable! It was atrocious!" she shuddered out with disgust. "How could he imagine that Mr. Peck would do such a thing?"

"Well, he's imagined it. But he doesn't mean to stay out of church; he means to put Brother Peck out."

"We mustn't let him. That would be outrageous."

"That's the way Ellen and I feel about it," said Putney; "but we don't know how much of a party there is with us."

"But everybody—everybody must feel the same way about Mr. Gerrish's behavior! I don't see how you can be so quiet about it—you and Ellen!"

Annie looked from one to another indignantly, and Putney laughed.

"We're not *feeling* quietly about it," said Mrs. Putney.

Putney took out a piece of tobacco, and bit off a large corner, and began to chew vehemently upon it. "Hello, Idella!" he said to the little girl, holding by Annie's hand and looking up intently at him, with childish interest in what he was eating. "What a pretty dress you've got on!"

"It's mine," said the child. "To keep."

"Is that so? Well, it's a beauty."

"I'm going to wear it all the time."

"Is that so? Well, now, you and Winthrop step on ahead a little; I want to see how you look in it. Splendid!" he said, as she took the boy's hand and looked back over her shoulder for Putney's applause. "Lyra tells us you've adopted her for the time being, Annie. I guess you'll have your hands full. But, as I was going to say, about feeling different

ly, my experience is that there's always a good-sized party for the perverses, simply because it seems to answer a need in human nature. There's a fascination in it; a man feels as if there were something in it besides the perversity, and because it's so obviously wrong it must be right. Don't you believe but what a good half of the people in church to-day are pretty sure that Gerrish had a good reason for behaving indecently. The very fact that he did so carries conviction to some minds, and those are the minds we have got to deal with. When he goes up to the next Society meeting there's a mighty great danger that he'll have a strong party to back him."

"I can't believe it," Annie broke out, but she was greatly troubled. "What do you think, Ellen, that there's any danger of his carrying the day against Mr. Peck?"

"There's a great deal of dissatisfaction with Mr. Peck already, you know, and I guess Ralph's right about the rest of it."

"Well, I'm glad I've taken a peep. I'm with you for Mr. Peck, Ralph, heart and soul."

"As Brother Hazenbroth says about the Social Union. Well, that's right. I shall count upon you. And speaking of the Social Union, I haven't seen you, Annie, since that night at Mrs. Munger's. I suppose you don't expect me to say anything in self defence?"

"No, Ralph, and you needn't. I've defended you sufficiently—justified you."

"That won't do," said Putney. "Ellen and I have thought that all out, and we find that I—or something that stood for me—was to blame, whoever else was to blame too; we won't mention the hospitable Mrs. Munger. When Dr. Morrell had to go away, Brother Peck took hold with me, and he suggested good resolutions. I told him I'd tried 'em, and they never did me the least good; but his sort really seemed to work. I don't know whether they would work again; Ellen thinks they would. I think we don't ever need anything again; but that's what I always think when I come out of it—like a man with chills and fever."

"It was Dr. Morrell who asked Mr. Peck to come," said Mrs. Putney; "and it turned out for the best. Ralph was well quicker than he ever did before. Of course, Annie," she explained, "it must seem strange to you hearing us talk of it

"Well, it ain't a church question. It's a Society question."

Mrs. Bolton replied, on her passage to the dining-room with the plate of sliced bread: "I can't make it seem right to have the minister a Society question. Seems to me that the church members'd ought to have the say."

"Well, you can't make the discipline over to suit yourself," said Bolton. "I presume it was ordered for a wise purpose."

"Why, land-olive, Officer Bolton," his wife shouted back from the roundness to which his words had followed her, "the statute provisions and rules of the Society wa'n't ordered by Providence?"

"Well, not directly, as you may say," said Bolton, beginning high, and lowering his voice as he continued them, "but I presume the laws of them that made them was moved."

Mrs. Bolton could not reveal a question of such unimportance in words, but she permitted herself a contemptuous sniff, and went on getting the things into the dining-room.

"And I guess it's all gosh to work to gether for good. I can't absolutely tell what it's gosh to come out all right. But we got to be on and don't bother 'bout 'lection times. The Lord helps them that helps themselves," said Bolton; and then, as if he felt the wisdom of this position as compared with that of not trusting in Providence, he yanked his under-eyes, and added, "if they be on the right side, and put their faith in His promise."

"Well, your honor's read 'em now?" Mrs. Bolton said to Anne.

Idella had come back to Anne's room, as Anne started toward the dining-room she got before her, and whispered vehemently.

"What?" asked Anne, bending down; she laughed, in lifting her head. "I promised Idella you'd let her have some preserves to-day. Mrs. Brown."

Mrs. Bolton smiled with good pleasure. "I see and the whole business was set on something. She can't say no to you, but get your preserves. Well, I guess if Mr. Peck had a little more of *her* disposition there wouldn't be much about your way it would all be one way."

"Well, you don't offend no persons like these three children," said Bolton, venturing a small joke.

"No, nor husbands about their wives,

either," said Mrs. Bolton, sleepily. "The more's the pity."

XXIV.

Dr. Marshall came to see Anne late the next Wednesday evening.

"I didn't know you'd come back," she said. "He returned to his residence here, from which she came forward to meet him, and he dropped into an easy chair near the table piled with books and papers."

"I didn't know it myself till he came here."

"Really?" And is this your first time? I must have very interesting news."

"You are always. How have you been?"

"I don't know whether I've been well? I'm somewhat tired and somewhat out of my own depth. "He went on, "Things have been of a somewhat out of proportion."

She let her eyes fall full upon him, with a sense of extreme comfort and safety in his presence, and when a deep breath of satisfaction she asked, "How did you leave your mother?"

"Very much better, contentedly and at ease."

"It's so odd to think to see one's leaving a family. You must have been in a condition not to have any relatives."

"Well, we don't ever well disagree with mothers," said the doctor. "We have to begin with them, and so on."

"Oh, I don't object to them. I only wonder at them."

They sat in a great and friendly conversation, full of their own sense and wit, and a great deal of the 18th, 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 31st, and 32nd, and 33rd, and 34th, and 35th, and 36th, and 37th, and 38th, and 39th, and 40th, and 41st, and 42nd, and 43rd, and 44th, and 45th, and 46th, and 47th, and 48th, and 49th, and 50th, and 51st, and 52nd, and 53rd, and 54th, and 55th, and 56th, and 57th, and 58th, and 59th, and 60th, and 61st, and 62nd, and 63rd, and 64th, and 65th, and 66th, and 67th, and 68th, and 69th, and 70th, and 71st, and 72nd, and 73rd, and 74th, and 75th, and 76th, and 77th, and 78th, and 79th, and 80th, and 81st, and 82nd, and 83rd, and 84th, and 85th, and 86th, and 87th, and 88th, and 89th, and 90th, and 91st, and 92nd, and 93rd, and 94th, and 95th, and 96th, and 97th, and 98th, and 99th, and 100th, and 101st, and 102nd, and 103rd, and 104th, and 105th, and 106th, and 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know where to find it if I tried to tell you," she added. "I seem to tell you just what I feel."

"Hush, now, and the doctor."

"I don't mean to be *spiteful* or *bitter*—but you have certainly marked an epoch. Really, I *don't* know where to begin. I was afraid you wouldn't care for it—Helen and Ellen and Mrs. Waddington."

"I thought you had seen them just."

"No, not now, you're here, although I know I shall not do better in two days' time." But she was able to possess her soul in calm resignation, even with a little knowledge of the moral law, and she was in her heart almost a perfect saint. "No one knows—our Mr. Forster, except in the past." He was poor, greatly distressed by business, and his confidence in the ladies who asked to borrow of him that he was not prepared to risk about the cause he had taken. He thought some of the restraint of his belongings, and Ralph thought that he rather worried with it, and stands to lose, and is a great deal like his going to strike another blow on the most business principle. But he soon lets Mr. Forster speak and of course he is right. Mr. Forster's friends provisionally. Ralph's devoted himself to that, and his way has been to ask long, eight hours before they ever were."

"Hello—"

"You perfectly. I could hardly believe it when I saw him at sunset on Sunday. It was like seeing him risen from the dead. What he must have gone through, and Ellen!—she told me how Mr. Forster had helped him in the struggle. She attributes everything to him. But of course you think he had nothing to do with it."

"What makes you think that?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Wouldn't that naturally be the attitude of a saint?"

"Toward whom? Perhaps. But I'm not a saint, with a large S. Maybe that's the reason why I left the case with Mr. Forster, and the doctor, smiling. (Pardon didn't have all any medicine, did he?)"

"He never got well so soon before. These ladies say that. I didn't think you could be so narrow-minded, Dr. Morrell. But of course your scientific bigotry couldn't admit the effect of the moral influence. It would be too much like a

hypocrite; you would have to allow for a mystery."

"I have to allow for a good many," said the doctor. "The world is full of mysteries for me, if you own things that science hasn't explained yet. But I hope that they'll all yield to the light, and that somewhere there'll be light enough to close up even the spiritual mysteries."

"Do you really?" she demanded, eagerly. "Then you believe in a life hereafter? You believe in a moral government of the—"

He stopped, laughing, from her unbroken passion. "Oh, but not going to discuss myself. But I'll go on as far as I can. I have to leave Mr. Forster, and that I want him to stay. I don't see he had anything to do with Forster's strengthening up. Pardon had a great deal to do with it himself. What does he think Mr. Forster's doing?"

"If Mr. Forster has not been dismissed, he doesn't know he's quite in the dark. He sees the parts of the picture, the progress which Mr. Forster has made, but he has some good reason for his own way, and he can't see any more advantage, and he doesn't help matters with the more respectable people that the most respectable, like Mr. Waddington and Colonel Mackenzie, Mr. Forster's friends. They think there must be some thing wrong, and he can't get any more approval of Mr. Forster."

"And I suppose," said Dr. Morrell, soberly, "that Pardon's relationship isn't altogether an advantage. The people all around him, and his own account of his own life, but I guess they have not their superiority before in previous matters. They admire him, but they don't want to follow him."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Annie, disconsolately. "And I imagine that Mr. Waddington's course is attributed to Lyra, and that doesn't help Mr. Forster much with the husbands of the ladies who don't approve of her."

The doctor gently declined to touch this delicate point. He asked, after a pause, "You'll be at the meeting?"

"I couldn't keep away. But I've no vote; that's the worst. I can only suffer in the cause." The doctor smiled. "You must go too," she added, eagerly.

"Oh, I shall go; I couldn't keep away either. Besides, I can vote. How are

you getting on with your little protégée?"

"Idella? Well, it isn't such a simple matter as I supposed, quite. Did you ever hear anything about her mother?"

"Nothing more than what every one has. Why?" asked the doctor, with scientific curiosity. "Do you find traits that the father doesn't account for?"

"Yes. She is very vain and greedy and quick-tempered."

"Are those traits uncommon in children?"

"In such a degree I should think they were. But she's very affectionate too, and you can do anything with her through her love of praise. She puzzles me a good deal. I wish I knew something about her mother. But Mr. Peck himself is a puzzle. With all my respect for him and regard and admiration, I can't help seeing that he's a very imperfect character."

Doctor Morrell laughed. "There's a great deal of human nature in man."

"There isn't enough in Mr. Peck," Annie retorted. "From the very first he has said things that have stirred me up and put me in a fever; but he always seems to be cold and passive himself."

"Perhaps he *is* cold," said the doctor.

"But has he any *right* to be so?" retorted Annie, with certainly no coldness of her own.

"Well, I don't know. I never thought of the right or wrong of a man's being what he was born. Perhaps we might justly blame his ancestors."

Annie broke into a laugh at herself. "Of course. But don't you think that a man who is able to put things as he does—who can make you see, for example, the stupidity and cruelty of things that always seemed right and proper before—don't you think that he's guilty of a kind of hypocrisy if he doesn't *feel* as well as see?"

"No, I can't say that I do," said the doctor, with pleasure in the feminine excess of her demand. "And there are so many ways of feeling. We're apt to think that our own way is the only way, of course; but I suppose that most philanthropists—men who have done the most to better conditions—have been people of cold temperaments; and yet you can't say they are unfeeling."

"No, certainly. Do you think Mr. Peck is a real philanthropist?"

"How you do get back to the personal

always!" said Dr. Morrell. "What makes you ask?"

"Because I can't understand his indifference to his child. It seems to me that real philanthropy would begin at home. But twice he has distinctly forgotten her existence, and he always seems bored with it. Or not that quite; but she seems no more to him than any other child."

"There's something very curious about all that," said the doctor. "In most things the greater includes the less, but in philanthropy it seems to exclude it. If a man's heart is open to the whole world, to all men, it's shut sometimes against the individual, even the nearest and dearest. You see I'm willing to admit all you can say against a rival practitioner."

"Oh, I understand," said Annie. "But I'm not going to gratify your spite." At the same time she facetiously consented to the slight for Mr. Peck which their joking about him involved. In such cases we excuse our disloyalty as merely temporary, and intend to turn serious again and make full amends for it. "He made very short work," she continued, "of that notion of yours that there could be any good feeling between the poor and the rich who had once been poor themselves."

"Did I have any such notions that?"

She recalled the time and place of its expression to him, and he said, "Oh, yes! Well!"

"He says that rich people like that are apt to be the hardest masters, and are eager to forget they ever were poor, and are only anxious to identify themselves with the rich."

Dr. Morrell seemed to enjoy this immensely. "That does rather settle it," he said heartily.

She tried to be severe with him, but he only kept on laughing and joking. She was aware that he was fitting her away from her seriousness.

Mrs. Bolton brought in the lamp, and set it on the library table, showing her faint outline a moment against it before she left it to throw its softened light into the parlor where they sat. The autumn moonshine, almost as mellow, fell in through the open windows, which let in the shrilling of the crickets and grasshoppers, and wafts of the warm night wind.

"Does life," Annie was asking, at the end of half an hour, "seem more simple or more complicated as you live on?"

"That sounds awfully pleasant, doesn't it? And I don't know why I'm always asking you strange things, but I am."

"Oh, I don't mind it," said the doctor.

"Perhaps I haven't lived on long enough to answer that particular question. I'm only thirty-six, you know."

"Only?" The thirty-two, and I feel a hundred," she broke in.

"You don't look it. But I believe I can ask you a few questions. You know Patrick and I have discussed a great many. But just what do you mean by this particular abstraction?"

He took from the table a large long paper knife which he was in the habit of playing with in his visits and laid it on one side and then the other side of his smooth cool blade in the palm of his left hand as he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, and bent his smiling eyes heavily upon her.

She stopped rocking herself, and said, impudently: "Will you please put that back, Dr. Marcell?"

"This paper knife?"

"Yes. And not looking me just in that way! When you get that knife and that look, I feel a little as much as if you were diagnosing me."

"Diagnosing?" suggested the doctor.

"Is it? I always supposed it was diagnosing. But it doesn't matter. It was the name I was objecting to."

He put the knife back and changed his posture, with a smile that left nothing of professional scrutiny in his look. "Very well, then; you shall diagnose yourself."

"Diagnosticate, please."

"Oh, I thought you preferred the other."

"No, it sounds undignified now that I know there's a larger word. Where was I?"

"The personal bearing of the question whether the life isn't more and more complicated."

"How did you know it had a personal bearing?"

"I suspected as much."

"Yes, it has. I mean that within the last four or five months—since I've been in Hatboro—I seem to have lost my old point of view; or, rather, I don't find it satisfactory any more. I'm ashamed to think of the simple plans, or dreams, that I have been with. I hardly remember what they were; but I must have expected

to be a sort of Lady Bountiful here; and now I think a Lady Bountiful one of the most mischievous persons that could infect any community."

"You don't mean that charity is played out?" asked the doctor.

"In the old-fashioned way, yes."

"But they say poverty is on the increase. What is to be done?"

"Justice," said Annie. "Those who do most of the work in the world ought to share in its comforts as a right, and not be put off with what we idlers have a mind to give them from our superfluity as a grace."

"Yes, that's all very true. But what will justice do?"

"Oh, we must continue to do charity," cried Annie, with self-contempt that amused him. "But don't you see how much more complicated it is? That's what I meant by life not being simple any more. It was easy enough to do charity when it used to seem the right and proper remedy for suffering. But now, when I can't make it appear a finality, but only sometimes provisional and temporary—Don't you see?"

"You see. But I don't see how you're going to help it. At the same time, I'll admit that it makes life more difficult."

For a moment they were both serious and alone. Then she said: "Sometimes I think the fault is all in myself, and that if I were not so sophisticated and—and—selfish, I should find the old way of doing good just as effective and natural as ever. Then again I think the conditions are all wrong, and that we ought to be so good to people, and then we needn't be so good to them. I should prefer that. I hate being good to people I don't like, and I can't like people who don't interest me. I think I must be very hard-hearted."

The doctor laughed at this.

"Oh, I know," said Annie. "I know the fraudulent reputation I've got for good works."

"Your charity to tramps is the opprobrium of Hatboro," the doctor consented.

"Oh, I don't mind that. It's easy when people ask you for food or money, but the horrible thing is when they ask you for work. Think of me, who never did anything to earn a cent in my life, being humbly asked by a fellow-creature to let him work for something to eat and drink! It's hideous! It's abominable! At first I used to be flattered by it, and try to con-

jure up something for them to do, and to believe that I was helping the deserving poor. Now I give all of them money, and tell them that they needn't even pretend to work for it. I don't work for my money, and I don't see why they should."

"They'd find that an unanswerable argument if you put it to them," said the doctor. He reached out his hand for the paper cutter, and then withdrew it in a way that made her laugh.

"But the worst of it is," she resumed, "that I don't love any of the people that I help, or hurt, whichever it is. I did feel remorseful toward Mrs. Savor for a while, but I didn't love her, and I knew that I only pitied myself through her. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't," said the doctor.

"You don't, because you're too polite. The only kind of creature that I can have any sympathy with is some little wretch like Idella, who is perfectly selfish and naughty every way, but seems to want me to like her, and a reprobate like Lyra, or some broken creature like poor Ralph. I think there's something in the air, the atmosphere, that won't allow you to live in the old way if you've got a grain of conscience or humanity. I don't mean that I have. But it seems to me as if the world couldn't go on as it has been doing. Even here in America, where I used to think we had the millennium because slavery was abolished, people have more liberty, but they seem just as far off as ever from justice. That is what paralyzes me and mocks me and laughs in my face when I remember how I used to dream of doing good after I came home. I had better staid at Rome."

The doctor said, vaguely, "I'm glad you didn't," and he let his eyes dwell on her with a return of the professional interest which she was too lost in her self-reproach to be able to resent.

"I blame myself for trying to excuse my own failure on the plea that things generally have gone wrong. At times it seems to me that I'm responsible for having lost my faith in what I used to think was the right thing to do; and then again it seems as if the world were all so bad that no real good could be done in the old way, and that my faith is gone because there's nothing for it to rest on any longer. I feel that something must be done; but I don't know what."

"It would be hard to say," said the doctor.

She perceived that her exaltation amused him, but she was too much in earnest to care. "Then we are guilty—all guilty—till we find out and begin to do it. If the world has come to such a pass that you can't do anything but harm in it—"

"Oh, is it so bad as that?" he protested.

"It's *quite* as bad," she insisted. "Just see what mischief I've done since I came back to Hatboro'. I took hold of that miserable Social Union because I was outside of all the life about me, and it seemed my only chance of getting into it; and I've done more harm by it in one summer than I could undo in a lifetime. Just think of poor Mr. Brandreth's love affair with Miss Chapley broken off, and Lyra's lamentable triumph over Miss Northwick, and Mrs. Munger's duplicity, and Ralph's escapade—all because I wanted to do good!"

A note of exaggeration had begun to prevail in her self-upbraiding, which was real enough, and the time came for him to suggest, "I think you're a little morbid, Miss Kilburn."

"Morbid? Of course I am! But that doesn't alter the fact that everything is wrong, does it?"

"Everything?"

"Why, you don't pretend yourself, do you, that everything is right?"

"A true American ought to do so, oughtn't he?" teased the doctor. "One mustn't be a bad citizen."

"But if you *were* a bad citizen?" she persisted.

"Oh, then I might agree with you on some points. But I shouldn't say such things to my patients, Miss Kilburn."

"It would be a great comfort to them if you did," she sighed.

The doctor broke out in a laugh of delight at her perversely concentration. "Oh, no, no! They're mostly nervous women, and it would be the death of them if they understood me. In fact, what's the use of brooding upon such ideas? We can't hurry any change, but we can make ourselves uncomfortable."

"Why should I be comfortable?" she asked, with a solemnity that made him laugh again.

"Why shouldn't you be?"

"Yes, that's what I often ask myself. But I can't be," she said, sadly.

Unmatched, unrivalled Summer! Whose mere
mirth
And laughter makes quick conquest of the
earth.
Joy's dream fulfilled, Rose of the rounded
year,
Triumphant Summer, Life's bud blooms in
thee!

The later days may wane,
And blight may fall upon the Autumn grain;
The timid Spring may see

Her hopes made vain
By lingering frosts, or by the chilling rain;
But thou art perfect, sorrow finds not thee!
The blooming iris nodded on the brae;
The languid air was heavy with the scent
Of teeming fields; the sleepy birds grew still;

The white clouds went,
Slow-drifting, past the tree-tops on the hill;
The slumbering sunlight lay
Along the woodland's breast, and in a dream
The listening branches bent

Above the stream,
Which sang, low-voiced, in drowsy, sweet con-
tent.

The dappled shadows crept
With noiseless feet that marked the passing
day.

When, on a hill
The vision wavered, and a chill wind swept
The changing picture of the summer dell
And in a moment all had passed away.
The snow flakes wandered through the branch
of May.

Ice hushed the stream once more; the banks
were bare,

The faded, drifting leaves were dead and
dry;

The winter weeds were grouped in clusters
drear;

But shrill and clear,
The red-bird whistled from the copse near by,
"What cheer—what cheer?"

"What cheer—what cheer?"
A pleasing fancy nestles in my heart,
Where now I haunt.

Among the cheerless trees that questioning
cry.

From earth the Summer never hath depart—
Within the silent dell she bides,

Unseen, amidst the being twice she hides
And waits the waking of the sleeping year.
So with that fancy do I please my mind,
To think—albeit snow lieth on the hill,

And though the wind
Be cold, though joyless are the fields, and
dull

The wintry woodland ways—
Yet somewhere, unseen, haply hiding near,
Sweet Summer stays—

O loved one dear,
Not comfortless would seem these footloose days—
Not thus would Iate these dreams of happy
days

Could I find thee here,
Not when thou wast I

How gladly my heart could make reply,
When I should hear

From you any deep or may that ringing
cry.

"What cheer—what cheer?"

HOME USES OF MINERAL WATERS

BY THOS. M. JENSON, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

MINERAL waters, as to their sources, are of two classes—the imported and the domestic. As to their nature, they are artificial or natural. Not all of the best waters will bear exportation, or even long keeping in stock. Many of them throw down their mineral constituents and decompose when exported in wood; and even in glass and a few of them become inert by keeping. The waters that are the most strongly mineralized, especially those that are the most fully charged with carbonic acid gas, bear exportation the best. Those of weaker constitution, like some delicate individuals and some delicate wines, do not stand a sea-voyage. "Old books to read, old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to talk to," but tried mineral waters for a cure. Some physicians hold, indeed, that all mineral waters begin to lose their virtues as soon as they leave the spring. This is an extreme view; it is quite improper of some

of the best waters; not most of them are effective in proportion to their freshness. The best imported home-mineral waters are very properly to keep quite stock or barely in use, so that it may be fresh.

We have a full list of excellent mineral waters to choose from, whether native or imported, whether natural or mineralized, whether natural waters or table waters. I will speak first of these latter, and for their mineral virtues. I cannot say too much for a good table water, meaning by this a drinking water that is at least slightly mineralized that is charged more or less freely with carbonic acid gas, and that is absolutely pure, hygienically speaking. Such waters are the Apollinaires, the Geyser, the Giesbreght, the Pétrole, the Seltzer, the Vichy, Seltzer, and Saratoga waters, though more strongly medicinal, are used as table waters by many. The appetizing and digestive qualities of all the waters

just named are well known and well proved. And Bitter and sulphuric in many cases of mineral diseases I have found nothing more useful than them; and I regard them as almost or entirely useless where the injured nutrition is a main feature.

Pure water, water, more properly called uncombined water, whether obtained by distillation or by a process of evaporation by stimulating the stomach, and also, probably, by nature itself—on the injured ingredients of the food. It corrects a habit in common, which has almost been passed, and cures the system in febrile complaints; it lessens the desire for stimulants, restores and is indeed the ideal beverage for the water-drinker, most abundant, that pure water is used in its preparation.

The consumption of pure water in this country increases probably about ten per cent. per year, that of condensed milk has nearly doubled since 1880. Pure waters prevail from domestic use, as they should be, for the great advantage that they confer, saving the evils of disease.

Let us turn now to the mode that is of some of the waters which are brought to our reach at home. We are to be struck what we drink to our nature. What is the nature of these competitors?

Let me remind you and remind the reader that I will enter into no candid comparison of mineral waters here. It will be sufficient to note the classes into which they are best divided for practical purposes. There are then as much as several mineral waters, of which we have to do briefly with three. They are as follows:

A.—Alkaline waters. In these the leading constituent is the carbonate of soda, potassa, lithia, lime, magnesia. Types of these waters are Baden Springs, Buffalo, Lithia, Carlsbad, Capon Springs, Royal and Yishu.

B.—Saline waters, limiting the term to those in which the compound of sodium is common—such is the leading ingredient. Types of these are Baden-Baden, Ballston, Bourbon-Lancy, Bourbonne, Caledonia Springs, Kissingen, Michigan Congress, Saline, Saratoga Springs, Selers, Wiesbaden.

C.—Sulphur waters, as Aix-les-Bains, Ayon Springs, Aix, Bagnols-de-Luchon, Clifton, and Greenlief White Sulphur Springs.

D.—Iron waters, such as Bath, Alton

Spring, Buxton, Franzensbad Pyrmont, Schwalbach Spa.

E.—Valley waters, of which the main constituents are either the sulphate of lime or sulphate of the carbonate of lime (magnesium) in solution. Types of these waters are found in the Allegheny Springs, Bethesda Springs, Coudersville, Clysno, Greenburg Springs and the Sweet Springs of West Virginia.

F.—The indifferent thermal springs, which are used mostly for bathing.

The greater part of these waters in their natural state, and all of the most factured waters, are more or less highly charged with carbonic acid gas, while some of the imported waters receive an artificial charge of it before they are poured into a bottle. It is interesting to compare these waters with their brethren. And here I must advise my readers that we are in the happy position between two warring camps, the *European* and the *artificial* of nature. Natural mineral waters—as the term is, in the sense of natural mineral waters—is brought upon the surface of the earth. The carbonic acid, and will continue to form a vital outcropping.

The nature of the case, on either hand, may be briefly stated. The opponents of artificial mineral waters claim that the defect of the enormous quantities in a natural water cannot be remedied, and that it is necessary to add any degree of carbonic acid to the laboratory. Americans, they say, are better, and more of the character of the waters that are present, but here in our own waters, these acids and bases combined, and how can we reproduce them? The choice cannot be water itself, for water has the natural deposit of a mineral water, there are silicates and alumina that will resist even the acids he employs. It is not possible, in many cases, to reproduce nature's combinations in the artificial waters, and for other reasons than those that I have given. We cannot know the order in which the ingredients were drawn from the channels of the living rock, nor the degrees of pressure and of heat that were required for their delicate commingling. In a word, art is not nature; and you can no more reproduce the subtle nature of a fine mineral water than you can manufacture a fine wine.

What is the rejoinder to this on the part of the advocates of artificial mineral waters?

They say that while the argument I have just given is good chemistry, it does not hold good of imported mineral waters; it is true only of mineral waters taken at their natural source; while for the home consumer it is not a question of waters as they are at their source. The mineral waters of the market are more or less changed by exportation and handling, and in many cases they are purposely medicated, as by the addition of salts, or of carbonic acid gas. "All waters begin to depreciate as soon as they are moved from the spring," writes an importer, not a manufacturer, of mineral waters. Now which is the better? say the chemists, a water that has been freighted perhaps three thousand miles, and kept in stock for months, undergoing unknown changes all the time, or a fresh artificial water of definitely known constitution? The chemist does not claim to reproduce all of the foreign or domestic mineral waters, but such only as can be uniformly and *certainly* reproduced. Carbonic acid gas, the salts of lime, the chloride of sodium, alkalies, and other leading ingredients of the most valuable waters are easily and accurately combinable in the laboratory. Such products, it is claimed, are better than the imported waters, because they are fresher, and because we know precisely what they are.

That they are good there is no doubt. Pure carbonic acid water, as I have said, is the same thing, and equally good, however produced. The artificial Vichy and Seltzer are good. Though the native waters at the spring are better, none the less the artificial waters are valuable resources for the physician, and also, as I have said, as ordinary beverages. Each has an excellent function. There is so much truth on both sides of the question that one need not quarrel over it. Both the importers and the manufacturers of mineral waters have room enough, and are supplying good and useful commodities; and in what I shall say about their curative values I shall not stop to distinguish between the two classes of them when both are to be had. The list of the imported waters, however, though it by no means includes all of even the principal spas, is yet a much longer list than that of the manufactured waters. Our main question is now fairly before us. What are the curative uses of mineral waters, the virtues and values of the im-

mestic spring? These waters are used with much more intelligent selection than formerly, with fitter adaptation to the complaints that are to be treated, and the public are not so confidently assured as formerly that a given water is a cure all, while our physicians are taking yearly more and more interest in this branch of their art.

For what complaints, and how, are they mainly useful? Two simple rules must be borne in mind for general guidance: (a) they are useful, as a rule, in chronic complaints only; (b) they should be given, preferably, during the intervals or remissions of the disease. Let me sketch some of the many cases in which mineral waters may prove curative or palliative, whether as tonics, sedatives, alteratives, or resolutes, in the treatment of some of the leading chronic affluents which make life a burden to many, beginning with the most numerous class of all who employ mineral waters, namely, with those who suffer from derangement of the digestive organs.

What constitutes dyspepsia, the complaint which in its more advanced stages we call catarrh of the stomach? It is derangement of gastric function, mainly of two kinds. The stomach may be inactive, with feeble secretion of the gastric juice, or overactive, with an excessive secretion. In the former case the food will be sluggishly and imperfectly digested, and the peristaltic movements will be sluggish and painful; and in the latter the food will leave the stomach before the solvent processes of digestion are accomplished. The former is called atonic, the latter acid, dyspepsia. Either class of invalids have before them, according to their need, a large range of choice in remedies.

For the complaining dyspeptic, then, the sufferer who is subject to indigestions more or less severe and frequent, but not as yet chronic, the predestinate victim of catarrh of the stomach, three rules must first of all be laid down. One of them is easy to follow, but two are hard, and they are these:

Fat loss; exercise more; and lastly—the easy rule—take a carbonated alkaline water in moderation, chosen according to the symptoms that are presented. When atonic dyspepsia exists, with anemia, the saline effluents should be used, as those of Franzensbad or Hom-

burg. That form of it which is situated in nervous dyspepsia is often relieved by the Buffalo bathing waters; an excellent corroborative remedy.

Acid dyspepsia is relieved by the alkaline waters, Carlsbad, Capon Springs, Highland Springs, Royat, Vichy, and others. The Alleghany Springs of Virginia contain waters much more very efficacious in many cases of dyspepsia, and so have the Blue Ridge Springs, which are almost identical in general composition.

Flatulent dyspepsia calls for the use of saline waters, such as our experience has shown since Kissineck, La. Belemont, Saratoga and Michigan Springs. The latter is especially useful when accompanied with flatulent accompaniments and nervous troubles.

But what may be done for the patient that is not so robust as when he comes to the stomach? The answer has an obvious path of relief before him, a natural one. He must practice temperance, exercise, regular habits; but he will never get well if he does not resort to these a thorough fast that restores the stomach organ. Some self-discipline can be aided by general remedies, but what that is, is not to be omitted.

Now then, the most essential agents that are brought to bear for the cure of the cure of chronic catarrh of the stomach. The best combination of the two is undoubtedly to be provided by going to Carlsbad or Vichy, and submitting one's self to the skilled hands of Karius or from Burger or Kautz. But we cannot all do this, and I am writing for the use of those who must employ mineral waters at all at home.

After proper adjustment of one's habits of sleep, exercise, and temperance, let the invalid choose according to competent advice among the following remedies. If there are moderate pains and irritation, the alkaline water of Carlsbad should be used. Drink a glass of Sarsaparilla or Mullein immediately on rising, and again during the day, as may be advised by the physician. I have known good effects to be produced in the complaint by the use of what is known as the "Miraculous Carlsbad," or the water charged with an additional quantity of the salts procured from it by distillation. These salts, of which the sulphate of soda, or glauher's salt, is the leading constituent, are exported in large quantity, either in the form of a powder,

or of the so-called Sprudel lozenges. The waters of Vichy are also efficacious in this complaint.

Chronic dyspepsia, another very difficult and persistent complaint, is sometimes relieved or cured by the use of an iron water after other remedies have failed, and one of the strong saline waters, that of the Pennsylvania Iron-ore Spring, has been found very serviceable in this complaint. The Bedford Alum and Bath Alum waters of Virginia, in which iron is a leading constituent, will not infrequently bring about a cure. The waters of the Oak Orchard Acid Springs are so hot with the system is much run down, they contain ten grains of sulphate of iron per pint, and must be drunk diluted with an equal quantity of pure water.

Constipation is a symptom of increased intestinal activity, whether of secretion or muscular action. In many cases it is cured by the use of the alkaline waters, as Carlsbad, Marienbad, Tarasp, Kissineck, and the Saratoga waters, among which the excellent Hotchorn water may be especially mentioned. The natural combination of this water in water is however that of any other and to be compared with it.

With chronic dyspepsia, however, it forms a large contingent among the invalids who have been helped from the home use of mineral waters. It is often in many cases, at least when chronic, is the symptom of nervous weakness, of chronic, and the disease is quite as proper a subject for medical treatment, though unduly it is seldom at really cured as a medical disease. It is often a disease which the use of the potent salts of the potent salts, but none the less is a good iron water needed of the patient, to augment and stimulate. It is one of the best of the sedative and alternative properties of a sulphate water are required. Of the former waters, I will mention Pyrmont, Schwalbach, Spa, Saratoga, Montmorency, Rawley Springs, Cooches Well, the last two strong and valuable water, and produce diuretic and aperient effects by virtue of the salts which it contains. The Cooches Well water is especially available where local disease or irritation produces the hysteria; it is a pure iron water.

Hysteria is for the most part dependent—a spinal irritation; and it is a disease

of which the deeper pathological causes remain imperfectly understood, while its protean and multiform manifestations are but too familiar to every practising physician. In these cases, when not too far advanced, there is a great deal in the "will cure." When the patient's good sense and good will may be called upon, there is hope, and she should bear in mind Trousseau's striking maxim, "*Traitez les nerfs en canaille*" (Domineer over your nerves).

The sufferer from hypochondria sees all his troubles through the magnifying end of the glass, and all his good fortune through the minifying or belittling end. For this false way of looking at things, and for the misery that results from it, there is often a definite physical cause in some derangement of the abdominal organs, or sluggishness of the bowels; and when this is the case the cure is not hard to find. But we are now speaking of chronic cases, and in these the use of the alkaline-saline waters, Royat, Marienbad, and Tarasp (which is stronger than either of the preceding springs), or in our country the Bedford Springs and the Saratoga and Ballston waters, among other saline springs, is indicated. After the organic derangement which has caused the trouble has been cured, a tonic water should be used to improve the strength.

Neuralgia and headaches are amenable to home treatment by mineral waters when they depend either upon digestive derangements, upon specific diseases of any kind, or upon general debility; but the more stubborn forms of neuralgia will require all the resources of the physician, including often a complete change in the sufferer's way of living; and for such cases a trip to a mineral spring will sometimes bring about a cure when all other remedies have failed.

Mineral waters have no specific value in phthisis, and yet their use as an aid to digestion and as a tonic is not infrequently of great value. The patient should use for this purpose a carbonated water containing iron, such as the Bath Alum or Rockbridge Alum springs in moderate quantities, or the Pymont, Schwalbach, and Rawley spring water in larger. These will often prove an extremely valuable aid to assimilation; they will agree with those persons of delicate organization who cannot well bear the

alcoholic stimulants, and who yet imperatively require aid to the digestive functions. If the mineralized waters are not well borne, then the invalid should use plain carbonic acid water. Experience has convinced me that these waters have been undervalued in the treatment of the consumptive diathesis. But while I assign to them a real value, let me be clearly understood to say that they serve only as an adjunct treatment to a cure in which climate, sunlight, exercise, and regulated diet and stimulants must always hold the first place.

To allay the irritation of the lungs, and to exercise a calming influence upon the heart, the sedative waters of the Red Sulphur Springs in Virginia are of great value. They give relief in the earlier stages of phthisis, while in chronic bronchitis or bronchial catarrh (sometimes mistaken for consumption) they will often effect a cure, especially if the disease occurs in patients of a sanguine or irritable temperament. In patients of the lymphatic type it is best treated by one of the sulphur waters, as those of Aix-la-Chapelle. Those of Aix-la-Savoie, are among the best, but they are not exported. Those of Shamon Springs are of much value in this disease and in elderly man's somnolence.

Dry catarrh with asthma is benefited by the alkaline-saline waters. When accompanied by chronic catarrh, it is sometimes cured by a sedative water, as that of the Red Sulphur Springs.

Chronic post-nasal catarrh is probably the commonest of chronic diseases in this country. It is one of the most stubborn and troublesome ailments that flesh is heir to, requiring both skilful local and constitutional treatment. Catarrh is our national complaint, and it is a national calamity. Due to our bad climate, fully one-half of our adult population suffers more or less from it, and it has injured us in the eyes and the ears of the world more than any lost battles or repudiated debts have injured us.

Far be it from me to say that the use of mineral waters can ever prevail against enemies so formidable and maleficent as our extreme and fitful winters' cold, our extreme and fitful summers' heat, our dry air, and our dusty summers. For our invalid the ideal climate is that of the Hawaiian Islands—Honolulu for drier, Hilo for moister air; or other parts of the

tient is of the lymphatic temperament. The saline waters, as those of Kissingen and Saratoga, are here of especial use, and they should be accompanied by warm baths of the sulphur waters, of which Richfield and Sharon springs form an excellent type, and the alkaline sulphur waters of Sharon Springs are also very useful. When, on the other hand, the sufferer is of the nervous temperament, he will find the most benefit from tepid baths, with but slight mineralization. It is not easy to give a definite pathological reason for this distinction, and yet I have found that in practice the distinction exists. At many of our home establishments in the larger cities these baths can be taken with advantage, or at such an establishment as that of Dansville, in New York, where the arrangements for bathing are very complete. Bouches of hot sand, as recommended by Troussau, are also of use in the cure of the more stubborn cases of rheumatism.

Gout, on the other hand, is especially benefited by the internal use of mineral waters. It depends upon the uric acid diathesis, or an excess of the salts of urea in the blood—a condition which is caused by high living and over-assimilation. It is also distinguished from rheumatism by its usually more intolerable pain, its more frequent occurrence in the foot than elsewhere, and its preference for men rather than women for its victims, the reason being that women commit fewer excesses in diet than men. A remedy is found in saline or alkaline waters.

Anemia is of two very different kinds. It may be the result of exhausting hemorrhages, or it may be the wasting and impoverishment of the blood through the action of pathological causes of long standing. It is important to distinguish between these forms of anemia; I have known serious harm to result from confounding them in practice. The anemia of exhaustion is usually cured without difficulty, as a general thing, by the use of iron waters and a generous diet. These waters hold but a secondary place, on the other hand, in the treatment of the cachectic anemia. Our question must be: What is the cause of the anemia? What has impoverished the blood and weakened the constitution? Is it organic trouble of some kind, or accidental injury, or mental disturbances? This question answered, the mineral water will be chosen

which is adapted to the cure of the exciting cause, whether it be albuminuria, phthisis, dyspepsia, mental suffering, or any other. The waters of Bussang, which are tonic, alterative, and gently aperient, are among the very best as a general tonic in anemia. Over a million bottles of the water are annually exported. The Columbian Spring, Saratoga, is also an excellent tonic in anemia.

Chlorosis frequently takes the symptoms of the disease just described; but it is essentially a complaint of early womanhood, and characterized by deficiency in the red globules of the blood. The remedy is to feed the blood with a suitable ferruginous water, as that of Franzensbad, Bussang, Elster, St. Moritz, or Cooper's Well.

Diabetes, while requiring the strictest cure of diet, and while it is not always curable, is yet often amenable to the influences of the alkali-line waters, as those of Vichy, Carlsbad, Bethesda Springs. One authority of high reputation (Niemeyer) goes so far as to say that "in our present state of knowledge a course of waters at Carlsbad is the measure which should precede the chief remedy as a remedy for diabetes mellitus." This is borne out by my own observation. "The disease has been studied especially by Carlsbad physicians, but it was Hufeland who first designated the Carlsbad waters as especially available in its treatment. The essential nature and even the seat of the disease are not well understood; but its symptoms and its course are only too familiar from their frequency. The dryness of the skin, the unquenchable thirst, unrelieved sometimes even by drinking three or four gallons of water in a day, the immense drain upon the secretory organs and the gradual wasting away of the patient, its prevalence during middle life—all these make up the picture of a disease which occurs with growing frequency, and especially among people of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits, and which attacks the victim during the best years of middle life rather than during youth or age. Its relief, and sometimes undoubtedly its cure, are brought about by the use of the Carlsbad waters, in connection with a strict dietary regimen, in which gluten bread should be used, and starch and sugar otherwise excluded from the bill of fare. These waters and their extracted salts are exported in great quantity. As

by the gate. But he did not send them a loud and hearty greeting, as was his wont. When he came up the pathway they could see that his face was unusually grave, and his very first words, addressed to Flora, were of an astounding character.

"Have you heard anything of Alison?" said he.

"Of Alison?" she repeated, quite taken aback. "No, we have not heard, and I was wondering she did not send us a line; but you—of course you—"

"I declare to you I haven't heard a single word from her since she left!" he exclaimed. "Day after day, day after day, I have waited, making certain that the next morning would bring me a letter, and I have written four or five times to her; not a single word of reply. And you have heard nothing either?"

"Not anything," said Flora, who was quite bewildered. "Ludovick you—you don't mean to say she has never written to you since she went back to Kirk o' Shields?"

"I have not heard from her in any way whatsoever," he answered. "She might be dead for anything I know. What can be the meaning of it? I confess that I did not write for a day or two after she left; I did not want to be too pressing; but even if she were offended with me, I made sure you would have heard from her."

"Don't think such things of Alison," Flora said at once. "She is not offended. It is more serious than that."

He started slightly, and a curious look came suddenly over his face.

"Perhaps," said he, slowly, "it is against her will; she may not be allowed."

Hugh noticed that look.

"I say, Ludovick," he interposed, "it may be so, but you won't mend matters by doing anything in anger."

"Oh, anger or no anger," the young man retorted, impatiently—with his face grown quite pale and set hard, for he appeared to be contemplating many and distant things.

"Come into the house, Ludovick," Flora said, "and let's talk it over."

"No," he answered. "No. This will do very well. You are quite right, Flora; Alison can't be offended. It's something else—undoubtedly." He seemed hardly to know what he was saying, so intently was his mind fixed upon those distant possi-

bilities; and a slight inflation of the nostril was the only outward sign of the war of self control going on within. "Of course there is but the one thing—I must go and see her at once—I must go and see how she is being treated."

Flora put her hand on his arm.

"Don't do anything rash, Ludovick; you might make matters worse."

"Then I suppose I have not the right to see her; is that it?" he said, wearily; but indeed he did not mean to quarrel with this kind-hearted friend: the young man was out of his senses with this quick strife of pity and indignation and anger; he was guessing at all manner of things as happening to Alison in that hateful place far away).

"Look here, Ludovick," Hugh interposed, in a gentle fashion, "consider how difficult Alison's position must be. She is between father and husband; most likely she doesn't know which to obey—"

"Obey?" he exclaimed. "I don't want her to obey anything or anybody. I want her to have the freedom that every one else in this kingdom has. I shan't oblige that she may not write a line to say she is alive." Well, I'll have an end of that kind of obeying—and soon?"

"Ludovick, you don't know in the least what has happened," Hugh said, "and if you went to that out—you would be like a bull in a china shop, and make endless mischief. But there are two simple ways of getting to know, and you may take which you please. Flora can write to Agnes. If there's any objection to Alison writing to you, there can be none to Agnes writing to her cousin, surely. On the other hand, if you like, I will go and see what it all means. Mind, I never filed this claim from the first; but now it's done I'll stand by you and Alison; and I'll do anything you want me to do. I can go down by to-morrow morning's steamer and by the afternoon you'll have a telegram."

"Well, there's some reason in that," Macdonell said, after some hesitation and holding his breath a little. "But—but why should I ask for help? Why should I keep away like a coward? And—and why should I put the responsibility on to anybody else's shoulders?"

"Ludovick, what are you talking about?" Flora cried. "I thought we were friends! But if you'll take my advice you won't let Hugh go. His other

was in the *holly* way. Let me write to Anne. I think I can be more diplomatic than either of you. I think I can make things for Anne to tell us—everything we want to know—without stirring up strife; and surely I may say that mother has been surprised to have heard nothing about Anne's coming into the room. Frederick, and I will do nothing like what I mean to say, and you can tell me what you think of it.

It was Mary's suggestion that was adopted after all, and thus were into the room where she sat stand the composition of an exceedingly skillful letter—simple and ordinary at outward appearance, and simple at heart and content to another; and from some of the most only look but with no less surprise or surprise—hardly Lord's Mary's suggestion were away from the room, and as the most perfect in the present.

But they had not to wait for any response to these most important in the moment, and even more than they could have dreamed of, came the very next afternoon, and to Anne's father. And Frederick, as it seemed had gone out for a little while, as you into your for Frederick was not directly mentioned, and had to be treated with some consideration—and the position contrary alone, and knowing her well enough, stopped and gave her the letter he had for her. She was not far from the garden gate yet she paused for a second when she recognized the handwriting in the envelope. She too had been wondering why no news had come from Anne. And here, perhaps, was the explanation.

She opened the letter, which appeared to consist of a hundred hundred-words, and was proceeding to glance over these as she waited a sign, when suddenly she halted in the middle of the roadway, and stood stock-still there, while she deliberately went back to the first page and began reading every line: for this was what Mrs. Cowan of Corbieslaw, writing from Kirk o' Shields, had to say:

"DEAR MADAM.—I hope you will pardon my addressing you, but I am sure you have still an affectionate spot in your heart toward your misguided niece, that has got her into such sore trouble, from the which I hope with the Lord's blessing and mercy she may be soon released, to begin again a source of thank-

fulness and cherishing to her many friends, including yourself, dear madam. The deceitful and *pricked* young man that induced her to forget the faith of her father—and the way of her bringing up, and to go through a *mock* marriage with a Roman Catholic, has no doubt contrived for our sakes from you, dear Mrs. Child, but his cruel designs have been frustrated, thanks to an all-wise and ever-watchful Providence, and his own conscience will do the rest, so far as he is concerned. And as for our poor dear Anne, through how she could be led into such a thing, having yourself to go to, and being in such a position with her expectations from her aunt—knowledge of things that *open* *positively* toward her, I can not understand, but now I am thankful to say she is penitent and humble, and with the best of hope and letters, she will be able to begin her new life, and that you can to begin her new life. For with the Anne, now that the marriage has been dissolved into by *her* *will* as well as by the law, what a burden it is to you, seriously that the young man's *character*, it that it to be called a *character* that would destroy us soul and body, even that *character* would seem to be destroyed, it that it the more to be desired that you Anne can find herself free from any bond, as I have to tell her father and mother and friend only by the natural obedience to her father, as far as that would be, it is consent to do all things as to command, and certain under obedience of our heavenly Father, who you put them in his hands. And now I am glad to inform you that and honored madam, that her heart, that at first was *hard* as the *other* *millstone*, has softened at last, and no wonder, for when her father, in his own manner before the whole congregation, had to lift up his voice and wrestle with the Lord in prayer and supplicate that his own daughter should be brought to know how she had wandered into the paths of transgression, and forsaken the home and the teaching of her youth, and become a stumbling-block to the righteous, and a shame to those of her own age that had received the Sacrament with her, it was no wonder, and I rejoiced to see it, that the tears were running down her half-hidden face in token of her penitence and contrition for the sin she had done."

And the tears were running down Aunt Gilchrist's face too; but they were not tears of pity and sympathy at all: they were tears of maddened and impotent rage.

"If I was a man! if I was a man!" she muttered to herself, with clinched teeth; and she could not read any more of the letter because of her streaming eyes; she walked quietly on to the gate, and up the pathway, and into the house, dashing Flora unceremoniously aside when the wondering girl asked her what was the matter. And even in her own room she did not return to the letter. She kept marching up and down, wringing her hands in a kind of frenzy, and uttering brief exclamations from time to time.

"My lamb! my lamb! My bairn! to be treated like that!—and not one near her to comfort her!"

And then, in the very uselessness and helplessness of her indignation, she sank into a seat and burst into a fit of passionate weeping, sobbing like a school-girl, with her handkerchief over her eyes. When she came out of that fit she was a good deal calmer, but there was a look about her face, especially about her lips, that Mrs. Cowan of Corbieslaw would not have greeted with any degree of welcome.

"And now, dear madam," the letter continued, "I would like to tell you what we have done as best becoming your niece's interests, temporal and eternal, and as she is now convinced that the marriage she was so shamefully intrigued into would not be recognized by the Romans themselves, and that she is therefore not a wife, as the young man confesses himself, or why does he address his letters to *Miss Alison Blair*? though it is of little consequence, as she has been forbidden to answer them, but as I was saying, she is now, according to both the laws of God and man, under the government and direction of her father, who has thought fit to put some of his authority on to my shoulders, in *all kindness*, I would say, and I will take charge of her until this unhappy affair has been forgotten. It will comfort you, dear madam, to know that the wicked contract she was entrapped into will in time cease to have any power over her, for the law, as I have it on the *best authority*, leaves a merciful way of escape for them that have been so beguiled; and in the mean time we have but to see that she is kept away from the designs and machinations

of that godless young man. She has placed herself in our hands, being sincerely penitent for the shame she has brought on a Christian household, and though there will be no harshness—"

"Harshness!" said Aunt Gilchrist with burning eyes. "My woman! if I was within reach of your ill-faured face!"

"—she has consented to do whatever she is bid, and our first step will be to remove her from any risk of further *contamination*. He will soon stop writing when he finds his letters not answered; and if he seeks her in her own home or elsewhere, he will seek in vain. So, dear Mrs. Gilchrist, we have reason to rejoice in all proper humility and humble uplifting of a thankful heart that the sheep has returned to the fold, and that the Good Shepherd has not been robbed of one of His lambs.

"Just one word more, dear madam, if I may make so bold, for I am greatly concerned about the welfare of that poor misguided young lady, and I would presume to hope that your *generous intentions* with regard to her *worldly interests* will not be interfered with by what has happened. The *kindness* of her *uncle* would be an additional inducement for her to persevere in the *laudable course* she has now entered upon, and I am sure, dear madam, that at no time could you have reconciled it with your *conscience* and your *duty* to allow any portion of your earthly possessions to come under the control of a Roman Catholic, to pay tribute to Antichrist, and help to fetter the *priests* and the *Pope* that are the enemies of the Word, and of them that dwell in Zion."

"Oh, this woman! this woman! she keeps me!" Aunt Gilchrist cried furiously, and she went to the bell-rope and pulled it again and again.

A Highland maid-servant appeared, with eyes large, staring, and amazed.

"Bella, there's a good lass, ye'll go directly and get that bad John, and send him along to Carmichael's, and he's to get a powny there and gallop as hard's he can out to Cyre Throe, and tell Captain Macdonell that he's to come and see me just at once. Thye couldnaud maw?—and John is not to lose a moment, and a moment!"

"Oh yes, mem," said the maid, smiling. "Johnny will go fast enough when it oss a powny to lass he's to."

"That's very kind of you," he said, and he was going away absently, and I thought, with his head bowed down, as he mentioned that he might agree to ask Aunt Catherine to step into his room and meet me there.

"No, thank you—no, thank you," she made answer. "There's no great harm, but I feel as if there was, and I'm hungry for the outside air. The weather's a great deal better. I've been last a while, and I'm all content not to be bothered any more. Ay, ay, I'm thinking there's a different story to tell when you get to K. P. or Smith's."

$$Y_0 = 1.875Y_1 \quad \wedge \quad Y_1 = 0.2$$

fore them during which they could discuss what further to be done.

This same point Aunt Gilchrist was very nearly becoming angry with the young man—who could not understand the obvious leniency, or perhaps it was rather the contemptuous indifference with which he seemed to regard Mrs. Munro as the husband.

"She is merely a stupid and ignorant person," said he.

"She is cunning, shrewd!" Aunt Gilchrist exclaimed, indignantly. "O proud, impudent, brazen-faced woman!"

"I dare say she thinks she is doing quite properly, and has the best interests of everybody concerned most especially with regard to the interests of her son, for very good people sometimes give way to a little natural bias. But I wonder," he continued, "what she means by saying that the law offers some way of escape to any one in Alison's position. I suppose she has got hold of some vulgar superstition. There are plenty such and particularly with regard to marriage. However, I don't think there will be any trouble about that. If it comes to the question of choosing witnesses, well, I think to my pocket at this moment is the document that I think will settle that point. Would you like to see it?" Aunt Gilchrist said.

"Yes, I should," said Aunt Gilchrist, getting out her gold-rimmed glasses.

But this was hardly a court document that he drew from his pocket. One oblong sheet of blue-lined paper, with the printed matter respectful to grand juries and with a number of hand-written columns in its parallel columns. Aunt Gilchrist having fixed her eye-glasses, got hold of this formidable document; and by the aid of the attorney that was standing and around them, and that made those green-printed lines look sterner, she easily mastered its contents. It was entitled, "*Testament of an Entry in a Register of Marriages kept in the underwritten Parochial Register, in terms of 17 and 18 Victoria Chap. 86, 15 56 and 58*," and then in its successive columns were all the details of the marriage between Ludovick Macdonald, bachelor, of Oyre House, Lochaber, and Alison Blair, spinster, of 5 East Street, Kirk o' Shields. Their respective ages were given, the names of father and mother on each side, the date of the sheriff-substitute's warrant, and finally the signature of the registrar. Aunt Gilchrist found herself

flourishing there along with Hugh Munro, as a witness of the marriage; in short, this paper contained a complete history of the ceremony, and an exhibition of the forms that had been gone through, as by law ordained.

Aunt Gilchrist laughed and said,

"I'm thinking how I'll discover it's rather difficult all to get over that." But then her eyes grew anxious again. "And oh Ludovick Ludovick, ye'll lose no time or thinking and poor Alison, and protect her, and comfort her! It just breaks my heart to think what she must have been withering and about her, quite alone, ye may say, with nobody to take her part."

"As soon as I can get hold of Alison herself it will be all right, Aunt Gilchrist," said he. "I am going pretty slowly, what they ye is a widow. They have told her lies about her not being married, and they were against the marriage, and the congregation to bear on her, and all kinds of foolishness to be sure. But she had no one to appeal to; no doubt they threatened her with prison and penalties if she ever said a word. I don't suppose they have heard her yet. Give us the paper, and say, have those, in some things of hardly more in the nineteenth century in both a "bible" but anyhow, if they have helped her up you may find me to find the law. And there's another thing, Aunt Gilchrist, when we can't find Will, I don't think I'll go along to the Munros. I will stay at the hotel and be off by the first steamer in the morning. The fact is it would be no use having this matter discussed by the whole family. You know both Doctor and Mrs. Munro were against the marriage; and although they are less good, indeed to say, 'I told you so,' still I suppose they would naturally exaggerate this trouble that has come along. I shall have to find out about it first for myself, but you may tell Hugh that if I want him to come and help me I will telegraph to him."

So the little old dame, in a measure satisfied with what she had done, went back by herself to the Munro villa, and found the household assembling for supper. She was very reticent over what had occurred; but subsequently she told Flora that Captain Ludovick was setting out next morning for Kirk o' Shields, and that quite possibly Hugh might be sent for.

CHAPTER XX.

MAN TO MAN.

THE only hotel that calls itself a hotel in Kirk o' Shields is chiefly a public-house on the ground-floor, with the upper rooms devoted to the entertainment of an occasional commercial traveller. It was at this hostelry that Ludovick Macdonell arrived, deposited his travelling bag, and told the good landlady that he should want some dinner in the evening; then he immediately sallied forth, making straight for the Minister's house. And very little did he notice of the squalor of these thoroughfares, or of the thick pall of smoke that did duty for a sky; nor had he any objection to this dull thunderous roar of hammer and engine and forge that seemed to fill the air for leagues around. To him Kirk o' Shields was an engrossingly interesting, even a fascinating, place: why, Alison had walked along these streets; when she was in Lochaber she had spoken of them and thought of them; now, at this very moment, there was the possibility that at any corner he might suddenly find himself face to face with Alison!

He knocked at the Minister's door; it was opened by the red-headed, freckled servant lass Jean. And it was clear that she instantly recognized him, for she retreated half a step, her blue eyes looking frightened.

"Is Miss Alison at home?" he asked.

"N—no, sir," she stammered, in reply.

"When will she be at home?"

"She's no staying here, sir," the girl answered, rather breathlessly.

"What?" he said—for indeed he had paid but little attention to Mrs. Cowan's threats.

"I dinna ken; and—and if I did ken, I daurna tell ye, sir."

He seemed rather bewildered.

"What nonsense is this?" he said, impatiently. "Is the Minister at home?"

"No, sir; this is me o' his yeastin' days."

"Well, Miss Agnes, then?"

"No; Miss Agnes is oot the noo."

He was disconcerted only for a moment.

"Well, I'm coming in to wait until I see somebody," he said, in a sufficiently decisive fashion; and as he forthwith entered the house, she had, of course, to make way for him, and she shut the outer door when he had gone by.

But as soon as she had followed him into the little parlor an odd change came over Jean's manner; she was now quite eager and communicative—in this safe privacy.

"Indeed, sir, there's been an awfu' to-do, and ye'll jist say ye insisted on coming into the hoose; for although I dinna think much o' my place—they unco guid folk are ower guid for the like o' me—I dinna want to be turned oot neck and crop at anither body's biddin'; and I wasna to tell ye onything, or let ye into the hoose, or say a word to ye—"

"And whose orders were these?" he asked.

"Mrs. Cowan's," Jean said, looking a little frightened again.

"Is Mrs. Cowan your mistress?"

"No, Guid be thankit!" the girl said, fervently. "But ye see, sir, she's ta'en the upper hand in a' this, and mind, ye mair say ye can't enter the hoose without ray will o' mine, but I'll tell ye what I can—I will, I will—if I'm sent back to Lornock end the morn's mornin'. And I tell ye, sir, it's a downright crying shame the way they've been treatin' Miss Alison—preachin' at her frae the pulpit—frae the pulpit before a' the folk!—and that auld wife Cowan whinnin' and whinnin' about penitence and remission o' sins—it's just—it's just— But I'll no say a bad word, though they've been near drivin' me to't mair than once; and there's Miss Agnes mostly out o' her senses, and clean out o' them small before lang—I've to sleep beside her at nights, that was Miss Alison's last word, and it's greetin' for hours she is, and then terrible talkin' about angels and thrones, and her mother that's dead and gone, poor body, ye would think her mother and hersel' were greetin' together about what has happened to Miss Alison. I declare I'm jist fair scurried wi' they unco religious folk, and I dinna care a docker how soon I'm back on Lornock side again, and here, in my father's kye, if I only get a sup o' milk for't!"

But the red-headed Jean's eager volubility contained no information.

"Look here, my good girl," said he, gently, "if you consider that Miss Alison has been so ill, wadn't you think you could give a little help? I've come to take her part—probably she will go away with me altogether. And I dare say you have been told not to say where she is—"

with I won't ask you to tell me plump and plain; still couldn't you give me some small hint—just some hint of intention, you know, without actually saying anything that would set you into motion?"

He put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and pulled out a sovereign—the first moment she saw the money she thought of it as—

"Don't you tell her—come, is that?" and she, with considerable complacency, "I should never whet for her the spade is a thing and I'm not going to be cross-questioned before the Court!"

He hesitated for a moment. He was not quite sure of her; now was he quite sure what he should do? He decided too absurd that anybody should suppose that Alison could be moved off in this way and hidden from him. And might not this be merely a story that the servants had told her? He looked at her. Was it not quite possible that Alison was at this very moment making a dash for her door and that he had followed her? He looked at her again. Then he rapidly went to the door and opened it a few inches.

"Don't you think you," he said, fixing his eyes hard on the girl, "don't you think now that if I were to tell him enough, Miss Alison would hear?"

"But she was not started!"

"No, thank you, no, I'm not going!" she said, somewhat indignantly. "If I knew where Miss Alison was I do believe I'd tell you and wrap up together at the whole even of them. Good-bye, as well, though it was long for me, my place!"

"I do believe you would," he said, for he could no longer doubt the girl's sincerity; "and you'll just take this little present from me to buy yourself some rubbers when the time comes round. It isn't a bribe; you haven't told me, and so it's all right. And the last time I saw you, you said his head drops off, which you have nothing to confess—don't you see that?"

He made her take the money; and they had some further conversation together. During which he learned that the Minister would not be home until the "harvest end" of the day, and also that Jean was perfectly certain that Miss Agnes was as ignorant as herself concerning Alison's whereabouts. In these circumstances he considered that it was hardly worth his

while to spend the intervening hours in this dull time passing, and so, saying that he would return about the time the Minister was expected home, he left the house and wandered out into the streets.

But the more he thought over all this matter, the more intolerable the insolence of this woman's vanity seemed to become. A woman, she said, Aunt Catherine had called him, and no doubt she had got the Minister well under her thumb before he had allowed her to assume such authority over his own daughter. As for the time of carrying Alison away to hiding, Captain Macdonell at first paid little heed to that. It was a preposterous piece of audacity and nothing more. We were living in the nineteenth century. The Minister was a reasonable human being; he soon as he was appealed to he would recognize the futility of this attempted deception. It was merely the act of an recommending and ignorant woman who did not know that there was such a thing as an estimate of the Court of Session—a remarkably important kind of thing, moreover. No doubt the Minister was a sort of an old and unchangeable with the world's affairs; he had allowed this influence long only to take charge of Alison, and it was his duty now that she should keep the young life away from her husband by the simple expedient of removing her to some other dwelling. Worries of these houses then held Alison might always see her from one of these windows. He was if not possible he would not have been along the way, through the air coming round the corner of the next street. For they could not have found her up. He reminded himself again that he was living in the nineteenth century, and indeed was not much concerned about this foolish device of concealment.

But matters assumed a very different aspect in the evening. When he returned to the house Mr Blair was at home; and Captain Macdonell was shown into the parlor. A moment thereafter the Minister made his appearance. He deeply lined, sorrowful face showing neither surprise nor anger but only a calm self-possession, and when he came into the room the two men remained standing, facing each other.

"Mr Blair, I want you to tell me where Alison is," Macdonell said at once, and without further ceremony.

"By what right do you ask?" the Minister made answer, slowly.

The younger man was rather taken aback.

"By what right? By a very good right, I imagine. I presume you know—indeed you must know—that Alison and I are married."

The Minister regarded him for a moment in silence; and then said, in his measured and deliberate fashion:

"You show some confidence, young man, in coming to me—to me, her father—with any such demand. I will not ask you what has been your conduct toward a young girl deprived for a brief time of parental guidance and advice, unprotected, alone, and ignorant of the consequences of her acts. I leave that to your own conscience. I am aware that in the hey-day of youth there may be an impetuosity that spurns all considerations, and would sacrifice all interests and duties to its own selfish ends; but in time the still small voice makes itself heard—if God is merciful to the transgressor. I do not seek now to bring home to you a sense of what you have done; I leave that in higher hands than mine; but when you come to me and ask me to give my daughter into your charge—knowing, as I do, that the consequence must be her spiritual ruin, the forfeiture of her soul's birthright—you cannot wonder if I distinctly say no."

"You call yourself a clergyman, a minister," Macdonell said, hotly, "and you want to come between man and wife!"

But this stern-faced, sad-eyed old man was not to be moved into any angry retort.

"Well, you know," he said, in those measured, impressive tones, "that your own Church—false and perverted, as we deem it to be, and a fountain of iniquity—even your Church refuses to recognize a civil marriage. And you are you, not governed by its doctrines and practices? Who is your lord and king? The Pope of Rome. In his eyes you are not married. In his eyes my daughter is not bounden to you by any tie whatever. If you have a master, why not obey him? If you set him up as your king, why not serve him? If you have raised your idol on high, give him the worship and obedience due to him, and leave my daughter to live and die among her own kindred and those of her own faith."

It was the very simplicity and dignity

of this man—his inviolable and serene conviction—that seemed to drive Macdonell to desperation. He felt as if he were dashing himself against impalpable barriers that he was powerless to remove.

"I do know this," he said, somewhat excitedly, "that civil marriages are established by the law of this kingdom, and that whoever comes between husband and wife does so at his or her own peril. Do you think you can shut Alison up forever? Do you think there is no means of discovering her? Why, I thought it was merely some foolish trick of that woman Cowan! But now you come forward; you interpose; you accept the responsibility of what this ignorant woman appears to have done. Well, what do you expect will come of it? What do you hope to gain by it?"

"With God's blessing," the Minister said, calmly enough, "we hope to undo much, if not all, of the evil you have wrought. We hope to bring the child to a perception of her error in having strayed away from the fold of her own people. Her seclusion may be temporary: when she comes forth from it, she will come forth as one purified and restored to her right mind; and she will return to dwell within the tents of Israel, among her own."

"But the same madness!" the younger man exclaimed, for he was rapidly losing his self-control. "She is married! *you* is my wife! I don't know what your particular congregation may think—but I know that even in Catholic countries, let alone Protestant countries, civil marriages are recognized as freely as any other; and I know, in this country, that the law, which institutes civil marriage, is bound to hold it valid. Valid?—I should think it was! There is no marriage more absolute and irrevocable. And do you imagine I am going to stand by and allow Alison to be shut up like that, and preached at, and lectured into submission, and *wronged*? I want to learn something about this instruction that is going on: I'm not quite satisfied about the gentle ways of the saints. And am I to understand that you definitely and finally refuse to tell me where Alison is?"

"I do refuse," the Minister said, with tranquil self-possession.

"You don't deny that I can compel you, then?" he demanded, with eyes aflame.

"I know you cannot," was the calm answer.

The young man's heart was hot within him. He began to recall, with a painful acuteness, certain terms of Mrs. Cowan's letter; and the fancy that this young wife might be suffering all kinds of mental and moral torture, in some unknown place, and thinking of him, and wondering why he did not come to her rescue—all this drove him to the verge of frenzy. He did not notice that it was now raining fast; and he had neither overcoat nor umbrella. The black night was all around him; and above him the heavy, red-pulsating skies: sometimes one of the iron works sent up a sudden flame that threw his shadow across the half-seen highway. But while this wild war of piteous commiseration, and indignant wrath, and thirst for vengeance seemed driving him to distraction, plans were forming too. The very next morning he would go to Edinburgh and see his old friend Balwhinnan, an advocate there. Mr. Balwhinnan would advise him how to put the courts in motion: the conspirators would speedily learn whether they could with impunity steal away a young wife from her husband. Going to jail for conscience' sake would not avail, made and broken: perhaps, when the moment arrived, that fanatical resolution would falter. But if not, if that Minister still remained obdurate—then let the law take its course! If there were any question about the validity of the marriage, if there were any doubt as to the young husband's legal status, this would be his answer. Perhaps the doubts would be removed when the doubter found himself within the compass of a prison cell.

And sometimes a haunting voice would try to say to him: "What is this you are about to do? On whom are you going to

wreak your vengeance? In your inmost heart you know that this old man is no fanatic, no martyr, no charlatan, but one who believes in the Divine government of the world, who knows that for every action of his life he is accountable to his Maker, who is ready to suffer all things rather than offend against his conscience. Are you so blind that you cannot perceive the moral elevation, the unshakable and austere integrity, of such a man? What does he care for your threats? What are your prison walls to him?"

But he would not hear. Before his burning eyes there was a vision of Alison in her father's pew, her heart bent forward, and tears streaming down her face, while that congregation of sanctimonious Pharisees looked on and rejoiced that the Minister's daughter was stricken low and repentant and ashamed of her transgression. And there was another vision as well—of Aunt Gilchrist's "cunning she-devil"—the cat-like guardian of her pale prisoner, the whining preacher, the wheedling and croaking intermeddler; and he swore with his teeth set hard that the lawyers should pay a little attention to her also.

By and by he turned and set out again for Kirk o' Shields, through the thick rain. There was no chance of his missing his way: the sombre red glow was ever present there, in the heart of the lonely night. When he reached the river he was drenched through; but with the only splash of a Highlander he lay down and ate some soup and tried to tell the people that when he went to bed they must not let his clothes dry, for he was leaving early in the morning. It was to Edinburgh he was going.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LA VERETTE AND THE CARNIVAL IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

BY CAROLLO HEARST.

ONE returning from the country to the city in the carnival season is likely to find any comfortable rooms for rent. I have been lucky to secure one even in a rather retired street—so retired that it is really dangerous to stroll while descending it, lest one lose one's balance and tumble right across the road. It is not a fashionable street, the Rue de Montserrat; but, after all, there is no fashionable street

in this extraordinary city and its environs. The roughness of the foot-wear's chance to see something of its hidden nature. One consideration is that I have known Robert, for a poor, alone, neighbor who keeps the first *bonita* in town—since long into Martinique—where a stranger or sojourner becomes fond. Many Robert is a dealer in such common articles of food as the poor live upon: fruits and tropical vegetables, manioc-flour, "macadam" (a

smoked-dried and run through with salt & dried off again. Her *bonnets* and *lacy* trimmings have the longest puffs. Mamma Robert is said a sort of doctor, whose every one is the merchant and tells they she is sent for and always cures and very often cures as she cures and that in the family bed and as a death and death which she without herself upon the mother. But for this says she never accepts any remuneration; she is a sort of Mother of the poor in her immediate vicinity. She helps everybody that is poor and body & soul. She gives everybody some sort of consolation, lends everybody and never gets a deal of the through side of her body with out wanting to feel and the more for it. Pious and religious, but she appears to have everything that everybody wants, and will lend anything to her neighbors except a corner of a house. "And it is thought best to be left." And finally, if anybody is afraid of being her sister *opinion*. Mamma Robert is a remarkable person with a confidence that will sweep the household away.

IV.

Ash-Wednesday. The last masquerade will appear this afternoon and with dancing, but the carnival lasts in Martinique a day longer than elsewhere.

All through the winter district, from the best week of January, there have been wild festivities every Sunday, dancing on the public highways to the bathing of tarantulas. African dancing has such a place as in St. Pierre. In the city, however, there has been but increased there in 1855-56-57. The delayed victory of the population has been a great triumph by the advent of a terrible and unusual insect in the island. The *Verre* the cause by strange from China.

It was in September. Only two cases had been reported when every individual British subject participated against Martinique. Then other West Indian colonies did likewise. Only two small-pox. But there may be two thousand in another month. answered the governors and the consuls to many indignities. Among West Indian population, the only has a reputation of French to Europe or the United States. Humanitarian intermingling plays.

Two months later the little capital of Fort-de-France was swept by the pestilence as by a wind of death. Then the

evil began to spread. It entered St. Pierre in the consequent Christmas time. Last week 173 cases were reported, and a severe epidemic is almost certain. There were only 8000 inhabitants in Fort-de-France, there are 28,000 in the three quarters of St. Pierre proper, not including the suburbs, and there is no saying what progress the disease may make here.

VI.

There is a great hot and cold. In the distance there is a heavy sound of drums, and a shouting chorus, *Tom, tom, tom, tom, tom!* The Grande Rue is lined with elegant tall trees, and it is a square. The latter is lined through with windows. *Tom, tom, tom, tom, tom!* In one way next the square are buildings in color of deep red, and just out of windows, painted backward to the main street of the city, the street of the city.

"*Tom, tom, tom, tom!*" Where are the houses?

It is the Grand Rue. The square is for the houses. In the middle square, near the house, where the houses are. Mamma, her little fair haired and blue-eyed brother, three years old; and father, her eldest sister, aged four, two years old, mother.

There are a few more showing the French names in the houses of the same corner the street. Mamma with her beautiful white skin, black hair and blue eyes, black eyes in the middle of the face are all secondly pretty children. Were it not for the fact that they are not a beautiful family, there is really a certain resemblance to the *Grand Rue*, you would certainly believe them were a very children in the world.

The father of these children joined them very much to her, provided a home for them, a home in the corner of the Fort, with an allowance of two hundred francs monthly, and he died in the belief that their future was secured. But relatives fought the will with large means and showed loyalty and war. Yarn, the mother, found herself homeless and penniless, with three children to care for. But she was brave; she abandoned the costume of the upper class forever, put on the *doublet* and the *modest* the other that is a confession of race, and went to work. She is still so comely and so white that she seems only to be masquerading in that violet head-dress and long loose robe.

"*Vini ouè! vini ouè!*" cry the children to one another—"come and see!" The drums are drawing near; everybody is running to the Grande Rue.

IV.

Tam! tam! tam tam tam! The spectacle is interesting from the Batterie d'Esnot. High up the Rue Peysette—up all the precipitous streets that ascend the mornes—a far gathering of showy color appears: the massing of maskers in rose and blue and sulphur-yellow attire. Then what a *degringolade* begins!—what a tumbling, leaping, cascading of color as the troops descend! Simultaneously from north and south, from the landing and the Fort, two immense bands enter the Grande Rue—the great dancing societies these, the *Sans souci* and the *Intrepides*. They are rivals; they are the composers and singers of those carnival songs, cruel satires most often—of which the local meaning is unintelligible to those unacquainted with the incident inspiring the improvisation, of which the words are not often coarse or obscene, whose burdens will be caught up and recited through all the bouges of the island. Aile as may be the motive, the satire, the malice, these chants are preserved for generations by the singular beauty of the airs; and the victim of a carnival song need never hope that his failing or his wrong will be forgotten: it will be sung of long after he is in his grave.

Ten minutes more and the entire length of the street is thronged with a shouting, shrieking, laughing, gesticulating host of maskers. Thicker and thicker the press becomes: the drums are silent; all are waiting for the signal of the general dance. Jests and practical jokes are being every where perpetrated: there is a vast hubbub, made up of sermons, cries, chattering, laughing. Here and there snippets of carnival song are being sung: "*Cambroune, cambroune, cambroune!*" av. "*Ti jeun la douce, li douce, li douce!*" (Sweet thou, syrup the little woman is); this ditty will be remembered when the rest of the song passes out of fashion. By-and-bys reach out from the crowd of muses, pulling the beards and putting the faces of white spectators. "*Mora comait on ché? moia comait on dandane? ba moia ti d'ou fraye?*" It is best not to refuse the half franc; you don't know what these maskers might take a notion to do to-day.

Then all the great drums suddenly boom together; all the bands strike up; the mad medley crystallizes into some sort of order, and the immense processional dance begins. From the landing to the Fort there is but one continuous torrent of sound and color; you are dizzy by the tossing of peaked caps, the waving of hands, and twinkling of feet, and all this passes with a huge swing, a regular swaying to right and left. It will take at least an hour for all to pass, and it is an hour well worth passing. Band after band whirls by, the musicians all garbed as women or as monks in canary-colored habits; before them the dancers are dancing backward, with a motion of skaters; behind them all leap and wave hands as in pursuit. Most of the bands are playing creole airs, but that of the *Sans souci* strikes up the melody of the latest French song in vogue, "*Petite amoureuse aux plumes!*" (Little feathered lovers). Every body now seems to know this song by heart; you hear children only five or six years old singing it. There are pretty lines in it, although two out of its four stanzas are commonplace enough, and it is certainly the music rather than the words which accounts for its sudden popularity.

"*Petite amoureuse aux plumes!*"

(*Feathered little amorous creature!*)

Voix (singing) *Amoureuse!*

You—little amorous creature!

Voix (singing) *Amoureuse!*

(*Amorous little creature!*)

Voix (singing) *Amoureuse!*

(*Amorous little creature!*)

"Voix (singing) *Amoureuse!*"

(*Amorous little creature!*)

1. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

2. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

3. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

"Voix (singing) *Amoureuse!*"

(*Amorous little creature!*)

4. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

5. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

6. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

7. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

8. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

9. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

10. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

11. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

12. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

13. *Amoureuse, que t'as-tu comme un fagot?*

(*Amorous creature, what have you like a bundle of sticks?*)

like a vapor, like a cloud, creating the idea of a spectral vacuity behind it.

VII.

Every year, on the last day of the carnival, a droll ceremony used to take place called the "Burial of the Bois-bois"—the Bois-bois being a dummy, a guy, caricaturing the most unpopular thing in city life or in politics. This bois-bois, after having been paraded with mock solemnity through all the ways of St. Pierre, was either interred or "drowned"—flung into the sea. And yesterday the dancing societies had announced their intention to bury a *bois-bois laverette*—a manikin that was to represent the plague. But this bois-bois does not make its appearance. *La Verette* is too terrible a visitor to be made fun of, my friends: you will not laugh at her, because you dare not.

No; there is one who has the courage — a yellow goblin crying from behind his wire mask, in imitation of the *méchamment* : “*Ça qui te qualifie gredines à croquer le pain, yon sou ?*” (Who wants to buy fourteen verette spots for a sou ?)

Not a single laugh follows that jest. And just one week from to-day, poor mocking golden, you will have a great many more than *quodcumque querimus*, which will not cost you even a sou, and which will disguise you infinitely better than the mask you now wear; and they will pour quicklime over you ere ever they let you pass through this street again. In a seven franc coffin!

VIII

And the multicolored, multisonant stream rushes by, swerves off at last through the Rue des Ursulines to the Savannah, rolls over the new bridge of the Roxeline to the ancient quarter of the Font

All of a sudden there is a hush, a halt: the drums stop beating; the songs cease. Then I see a sudden scattering of goblins and demons and shiftnesses in all directions: they run into houses, up alleys, hide behind doorways. And the crowd parts; and straight through it, walking very quickly, comes a priest in his vestments, preceded by an acolyte who rings a little bell. *C'est Bon Dieu qui passe.* (It is the good God who now is by!) The father is bearing the *raftaïen* to some victim of the pestilence; one must not appear masked as a devil or a devilish in the presence of the Bon Die.

He goes by. The flood of maskers recloses behind the obnoxious passage; the drums boom again; the dance recommences; and all the fantastic mummerly eliks swiftly out of sight.

IX

Night falls: the maskers crowd to the ballrooms to dance strange tropical measures, that will become wilder and wilder as the hours pass. And through the black streets the Devil makes his last carnival round.

By the gleam of the old-fashioned oil lamps hung across the thoroughfares I can make out a few details of his costume. He is clad in red, wears a hideous blood-colored mask, and a cap of which the four sides are formed by four looking-glasses, the whole head-dress being surmounted by a red lantern. He has a white wig made of horse hair, to make him look weird and old, since the Devil is older than the world. Down the street he comes, leaping nearly his own height, chanting words without human significance, and followed by some three hundred boys who form the chorus to his chant, all clapping hands together, and giving tongue with a simultaneity that returns very strongly the sense of rhythm into the natural musical feeling of the African, a feeling powerful enough to impose itself upon all Spanish America, and there create the unmistakable characteristics of all that is called "canción negro."

sing the Devil and his chorus. His chant is enormous, dismal, issues from his chest like the sound of a drum beaten in the bottom of a well. "*Pi monamille bi laill mona buena*,"¹ strikes no note, little folk groan in concert. And all chant after him, in a chanting like the rushing of many waters, and with triple clapping of hands. "*Pi monamille bi laill mona buena*."² Then he lifts before a dwelling in the Rue Poysette and murders.

That is evidently a piece of spite-work: there is somebody living there against whom he has a grudge. "Heg! Heg!"

comfortable pantaloons of thin printed calico (*indienne*), having colored designs representing birds, frogs, leaves, lizards, flowers, butterflies, or kittens, or representing nothing in particular, being simply covered with arabesques. The *chinoise* is a loose body garment, very much like the real Chinese blouse, but always of brightly colored calico with fantastic designs. These things are worn at home during siestas, after office hours, and at night. To take a nap during the day with one's ordinary clothing on means always a terrible drenching from perspiration and an after-feeling of exhaustion almost indescribable, best expressed, perhaps, by the local term, *corps échaudé*. Therefore, on entering one's room for the siesta, one strips, puts on the light *moresque* and the *chinoise*, and dives in comfort. A suit of this sort is very neat, often quite pretty, and very cheap (costing only about six francs); the colors do not fade out in washing, and two good suits will last a year. Yvone can make two pairs of *moresques* and two *chinoises* in a single day upon her machine.

I have observed there is a prejudice here against treadle machines; the creole girls are persuaded they injure the health. Most of the sewing machines I have seen among this people are operated by hand with a sort of little crank.

XII

La machine à coudre.

Old physicians, indeed, predicted it, but who believed them?

It is as though something sluggish and viewless, dormant and deadly, had been suddenly awakened to furious life by the wind of robes and tread of myriad dancing feet, by the crash of cymbals and heavy vibration of drums. Within a few days there has been a frightful increase of the visitation, an almost incredible expansion of the invisible poison; the number of new cases and of deaths has successively doubled, tripled, quadrupled.

Great caldrons of tar are kindled now at night in the more thickly peopled streets, about one hundred paces apart, each being tended by an Indian laborer in the pay of the city: this is done with the idea of purifying the air. These sinister fires are never lighted but in times of pestilence and of tempest; on hurricane nights, when enormous waves roll in from the bottomless sea upon one

of the most fearful coasts in the world, and great vessels are being driven ashore, such is the illumination by which the brave men of the coast make desperate efforts to save the lives of shipwrecked men, often at the cost of their own.

XIII

Marché.

The streets are so narrow in this old-fashioned quarter that even a whisper is audible across them; and after dark I hear a great many things—sometimes sounds of pain, sobbing, despairing cries as death makes his nightly round; sometimes, again, angry words, and laughter, and even song, always one melancholy element, the voice has that peculiar metallic timbre that reveals the young negress:

"Pony! D! Lolo!
Pony! D! Lolo!
Li gazon! zoulé, moué, moué!
Li gazon! zoulé!
Tou p'pion!"

I wanted to know who little Lolo was, and why she had pains "all over"; for however artless and childish these creole songs seem, they are invariably originated by some real incident. And at last somebody tells me that "poor little Lolo" had the reputation in other years of being the most loathsome girl in St. Pierre. Whenever she tried to do resulted only in misfortune; when it was morning she wished it were evening that she might sleep and forget, but when the night came she could not sleep for thinking of the trouble she had had during the day, so that she wished it were morning.

More pleasant it is to hear the chattering of Yvone's children across the way, after the sun has set and the stars come out. Gabrielle always wants to know what the stars are.

"*C'est ça qui est comme ça, n'est-ce pas?*" (What is it that shines like that?)

And Yvone answers:

"*Ces petites étoiles de l'enfer, non, là!*" (Those are the little lights of the good God.)

"It is so pretty, oh, mamma! I want to count them."

"You cannot count them, child."

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven." Gabrielle can only count up to seven. "Moi, petite, j'en compte beaucoup!"

The moon comes up, so Yvone says: "*Miséricorde! quel bon Dieu! quel bon Dieu!*" (How, at the great God in the sky!)

ran and ran and ran. I was so much afraid. And I ran into a big garden where I saw a big cherry-tree that had only leaves upon it; and I saw a man sitting under the cherry tree. He asked me, 'What are you doing here?' I said to him, 'I am trying to find my way out.' He said, 'You must stay here.' I said, 'No, no!' and I said, in order to be able to get away, 'Go up there! you will see a fine ball: all pasteboard people dancing there, and a pasteboard *commandeur* commanding them!' And then I got so frightened that I awoke."

"And why were you so afraid of them, Mimi?" I ask.

"*Pace go té toutt vide eadedans!*" answers Mimi. (Because they were all hollow inside!)

XV.

March 19th.

The death rate in St. Pierre is now between three hundred and fifty and four hundred a month. Our street is being depopulated. Every day men come with immense stretchers—covered with a sort of canvas awning—to take somebody away to the *lazaretto*. At brief intervals, also, coffins are carried into houses empty, and carried out again, followed by women who cry so loud that their sobbing can be heard a great way off.

Before the visitation few quarters were so densely peopled: there were living often in one small house as many as fifty. The poorer classes had been accustomed from birth to live as simply as animals—wearing scarcely any clothing, sleeping on bare floors, exposing themselves to all changes of weather, eating the cheapest and coarsest food. Yet, though living under such adverse conditions, no healthier people could be found, perhaps, in the world, nor a more cleanly. Every yard having its fountain, almost everybody could bathe daily; and with hundreds it was the custom to enter the river every morning at daybreak, or to take a swim in the bay (the young women here swim as well as the men). But the pestilence, entering among so dense and unprotected a life, made extraordinarily rapid havoc; and bodily cleanliness availed little against the contagion. Now all the bathing resorts are deserted, because the *lazarettos* infect the bay with refuse, and because the linen of the sick is washed in the Roxelane.

Guadeloupe, the sister colony, now sends aid—the sum total is less than a single American merchant might give to a charitable undertaking; but it is a great deal for Guadeloupe to give. And far Cayenne sends money too; and the mother country will send one hundred thousand francs.

XVI.

March 20th.

The infinite goodness of this colored population to one another is something which impresses with astonishment those accustomed to the selfishness of the world's great cities. No one is suffered to go to the pest-house who has a bed to lie upon, and a single relative or tried friend to administer remedies; the multitude who pass through the *lazarettos* are strangers—persons from the country who have no home of their own, or servants who are not permitted to remain sick in houses of employers. There are, however, many cases where a mistress will not suffer her *bonne* to take the risks of the pest-house, especially in families where there are no children; the domestic is carefully nursed, a physician hired for her, remedies purchased for her.

But among the colored people themselves the heroism displayed is beautiful, is touching—something which makes one doubt all accepted theories about the natural egotism of mankind, and would compel the most hardened pessimist to conceive a higher idea of humanity. There is never a man's hesitation in visiting a stricken individual; every relative, and even the most intimate friends of every relative, may be seen hurrying to the bedside. They take turns at nursing, sitting up all night, securing medical attendance and medicines, without ever a thought of the danger—nay, of the almost absolute certainty of contagion. If the patient have no means, all contribute: what the sister or brother has not, the uncle or the aunt, the godfather or godmother, the cousin, brother-in-law, or sister-in-law, may be able to give. No one dreams of refusing money or linen or wine, or anything possible to give, lend, or procure on credit. Women seem to forget that they are beautiful, that they are young, that they are loved, to forget everything but the sense of that which they hold to be duty. You see young girls of remarkably elegant

Journal of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar of 1840, at
London, and of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar of 1841.

But I don't mind as returns all the same to (U) and so on. *Yann Robert, pin pi pi s'bon mangé* (I hope you are in the mood for a *bon-mangé*).

dates. They run to the sunny street, calling to each other. — *Ça va?* — They look up and down. — But there is a great quiet in the Rue Montmorel; the street is empty.

Maurice Robert comes, now, whither she has heard of the school; but she does not go through to the children; but she goes very far to get. He seldom she takes to her own room, and at the very corner of her little shop, the young ones are there, and her mother, Jean. Maurice looks up, laughing, from the fire below, and wonders why Maurice Robert will not smile. — Then Maurice becomes afraid to ask where the teachers are, why they do not come. — The

little Maurice, bolder and less sensitive, cries out, *"Maurice Robert, où m'as-tu?"*

Maurice Robert does not answer; she does not hear. She is gazing directly into the young faces clustered about her knee, yet she does not see them; she sees far, far beyond them, into the hidden years. And suddenly, with a savage tenderness in her voice, she utters all the dark thought of her heart for them.

— *Tout te blâmes sans lison? quelle main blanche pousse au quel adieu s'effleure-tu, en passant au feu?*

— Ye three little penniless white ones! let me go, call your father from the convent, to come and take you also away!

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY FRANKLIN HUDSON WHEELER.

VIII.—ST. LOUIS: A NEW KANSAS CITY.

ST. LOUIS is eighty years old. It was incorporated once town in 1808, fifteen years before the admission of Missouri into the United States. In 1804 a company of thirty Frenchmen made a settlement on the site and gave it the distinguished name. For nearly half a century, under French and Spanish jurisdiction alternately, it was little more than a trading post, and at the beginning of this century it contained only about a thousand inhabitants. This period, however, gave it a romantic historic background, and as late as 1853, when its population was a hundred thousand, it preserved French characteristics and a French appearance. Small brick houses and narrow streets crowded down by the river. To the stranger it was the Planters' Hotel and a shoal of big steam-boats moored along an extensive levee running with river traffic. Crowded, ill-paved, dirty streets, a few country houses on elevated sites, a population forced into a certain activity by trade, but hindered in municipal improvement by French conservatism, and touched with the rust of slavery—that was the St. Louis of thirty-five years ago.

Now everything is changed as by some magic touch. The growth of the city has always been solid, unspeculative, conservative in its business methods, with some persistence of the old French influence, only gradually parting from its ancient

traditions, preserving always something of the comfortable flavor of "old families," accustomed "slow" in the impression of youth. But it has lost its old bounds, and grown with a rapidity that would be unworldly in any other country. The levee has comparatively deserted, although the trade on the lower river is actually very large. The traveller who enters the city from the west passes over the St. Louis bridge, a magnificent structure and one of the engineering wonders of the modern world, plunges into a tunnel under the business portion of the old city, and emerges into a valley covered with a soft growth of railway tracks and occupied by constantly increasing lines of passenger-coaches and freight-cars, out of the confusion of which he makes his way with difficulty to a carriage, impressed at once by the enormous railway traffic of the city. This is the site of the proposed Union Depot, which waits upon the building action of the Missouri Pacific system. The eastern outlet for all this growing traffic is over the two tracks of the bridge; these are entirely inadequate, and during a portion of the year there is a serious blockade of freight. A second bridge over the Mississippi is already a necessity to the commerce of the city, and is certain to be built within a few years.

St. Louis, since the war, has spread westward over the gentle ridges which parallel the river, and become a city vast

in territory and most attractive in appearance. While the business portion has expanded into noble avenues with stately business and public edifices, the residence parts have a beauty, in handsome streets and varied architecture, that is a continual surprise to one who has not seen the city for twenty years. Its extent is coextensive with the county, whose governmental functions it has absorbed. I had set down the length of the city along the river from as thirteen miles, with a depth of about six miles, but the official statistics are: length of river front, 12.15 miles; length of western limits, 21.27; extent north and south from air line, 17; and length east and west on an air line, 6.62. This gives an area of 61.37 square miles, or 39,276 acres. This includes the public parks (containing 2005 acres), and is sufficient room for the population of 150,000, which the city imitates has in 1888. By the United States census of 1870 the population was reported much larger than it was, the figures having no doubt been manipulated for political purposes. Estimating the natural increase from this false report, the city was led to claim a population far beyond the actual number, and unjustly accused a little violently for a mistake for which it was not responsible. The United States census of 1880 gave it 959,522. During the eight years from 1880 there were erected 18,574 new dwelling-houses, at a cost of over fifty millions of dollars.

The great territorial extension of the city in 1870 was for a time a disadvantage, for it threw upon the city the care of enormous street extensions, made a sporadic movement of population beyond Grand Avenue, which left blunders in improvement, and created a sort of furore of fashion for getting away from what to me is still the most attractive residence portion of the town, namely, the elevated ridges west of Fourteenth Street, crossed by Lucas Place and adjoining avenues. In this quarter, and east of Grand Avenue, are the high streets, with detached houses and grounds, many of them both elegant and comfortable, and this is the region of the Washington University, some of the finest club-houses, and handsomest churches. The movements of city populations, however, are not to be accounted for. One of the finest parts of the town, and one of the oldest of the better residence parts, that south of the railways, containing broad, well-planted avenues, and very

stately old homes, and the exquisite Lafayette Park, is almost wholly occupied now by Germans, who make up so large a proportion of the population.

One would have predicted at an early day that the slightly bluffs below the city would be the resort of fashion, and be occupied with the country houses. But the movement has been almost altogether westward and away from the river. And this rolling, wooded region is most inviting, elevated, open, cheerful. No other city in the West has taken so much for expansion and adornment, and its noble avenues, dotted with conspicuously fine residences, give promise of great beauty and elegance. In its late architectural development, St. Louis, like Chicago, is just in time to escape a very mediocre and merely imitative period in American building. Beyond Grand Avenue the stranger will be shown Vandeventer Place, a semi-private oblong park, surrounded by many pretty and some notably fine mansions. Two of them are by Richardson, and the city has other specimens of his work. I cannot refrain from again speaking of the effect that this original genius has had upon American architecture, especially in the West, when money and enterprise afforded him free scope. It is not too much to say that he opened a new era, and the influence of his ideas is soon everywhere in the work of architects who have caught his spirit.

The city has addressed itself to the occupation and adornment of its great territory and the improvement of its most travelled thoroughfares with admirable public spirit. The rolling nature of the ground has been taken advantage of to give it a nearly perfect system of drainage and sewerage. The old pavements of soft limestone, which were dust in dry weather and liquid mud in heavy weather, are being replaced by granite in the business parts and asphalt and wood blocks (and on a concrete base) in the residence portions. Up to the beginning of 1888 this new pavement had cost nearly three and a half million dollars, and over thirty-three miles of it were granite blocks. Street railways have also been pushed all over the territory. The total of street lines is already over one hundred and fifty-four miles, and over thirty miles of these give rapid transit by cable. These facilities make the whole of the wide

ed provision for the health and pleasure of a great city. The parks originally cost the city \$1,309,941, and three millions more have been spent upon their improvement and maintenance. This indicates an enlightened spirit, which we shall see characterizes the city in other things, and is evidence of a high degree of culture.

Of the commerce and manufactures of the town I can give no adequate statement without going into details, which my space forbids. The importance of the Mississippi River is much emphasized, not only as an actual highway of traffic, but as a regulator of railway rates. The town has by the official reports been discriminated against, and even the Inter-State Act has not afforded all the relief expected. In 1887 the city shipped to foreign markets by way of the Mississippi and the jetties 3,273,000 bushels of wheat and 7,365,000 bushels of corn—a larger exportation than ever before, except in the years 1880 and 1884. An outlet like this is of course a check on railway exactions. The trade of the place employs a banking capital of fifteen millions. The deposits in 1887 were thirty-seven millions, the clearings over \$894,527,731, the largest ever reached, and over ten per cent in excess of the clearings of 1886. To what ever departments I turn in the report of the Merchants' Exchange for 1887 I find a vigorous growth, as in banking, and in most articles of commerce a great increase. It appears by the tonnage statements that, taking receipts and shipments together, 12,000,000 tons of freight were handled in and out during 1886, against 11,353,059 tons in 1887—a gain of thirteen and a half per cent. The buildings in 1886 cost \$7,060,819, in 1887, \$8,162,914. There were \$117,10 more stamps sold at the post office in 1887 than in 1886. The custom-house collections were less than in 1886, but reached the figures of \$1,414,747. The assessed value of real and personal property in 1887 was \$217,142,320, on which the rate of taxation in the old city limits was \$2 50.

It is never my intention in these papers to mention individual enterprises for their own sake, but I do not hesitate to do so when it is necessary in order to illustrate some peculiar development. It is a curious matter of observation that so many Western cities have one or more specialties in which they excel. Houses of trade, manufacture larger and more important

than can be found elsewhere. St. Louis finds itself in this category in regard to several establishments. One of these is a wooden-ware company, the largest of the sort in the country, a house which gathers its peculiar goods from all over the United States, and distributes them almost as widely—a business of gigantic proportions and bewildering detail. Its annual sales amount to as much as the sales of all the houses in its line in New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati together. Another is a hardware company, wholesale and retail, also the largest of its kind in the country, with sales annually amounting to six millions of dollars, a very large amount when we consider that it is made up of an infinite number of small and cheap articles in iron, from a fish hook up, indeed, over fifty thousand separate articles. I spent half a day in this establishment, walking through its departments, noting the unequalled system of compact display, classification, and methods of sale and shipment. Merely as a method of system in business I have never seen anything more interesting. Another establishment, important on account of its central position in the continent and its relation to the Louisiana sugar fields, is the St. Louis Sugar Refinery. The refinery proper is the largest building in the Western country used for manufacturing purposes, and is connected with its adjacent of coopers, shippers, and warehouses, covers five entire blocks, and employs 500 men. It has a capacity of treating up 400 tons of raw sugar a day, and runs only to the extent of about 200 tons a day, making the value of its product about \$7,500,000 a year.

During the winter and spring it uses Louisiana sugar, the remainder of the year sugar of Cuba and the Sandwich Islands. It has all the refineries of which I have inquired, the reason the agent for the Louisiana crop as an important regulator of prices. This establishment, be common with other industries of the city, has had its triumph of business somewhat hampered by discrimination in railway rates. St. Louis also has what I suppose, from the figures accessible, to be the largest lager-beer brewing establishment in the world; its solid, gigantic, and architecturally imposing buildings sit themselves up like a fortress over the thirty acres of ground they cover. Its manufacture and sales in 1887 were 155,541

lands of European ownership of nearly two-thirds in 1885. It exports largely to Africa, South America, the West Indies, and Australia. The calculations are correct of system and accurate of course. The place's 1261 farmers in 1880 have 2500000 a year. Some of the details are of interest. In the bottling department we saw yesterday 60000 cases, labelling, and packing at the rate of 100000 bottles a day. The year 250000000 bottles are made, packed by 100000 barrels and kegs. The consumption of barley is 1 100000 bushels yearly, and of hops, 200000 pounds, and the amount of water used for all purposes is 200 000 000 gallons nearly enough to feed an army. The Chicago live freight received and shipped by rail amount to nearly 200000000 dollars a year. There are several other large industries in the city. The total product manufactured in 1887 was 1,383,361 barrels, equal to 13 575,872 gallons, more than three times the amount of 1877. The harvest of wheat and corn was 2 082 122 bushels of wheat, 240 000 bushels of corn, and 300000 bushels of corn. The direct export of live hogs in 1887 to foreign countries was valued at 12 100 000 dollars. The greater part of the hogs used comes from Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.

It is needless to mention the many rail ways which touch and affect St. Louis. The most remarkable is the arch bridge 1600 yards to the Missouri River, of Southwestern System, which opened 2000 miles of road on January 1, 1886. The great river, due to the loss of the bridge, diminished by the surrender of lines, but the railway facilities of the city are constantly extending.

There are figures enough to show that St. Louis is a prosperous city, constantly developing new enterprises with fre-very to walk its handsome streets and drive about its great avenues and parks is to obtain an impression of a cheerful town on the way to be most attractively and its chief distinction lies in its social and intellectual life and in the spirit that has made it a pioneer in so many educational movements. It seems to me a very good place to study the influence of speculative thought in economic and practical affairs. The question has often been asked is, whether the little flock of speculative philosophers, accidentally gathered there a few years ago, and who gave a sort of fame

to the city, have had any permanent influence. For years they discussed abstract things; they sustained for some time a very remarkable periodical of speculative philosophy, and in a limited sphere they maintained an elevated tone of thought and life quite in contrast with our general materialism. The circle is broken, the numbers are scattered. Probably the town never understood them, perhaps they did not altogether understand each other, and now it is the tremendous can of worms and the great settled nothing. But it seems to me that can be demonstrated in the world it is the influence of abstract thought upon practical affairs in this country. And although one may not be able to point to any definite thing even demonstrated by this most physical movement I think I can see that it was a very real and lasting influence in the minds of a large number of the educational life of the town, and liberalized minds, and changed the way on the rest of the world in education. One of the developments that the 80th anniversary of Missouri and the character of the town are distinctly Harvard. However this may be, but these changes have not uniformly wise in their processes. A study of the educational theory, government is one of the most interesting that the student can make. Many of the provisions of the charter are admirable, such as those securing financial stability, preventing financial excess, and guarding against public debt. The mayor is elected for four years, and his frequent address filled by his appointment on, and renewed until the beginning of the third year of his appointment, so that his power and for practical work is too dim to affect the merits of an election. The composition and election of the school board is also worthy of notice. Of the twenty-eight members seven are elected on a general ticket, and the remaining fourteen by districts, made by consolidating the twenty-eight city wards, members to serve four years divided into two classes. This arrangement secures immunity from the ward politician.

St. Louis is famous for its public schools, and especially for the enlightened methods and the willingness to experiment in improving them. The school expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1887, were \$1 095 773; the school property in lots, buildings, and furniture in 1885 was estimated at \$3 115 251. The total num-

bor of pupils enrolled was 56,936. These required about 1200 teachers, of whom over a thousand were women. The actual average of pupils to each teacher was about 42. There were 106 school buildings, with a seating capacity for about 50,000 scholars. Of the district schools 13 were colored, in which were employed 78 colored teachers. The salaries of teachers are progressive, according to length of service. As for instance, the principal of the High School has, the first year, \$2500 the second, \$2700 the third, \$2750 the fourth; a head assistant in a district school, \$650 the first year, \$700 the second, \$750 the third, \$800 the fourth, \$850 the fifth.

The few schools that I saw fully sustained their public reputation as to methods, discipline, and attainments. The Normal School, of something over 100 pupils, nearly all the girls being graduates of the High School, was admirable in drill, in literary training, in calisthenic exercises. The High-School is also admirable, a school with a thoroughly elevated tone and an able principal. Of the 600 pupils at least two-thirds were girls. From appearances I should judge that it is attended by children of the most intelligent families, for certainly the girls of the junior and senior classes, in manner, looks, dress, and attainments, compared favorably with those of one of the best girls' schools I have seen anywhere, the Mary Institute, which is a department of the Washington University. This fact is most important, for the excellence of our public schools (for the product of good men and women depends largely upon their popularity with the well-to-do classes). One of the most interesting schools I saw was the Jefferson, presided over by a woman, having five hundred buildings and 1100 pupils, nearly all of whom are of foreign parentage—German, Russian, and Italian, with many Hebrews also—a finely ordered, wide awake school of eight grades. The kindergarten here was the best I saw; good teachers, bright and happy little children, with natural manners, throwing themselves gracefully into their games with enjoyment and without self-consciousness, and exhibiting exceedingly pretty fancy and kindergarten work. In St. Louis the kindergarten is a part of the public school system, and the experiment is one of general interest. The question cannot be called settled. In

the first place the experiment is hampered in St. Louis by a decision of the Supreme Court that the public money cannot be used for children out of the school age, that is, under six and over twenty. This prevents teaching English to adult foreigners in the evening schools, and, rigidly applied, it shuts out pupils from the kindergarten under six. One advantage from the kindergarten was expected to be an extension of the school period; and there is no doubt that the kindergarten instruction ought to begin before the age of six, especially for the mass of children who miss home training and home care. As a matter of fact many of the children I saw in the kindergartens were only constructively six years old. It cannot be said, also, that the Froebel system is fully understood or accepted. In my observation the success of the kindergarten depends entirely upon the teacher: where she is competent, fully believes in and understands the Froebel system, and is enthusiastic, the pupils are interested and learn; otherwise they are listless, and fail to get the benefit of it. The Froebel system is the developing the concrete idea in education, and in the opinion of his disciples this is as important for children of the intelligent and well-to-do as for those of the poor and ignorant. They resist, therefore, the attempt which is constantly made, to introduce the primary work into the kindergarten. But for the six years' limit the kindergarten in St. Louis would have a better chance in its connection with the public schools. As the majority of children leave school for work at the age of twelve or fourteen there is little time enough given for back education; many educators think time is wasted in the kindergarten, and they advocate the introduction of what they call kindergarten features in the primary classes. This is called by the disciples of Froebel an entire abandonment of his system. I should like to see the kindergarten in connection with the public school tried long enough to demonstrate all that is claimed for it in its influence on mental development, character, and training, but it seems unlikely to be done in St. Louis, unless the public-school year began at least as early as five, or, better still, is specially unlimited for kindergarten pupils.

Except in the primary work in drawing and modeling, there is no manual training feature in the St. Louis public

schools. The teaching of German has nearly dropped from all the district schools (though retained in the High schools) and with the well-founded idea of Americanizing our foreign population as rapidly as possible.

One of the most important institutions in the Mississippi Valley, and one that exercises a decided influence upon the intellectual and social life of St. Louis, and is a fair measure of its culture and the value of the higher education is the Washington University, which was incorporated in 1853, and was presided over until his death in 1887, by the late Chancellor William Greenleaf Eliot, of revered memory. It covers the whole range of university studies, even theology, and allows no instruction other than that in religion or politics to pollute the application of any scientific or partly test in the creation of modern theories or others. Its real estate and buildings in use for educational purposes—1882-1893; its libraries, scientific apparatus, and machinery cost over \$160,000 and it has investments for reserve amounting to over \$600,000. The University comprises an undergraduate department including the colleges of thorough classical, literary, and philosophical studies, with about 840 students open to women, and the polytechnic an admirably equipped school of science, the St. Louis Law School, of excellent reputation, the Manual Training School, the first and best school of this sort, and one that has furnished more manual training teachers than any other, the Henry Shaw School of Botany, the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, the Smith Academy for boys, and the Mary Institute, one of the roomiest and most elegant school buildings I know, where 400 girls whose collective appearance need not fear comparison with any in the country, enjoy the best educational advantages. Mary Institute is justly the pride of the city.

The School of Botany, which is endowed and has its own laboratory, workshop, and working library, was, of course, the outgrowth of the Shaw Botanical Garden; it has usually from twenty to thirty special students.

The School of Fine Arts, which was re-incorporated under the university in 1879, has enrolled over 200 students, and gives a wide and careful training in all the departments of drawing, painting, and mod-

elling, with instructions in anatomy, perspective, and composition, and has life classes for both sexes in drawing from draped and nude figures. Its lecture, working rooms, and galleries of paintings and casts are in its Gray Art Museum—a beautiful building, well planned and justly distinguished for architectural excellence. It ranks among the best art buildings in the country.

The Manual Training School has been in operation since 1889. It may be called the most fully developed pioneer institution of the sort. I spent some time in its workshops and schools, thinking of the very interesting question at the bottom of the experiment, namely, the necessary complement involved in the training of the hand and the eye, and the cultivation of manual skill in the purely intellectual training of study. Is it it may be said, possible to the purpose of the modern manual training to teach a trade too to reach the age of forty as an aid in the intellectual development of the human being. The students here certainly do beautiful work in wood turning and simple carpentry, in iron work and forging. They enjoy the work, they are alert and interested in it. I am certain that they are the more interested in it in seeing how that man took out and applied what they have learned in books, and I doubt not they take hold of literary study more readily for this manual training is exact work. The school conducts a thoughtful study with tools as well as in books, and I can believe that it gives dignity in the opinion of the working student to hand labor. The school is large, its grand halls have been extremely successful in practical purposes and in teaching, and it has demonstrated in itself the correctness of the theory of its authors, that intellectual drill and manual training are mutually advantageous together. Whether manual training shall be a part of all district-school education is a question involving many considerations that do not enter into the practicability of this school, but I have no doubt that manual training schools of this sort would be immensely useful in every city. There are many boys in every community who cannot in any other way be awakened to any real study. This training school deserves a chapter by itself, and as I have no space for details, I take the liberty of referring those interested to a volume on its aims

and methods by Dr. C. M. Woodward, its director.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the public school system of St. Louis, there is no other city in the country, except New Orleans, where so large a proportion of the youths are being educated outside the public schools. A very considerable portion of the population is Catholic. There are forty-four parochial schools, attended by nineteen thousand pupils, and over a dozen different Sisterhoods are engaged in teaching in them. Generally each parochial school has two departments—one for boys and one for girls. They are sustained entirely by the parishes. In these schools, as in the two Catholic universities the prominence of ethical and religious training is to be noted. Seven eighths of the schools are in charge of thoroughly trained religious teachers. Many of the boys' schools are taught by Christian Brothers. The girls are almost invariably taught by members of religious Sisterhoods. In most of the German schools the girls and smaller boys are taught by Sisters, the larger boys by lay teachers. Some reports of school attendance are given in the Catholic Directory: SS. Peter and Paul's (German), 1300 pupils; St. Joseph's (German), 957; St. Bridget's, 950; St. Malachy's, 756; St. John's, 700; St. Patrick's, 700. There is a school for colored children of 150 pupils, taught by colored Sisters.

In addition to these parochial schools there are a dozen academies and convents of higher education for young ladies, all under charge of Catholic Sisterhoods, commonly with a mixed attendance of boarders and day scholars, and some of them with a reputation for learning that attracts pupils from other States, notably the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph's Academy, and the Academy of the Visitation, in charge of cloistered nuns of that order. Besides these, in connection with various reformatory and charitable institutions, such as the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, there are industrial schools in charge of the Sisterhoods, where girls receive, in addition to their education, training in some industry to maintain themselves respectably when they leave their temporary homes. Statistics are wanting but it will be readily inferred from these statements that there are in the city a great number of single women devoted for life, and by

special religious and intellectual training, to the office of teaching.

For the higher education of Catholic young men the city is distinguished by two remarkable institutions. The one is the old St. Louis University, and the other is the Christian Brothers' College. The latter, which a few years ago outgrew its old buildings in the city, has a fine pile of buildings at Côte Brillante, on a commanding site about five miles out, with ample grounds, and in the neighborhood of the great parks and the Botanical Garden. The character of the school is indicated by the motto on the facade of the building—*Religio, Mores, Cultura*. The institution is designed to accommodate a thousand boarding students. The present attendance is 150, about half of whom are boarders, and represent twenty States. There is a corps of thirty-five professors, and three courses of study are maintained—the classical, the scientific, and the commercial. As several of the best parochial schools are in charge of Christian Brothers, these schools are feeders of the college, and the pupils have the advantage of an unbroken system with a consistent purpose, from the day they enter the primary department till they graduate at the college. The college has, at Glenwood, a large Normal School for the training of teachers. The fame and success of the Christian Brothers as educators in elementary and the higher education, in Europe and the United States, is largely due to the fact that they labor as a unit in a system that everywhere, in its methods of imparting instruction, is which the experiments of it have all undergone the same pedagogic training, in which there is no room for the personal fancy of the teacher in correction, discipline, or scholarship, for everything is judiciously governed by prescribed modes of procedure, founded on long experience, and exemplified in the cooperative plan of the Brothers. In vindication of the exceptional skill acquired by its teachers in the thorough drill of the order, the Brotherhood points to the success of its graduates in competitive examinations for public employment in this country and in Europe, and to the commendation its educational exhibits received at London and New Orleans.

The St. Louis University, founded in 1829 by members of the Society of Jesus, and chartered in 1834, is organized and controlled by the Jesuit Fathers. It is an

misshapen institution, depending upon free-land free tuition. Before the war its students were largely the children of Southern planters, and its graduates are found all over the South and Southwest; and up to 1881 the pupils boarded and lodged within the precincts of the old buildings on the corner of Ninth Street and Washington, where for over half a century the school has vigorously flourished. The place, which is now old and about fit to meet for historic purposes, has a certain flavor of antique scholarship, and the quaint buildings keep before the mind but without pleasing recollection of the French period. The University is in process of removal to the new buildings on Grand Avenue, which are a conspicuous monument to one of the most attractive parts of the city. Soon nothing will be left of the institution on Ninth Street except the old Catholic church, which is still a favorite place of worship for the Catholics of the city. The new buildings in the early decorated English Gothic style, are ample and imposing; they have a front of 270 feet, and the northern wing extends 325 feet outward from the avenue. The tower, probably the most room of the kind in the West, is sixty-seven feet high, square lighted, and provided with three telephones. The library, which was saved for removal, has over 25,000 volumes, is said to contain many rare and interesting books, and to fairly represent science and literature. Besides this there are several libraries, open to students, of over 6000 volumes. The museum of the new building is a noble hall, one hundred feet by sixty feet, and fifty-two feet high, without columns and lighted from above and from the side. The University has a valuable collection of ores and minerals, and other objects of nature and art that will be deposited in this hall, which will also serve as a picture-gallery for the many paintings of historical interest. Ethnological apparatus, a tropical laboratory, and an astronomical observatory are the equipments on the scientific side.

The University has now no dormitories and no boarders. There are twenty-five professors and instructors. The entire course, including the preparatory, is seven years. A glance at the catalogue shows that in the curriculum the institution keeps pace with the demands of the age. Besides the preparatory course (89

pupils), it has a classical course (112 pupils), an English course (82 pupils), and 85 post-graduate students, making a total of 399. Its students form societies for various purposes; one, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with distinct organizations in the senior and junior classes, is for the promotion of piety and the practice of devotion toward the Blessed Virgin; another is for training in public speaking and philosophy and literary disputation; there is also a scientific academy, to foster a taste for scientific culture; and there is a student's library of 1000 volumes, independent of the religious books of the Sodality societies.

In a conversation with the president I learned that the prevailing idea in the course is to cultivate the gradual and healthy development of the mind. The classes are carefully graded. The classes are favorite teachers, but mental philosophy, chemistry, physics, astronomy, are taught with view to practical application. Much stress is laid upon mathematics. During the whole course of seven years, one hour each day is devoted to this branch. In short, I was impressed with the fact that this is an institution for mental training, and more was I struck with the prominence in the whole course of ethical and religious culture. For combining every morning all the Catholic students hear mass. In every class in every year Christian doctrine has as prominent a place as any branch of study; beginning in the elementary class with the small catechism and practical instructions in the manner of reciting the ordinary prayers, it goes on through the whole range of doctrine—creed, evidences, ritual, sacramental theology, in the numerous details of theory and practice, integrating, so far as repeated instruction can, the Catholic faith and pure moral conduct in the character, involving instructions as to what occasions and what amusements are dangerous to a good life, on the reading of good books and the avoiding bad books and bad company.

In the post-graduate course, lectures are given and examinations made in ethics, psychology, anthropology, biology, and physics; and in the published abstracts of lectures for the past two years I find that none of the subjects of modern doubt and speculation are ignored—spiritism, psychical research, the cell theory, the idea of God, socialism, ag-

nosticism, the Noachian deluge, theories of government, fundamental notions of physical science, unity of the human species, potency of matter, and so on. During the past fifty years this faculty has contained many men famous as pulpit orators and missionaries, and this course of lectures on philosophic and scientific subjects has brought it prominently before the cultivated inhabitants of the town.

Another educational institution of note in St. Louis is the Concordia Seminar of the Old Lutheran, or the Evangelical Lutheran Church. This denomination, which originated in Saxony, and has a large membership in our Western States, adheres strictly to the Augsburg Confession, and is distinguished from the general Lutheran Church by greater strictness of doctrine and practice, in, as may be said, by a return to primitive Lutheranism; that is to say, it grounds itself upon the literal inspiration of the Scriptures, upon salvation by faith alone, and upon individual liberty. This Seminar is one of several related institutions in the Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States; there is a college at Fort Wayne, Indiana, a Progymnasium at Milwaukee, a Seminar of practical theology at Springfield, Illinois, and this Seminar at St. Louis, which is wholly devoted to theoretical theology. This Church numbers, I believe, about 200,000 members.

The Concordia Seminar is housed in a large, commodious building, effectively set upon high ground in the southern part of the city. It was erected and the institution is sustained by the contributions of the congregations. The interior, roomy, light, and commodious, is plain to barrenness, and has a certain monastic severity, which is matched by the discipline and the fare. In visiting it one takes a step backward into the atmosphere and theology of the sixteenth century. The ministers of the denomination are distinguished for learning and earnest simplicity. The president, a very able man, only thirty-five years of age, is at least two centuries old in his opinions, and wholly undisturbed by any of the doubts which have agitated the Christian world since the Reformation. He holds the faith "once for all" delivered to the saints. The Seminar has a hundred students. It is requisite to admission, said the president, that they be perfect Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholars. A large

proportion of the lectures are given in Latin, the remainder in German and English, and Latin is current in the institution, although German is the familiar speech. The course of study is exacting, the rules are rigid, and the discipline severe. Social intercourse with the other sex is discouraged. The pursuit of love and learning are considered incompatible at the same time, and if a student were inconsiderate enough to become engaged, he would be expelled. Every student from abroad may select or be selected by a family in the community, at whose house he may visit once a week, which attends to his washing, and supplies to a certain extent the place of a home. The younger men are trained in the highest scholarship and the strictest code of morals. I know of no other denomination which holds its members to such primitive theology and such strictness of life. Individual liberty and responsibility are stoutly asserted, without any latitude in belief. It repudiates prohibition as an infringement of personal liberty, would make the usual wine or beer dispensed upon the individual conscience, but no member of the community would be permitted to sell intoxicating liquors, or to go to a beer-garden or a theatre. In regard to the sacrament of communion, there is no authority for altering the plain directions in the Scripture, and communion without wine, or the abstinence of any communion for wine, would be a sin. No member would be permitted to join any false religion or secret society. The sacrament of communion is a mystery. It is neither transubstantiation nor consubstantiation. The president, whose use of English in subtle distinctions is limited, resorted to Latin and German in explanation of the mystery, but left the question of real and actual presence, of spirit and substance, still a matter of terms; one can only say that neither the ordinary Protestant nor the Catholic interpretation is accepted. Conversion is not by any sort of abstinence; man's salvation is by faith alone. As the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is insisted on in all cases, the world was actually created in six days of twenty-four hours each. When I asked the president what he did with geology, he smiled and simply waved his hand. This community has thirteen flourishing churches in the city. In a town so largely German and with so many freethinkers as well as

freedom. I cannot but consider this street one of a simple dignity meeting faith and logic toward demands of the highest importance in the future of the city. But unconsciously with surprise, in our modern life this revival of the sixteenth century, which plants itself so squarely against so much that we call progress."

As to the institutions of charity, I must content myself with saying that they are many, and worthy of a great and enlightened city. There are of all denominations: 344 churches of *Union the Christian Church* and with 47; the *Presbyterian* churches with 44; and the *Baptists* have 22; the *Methodists* North, 4; and the *Methodists* South, 8. The most interesting edifices, both for associations and architecture, are the old Cathedral, the old Christ Church (Episcopalian), excellent churches, and an exquisite edifice, the Church of the Mission *Charenton* in *La Croix Street*.

The city has two excellent libraries. The Public Library, an adjunct of the public school system, in the *Ulysses Building*, has an annual appropriation of about \$1,000 from the school board, and receives about 65,000 copies from membership and other sources. It contains about 67,000 volumes, and is admirably managed. The Mercantile Library is a place of removal into a magnificent six-story building on *Beauregard* and *Forest Street*. It is a solid and imposing structure, the first story of red granite, and the others of brick and terra-cotta. The library and reading rooms are on the fifth story, the rest of the building is rented. This association, which is forty-two years old, has 3500 members, and had an income in 1887 of \$120,000, nearly all from membership. In January, 1888, it had 68,112 volumes, and in a circulation of over 165,000 in the year, it had the unparalleled distinction of reducing the fiction given out to 41.95 per cent. Both these libraries have many treasures interesting to a book lover, and though neither is free, the liberal, intelligent management of each has been such as to make it a most beneficent institution for the city.

There are many handsome and stately buildings in the city, the recent erections showing growth in wealth and taste. The Chamber of Commerce, which is conspicuous for odd elegance, cost a million and a half dollars. There are 3295 members

of the Merchants' Exchange. The Court-house, with its noble dome, is as well proportioned a building as can be found in the country. A good deal may be said for the size and effect of the Exposition Building, which covers what was once a pretty park in the foot of *Licens Place* and cost \$750,000. There are clubs many and flourishing. The St. Louis Club (social) has the finest building, an exceedingly tasteful piece of homeliness and structure on *Twenty-ninth Street*. The University Club, which is like its namesake in other cities, has a charming old-fashioned house and grounds on *Pine Street*. The Commercial Club an organization limited in its membership to sixty, has no club-house but, like its namesake in Chicago, is a potent influence in the prosperity of the city. Representing all the leading occupations, it is a body of men who, by science, intellect, and wealth, can carry through any project for the public good and which is sanctioned by the highest public spirit.

Of the social life of the town one is permitted to speak only in general terms. It has many elements to make it delightful—being one in social civilization, interest in letters and in education, the cultivation of travel, traditions, and the refinement of intellectual pursuits. The town has no academy of music, but there is a good deal of musical feeling and cultivation. There is a very good orchestra, one of the very best choirs in the country, and *Vault's Requiem* was recently given splendidly. I am told by men and women of care and special cultivation that the city is a most satisfactory one to live in, and certainly to the stranger its society is charming. The city has, however, the Mississippi Valley climate—extreme heat in the summer and trying winters.

There is no more interesting industrial establishment in the West than the plate-glass works at Crystal City, thirty miles south on the river. It was built up after repeated failures and reverses—for the business, like any other, had to be learned. The plant is very extensive, the buildings are of the best, the machinery is that most approved, and the whole represents a cash investment of \$1,500,000. The location of the works at this point was determined by the existence of a mountain of sand, which is quarried out like rock, and is the finest and cleanest silica known in the country. The production is con-

fined entirely to plate glass, which is cast in great slabs, twelve feet by twelve and a half in size, each of which weighs, before it is reduced half in thickness by grinding, smoothing, and polishing, about 750 pounds. The product for 1887 was 1,200,000 feet. The coal used in the furnaces is converted into gas, which is found to be the most economical and most easily regulated fuel. This industry has drawn together a population of about 1500. I was interested to learn that labor in the production of this glass is paid twice as much as similar labor in England, and from three to four times as much as similar labor in France and Belgium. As the materials used in making plate glass are inexpensive, the main cost, after the plant, is in labor. Since plate-glass was first made in this country, eighteen years ago, the price of it in the foreign market has been continually forced down, until now it costs the American consumer only half what it cost him before, and the jobber gets it at an average cost of 75 cents a foot, as against the \$1.50 a foot which we paid the foreign manufacturer before the establishment of American factories. And in these eighteen years the government has had from this source a revenue of over seventeen millions, at an average duty, on all sizes, of less than 50 per cent.

Missouri is one of the greatest of our States in resources and in promise, and it is conspicuous in the West for its variety and capacity of interesting development. The northern portion rivals Iowa in beautiful rolling prairie, with high divides and park-like forests; its water communication is unsurpassed; its mineral resources are immense; it has noble mountains as well as fine uplands and fertile valleys, and it never impresses the traveller as monotonous. So attractive is it in both scenery and resources that it seems unaccountable that so many settlers have passed it by. But, first slavery, and then a rural population disinclined to change, have stayed its development. This state of things, however, is changing, has changed marvellously within a few years in the northern portion, in the iron regions, and especially in larger cities of the west, St. Joseph and Kansas City. The State deserves a study by itself, for it is on the way to be a great empire of most varied interests. I can only

mention here one indication of its moral progress. It has adopted a high license and local option law. Under this the saloons are closed in nearly all the smaller villages and country towns. A shaded map shows more than three-fourths of the area of the State, including three-fifths of the population, free from liquor-selling. The county court may grant a license to sell liquor to a person of good moral character on the signed petition of a majority of the tax-paying citizens of a township or of a city block; it must grant it on the petition of two-thirds of the citizens. Thus positive action is required to establish a saloon. On the map there are 76 white counties free of saloons, 14 counties in which there are from one to three saloons only, and 24 shaded counties which have altogether 2263 saloons, of which 1450 are in St. Louis and 820 in Kansas City. The revenue from the saloons in St. Louis is about \$800,000, in Kansas City about \$375,000, annually. The heavily shaded portions of the map are on the great rivers.

Of all the wonderful towns in the West none has attracted more attention in the East than Kansas City. I think I am not wrong in saying that it is largely the product of Eastern energy and capital, and that its closest relations have been with Boston. I doubt if ever a new town was from the start built up so solidly or has grown more substantially. The situation, at the point where the Missouri River makes a sharp bend to the east, and the Kansas River enters it, was long ago pointed out as the natural centre of a great trade. Long before it started on its present career it was the great receiving and distributing point of Southwestern commerce, which left the Missouri River at this point for Santa Fe and other trading marts in the Southwest. Aside from this river advantage, if one studies the course of streams and the incline of the land in a wide circle to the westward, he is impressed with the fact that the natural business drainage of a vast area is Kansas City. The city was therefore not fortuitously located, and when the railways control there, they obeyed an inevitable law. Here nature intended, in the development of the country, a great city. Where the next one will be in the North-west is not likely to be determined until the Indian Territory is open to settlement. To the north, Omaha, with reference to

plough and the tilling have increased evaporation and consequently rainfall. I find this questioned by competent observers, who say that the observation of ten years is not enough to settle the fact of a change of climate, and that, as not a tenth part of the area under consideration has been broken by the plough, there is not cause enough for the alleged effect, and that we do not yet know the cycle of years of drought and years of rain. However this may be, there is no doubt of the vast agricultural yield of these new States and Territories, nor of the quantities of improved machinery they use. As to facility of distribution, the railways are in evidence. I need not name them, but I believe I counted fifteen lines and systems centring there. In 1887, 4565 miles of railway were added to the facilities of Kansas City, stretching out in every direction. The development of one is emblematic, peculiar and far-sighted, the East South and Gulf, which is grasping the East as well as the Southwest, running eastward from Fort Scott, it already reaches the iron industries of Birmingham, pushes on to Atlanta, and seeks the seaboard. I do not think I overestimate the importance of this quite direct connection of Kansas City with the Atlantic.

The population of Kansas City, according to the statistics of the Board of Trade, increased from 11,736 in 1877 to 65,921 in 1887, the assessed valuation from \$1,370,247 in 1877 to \$7,017,200 in 1887, and the rate of taxation was reduced in the same period from about 22 mills to 14. I remember that the banking capital increased in a year, 1886 to 1887, from \$1,000,000 to \$6,950,000, and the Clearing-house transactions in the same year from \$31,463,141 to \$153,895,438. This with other facts which might be given sustains the opinion that while our country generally has decreased in the current year, there was a substantial increase of business. During the year ending June 30, 1888, there were built 134 new houses, costing \$1,293,267; during the year ending June 30, 1887, 5889, costing \$12,830,818. An important feature of the business of Kansas City is in the investment and loan and trust companies, which are many, and aggregate a capital of \$7,773,000. Loans are made on farms in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, and also for city improvements.

Details of business might be multiplied, but enough have been given to illustrate

the material prosperity of the city. I might add a note of the enterprise which last year paved (mainly with cedar blocks on concrete) thirteen miles of the city; the very handsome churches in process of erection, and one or two (of the many) already built, admirable in plan and appearance; the really magnificent building of the Board of Trade—a palace, in fact; and other handsome, costly structures on every hand. There are thirty-five miles of cable road. I am not sure but these cable roads are the most interesting—certainly the most exciting—feature of the city to a stranger. They climb such steep, they plunge down such grades, they penetrate and whiz through such crowded, lively thoroughfares, their trains go so rapidly, that the rider is in a perpetual exhilaration. I know no other locomotion more exciting and agreeable. Life seems a sort of holiday when one whizzes through the crowded city up and down and around amid the tall buildings, and then launches out in any direction into the suburbs, which are alive with new buildings. In dependence, Axtone is shown as one of the finest residences, and very handsome houses and part of the town are, but I cannot detect a movement of fashion and preference to the hills northward.

In the midst of such a material expansion one has learned to expect the best; but I was surprised to find three very good body specimens. Leavenworth, St. Louis has run out so good, and a new good start for a public library, consisting of about 16,000 well arranged and classified books. Missions pay \$2 a year, and the library (public) only about \$7500 a year from the city. The citizens could make much more use, in equipment than to give this money to the best work. There is a library, consisting of an assortment of some pretty good, furnished with casts and autotypes, where pupils practice drawing and sketching and painting. There are some buildings, such as a city, which occupies part of an apartment, and the Kansas City Club which has just erected a handsome club house. In these respects, and in material refinements of living, the power which has so largely drawn its young, enterprising population from the extreme East, has little the appearance of a frontier place. It is the push, the public spirit, the mixture of fashion and sketching, roughness of street affairs, the mingling of Eastern and Western

walk, looks, conversation, in common and the general consciousness of movement that pervade the metropolis. It seems to me that the incessant stir, and especially the clatter, whirl, and rapidity of the cable cars, must have a decided effect on the nerves of the whole population. The appearance is certainly that of an entire population incessantly in motion.

I have spoken of the public-spirit. Besides the Board of Trade there is a Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bureau which works vigorously to bring together and establish mercantile and manufacturing enterprises. The same spirit is shown in the public schools. The expenditures of 1887 were for school purposes \$220,023; for interest on bonds \$78,405; for grounds and buildings \$110,087; in all \$355,415. The total of children of school age was, white 31,002, colored 4241, 19,146; in attendance at school were white 12,923; colored 1675. There were 25 school houses and 212 teachers. The schools which I saw were very generally schools of colored school, and the High School of over 600 pupils even sent all through the fall of intelligent graduates. The teachers are all well equipped and the attention in education is the reverse of indifferent to what, in short, goes to make intelligent citizens, highly commendable. I find the annual reports, under Professor J. M. Greenwood, most interesting reading. Topics are taken up and investigated made of great public interest. These topics relate to the even physical and mental development of the young in distinction from the effort merely to stuff them with information. There is constant intelligent attempt to remove defects, to enlighten. Twenty per cent of colored children have some amount of deafness or immundation which should be recognized and remedied early; girls have a larger per cent of anomalies than boys; Irish, Swedish, and German children have the highest percentage of afflictions of the eyes; English, French, Scotch, and Americans the lowest. Scientific observations of the eyes are made in the Kansas City schools with a view to remedy defects. Another curious topic is the investigation of the University of Children's Mails, that is, what very small children know about common things. Professor Stanley Hall published recently the result of examinations made of very little folk in Boston schools. Professor Greenwood made simi-

lar investigations among the lowest grade of pupils in the Kansas City schools, and a table of comparisons is printed. The per cent of children ignorant of common things is astonishingly less in Kansas City schools than in the Boston; even the colored children of the Western city made a much better showing. Another subject of investigation is the alleged physical deterioration in this country. Examinations were made of hundreds of school children from the age of ten to fifteen, and comparisons taken with the tables in Muhlhall's *Dictionary of Statistics*, London, 1881. It turns out that the Kansas City children are better looking, as it were, second than the average English child at the age of either ten or fifteen, weigh a fraction less at ten, but upward of four pounds more at fifteen, while the average Bohemian and girl compares favorably with American children two years younger. The statistical statistics show two facts that the average Kansas City child stands fully on a par with the child and that in weight he has the least second an older child on the other side of the Atlantic. With this showing, we find that our American experiment will be permitted to speak.

In reaching the necessary limit of a paper too short for its subject, I can only express my admiration of the indomitable energy and spirit of that portion of the West which Kansas City represents and commends it upon its many indications of education to the highest civilization, without which the material prosperity will be wonderful but not abundant.

NOTE.—In the number for July, I quoted the remarks of several commercial travellers concerning the growth of all sorts of middle-class civilization and the growing dependence of their grade in the future upon legislative action. In regard to the general effect upon a country of premature civilization, I had previously expressed my opinion, and certainly should not expect to form one without observation. As to the colored colonies, there is no question that they should be held to their proper rights and responsibilities; but on the other hand, there is no sound foundation of the agitation and attempted legislation against them is against the best development of the State, and inspired by a vision of what will be possible with the masses. As to the Iowa farmers, their prosperity, their surplus for luxuries and for advanced education, I have received several letters from intelligent correspondents in the State, denying, and by statistics disproving, the influence of the commercial travellers. I am more than glad to acknowledge them, because it ought to be true that if less money is spent for liquor, there should be more for general purposes of civilization and comfort.



NEPTUNE'S SHORE

BY C. J. WOODSON.

I.

OLD Mrs. Preston had not been able to endure the hotel at Salerno. She had therefore taken, for two months, this house on the shore.

"I might as well be here as anywhere, saddled as I am with the Abercrombies," she remarked to her cousin, Isabelle Holland. "Arthur may really do something; I have hopes of Arthur. But as to Rose, Hildegard, and Dorothy, I shall plainly have to drag them about with me, and drag them about with me, you after you, in the hope that the constant seeing of so many straight statues, to say nothing of

pictures, may at last teach them to have spines. Here they are now: did you ever see such shoulders, my father said, a back of them? Hildegard, child, come here a moment. (She added, as the three girls drew near: "I have an idea. Don't you think you could *hold* your shoulders up a little? Try it now, put them up high, as though you were struggling them, and expand your chest too; you mustn't cramp

"How I love that!—What I mean, God's will!—I wish that you could keep it!"

"I suppose," it might be supposed, she would do so. But she began to blush gallantly, and her mouth when last was closed, said, "I am sure I could not keep it as a *toy*, now."—He answered in a low voice.

"Now, mind, for the sake of the day, it's all in vain," continued Mrs. Preston, despairingly. "Go and dance for twenty minutes in the upper hall, all of you. And remember, wait as you can."

The three girls, moving lightly, went down the winding spiral staircase. They were—some, the eldest and quite without all three having the same rank figures with shining shoulders and long fair tresses and the same dresses—white-milk-white shirts. Euphemia they had been sent with their basket. Arthur, as usual, and Mrs. Octavia Preston, too, were to have been going to the drawing of the West India Islands—the common name.

"Those girls have done nothing but eat, my word, take our babies, and gossip, eat, drink, and dance ever since I first took charge of them," Mrs. Preston was accustomed to complain to intimate friends. "You look at their pay!—Oh, cousin, I could not send them to school! They could only grow lazier!—So I take them along with me patiently, governess and all."

But Mrs. Preston was not very patient.

The three girls having disappeared, Isabella thought the occasion favorable for a few words upon another subject. "Do you like to have Pauline called so often with Mr. Ash, Cousin Octavia? I can't help being distressed about it."

"Don't be worrying John Ash. I beg my word, in the world but you, Isabella, would object to doing it—a grand sweeping creature like that—the housemaid in Holbeins."

"You mean Raphael's fresco. Oh, Cousin Octavia, how can you think so! Raphael—such a religious painter and John Ash, who looks so dissipated?"

"Did I say he didn't look dissipated? I said he could not. John Ash is one of the most dissipated-looking youths I have ever seen," pursued Mrs. Preston, comforted. "The cheerer can't not be brutal."

"And you don't mind Pauline's being so?"

"A little. I suppose I cannot have been wrong. Pauline Euphemia Graham is a

widow, if it becomes those who have not had a little of her experience (though they may be *young*) ought to set themselves up as judges of her conduct."

Mrs. Preston had a deep rich voice, and slow enunciation; her simplest sentences, therefore, often took on the tone of declamation, and when she held forth at any length, it was like a Gregorian chant.

"Oh, I don't mean to judge, I am sure," said Isabella. "I only meant that it would be such a pity—such a bad match for dear Pauline if she should be thinking of marrying him!—Even if one were sure of John Ash—and certainly the reverse is the case—how at his mother? I am interested, naturally—as Pauline is my first cousin, you know."

Do you mean that your first cousin's betrothing Mrs. John Ash might endanger your own matrimonial prospects?

"Oh, dear me," said young little Isabella, shuddering back to her ordinary—she was little more than fifteen—extremely good. "In her heart she would think people would take the word that Isabella had—never could be married."

Here, as Pauline rose, I think, said Mrs. Preston, as a figure appeared at the end of the hall.

Isabella was afraid to do it. And young out to her again? But it was evident that Mrs. Graham intended to ride, she wore her habit.

"You and your were going too," she said to Mrs. Preston, pausing in the doorway with her skirt uplifted. Her graceful figure in the steady fitting habit was a pleasant sight to see.

"Thank you, dear, I should enjoy going very much if I were a little more slender."

"You are magnificent as you are," responded Pauline, admiringly.

And in truth the old lady was very handsome, with her thick silver hair, fine eyes with heavy black eyebrows, and well-set aquiline profile. Her straight back, noble shoulders, and beautiful hands took from her massive form the idea of unwieldiness.

"Isabella—you who are always posing for enthusiasm—when will you learn to say anything so genuine as that?" chimed Cousin Octavia's deep voice. "I mention it merely on your account, as a question of style conversational. Here is Isabella, who thinks John Ash so dissipated, Pauline; she fears that it may injure the

family connection if you marry him. I have told her that no one here was thinking of marrying or of giving in marriage; if she has such ideas, she must have brought them with her from Florence. There are a great many old maids in Florence."

"I can only answer for myself; I certainly am not thinking of marriage," said Pauline, laughing, as she went down the stairs.

"Oh, Cousin Octavia, you have set Paulie against me!" exclaimed Isabella, in distress.

"Don't be an idiot, Pauline isn't against any one; she doesn't care enough about it. She is a good deal for herself, I acknowledge; but she's not against any one. Pauline bears no malice; she is delightfully uncertain; she hasn't a theory in the world to live up to; in addition, to have her in the house is like going to the play all the time—she *is* such a stupendous liar!"

Isabella, who was punching round holes in a linen band with an implement of ivory, stopped punching. "I am sure poor Paulie—"

"Am I to sit through a defence of Pauline Euphemia Graham, born Preston, at your hands, Isabella? Pray spare me that. I am much more Pauline's friend than you ever can be. Did I say that she lied? Nature has given her a face that speaks one language and a mind that speaks another; she, of course, follows the language of her mind; but others follow that of her face, and this makes the play. Eh!—what noise is that?"

"We have come to pay you a visit, Aunt Octavia," called a boyish voice; its owner was evidently mounting the stairs three at a time; now he was in the room. "They're all down at the door—Freemantle and Gates and Beckett. And what do you think—we've got Griff!"

"Griff himself?" said Aunt Octavia, benevolently, as the lad, with a very pretty gallantry, bent to kiss her hand.

"Yes, Griff himself; you may be sure we're drawing like mad. Griff has come down from Paris for only three weeks, and he says he will go with us to Preston, and all about here—to Amalfi, Ravello, and every where. But, of course Preston's the summer."

"Yes, of course Preston's the summer," repeated Aunt Octavia, as if trying it in Shakespearian tones.

"I say, may they come up?" Arthur went on.

They came up, three boys of seventeen and eighteen, and Griffith Carew, who was ten years older. These three youths, with Arthur Abercrombie, were studying architecture at the *Beaux-Arts*, Paris; this spring they had given to a town in Italy for the purpose of making architectural drawings. Griffith Carew was also an architect, but a full-fledged one. His indomitable perseverance and painstaking accuracy caused all the younger men to respect him; the American students went further; they were sure that Griff had only to "let himself go" and the United States would bloom from end to end with City Halls of beauty unparalleled. In the mean time Griff, while waiting for the City Halls perhaps, was so kind-hearted and jovial and unselfish that they all adored him for that too. It was a master-treat, therefore, to Arthur and his companions, to have their paragon to themselves for a while on this temple-haunted shore.

Griff sat down placidly, and began to talk to Aunt Octavia. He was of medium height, his figure heavy and strong; he had a dark complexion and thick features, lighted by pleasant brown eyes, and white teeth that gleamed when he smiled.

Aunt Octavia was gracious to Griff; she had always distinguished him from Arthur's horde. This was not in the least because the horde considered him the architect of the future. Aunt Octavia did not care much about the future; her tests were those of the past. She had known Griff's mother, and the persons whose mothers Aunt Octavia had known—ah, that was a certificate!

II

In the meanwhile Pauline Graham had left Salerno behind her, and was flying over the plain with John Ash.

Pauline all her life had had a passion for riding at breakneck speed; one of the explanations of her fancy for Ash lay in the fact that, having the same passion himself, he enabled her to gratify her own. Whenever she met felt in the mood during the past five weeks there had always been a horse and a mounted escort at her door. Upon this occasion, after what they called an inspiring ride (to any one else a series of mad gallops), they had dismounted at a farmhouse, and

—because they human had drifted down the common. It was a lovely day, toward the end of March; the sea, of the soft colour of the southern Mediterranean, stretched out before them without a sail; and their feet the same clear water laved the shore in long smooth waylets, laid it as had high, whose gentle fall upon the sands had an indescribably caressing sound. There was no one in sight. It is a lovely coast. Pauline stood gazing absently over the blue.

"Sit down for a moment," suggested Ash.

"Not now."

"Not now? When do you expect to be free again?"

She came back to the present, laughing. "True, but I did not mean that. I meant that you were not the usual companion for sea-side musing, you never meditate. I venture to say you have never quoted poetry in your life."

"No, I have not poetry," John Ash responded.

"But for a while you are *perfect*, for a dash over the plain, in the teeth of the wind, I have never had any one approaching you. You are a cavalier of the gods."

"Have you had many?"

"Cavaliers?—plenty. Of the gods?—me."

"Plenty? I reckon you have," said Ash, half to himself.

"Would you wish me to have had few? You must remember that I have been in many countries and have seen many peoples. I shouldn't have approved *you* otherwise. I should have thought you dangerous—horrible! There is Isabella, who has not been in many countries. Isabella is sure that you are 'so dissipated.'"

"Dissipated!—mild term!"

"Then you acknowledge it?"

"Freely."

Pauline looked about for a rock of the right height, and finding one, seated herself, and began to draw off her gloves.

—some time in some other existence— and you come and tell me how it has put out plumes! You are so preternaturally intelligent and you have such a wealth of your own, that you cannot have fallen into it from stupidity, as so many do. The gloves off, she began to tighten the laces of her hair, loosened by the gale.

"It pays as it goes; it makes one forget for a moment the hideous tiresomeness of existence. But you put your question off to some other life; you have no intention, then, of redeeming me in this?"

"I shouldn't succeed. In the first place, I have no influence."

"You know I am your slave," said Ash; his voice suddenly deepened.

"And how much of a slave shall you be to the next pretty peasant girl you meet?" Mrs. Graham demanded, turning toward him, both hands still occupied with her hair.

"I don't deny that. But it has no thing to do with the subject."

"In one way I know it has not," she answered, after she had fastened the last tress in its place with a long gold pin.

"How right I was to like you! You understand of yourself the thing that so few women can ever be brought to comprehend. Well, if you acknowledge that it makes no difference. I mean about the peasant girls. Were just where we were. I am your slave, but you have no desire to reclaim me. I believe you like me better as I am," he added abruptly.

"Do you want me to tell you that you are impertinent?" demanded Pauline, with her lovely smile, that always contradicted in its sweetness any apparent rebuke expressed by her words. "Do I know what you are in reality, or care to know? I know what you seem, and what you seem is admirable, perfect, for these rides of ours, the most enchanting rides I have ever had."

And the rides are to be the end of it? You wouldn't care for me elsewhere?

"Ah!" said Pauline, rising and drawing on her gloves "you wouldn't care for *me*. In Paris I am altogether another person; I am not at all as you see me here. In Paris you would call me a doll. Come, don't dissect the happy present; enjoy it as I do. 'He only is rich who owns the day,' and we own this—for our ride."

"I hear the hoots upon the hill;

I hear them fainter, fainter still,"

she sang in her clear voice. "The idea of that old Virginia song coming to me here!"

"This talk about reclaiming and reforming is all bosh," remarked Ash, leaning back against a high fragment of rock, with his hands in his pockets. "I am

what I am because I choose to be, that's all. The usual successes of American life, what are they? I no longer care a rap about them, because I've had them, or at least have seen them within my reach. I came up from nothing; I got an education—no matter now how I got it; I studied law. In ten years I had won such a position in my profession (my branch of it—I was never an office lawyer) that everything lay open before me. It was only a question of a certain number of years. Not only was this generally prophesied, but I knew it myself. But by that time I had found out the unalterable stupidity of people and their pursuits; I couldn't help despising them. I had made enough to make my mother comfortable, and there came over me a horror of a plodding life. I said to myself, 'What is the use of it?' Of pleasure there was no question. But I could go back to that plodding life to-morrow if I chose. Don't you believe it, Pauline?"

"Yes."

"Yet you don't say—try?"

"Try, by all means."

"At a safe distance from you?"

"Yes, at a safe distance from me," Pauline answered. "I should do you no good; I am not enough in earnest. I am never in earnest long about anything. I am changeable too—you have no idea how changeable. There has been no opportunity to show you."

"Is that a threat? You know that I am deeply in love with you." He did not move as he said this, but his eyes were fixed passionately upon her face.

"I neither know it nor believe it; it is with you simply as it is with me—there is no one else here." She stood there watching the wavelets break at her feet. Nothing in her countenance corresponded in the least with the description she had just given of herself.

"How you say that! What am I to think of you? You have a face to worship; does it lie?" said Ash.

"Oh, my face!" She turned, and began to cross the field toward the farm.

"It shouldn't have that expression, then," he said, joining her, and walking by her side. "I don't believe you know what it is yourself, Pauline—that expression. It seems to say as you talk, coming straight from those divine lips, those sweet eyes: 'I could love you. Be good and I will.' Why, you have almost made

me determine to be 'good' again, almost made *me* begin to dream of going back to that plodding life that I loathe. And you don't know what I am."

Mrs. Graham did not answer, she did not look up though she knew that his head was bent beseechingly toward her.

John Ash was obliged to bend, he was very tall. His figure was rather thin, and he had a slouching gait; his broad shoulders and well-knit muscles showed that he had plenty of force, and his slouching step seemed to come from laziness, as though he found it too much trouble to plant his feet firmly, to carry his long length erect. He was holding his hat in his hand, and the light from the sea showed his face clearly, its good points and its bad. His head was well shaped, covered with thick brown hair, closely cut; but, in spite of the shortness many silver threads could be seen on the brown—a premature silver, as he was not yet thirty-five. His face was beardless, thin, with a bold, eagle-like outline, and strong, warm blue eyes, the blue eyes that go with a great deal of color. Ordinarily, Ash had now but little color; that is, there was but little red; his complexion had a dark brown hue; there were many deep lines. The mouth, the worst feature, had a cynical droop; the jaw conveyed suggestions that were not agreeable. The expression of the whole countenance was that of recklessness and cleverness, both of no common order. Of late the recklessness had often changed into a mere happy merriment when he was with Pauline, the careless merriment of a boy; one could see then plainly how handsome he must have been before the lines, and the heaviness, and alas! the evil, had come to darken his youth, and to sadden (for so it must have been) his silent, frightened-looking mother.

They reached the farm; he led out the horses and mounted her. She gathered up the reins; but he still held the bridle. "How tired you look!" he said.

Her face was flushed slightly, light on the cheeks close under the eyes; between the fair eyebrows a perpendicular line was visible; for the moment, she showed to the full her thirty years.

"Yes, I am tired; and it's dangerous to tire me," she answered, smiling. She had recovered her light-hearted carelessness.

Ash still looked at her. A sudden com-

English woman to look him. "Don't think me over, Pauline," he pleaded, "but let me speak out but how deeply your face there was an expression which was absolutely wrong and troubling."

"So I read your so long as there is no mistake," Pauline answered.

The next moment they were flying over the plain.

III.

The *table d'hôte* of the Star of Italy, the saloon, not from whose windows of sea and chestnut. The Pre-toi had had this morning's *table d'hôte* had been unusually brilliant during this month of March upon a good occasion there had been no less than fifteen travellers present, and the operative young landlord himself, with his affectionate group, had come in to hand the peas.

The most unnoticed person was always a tall woman of fifty-five, who, moving with noiseless step, slipped into her chair so quickly and lightly that it seemed as if she were afraid of being seen staring upon her feet. Once in her place, she dispassionately, looking neither to the right nor the left, holding her hands and feet with care, and laying them down cautiously, as though she were trying not to awaken some one who was asleep. But the *table d'hôte* of the Star of Italy was never asleep; the travellers, English and American, could not help feeling that they were far from home on this shore where so recently brigands had prowled. It is well known that this morning promotes conversation.

One evening a pink-checked woman, who wore a little round lace cap perched on the top of her smooth gray hair, addressed the silent stranger at her left hand.

"You have been in Ploestum, I dare say," she said to her pleasant English voice.

"No."

"But you are going, probably. To-morrow we start, yesterday morning, we engaged horses and started at once."

"I don't know as I care about going."

"Not to see the temples?"

"I don't know as there were temples," answered the other, shyly.

"Come." But you really ought to go, you know," the pleasant voice resumed, doing a little missionary-work (which can never bring success). "The temples are well worth seeing; they are Greek."

"I have seen a good many build-ings in Paris there were a good

many; my son took me," the tall woman answered, her tone becoming more assured as she mentioned "my son."

"But these temples are—are rather different. I was saying to our neighbor here that she really ought on no account to miss going down to Ploestum," the fresh-faced English woman continued, addressing her husband, who sat next to her on the right, for the moment very busy with his peas (which were good, but a little oily). "The drive is not difficult. And we found it most interesting."

"Interesting? It may well be interesting; finest Greek remains outside of Athens," answered the husband, a portly Warwickshire vicar. He bent forward a little to glance past his wife at this ignorant of temples at her other hand. "American," he said to himself, and returned to his peas.

The friendly vicarage offered a few words more the next day. Coming in from her walk in her stout shoes and broad straw hat garnished with white muslin, she was entering the inn by the back door, when she espied her neighbor at the dinner-table sitting near by on a bench. There was nothing to see but a palling fence; she was unoccupied, unless a basket with *Souvenir de L'Ancien* on one side, and a flat bouquet of artificial flowers on the other, represented occupation.

"Do you prefer this to the garden in front?" the English woman asked, in some surprise.

"Yes, I think I do."

"I must differ from you, then, because there we have the sea, you know: it's such a pretty view."

"I don't know as I care about the sea: it's all water—nothing to look at."

"Ah! I dare say it makes you ill. We had a very nasty day when we crossed from Folkestone."

"No, it isn't that exactly. I sit here because I like to see the things grow," hazarded the American, timidly, as if she felt that some explanation was expected.

"The things?"

"Yes, in there." (She pointed to the palling fence). "There's peas, and asparagus, and beans, and some sorts I don't know; you wouldn't believe how they do push up, day after day."

"Ah, indeed! I dare say they do," the English woman answered, a little bewildered, looking at the lines of green behind the palings.

"Her name is Ash, Azubah Ash—fancy!" she said to her husband, later. "I saw it written on a Swiss basket in which she keeps her crewel work. She is extremely odd. She has no maid, yet she

"I dare say she is having rather a hard time of it, she is so *bonne*. I would offer her a book, but I don't think she ever reads. And when I told her that I should be very pleased to show her some of the



AZUBAH ASH

wears those very good diamonds; and she always appears in that Paris gown of rich black silk—the very richest quality, I assure you, Augustus; she wears it and the diamonds at breakfast. She has spoken of a son, but apparently he never turns up. And she spends all her time on a bench behind the house watching the beans grow."

"I should think she would bore herself to extinction," said the easy-going vicar.

pretty walks about here, she said that she never walked. She must be so very lonely, poor thing."

But Mrs. Ash was not lonely; or if she was, she did not know the name of her malady. The comings and goings of her son were without doubt very important, but the outline had been born among people who believe that the "men-folks" of a family have an existence apart from that of mothers and sisters, and that it is



THE THREE THEATRICAL MANAGERS LOOKED INTO THIS.—[SEE PAGE 73.]

right that they should leave it. Her son, who never took care—It is a pity to say—had taken it for granted that his mother would never be here, not having arrived privately in one of the four large rooms where he had engaged her, at the inn.

"I thought I had it better in the low dining room," John. Mrs. Ash had replied, she did not tell him that she found it too difficult to eat her dinner when the attention of the waiter was attracted by the necessity of attending to the wants of ten persons, than when he was concentrated upon her solitary table, and left alone.

John Ash was fond of his mother. It did not seem to him that the removal to abroad was causing her any suffering. Her shyness, her dread of being laughed at, her dread of foreign servants, he did not fully see, because whenever she presented herself in a great measure they disappeared. He knew that she would not have had one moment's comfort had he left her to find himself in the finest house his money could purchase; so he took her with him, and travelled slowly, for her sake, making no journey that she could not under-stand forward to engage the best rooms for her at the inns where he intended to stop.

That he had not taken her to Bremen without an evidence of regret. During the first months of their sojourn, he had been at pains to take her everywhere he thought that she would enjoy it. But Mrs. Ash had enjoyed nothing—save the going down on her son's arm. If he left her alone, and the most exquisite scenery in the world she did not even see the water. She thought it dusty mud in a stream—very pleasant if John was there. At last John gave her his sim-

ple possession, and he trod her with de-votions and excursions no more.

Finally, bravely out of her element as she was, this mother had, on the whole, enjoyed her two years abroad. The reason was found in the fact that she could say to herself, or rather could hope, to herself that John was more—steadily—than before.

The whole world seemed much the same, and the future when John had not been steady."

Three or four at intervals, particularly had been a season of blessed repose to Elizabeth Ash. The days had gone by so peacefully that life had become almost comfortable to her again in spite of the great of danger. She had even been beguiled into thinking a little of the future.

Of the future she should like to have some day with fruit and cream and vegetables—especially vegetables; and she dreamed of an old pleasure of her youth, that of hunting for little round mushrooms on the roof brown earth. John had been contented all the time, and his mood had been very tranquil. His mother liked this much better than high spirits. There was an element sometimes in John's brain—that had made her tremble.

But on the day succeeding that last ride with Mrs. Ash, when they had disembarked and walked down to the shore, John had come back to the inn with a darkened face. The dark mood had lasted now for ten days. His mother began to lead her old sleepless, restless life again. Her awkward crochet-needle had stopped of itself; she went no more to her bench beside the asparagus. Instead, she remained in her room, her four rooms—every now and then peeping anxiously through the blinds. Nothing happened—so any one would have said; the

sea continued blue and misty, the sky blue and clear; every one came and went as usual in the divine weather of the Italian spring. But John Ash's mother had, to use an old expression, her heart in her mouth all the time.

It choked her, and she gave up going to the *table d'hôte*; she let her son suppose that the meal was served in her sitting-room, but in reality she took no dinner at all. When he came in she was always there, always carefully dressed in the black silk whose rich texture the vicar's wife had noticed, with the "very good" diamonds fastening her collar, and on her thin hands. She made a constant effort that her son should notice no change in her.

Azubah Ash had a gaunt frame with large bones; her chest was hollow, and she stooped a little as she walked. Yet, looking at her, one felt sure that she would live to be an old woman. Her large features were roughly moulded, her cheeks thin; her thick dusky hair was put plainly back from her face, and arranged with a high comb after a fashion of her youth. Her eyes, large, dark, and appealing, were sunken; they were beautiful eyes, if one could have removed from them their expression of apprehension, but that seemed now to have grown a part of them, to have become fixed by time. Observers of physiognomy, who met Azubah during those two years of her sojourn abroad, never forgot her—that tall gaunt woman with the awkward step and bearing, with the rich dress and diamonds, from whose timid face with its rough features those beautiful eyes looked appealingly out.

"Mother, I am going to Preston to-morrow," announced Ash on that eleventh day. "Perhaps you had better go with me." He had come in and thrown himself down upon the sofa, where he sat staring at the wall.

"Preston? yes, that's where that English lady said I'd oughter go," answered Mrs. Ash. Then, after a moment, "She said there were temples there." She had her hands folded tightly as she looked at her son.

"They're all going—old lady Preston, with her ghosts of Abernethies, Miss Holland, Mrs. Giddam, and all. Those boys are skulking down there; they've been there some time."

"I shall be very glad to go, John, if

you are going. Would you like ter have me—ter have me ride horseback?"

Ash, coming out of his abstraction, broke into a laugh. "I shall take you in the finest landau in Sicily, marmoset," he said, coming across to kiss her. "Old lady Preston will have to put up with the second best. You haven't forgotten, then, that you used to ride, marmoset, have you?"

The mother's eyes had filled upon hearing the old name, the "marmoset" of the days when he had been her devoted, constantly following, tyrannical, but very loving little boy. But she did not let the tears drop; she never made scenes of any kind before John. "Well, you've been riding horseback every day now for a long while; you haven't seemed to care at all for carriages. And I did use to ride horseback a good deal when I was a girl; I used to ride to the mill."

"I know you did. And early the next to be ground." He kissed her again. "Don't be afraid of anything or anybody to-morrow, marmoset, I beg. You're the bravest and most sensible woman I know, and I want you to look what you are."

"Shall I wear my India shawl then?"

"Were the best you have; I wish it were a hundred times better. You are handsomer than any of them as it is."

"Oh no, John, I ain't good-looking; I never was," said his mother, blushing. She put her hand up for a moment, nervously, over her mouth—a gesture habitually with her.

"Yes, you are marmoset. Look at your eyes. It's only that you have got into a way of not thinking so. But I think so, and others shall." He went back to the sofa, and sank into abstraction again.

At length his mother bade her adieu, which had lasted very long. "I hope they are all well over there, John," she asked, hesitatingly. "Over there?" said her name for the first on the down, the house where she knew her son had for many weeks spent all his time.

"Well? They're extraordinarily well," said Ash. He got up and walked restlessly about the room. After a while he stopped, and now he seemed to have forgotten his mother's presence, for his eyes rested upon her without seeing her. "One of them is a little too well," he said, menacingly; "let him look to himself—that's all." And then into his face,

any more before *you*, Worm! Dance yourself till your legs drop off, and see how you like it."

The three girls had weak soft voices; they possessed no other tones; the strong words they used, therefore, were all the more startling because so gently, almost sighingly, spoken.

In the landau there had been silence, Mrs. Ash, after respecting her son's sombre mood for more than an hour, at last spoke: "I guess you don't care very much about those triflin' temples, after all, do you, John? And it's going to be very long. Supposing we turn back?" She wore her India shawl and a Paris bonnet; she was sitting without touching the cushions of the carriage behind her. She had looked neither at the mountains nor at the sea; most of the time her eyes had rested on the blue cloth of the empty seat opposite. Occasionally, however, they had followed the two figures on horseback, and it was after these figures had passed them a second time, pushing on ahead in order to get a free space of road for a gallop, that she had offered her suggestion.

"Go back? No, for ten thousand dollars, not for ten thousand devils," said John Ash. "What a boy girl you are, mother!" And he became gay and talkative.

His mother responded to his gaiety as well as she could; she laughed when he did. Her laugh was *ougre*. It was at most obsequious.

By-and-by the three temples loomed into view, standing in all their beauty on the barren waste, majestic, uninjured, extraordinary. Their rows of fluted columns, their brilliant racing lines, their perfect Doric mediotrunk, made the loneliness surrounding them even more lonely, made the sound of the sea breaking near by on the lifeless shore a melancholy dirge. When the party reached the great colonnades there were exclamations; there was even declamation, Mrs. Preston having been fitted by nature for that. Freemantle, Gates, and Hooker had come rushing forward to meet their arriving friends. In reality, however, it was Griff whom they had rushed to meet. Griff to their minds was the only important person present; even though the unimportant included Pauline.

"Hallo, Griff, old fellow! how are you?"

"Couldn't you stay, Griff? We've got a tent for you."

They laughed, and made jokes, and hovered about him, longing to drag him off immediately to show him their drawings, and to discuss with him a hundred disputed points. But though they thus paid small attention to Pauline, they were obliged to force part of her truth; for as Griff remained with her, and they remained with Griff, naturally, as Isabella would have said, they made the tour of inspection in her company.

In the mean while Isabella, who had it upon her strictly kept conscience not to neglect her own duties in spite of the Abererombie revolt, had taken her stand before the great temple of Neptune, with her instructive little book in her hand. "The men of Psephonia," she began, "having been at first true Greeks, had in process of time gradually become barbarized, changing to Romans." Psephonia, girls, was the ancient name of Peestum," she interrupted in explanation, "having over her glasses at her silent audience."

The Abererombies could not retort this time, because Aunt Gervaise was *very* more than sitting at the base of one of the great columns, of ten-eleven with the top and mantle of Neptune's only lawful wife. But their looks were raised for a moment and saw their faces; they were able, therefore, to make guesses at Isabella, and this they immediately proceeded to do in unison, flattening their thin lips over their teeth in a very ghastly way, and turning up their eyes so unnaturally far that Isabella was afraid the pupils would never come down again.

"Yet they still observed one Hellenic festival," she read standing on a stuporously loose; she felt released from a sort of fascination to glance every now and then at the distorted countenances indulging in some Hellenic festival when they met together to go to sail in rowing boats, the red cross and the old customs, and to weep upon each other's necks, and to lament dearly. And then, when the time of their mourning was over they departed each man in search of his true home."

"Never more," said Mrs. Preston, commendingly, from her column.

But Isabella had closed her book, and was walking away, wiping her forehead; those girls' faces were really too horrible.

them a few moments, turned aside, and entering the temple, sat down there. She was out of hearing, but still near.

"Ride with me to-morrow, Pauline," Ash said, immediately. "I have not had a chance to speak to you before. Don't refuse."

"I am afraid I must. I have an engagement."

"With Carew?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I am very good-natured to tell you. I am going to Naples with him for the day."

"You are going—Dammation!"

"You forget yourself," said Pauline. Then, when she saw the look on his face—the face of this man with whom she had played—she was startled.

"Forget myself! I wish I could. You shall not go to Naples."

"And how can you prevent it?"

"Are you daring me?"

"By no means," answered Pauline; and this time she really tried to speak gently. "I was calling to your remembrance the fact that I have no authority over my actions; I am free to do as I please."

"I know you are; that is the worst of it," he said, almost with a groan. "But, Pauline, don't play with me now. I have given up hoping for anything for myself—if I ever really did hope. I am not worthy of you. Whether you could make me worthy I don't know; but I don't ask you that; I don't ask you anything; it would be too much. I only ask you to be as you have been: as you were, I mean, during all those many years, not as you have been lately. Only a few days are left when I can see you freely; be kind to me, then, during those few days, and then I will take myself off."

"I mean to be kind; I am kind."

"Then ride with me to-morrow; just this once more."

"But I told you it was impossible; I told you I was going to Naples."

The pleading vanished from Ash's eyes and voice. "I never asked you to do that—to go off with me for a whole day."

Pauline did not answer. Ash was arranging the flowers which Mrs. Ash had industriously gathered.

"So much the greater bad it is that what you are thinking!" Ash went on, laughing discordantly.

For the moment Pauline forgot to be angry in the vague feeling, something like fear, which took possession of her. All fear is uncomfortable, and she hated discomfort; she gave herself a little inward shake as if to shake it off. "I shall ask Cousin Or to go back to Paris next week," was her thought. "I have had enough of Italy for the present—Italy and acidmen!"

"You won't go?" asked Ash, bending forward eagerly, as though he had gained hope from her silence.

"To Paris?"

"Are we spending at Paris? To Naples—to-morrow."

"Oh, I must go to Naples," she answered, gayly. In spite of her gaiety she turned toward the kitchen; Mrs. Ash was the nearest person.

"You are going to my mother? She, at least, is a good woman! She would never let her furnished home with such an expedition as you are planning!" cried Ash, nervously.

Pauline turned white. "I am well paid for ever having ordered you ever to be liked you," she said, in a low voice, as she hastened on. "I might have known—I might have known."

There was not much redness now between the repression of the two faces, for the woman's sweet countenance showed by its pallor an anger as violent as that which had flushed the Frenchman beside her with a red so dark that his blue eyes looked momentarily light by contrast, as though they had been set in the face of an Indian.

Mrs. Ash had come forwardly to meet them. Her eyes paid no attention to him; all his powers were evidently concentrated upon holding himself in check. "I shouldn't have said it, even if it were the plain honest truth," he said. "But you wouldn't see, Pauline—I mean what I say—you really do drive me into a kind of madness."

"I have no desire to drive you into anything; I have no desire to talk with you further," she answered.

"No, no desire; don't see them; talk for him a little longer," said Mrs. Ash, coming forward, her face set in a triumphant smile. "I'm sure it's very pleasant here, beside those buildings. And John looks so much of you; for means no harm."

"Poor mother!" said Ash, his voice

—screaming. "She doctored dare hersey to you what she found in our ear would whup it if she could; and that is: Don't provoke him!" She has some pretty bad memories—about your mother, all times when I've—when I've seen a fault in, as you may say. Stark told you about them if you like."

"I don't want to hear about thozy. I don't want to hear about stibbles," answered Mrs. Graham, troubled out of all her composure, troubled even out of her anger by the strangeness of this strange pain. She looked about her some and set her face away running from the heart of the group, but dared not look to attract his attention and beckoned to him; then she went on and looked him as he looked toward her.

Ash disengaged himself from his mother, who, however, had once been his best friend and confidante, for she had looked to be very motherly when her son was concerned. He went forward to Pauline's side.

"I should rather see you dead before me than go with that man to-morrow."

"Pray don't kill me, at least till the day is over," Pauline answered, her courage, and her magnificent composure returning in her as speedily as if it were. "It would be quite too great a disappointment to lose my day."

"You *shall* live!" said Ash with a loud coarse oath.

"Oh!" said the woman, all her lovely delicate person shivering with fright.

Her husband had been one of the best. She held the shirt of her fatal wound as if to guard all round.

V

At five o'clock of the same afternoon Presumptuous Gates and his half-brother Arthur Abercrombie came running about the narrow streets of a village some miles from Pestum.

The stone houses of which this village was composed stood like two solid walls facing each other, rising directly from the stone-paved road, which was barely ten feet wide; down this conduit water was pouring like a brook. The houses were about only an hundred, twenty on each side, and this one short street was all there was of the town.

It was raining, not in drops, but in torrents, with great pats of water coming over almost the stones and striking

upon the heads of those who were passing below; every two or three minutes there came a glare of blindingly white lightning, followed immediately by the crash of thunder, which seemed to be rolling on the very roofs of the houses themselves. The four boys must have been out in the storm for some time, for they paid no attention to it. Their faces were not cooled. Every thread of their clothing was wet through.

"This is the house," said Arthur.

They looked up, sheltering their eyes with their arms from the blows of the rain-bats. From the closed windows above the faces of Isabella Holland and the three Abercrombie girls looked down at them, pressed flatly against the small panes in order to see how the storm had made the air so dark that the street lay in shadow.

The Irish woman had been colored.

"No wonder that you are!" said Arthur, in answer to her white-curtain look. "But were you?"

"You were going to," said the others. And then, walking on tiptoe in their soaked shoes, they went softly into an inner room.

Here on a couch lay Griffith Carew, dying.

An Italian doctor was still trying to do something for the unconscious man. He had succeeded, and the two were at work together. Now by and by Mrs. Graham and waiting for her to be laid upon the head of a couch which stood on the floor before her, her arms resting upon her hands. In this bent position, with her disordered hair and great black eyes she looked wretched. There came the light on a side of the head of the bed, illumining Carew and the two doctors and the waiting old woman. The room was long, and its fire-end was in shadow. Was there another person present—sitting there silent and motionless? Yes—Pestum. The boys came to the foot of the bed and gazed with full hearts at Griffith.

Griff had been shot by John Ash two hours before. The deed had been done just as they had reached the shelter of this village, swept into it almost by a tornado, which, preceding the darker storm, had driven them far from their rightful road. The darker storm had broken upon them immediately afterward with a terrible sound and fury; but the boys had

barely heard the crash in the sky above them as they carried Griff through the stony little street. They had found a doctor—two of them; they had done everything possible. Then they had been told that Griff must die, and they had gone out to look for the murderer.

He could not be far, for the village was small, and he could not have quitted the village, because the half-broken young horses that had brought him from Salerno, frightened by the incessant glare of the lightning, had become unmanageable, dragged their fastenings loose, and disappeared. In any case the plain was impassable; the roar of the sea, with the night coming on, indicated that the floods were out; they had covered the shore, and would soon be creeping inland; the road would be drowned and lost. Ash, therefore, could not be far.

Yet they had been unable to find him, though they had searched every house. And they had found no trace of his mother.

During these long hours four times the boys had sallied forth and hunted the street up and down. The Italian, crowded into their terraced dark dwellings from fear of the storm, had allowed them to pass freely in and out, to go from floor to floor; some of the men had even lighted their little oil lamps and gone down with them to search the shallow cellars. But the women did not look up; they were telling their beads or kneeling before their little in-door shrines, the frightened children clinging to their skirts and crying. For both the street and the dark houses were lighted every minute or two by that unearthly blinding glare.

The village version of the story was that the two *forsters* had sprung at each other's throats, maddened by jealousy; poniards had been drawn, and one of them had fallen. One had fallen, indeed, but only one had attacked. And there had been no poniards; it was a well-aimed bullet from an American revolver that had struck down Griffith Carey.

The four boys, brought back each time from their search by a sudden hope that perhaps Griff might have rallied, and forced each time to yield up their hope at the sight of his death-like face, were animated in their grief by one burning determination: they would bring the murderer to justice. It was a foreign land and a remote shore; they were boys; and

he was a bold, bad man with a wonderful brain—for they had always appreciated Ash's cleverness, though they had never liked him. In spite of all this he should not escape; they would hunt him like hounds—blood-hounds; and though it should take months, even years, of their lives, they would bring him to justice at the last.

This hot vow kept the poor lads from crying. They were very young, and their heads were throbbing with their unshed tears; there were big lumps in their throats when poor Griff, opening his dull eyes for a moment, knew them, and tried to smile in his cheery old way. But he relapsed into unconsciousness immediately. And the watch went on.

The gloomy day drew to its close; by the clocks, evening had come. There was noise breathing space now between the lightning flashes and the following thunder; the wind was no longer violent; the rain still fell heavily; its torrent, striking the pavement below, sent up a loud hollow sound. One of the doctors left the house, and came back with a fresh supply of needles and various things, vigilantly kept, because hidden, concealed in a chest. Then the atmosphere went out to get something to eat. Finally they were both on guard again. And the real night began.

Then, in the waiting group in the legend, silent among them entered a tall figure. Auntie Ash, dressed without bonnet or shawl, she stood there before them. Her frightened look was gone; instead she faced them with unconscious majesty. "My son is dead" this was her announcement.

She walked forward to the bed, and gazed at the man lying there. "Perhaps he will not die," she said, turning her head to glance at the others. "And is kind—sometimes; perhaps he will not die." She bent over and stroked his hair tenderly with her large hand. "Dear heart, dead! Tey you live!" she said. "we want you so much!"

Then she left him, and faced them again. "I thought of warning you," she began. "you"—and she looked at Mrs. Preston: "and you"—she turned toward the figure at the end of the room. "My son was not himself when he was in a passion—I have known it ever since he was born. Even when he was a little fellow of two and three I used ter try on

guard him; but I couldn't do much. He will wear stranger than before. And he was always very clever, my son was—given eleven thousand. Twelve before three time before I've been afraid for take some much life. You can do better with about five so much as some people like, and now he has his right own.

There was an involuntary cry among the boys.

Mrs. Ash turned her eyes toward them. "Would you like to come here, or—come with me to my mother?"

She went toward the bed-chamber and glowed her hands then she lay down and began to pray beside the unconscious form of Augustus. "O God, O God Father, give us back this life, my heart—O God. Give us these boys back, peace and not this so dark for them," and perhaps there's a mother's love. "O God, give it back to me. And when I come back, I'll tell him for all that my poor son was not. For Christ's sake."

She rose and crossed back toward the door were standing. "Will you come now?" she said. "My mother's here, and all day." "Then very sorry," he uttered her hand to Mrs. Preston. "He was a great deal at your house, he told me that I thank you for having looked after him. Good-by."

"But I can't with my mother," answered Mrs. Preston in her deep voice. She rose, leaning on her side. "Mrs. Ash was already crossing the room toward the door."

The boys followed her, then came Mrs. Preston, looking back and said. "The name of Father in his dark corner, and as they approached."

"No," said Mrs. Ash, seeing the movement. She paused. "Don't come, my dear. I really can't let you. I would thank of it all the rest of your life if you was to see him, and I would make you feel so bad. I know you didn't mean no harm. But you mustn't come."

And Pauline, shrinking back into the shadow, was held there by the compassion of this mother, this mother whose motherly nature, and large glances, quiet in the majesty of sorrow, made her, made all the women present, fade into nothingness beside her. In the outer room, the bed and the excited, peering Abernethy, his were the four unimportant, unnoticed ghosts, as the little procession went by them in silence and descended the

stairs. Then it passed out into the moon.

Mrs. Ash walked first, leading the way, the four following on her hand; the three boys followed; behind them came Mrs. Preston, leaning on her nephew's arm and holding herself with her arm. They passed down the narrow street, and the people brought their small lamps to the doorway, as and then in the darkness. The street ended, but the mother went on, apparently, as was going out on the broad water. They all followed, Mrs. Preston, covering her head when Augustus proposed that she should turn back.

At some distance beyond the town there was a great trade. They were passed on a street of this street, at turning on the dark street, and came to a small hotel; and on the corner of the street there was some other small street of some. Mrs. Ash took up and entered a low door. Within there, four feet and room empty, were the small lighted lamp standing on the floor, a small way, or rather a flight of stairs, Mrs. Ash ascended to a room above. Mr. Ash took the lamp and led the way up. Mrs. Preston came onward on the staircase, followed.

The room above was common, like the other rooms. It was the whole of the street house, or rather the highest part of the house. Its roof of the house was broken. The room came through in several places and dropped upon the floor. There was a second small lamp in the room beside the one which Mrs. Ash had brought. The first small lamp was over a small table, where something long and dark and straight was stretched out. Mrs. Ash went up to the bed, and motioning away the old peasant who was keeping watch there, she took both lamps and held them high above the still form. The others drew near. And then they saw that it was John Ash, dead.

There were no signs of the horror of it; his mother had removed them all; he lay as if asleep.

The mother held the lights up steadily for a long moment. Then she placed them on a table, and coming back, took her son's faithful hand in hers.

"Now that you've seen him, now that he's really gone, will you leave me alone with him?" she said. "I think there's nothing more."

There was a dignity in her face as she



THE RED WATCH-TOWER.

stood there beside her child, which made the others feel suddenly conscious of the wantonness of farther intrusion. As they looked at her, too, they perceived that she no longer thought of them; no longer even saw them; her task was ended.

Without a word they went out. Mrs. Preston's cane sounded on the stairway again; then there was silence.

At dawn they saw her drive away.

Still might live, the doctors had said. But for the moment the gazing group of Americans forgot even that. She was in a cart, with a man waiting beside the horse; the cart was going slowly across the fields, for the road was overflowed. The storm had ceased; the sky was blue; the sun, rising, shed his fresh golden light on the tall, lonely figure with its dark hair uncovered, and on the long rough boys at its feet.

Looking the other way, one could see in the south the beautiful temples of Preston, that have gazed over that plain for more than two thousand years.



OUR JOURNEY TO THE



THE

THE

THE

THE



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ROME.





THE FISHING BOAT.

their rents have been for long years so high that to pay them meant starvation for these families. Though these same plants are explained by the Duke as "phenomenon of suggestibility" to the Com-missioners, part at least seemed well founded in fact. Incident of 2127 188, according to his own estimate, his Grace, according to that of the Commission, is now entitled to but 202 10s. from the island of Rapa.

We had not time to land but steering past its miserable shores it seemed dreary enough, so Captain Shaved what he thought of it when he sent repentantly there to test their sincerity. The island of 1504 was as flat and stupid and dreary. When you steam from Tice and Coll, a broad stretch of the Atlantic lies between you and the Fing Island. If I had my choice I would rather cross the Channel from Newhaven to Doozie, and that is saying the worst that can be said. The forenoon for the day came to an end.

The grey-spottedness of the afternoon was a foreboding to Rapa. When we

came to Castle Bay, rain was falling upon its waters in the huddled castle, perched upon a rocky sea-weed covered island on the towered against a back-ground of high bare hills. But the summer stopped and we went ashore to meet about us. A few ugly new houses, some with pale glass windows, suggested as proofs of the island's prosperity, and then the real Rapa, a mass of black cottages, compared to which those of Mull were mansions, those of Kildareman palaces—piling up and down the rocky hill-side. Only by a polite figure of speech can the same pile in which the Hebridean crofter makes his home be called a cottage. It is, as it was described many years ago, but "a heavy thatched roof thrown over a few rudely put-together stones." The long low walls are built of loose rock braced by constant rain. The thatched roof, almost as black, is held in place without by a network of ropes, within by rafters of drift wood. The crofter has no wood save that which the sea yields, and yet in some districts

he must pay for picking up the beams and spars washed up on his wild shores, just as he must for the grass and heather he cuts from the wilder moorland when he makes his roof. Not until you come close to the rough stone heap can you see that it is a house, with an opening for doorway, one tiny hole for window. From a distance there is but its smoke to distinguish it from the rocks strewn around it.

At Castle Bay, where many of these "scenes of misery," as Pennant called them one hundred years ago, were grouped together, there was not even the pretence of a street, but just the rock, rough, ragged, and broken, as God made it. The people who live here are almost all fishermen, and, as if in token of their calling, they have fashioned the thatch of their roofs into the shape of boats. One cottage, indeed, is topped with a genuine boat. There were a few chimneys, but smoke came pouring from the doors, from holes in the thatch and walls. Many of the roofs had a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there a clump of daisies, or

of the yellow flowers which give color to Highland road-sides. But this was all the green we saw on their hill-side of rock and mud.

Through open doorways we had glimpses of dark, gloomy interiors, dense with smoke. We did not cross a threshold, however; to seek admittance seemed not unlike making a show of the people's misery. The women and girls who passed in and out, and stood to stare at us, looked strong and healthy. Theirs is a life which must either kill or burden. Many were handsome, with strangely foreign, gypsy-like faces; and so were the bonneted men at work on the pier. If any be there is truth in the story which gives a touch of Spanish blood to the people of the Outer Hebrides. If the ships of the Armada went down with all their treasure, it is said their crews survived, and lived and took unto themselves wives in the Islands, from which chance of deliverance was small. We heard only Gaelic spoken while we were at Castle Bay. The people of Great Britain need not go abroad in search of foreign parts; but an Eng-





SCOTTISH ISLANDS—THE FORTH OF FIFE

fishman, whose only wants for—the creature and workings of nature—brought in nature as well as humanity, would lead to the pleasure in nature.

We returned to the steamer and passed a restless night, I in the ladies' cabin and J—in the saloon. One advantage of our discomfort was that it left us open to sleep, to see the sunset little grow purple against the golden light of morning day. As in the evening there was still land on either side. All morning we went in and out of lochs and bays, and through sounds, and between islands. Indeed I know of no better description of the Outer Hebrides than the quotation given in the guidebook, "The sea covers all islands, and the land all lakes." And the further north we were the drearier seemed the land—a fitting scene for the tragedy enacted on the high mountains, now more and more old, as we went to the doorway of the present. One it was there and that, in old men and women were hatched the human world by dogs to the caves and woods, where they lay in long, bound

land and long and out upon steep walls, and across these against these and across the Atlantic. We might have thought us left behind upon the islands but for the sound and silence, a sprinkling of steep, in crossing hill sides and lonely outcrops with their clouds of fine post some hovering over them to show they were not more rocks. Once stretching north the wilderness, we saw telegraph poles following the coast line. It is wise to let them make the best showing possible. Some of the islands telegraphically connect off from the rest of the world.

We stopped often. At many of the landings not a house was to be seen. As a rule, there was no pier. The steamer would give her shrill whistle, and as it was re-echoed from the dreary hills, huge black boats came sailing out to meet us. Instead of boats waiting for the steamer, as on the Mississippi, here she waited for them. And then dropping their sails, they rounded her bows and brought up alongside her lower deck; there tumbled into them men and women, and loaves.

and old newspapers, and ham bones, and bits of meat, for in the islands there are always people on the verge of starvation.

As we neared Harris a little old lady came bustling up on deck. When the steamer stopped in the sound the men in the boats all touched their bonnets to her, a few even got on board to speak to her. She was better than a guide-book, and told the passengers near her all about Harris. She explained the difficulties of the channel through the sound, which, like all Hebridean waters, is full of islands and rocks hidden at high tide, and is unprotected by lights. She pointed out Rodil Kirk, whose gray tower just showed above the green hills. She always called this bit of Harris the Switzerland of the Hebrides, she said. And with its checker-board-like patches of green and yellowing grain between the hills and the water, and lying, while we were there, in sunshine, it might have looked bright and even happy, but for the wretched cottages, of which there were more in this one place

than we had seen on all the journey from Iona.

Once, as we watched the boats rounding the steamer's bows, we found ourselves next to this old lady. She seemed so glad to talk that we asked her could she perhaps tell us if the people of Harris were as miserable as their cottages.

"Oh!" she said, "their condition is hopeless." And then she went on to tell us that she lived only for Harris, and that there was no one who knew better than she its poverty. She was, we learned afterward, Mrs. — or Mistress, as Lowlanders on board called her — Thomas. Her husband had been a government surveyor in the island, and since his death she had interested herself in the people, among whom for many years she made her home.

The story of Harris, as she told it, and as we have since read it in the report of the Commission of 1883, is in the main that of all the Islands and Highlands. It is the story of men toiling on land and sea, that by the sweat of their brow they



HARRIS, HEBRIDES.



A SCOTCH HIGHLANDER

ture made, but they were found, but the vegetation was of course. Possessors stayed that two of the place for their sport. The land in the Hebrides is barren, it is covered on islands of the sportsmen. Harris is the barrenest of all. Mrs. Thomas declared, 'We could see the cor ourselves; after the Synodical of the Hebrides, the mountains rose a solid mass of blue rock with scarce a trace of vegetation. But, even Harris once supported its people. That was before they were made to share the land with the deer. To-day a few valleys and hill sides are overgrown, crofts divided and subdivided, while others, once as green, are now purple with heather and stork, save for the same of potatoes. Deer forests and large farms grow larger and larger; crofts shrink, until from the little patch of ground, long since overgrown, the crofter can no longer reap even that which he sows. And yet he sows better land, where perhaps once grew his potatoes and grain, swallowed up in the cruel power. While the harvest is starvation, death and desolation multiply.

About sixteen were created when the great deer forests of Harris was extended,

and twenty years ago. The people were turned from homes where they had always lived, the old with the young, and women went to become mothers. Highlanders took their land. Many went back again and again, even after their cottages were burnt down, because he refused to leave. 'We will not pay their rent, the Irish landlord is called cruel. The crofts in the Hebrides are those who interfere with the landlord's convenience or amusement. The rent has nothing to do with it. And yet of Scotch evictions, comparatively little has been heard. Journalists, fitted to their trade have published abroad, from one end of the land to the other the tale of Irish wrongs. But who knows the injustice that has been done in Scotland in order to lay waste broad tracts of good ground? 'I will tell you how Rodil was destroyed,' said John McDrumid, of Scalpa, to the Commissioners. 'There were one hundred and fifty hearths in Rodil. Forty of these paid rent. When young Macleod (the landlord) came home with his newly married wife to Rodil, he went away to show his wife the place, and twenty of the women of Rodil came and met them, and danced

a reel before them, so glad were they to see them. By the time the year was out—twelve months from that day—these twenty women were weeping and wailing, their houses being unroofed and their fires quenched by the orders of the estate. I could not say who was to blame, but before the year was out one hundred and fifty fires were quenched.”

As in Rodil, so it was where now stretches the deer forest of Harris—where, indeed, deer are hunted in the High-

land. Slaves could be sold. This was the one thing which the landlord, despite all his rights, could not do with his crofters. He could starve them and their families, turn them adrift, burn their cottages, chase them over seas, there, perhaps, to meet anew starvation, disease, and death. From every part of the Highlands and Islands, from Ross and Argyllshire, as from Sutherland, hundreds and thousands were forced to fly, whether they would or no.



THE "DUNARCA" CASTLE.

lands. Whoever wants to learn the nature of some of the blessings which come to the many from the proprietary power and right of the few—a right and power to which the Duke of Argyll refers all advance in the Highlands—let him read the *History of the Highland Clearances*, as told by Alexander Macdonald; the *Gloomy Memories of the Highlands*, by Donald Macleod, himself one of the evicted. Their story is too cruel for me to tell again. Their country was desolate; their cities were burned with fire; their land, strangers devoured it in their presence, and it was desolate. Never did negro slaves in the South fare as did the Highland men and women cleared from the glens and valleys of Sutherland. Slaves at least represented so much money; but the crofter was and *was* less valuable to the land than his sheep and his

And with those who staid at home how fared it? The evicted squatter, we would say, on the crofts of friends and relations in other parts of the estate. There was no place else for them to go. When there they sought to solve the bitterest problem of life—how to make that which is but enough for one, serve for two—and therein were unsuccessful. The landlord washed his hands of them and their poverty. They had brought it upon themselves, he reasoned; if crofts were overcrowded, the fault was theirs. You might as well force a man into the jungle or swamp peaking with malaria, and then, when he is stricken, upbraid him for lying in such a hot-bed of fever. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace does not exaggerate when he says, "For a parallel to this monstrous power of the land-owner, under which life and property are entirely

at his mercy, we must go back in medieval, or in the days when custom and habit had been destroyed, the Russian trade was viewed with despair, contempt, while the more painful remembrance of the landlord tyranny, the wide devastation of cultivated lands, the loss of the fertility of houses, the reckless mismanagement of property and industry, and of self-hatred and contentment could only be expected under the rule of Turkish sultans or greedy and cruel pashas."

Consequently the poetical remedy suggested. The landlords did not embrace it, and now, for very shame, are content to commend it. It would force them along with their sheep and their guns. If the only Highlanders were the artists and shepherds, there would be an end of nonpayment of rent or wrongs, earning the sympathy of the public. The real reason for emigration is that "the remedies which might be expected from land-law reform or land-rent will be and are likely to be long deferred, while in the meantime the people are dying like dogs from starvation."

It has been urged that it would be better if many of the Islanders, like men of the east coast, became fishermen altogether and gave up their land. But if they did, the sea would not be theirs. In many lochs and bays the people are not allowed to fish for food, because gentlemen must fish for pleasure. Few have boats for deep-sea fishing; none have money to buy them. As it is, in the Long Island they must compete with well-equipped fishing-smacks sent into Northern seas from Hull, Liverpool, and other ports. Not only this, but in both Harris and Lewis piers and harbors are few, and fishing boats must be light that the wind may pull them up on shore beyond reach of the tide. In parts of the northern Highlands people have been removed from the glens to the shores in hopes that they would become fishermen; but they were given no boats, no harbors.

The landlords are taking matters into their own hands, because they know there is no one else to help them. In a hole they marched upon their forest and sheep farms, and scattered over the island or drove into



CROFTERS' COTTAGES NEAR UIG, SKYE.

the sea sheep and deer. When there were no more sheep and deer, the landlord would be glad enough to give them back land which in days of old was green with their crops. And now, in further proof of the justice done to crofters, the leaders of these raids await trial in Edinburgh, to which town they cannot afford to bring their witnesses, and where no lawyers of note will defend them.



A REAL HIGHLAND CROFT.

The crofter is a slave not only to landlord and factor, but often to the merchant. The Englishman, when he finds the truck system far from home, cannot too strongly revile it. A report has just come from Newfoundland declaring that because of it a Newfoundlander is no more master of his own destiny than was a mediæval serf or a Southern negro in 1850. The writer need not have gone 1600 miles to the colonies to expose an evil which exists in the British Isles but 600 miles from London. The Duke of Argyll regrets that it is employed in Tiree. His power as proprietor, the one power for good on his estates, stops short most unaccountably where other people might think it could be exercised to best advantage. Many Western-Islanders, like Newfoundlanders, are bound hand and foot to the merchant. The latter provides them on credit with all the necessities of life, often the poorest in quality, but always the highest in price. In return the crofter's earnings, before he has gained them, belong to the merchant, who, moreover, is at times his employer as well as his creditor. In Harris the women support their families by weaving the famous Harris cloth. To Edinburgh and London tailors it brings good profit; to them, starvation

wages, paid in tea or sugar or meal. No money is in circulation on the island. Harris people have given their consent to emigrate, and then at the last moment have been kept prisoners at home because of a debt of years against them.

As we lay by the island of Scalpa, not far from Tarbet, a man came on board from one of the boats. He had a roll of cloth under his arms. He gave it to Mrs. Thomas, and asked if perhaps some one on board would buy it. As we looked at it he said nothing, but the pitiful pleading of his eyes, and their more pitiful disappointment as he turned away with his cloth, told the story. She tried to dispose of their cloth for them, Mrs. Thomas said, and we have since heard that she buys more from them than even the local merchant.

The *Dunrobin Castle* finally anchored at Tarbet. The principal building in the village was the large white manse, half hidden in trees. A pair of sties were even if he went to the Orkney Islands, would be, I fancy, to make himself, or have made for him at somebody else's expense, a comfortable home. There were also on the outskirts of the village two or three new, well built cottages for men in Early Scotch, the landlord's direct service, and a large, excellent hotel, the only place

* Since this was written Glasgow has been admitted, which shows how difficult it was to shut a party of convict men for saving their lives from starvation.

island. And with it began the twilight, that lingered until it grew into the coming day.

It was on Sunday mornings there was greatest stir in Tarbet. Then the people came from far and near to meet in the little kirk overlooking the loch. We were told comparatively few were at home. This was the season when they go to the east coast, the men to the fishing, the women to the curing houses.

But we thought they came in goodly numbers as we watched them winding with the road down the opposite hillside, and scrambling over the rocks behind the town. Boats, one by one, sailed into the loch and to the pier, bringing with them old women in clean white caps and tartan shawls, younger women in feathered hats and over-skirts, men in bonnets and blue sailor cloth. They were a fine-looking set of people, here and there among them a face beautiful with the rich dark beauty of the South—all that is left of the Armada. As they came up upon the pier they stopped in groups under the shelter of a boat-house, for the wind was high, the men to comb their beards and hair, the women to tie each other's bonnet strings and scarfs, to smooth each other's shawls. And all the time scarce a word was spoken. They were as solemn at their toilet as if already they stood in church.

We left Harris, as we came to it, in the *Dunara Castle*, and dropped anchor in the Bay of Uig, in Skye, one morning while the day was still young. The shores were circled about with patches of grain and potatoes and many cottages; and Skye, as we first saw it, seemed fair and fertile after the rocks of Harris. Its people are little better off, however. It was here, about Uig, on the estates of Captain Fraser, that crofters rebelled in 1884, as those of Lewis are rebelling to-day. Their rents in many cases have been reduced, their arrears cancelled; but, landlords as they exist, or crofters, must go be-



DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

fore there can be more than negative improvement in the Islands.

We went the next day to Dunvegan. The road lay over long miles of moors, with now and then beautiful distant views of the mountains of Harris, but pale blue shadows on the western horizon, and of the high peaks of the Cuicullins, dark and sombre above the moorland.

Here and there at long intervals we came to the wretched groups of cottages we had begun to know so well. Old witch-like women and young girls passed, bent double under loads of peat or seaweed, so heavy that were the same thing seen in Italy, English people would long since have filled columns of the *Times* with their sympathy. As it is, these burdens are accepted as a matter of course, or sometimes even as but one of the many picturesque elements of Highland life. From one wether one hears of the Skye lassies, half hidden under bundles of heather, stopping to laugh and chatter. From another of Lewis women knitting contentedly as they walked along with creels bearing burdens that would have appalled a railway porter of the south, strapped to their backs. We saw no smiles, no signs of contentment. On the faces of the strongest women there was a look of weariness and of pain. But perhaps the most pathetic faces in this land of sorrow were those of the children, already pinched and careworn.

The chief complaint was the same wherever we went. "We have not

soms. A few flowers less, perhaps, and at least the bottles and tins that defile what should be a holy place could be cleared away. And this graveyard, with its broken tombs and roofless chapel, is a ruin of yesterday. A century ago Dr. Johnson saw it still cared for and in order. The people in Dunvegan told us that twenty years since the roof fell in; it has never been repaired.

To-day Macleod of Macleod is a poor man. One year of famine to keep the crofters from starving, he emptied his own purse. It is but another proof of the uselessness of misdirected charity. What did it profit the crofters that Macleod became for their sake a bankrupt? They still starve. He who would really help them must be not only their benefactor, but their emancipator.

From Duvvegan to Struan it was all moorland. The smokeless road ran for miles between the heather, from which now and again, as we passed, rose the startled grouse. Far in front were the Cuachullins, only their high jagged peaks showing above the clouds that hung heavy about them.

After Struan we were still on the moors. The only breaks in the monotony were the showers, the mile-stones, and the water falls. The mountains upon which we had counted for the beauty of the walk, were now completely lost in the clouds. Not until we were within two miles of Sligachan did the thick veil before them roll slowly up, showing us peaks rising beyond peaks, rugged hollows, and deep precipices. But it fell again almost at once, and for the rest of the way we saw but one high mountain coming out and being swallowed up again in the mist and clouds.

In Portree, a miniature Olam, we lost all courage. We might have gone back.

to Loch Coruisk: we might have tramped to take a nearer view of the Old Man of Storr, which we had already seen in the distance: we might have walked to Armadale, steamed to Strone Ferry. There were in fact many things we could and should have done: but we had seen enough of the miserable life in the Islands, those great deserts, with but here and there a lovely oasis for the man of wealth. Our walks had been long: we were tired physically and sick mentally. And so early one morning we took the boat at Portree back to the mainland.

That evening Oban did its best for us. The sun went down in red fire beyond Mull's now purpling hills. And as the burning afterglow cooled into the quiet twilight, we looked for the last time on the island of Mull. It seemed in its new beauty to have found peace and rest. May this seeming have become reality before we again set foot on Hebridean shores!





TOO COSSIDUATE.

Mrs. BROWN. "Oh, Mrs. Smith, do have that sweet baby of yours brought down to show my husband—he's never seen it."
MR. BROWN. "Oh, pray don't trouble on my account."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE amusing caricatures of Lord Brougham which used to appear in *Punch* were probably as faithful likenesses as the general popular conception of a public man. Such a man is usually described in such an exaggerated manner that the common impression of him is undoubtedly a caricature. His real personality is known only to his friends. The public sees merely the figure of common report, of the newspaper, of gossip, which distorts him, not because of any individual ill-will toward him, but from the supposed necessity, for some interested purpose, of representing him in a particular light. It seems to be only with the greatest difficulty and by an extraordinary exertion that we admit the honesty of a man who differs from us upon an essential or engrossing question. Some years ago a warm political partisan said, in humorous earnestness, to a friend with whom he differed, "I am so sorry, for I hoped to meet you in heaven." It was impossible for the good man to suppose that any other man whose politics he did not approve could get to heaven. There are, however, so many people with improper politics that it would be quite worth while to consider whether for that reason they must be necessarily excluded from paradise.

There is a fatal tendency to estimate conduct by the meanest motives when a good one is very obvious and most probable. Mr. Gladstone, at the end of a long life and of an illustrious public career, announces that he has changed his mind upon a great question of public policy. He has changed his mind before, acknowledging that in the lights of larger thought and experience his old views seemed to him unsound. But upon this occasion he is denounced as an enemy of the British Empire, recklessly seeking its dissolution, willing to plunge his country into sorrow and ruin—vain, self-righteous, and spiteful—because he wishes again to be Prime Minister. The question upon which his views have changed is one that has long vexed England. Its statesmanship has grappled with it in vain, and the tale of the unsettled problem is one of tragedy seldom equalled. It is a question with which as Prime-Minister he has been brought into intimate relations. He

knows by experience its character and gravity. His mind is comprehensive, his intelligence great, his sagacity confessed. It is a subject worthy of the profoundest consideration of the ablest and most upright of statesmen; and after deliberation enlightened by knowledge and experience, he decides that the welfare of the empire, the peace, contentment, and happiness of England and Ireland, require the pursuit of a certain policy. It is a question certainly upon which men may patriotically and honorably differ. But Mr. Gladstone is at once universally caricatured by those who differ from his views into a figure as grotesque as Goulay's Napoleon.

This passionate vehemence of misrepresentation is always more or less calculated. It is shrewd to give a bad name to a dog that you mean to shoot, because everybody agrees that a mad dog should be killed. But whether the dog is really mad is a question which has little chance of consideration in the impetuous chase and cry. That Mr. Gladstone, of course, wishes to be Prime-Minister, and that he would scruple at no means to compass the object of his desire, is boisterously and incessantly alleged, and there is so much meanness and contemptible motive familiar to the indifferent or careless reader that unconsciously, with the incessant iteration, he has presently in his mind a kind of monster trying to clutch Britain and tear it asunder, which is labelled Gladstone.

Now Lord Brougham was not beautiful to behold, but yet *Punch* maligned him. He was not a man merely to be laughed at, like *Punch's* Brougham. So Mr. Gladstone, despite the chorus, is not Guy Fawkes prowling among barrels of gunpowder in the vaults of Parliament House. The honorable explanation of his course is the more probable. It is the welfare of the empire through what he believes to be justice to Ireland, not a few months more of high office at any cost to his country and to his renown, which is his animating motive. His view may be mistaken. His policy may be disastrous to British unity. That is a speculation. Nobody can know it. But why is he less likely to be patriotic or wise or just than the London *Times*, for instance, a journal whose principle has been always

to lobby sales with the stranger, not with the fellow party, who knew it was his. If Mr. Gladstone probably desires peace, why may not the London *Times* desire mud? And if the statesman thinks it to be for his personal interest to advocate foreign wars why may not the *Times* think it to be for its pecuniary benefit to oppose it?

The high purpose of the newspaper may be denied. Why say, then, that of the historian be denied? Why should theories of real politics, *Realpolitik*, become history? And if a more exact historical or even historical to the imperial duty, do not think desecrating a living glory. In particular of popular systems of government and faith in difference of view must be avoided in the engaged and be related to a public duty. Which is the end of popular government. In friendly or late desecration what is called "imputing motives" is not premissible. A man's arguments may be entitled and demanded if possible, but to try to turn them by alleging that they are dishonestly uttered, and for a selfish purpose, is to strike below the belt.

If a man is troubled by this treatment of public men, if the statesman or the officer of the nation whom he admires and honors is the victim of the unpopularity of his motives, he has only to look at history to be reassured. The contemporary estimates of compromise are very different from the verdict of history. This is especially true of particular nations. Facts indeed, remain. An hour of time outlaws the infamy of Arnold. But the hasty judgments of heated controversy are revised by the calm scrutiny of time, and the man whom his own age reviles and execrates is revered by later ages as a benefactor and a saint. Old John Adams appealed to posterity against the verdict of his angry opponents, and posterity has heard and confirmed his appeal. Mr. Gladstone's character and motives will be judged finally by a wiser tribunal than the passionate partisanship and angry denunciation which now surround him, and meanwhile it is satisfactory to reflect that those who think best of man judge them most truly.

No man who sees the "Wild West Show" can wonder that Buffalo Bill deeply impressed on English cousins. The red young and bronzed survivors in John

Bill. A certain savage strain lingers in his tastes which Taine sensitively apprehended. His prize-fights and Mohawk rioting, his tiger and elephant hunting, his excursions to shoot buffalo and grizzly bears, are in one view mainly sports and in another brutal survivals. Then May, that in London is sated. It has exhausted every resource of costly luxury. It is jaded, and the sudden appearance of living Indians and the life of the far West as it is actually seen, was an agreeable shock of surprise and gave it a real refreshment.

This cannot be fully comprehended until the spectacle is seen, and nowhere probably can it be seen so advantageously as upon Statue Island, where it was established for the whole summer two years ago and has since weeks during this summer. At London the only given to a part of the village of Marnes, Hursey, on the north shore of the island opposite Newnham, the Wild West camp was pitched. The road turned inland from St. George. The new York ferry landing, brought the new visitors to the camp and the common steam of London, twenty by. The ground selected was a large level tract, part of which was reserved for the arena, an open oblong space from a third to half a mile around, with the ground stand across one end and the level extending part of the length of the arena on both sides. Out side of the arena and behind one of the ranges of seats, is a grove, in which the Indian wigwags were erected by which the crowd passed on the way to the grand stand.

The extent of the enterprise and its cost were here perceived. There was a company of more than a hundred Indians, with cow-boys, Mexicans and attendants, and a large drove of horses. It was naturally a difficult multitude to control, but the organization of the management seemed to be admirable. The order was perfect, and there was an aspect of vigilance, promptness and force among the managers which was very obvious. Colonel Cody, or Buffalo Bill, is evidently an admirable chief of such an enterprise. He is sagacious, alert, and bold. One afternoon a drunken man strayed into the arena and made a disturbance, which among Sioux and other Indians might readily have led to trouble. But Cody, upon his horse, at once dashed up to the offender at full speed, and seizing him

and throwing him across his horse, swept him suddenly off the field, and he was instantly put out. Another story is told at Erastina of the saloons which had sold liquor to the Indians. Nothing could be more dangerous, for a crowd of drunken savages would have devastated the village. Buffalo Bill also better than any one comprehended the peril, went at once to the saloon-keepers and reminded them of the fine for selling liquor to Indians. "However," he said, "you probably don't mind that, so I have called to say that if any more liquor is sold to my Indians, when they are mad drunk I'll turn them loose on the village." No more liquor was sold, and the Indians were very peaceable, strolling along the shore, watching the strange life of civilization, and buying with childish eagerness all kinds of little articles in the shops.

The spectacle of the arena was a perfectly faithful reproduction of common scenes upon the plains. First, groups of Indians, painted and decorated, galloped at full speed by the stand, racing and crying, followed by chiefs singly, and by clusters of women, cowboys, and Mexicans. They all turned as they retired, and formed a large, gay, and motley throng across the arena, then advanced toward the stand, then wheeled, and suddenly and in a wild whirl darted to the farther end and disappeared. Then came an emigrant train, with large baggage-wagons in which sat the women and children, the men armed, riding slowly and wearily along, the faithful watch-dog trotting gravely ahead. On the half-dusty turf it was "the thing itself." As the train pushed slowly on, an Indian scout, then another and another, appeared, watching and studying its force. Suddenly, on the full run, a party of Indians darted to the attack and opened fire. The men of the train returned the fire, and after a brief skirmish between them, Buffalo Bill with a party of rescuers swept up, firing as they came, and the Indians, repulsed, disappeared, and the train resumed its perilous and solitary way.

A similar scene was the Indian attack upon the Deadwood coach. This was the identical carriage which used to cross the plains; and as it drew up before the grand stand, guided by its old driver, volunteer passengers were invited. The coach was filled. The armed guard sat upon

the top, and it departed upon its journey. A similar assault to that upon the emigrants was made by the Indians, and a very lively little battle followed. The Indians played with such zeal and earnestness that there was an air of great reality in the combat. One of the legends of the grand stand is that of a party of volunteers who set forth gayly in the coach; but the attack was so vividly "realistic," and the dusky cloud of Indians enveloping the coach had such an air of "playing in earnest," that a suspicion of stray bullets in the rifles evidently crossed the minds of some of the passengers, for upon the repulse of the Indians by Buffalo Bill and his gallant men, two of the dismayed amateur travellers were found stowed under the seats and two had fainted.

The promise of Buffalo Bill as he rides to the front, the bust of the cavalcade which opens the exhibition, and says that actual scenes of frontier life will be presented, is kept to the letter. The camping of the Indians and a skirmish with a hostile tribe, the races, the riding of bucking horses, the rifle-shooting, are all genuine, and the buffalo hunt, although it has a perfunctory air, and although the placid buffalo cantering solemnly round the track are evidently free from annoying alarms, is probably more unlike the actual chase. These scenes, rude and actual, presented to Mayfair, must naturally have produced a remarkable impression like Selwyn's Indian chiefs presented at court in the last century.

The only serious objection to the exhibition that the Easy Chair has heard is that which was registered almost with tender earnestness by one of the fairest, reasonable and excellent of women. It is pitiful and wicked she said that just as a hopeful effort is made to interest the intelligent country in the civilization of the Indian, his squalid savagery should be made a gross spectacle to degrade him in the minds of the people, and to stimulate all the worst dime novel tastes and tendencies among boys. But the good critic did not speak from observation or knowledge. Had she seen the spectacle she would have discovered that the Indian was not degraded in her mind by showing himself as he is. Indeed, the performance is merely like one of his own games upon the plains, and he does not lose in dignity. On the contrary, the spectacle leaves prob-

only a more accurate impression of the Indian than can be gained except by a visit to the Indians.

Certainly the effect proposed by the critic is not produced, and it is not at all of the kind injurious to the colored people which is due to the *Kaliput* controversy. It is, indeed, the raw material of the Indian that is seen, and not that which has been already influenced in a degree by civilization. But no one seems to hold sounder or braver views of the Indian, or of the duties that we owe him, and the manner in which they should be discharged, than Robert Hall.

THE LAY CHURCH heard the other day of a Browning club in a Western state which for some mysterious reason preferred not to be known, as much, for a while, as destroyed by its own coat and tongue. It decided to hold a reception at which every thing should be brown. A Brown frock-coat was covered with brown cloth, Brown bread and brown sugar held places of honor. The hosts appeared in brown dresses. Brown curtains were hung over the windows. Brown was universal, and when one of the guests, walking around the room at last exclaimed, "Well, I declare I really believe you are a Browning club," there was no member in brown hardy enough to deny it. Matthew Arnold was in a remote and small village among the New England hills which reminded him, he said, in some way of a solitary hamlet in the Tyrol. "And what," he asked, "do the good people do for amusement?" "Well," said his companion, "they had a feature on Browning last week." Arnold lifted up his hands in amazement and laughed, as he replied, "I am evidently not in the Tyrol."

The interest in Browning is a very striking and significant fact. He has never been a popular poet in England, although for nearly half a century he has been regarded as the only real competitor of Tennyson for the highest place in contemporary English poetry. Take *Charles*, he was first recognized in America as a literary figure of the first importance. He is too obscure a poet for the general reader. Very few of his poems are popular in the sense of the word as applied to Scott or Byron or Tennyson or Longfellow, and he has contributed few lines or phrases or characters to current and familiar speech. But no poet of the time seems to have

taken stronger hold upon the enthusiasm of the readers of poetry in this country.

This is perhaps especially true of the West, where literary culture is sought by many young people with an ardor and earnestness which are remarkable. To such a class the very fact of the obscurity of Browning's verse is an allurements, because it gives them a reason for devoted study and comparative interpretation. A Longfellow or Tennyson club would be constituted for the pleasure of reading the works of those poets, and perhaps of tracing their development from earlier literary influences and sources. But the meaning and purpose of their poetry and its general scope would not be a subject of investigation or discussion.

There is indeed the feeling in regard to the Browning club that the members are attracted by the poet because he is an *obscurity-giver*, *equation pro inspiration*. Yet it is not the obscurity alone which attracts, but the evident conviction that the mystery is but the cloud enveloping an Abyss on which the eddies of history and the radiant lights. Thackeray one day came in upon a friend reading Browning, and after expressing his surprise asked him to be understood what he read. When he friend said that he thought he did Thackeray answered with painful firmness, "I wish I could, but I have no head above my eyes." He evidently had the feeling that there was something to be understood, and not that it was all "rubbish." It is this conviction which animates the clubs. Doubtless the peering commentators often see what is not to be seen, and Browning himself accepted certain interpretations as probably correct. Hawthorne said that a painter is entitled to the credit of everything that anybody sees in his picture, and a poet is not likely to disclaim the diamond which is found in his mine.

It must be said also that there is not necessarily the kind and degree of general literary culture in a community which would seem to be implied by the concerted study of a recondite author. The Browning clubs signify probably that among the readers of current literature, who are not scholars nor critically versed even in the English classics, but who have a literary taste which is gratified by the magazines and by contemporary authors, the apparent puzzle of Browning's verse offers an attraction to which it is pleasant to yield.

The philosophic systems and spiritual meaning which the hierophants often discover are perhaps not unlike the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces which rise and multiply and fill with stately splendor the sunset west. Yet the Easy Chair holds with Hawthorne that that is legitimate. If you find something there, it is there, whether the poet meant to place it there or not. But we must not dogmatize and insist that others shall see it, and own that it only is the key to the poem.

In the literary taste and earnestness, the diligence of study and ingenuity of interpretation, which show themselves in this way amid all the material prosperity and development of the great West, there are interesting signs of the spirit which will enrich and elevate its life. That these signs appear so largely among the young women is most promising for the future. The tastes of the girls of to-day will affect the training of the children of to-morrow, of whom those girls will be the mothers. The Browning clubs will have their influence not less than the grain elevators. Literary and intellectual culture must begin and must long be imperfect. But what is called half-culture and superficial and smattering knowledge are the germination of the seed. It will be

whole culture and fuller knowledge presently.

The criticism which is sometimes made of Western cultivation that it is superficial is equally true and is sometimes expressed of American culture in general. No part of the country can raise its eyebrows upon this point at any other, even were it so disposed. The most scholarly and thoroughly trained men among us are too well aware of the facts to permit the indulgence of any merely local feeling. The Browning clubs of the New England hills are signs in no way different from those of the Western prairies. A sign of the same general kind was the interest in the lecture lyceum of thirty and forty years ago, and that was essentially alike in Vermont and in Illinois, except that it was more universal and vigorous in the latter State.

It is not only for the light that they throw upon Browning, but for that rosy hue which is cast upon American prospects, that the Browning clubs are interesting and suggestive. They are the happy heralds of the future.

"The roses are fast at hand, they cry,
"Like coral-reefs 'round at even sleeping;
"Our meadows' grasses are spread wide,
"Our olive groves thick shade the fanning,
"For the hand shapes you bring."

Editor's Study.

IT is hardly worth while to attempt a full record of what has been done in fiction since the Study last gave its attention to that branch of literature. To note even the important events in it with the hope of doing justice to specific achievements is something beyond us. At best one can expect merely to appreciate with loose generality the work of new hands, and gratefully to welcome the increasing skill and power of some old ones.

Among these it seems to us that the touch of Mr. Henry James is of such excellent maturity in the short stories which he has lately printed that it would be futile to dispute his primacy in most literary respects. We mean his primacy not only among fabling Americans, but among all who are presently writing fiction. It is with an art richly and normally perfected from intentions evident

in his earliest work that he now imparts to the reader his own fine sense of character and motive, and gives his conceptions a distinctness and definition really unapproached. There never was much 'prentice faltering in him; the danger was rather that in one so secure of his literary method from the first, a mere literary method might content at the end; but with a widening if not a deepening hold on life (all must admit that his hold has widened, whoever denies that it has deepened) this has clearly not contented him. No one has had more to say to his generation of certain typical phases than he, and he has had incomparably the best manner of saying it. Of course it can always be trigged by certain mislikers of his, and he has them in force enough to witness the vast impression he has made—that these typical phases are not the important phases; but if they do this

they must choose wholly to ignore such a novel as *The Perverse Proposition*. If it is in a way disadvantageous to our time that a writer of such quality should ever have producing volumes, the fact impoaches not only our intelligence but our sense of the artist. It will certainly amuse a future that such things as his could be done in ours and meet only a feeble and conditional acceptance from the "best" criticism, with something little short of ribald insult from the common cry of literary parasitism. But happily the critics do not form an author's only readers; they are not even his judges. These are the editors of the magazines, which are now the real audience to the public; and their recent unanimity in per-

sonating unanimously some of the best work of Mr. James's life in the way of short stories indicates the existence of an interest in all he does which is doubtless the true measure of his popularity. With

"The Aspern Papers" in *The Atlantic*, "The Fair" in *The Century*, "A London Life" in *Scribner's* and "Louise Pallard" and "Two Countries" in *Harper's* pretty much all at once, the effect was like an artist's exhibition. One turned from one masterpiece to another, making his comparisons, and delighted to find that the stories helped rather than hurt one another, and that these accidental meetings enhanced his pleasure in them.

II.

Masterpieces we say, since the language does not hold their beauty from high perfection of literary execution at all points. "Louise Pallard" for instance—is an un-mixed pleasure if you delight in a well-taken point of view, and more so, story that runs easily from the lips of the omniscient narrator, characterizing him no less subtly than the persons of the tale. In English to the last degree informal and to the last degree refined. Just for attitude, just for light, firm touch, the piece is simply unsurpassed outside the same author's works. We speak now only of the literature, and leave the doubt as to his struggle with the question whether a mother would have done all that about a daughter; and we will not attempt to decide whether the American wife in the "Two Countries" would have kissed herself if her English husband had written a book against her native land. These were to us very minor points compared with the truthfulness of

the supposed case and the supposed people, just as in "A London Life" it doesn't so much matter whether poor Laura marries or not as whether the portrait of Mr. Wendover is not almost too good to be left by the public which reads in running, and whether some touch of Selma's previous badness may not be lost. There are depths under depths in the subtle penetrations of this story, the surprise of which should not be suffered to cheapen the more superficial but not less brilliant performance in "The Liar" for there too is astonishing divination, and a clutch upon the unconscious motives which are scarcely more than impulses, instincts.

III.

To pass from these tales to such a novel as *The Man Behind* is to compass a distance as vast as that between the dense, highly organized European social life of to-day and the more crude materials of society as they existed in the great Middle West forty years ago. But in a genuine feeling for human nature Mr. Henry James and Mr. T. S. Denison, who publishes his own book as well as writes it, are not so far apart but that the *Stark* can welcome them alike to the hospitality it rejoices to show all good work. The simple, the rude, new country life which most Americans of fifty have known but which with loss and gain, for Americans will grow hereafter, is the setting of an action neither novel nor peculiarly ours. Men have so often tempted women to self-destruction and then left them to their ruin, while they prospered on to riches and honors, that the tale of an ambitious farm-boy and backwoods girl could have unusual claim upon the reader's interest if it were not for the local truth which the author is able to impart, or unable to withhold. We should like to say, if we might say it without offence, how it seems often the limited perspective which gives his work infinite pathos for those whose bounds have widened. His work has a real importance because of his apparent unconsciousness, because his ideals of worldly splendor address themselves simply to the intelligence of that wholesome majority of our people whose experience of more metropolitan glories is small or null. At the same time it has a truth to human nature in generals and in details which is uncommon—a greater truth to this always than to character in

its more fluctuant shades and more flexible expressions. Such as it is, Mr. Denison's work has very distinct value, and the public, which is not suffering from over-production in that kind, ought to be glad of it, and want more of it.

IV.

Perhaps we can make clearer some points concerning Mr. Denison's work by contrasting it with Miss S. O. Jewett's in her late volume, *The King of Folly Island*, and other sketches. Here there is a knowledge of common life (we call it common, but it is not vulgar, like the life of most rich and fashionable people) not less intimate than his, and a kindness for it quite as great; but it is studied from the outside, and with the implication of a world of interests and experiences foreign to it. Of course Miss Jewett's lovely humor, so sweet and compassionate, goes for much in the tacit appeal, the mute aside, to the sympathetic reader for his appreciation of the several situations; but nothing is helplessly or involuntarily good in the effect: all was understood before and aimed at, and there is a beautiful mastery in the literature, which charms equally with the fine perception. From first to last both are so unflinching in such a sketch as "Sister Wisby's Courtship" or "Miss Peck's Promotion" that one is tempted to call the result perfect, and take the consequences. At the same time the writer's authority is kept wholly out of sight; she is not sensibly in her story any more than a painter is in his picture. It is in this that her matured skill or her intuitive self-control shows to the disadvantage of a very clever writer like the author of *Tenting at Stony Beach*, who has herself too much in mind, and lets the reader see it. With the latter, humor occasionally degenerates into smartness; nevertheless it is for the most part very genuine humor, and it includes a lively sense of character both among the South Shore natives and the summer folks. The pretty girl of our civilization, who pushes into the canvas home of the tenters, is caught with much of Mr. James's neatness, while Marsh Yates, the "shiftless tom," and his beautiful, energetic wife, and Randy Rankin and her husband, are verities beyond his range.

V.

It is a pity that Miss Pool does not hold her hand altogether from caricature and

melodrama; but it must be owned she does not. Still we are indebted to her for some types, if not some characters; and to Mr. Cable in his inter-related sketches called *Bonaventure* we owe the pleasure of some fresh characters in a romantic atmosphere where we could not have hoped for anything better than types. The book is no such book as *The Grandissimes*; let that be early understood before we praise it for qualities proper to its slighter texture. *The Grandissimes* is one of the great novels of our time, whereas *Bonaventure* is simply one of the gracefulest romances, in which high motive, generous purpose, and picturesque material answer for the powerful realities of the other. The facts of the case—the aspiration and the heroic self-sacrifice of the young creole school-master among the Acadians of Louisiana—are given by a species of indirection, a kind of tacking, which recalls Judd's method in his *Margaret*, a book which Mr. Cable could not have had in mind, but to which his work assimilates itself in the romantic atmosphere common to them both. It has its charm, but it also has a misty intangibility which baffles, which vexes. Nevertheless this too is the work of a master who gives us for the time what he thinks best, and who has not yet begun to deliver his whole message to a world where few of the prophets have both head and heart. We see in him a curious process of evolution, in which the citizen, the Christian, seems to threaten the artist, but out of which we trust to see then issue an indissoluble alliance for the performance of services to humanity higher than any yet attempted. It is the conscience of Mr. Cable that gives final value to all he does; it will avail him with readers similarly endowed against any provincial censure, and will not suffer him to slight any side of his most important work, or to forget that art is the clearest medium of truth.

It is a very delicate medium, however, and it breaks unless the entire intention it is meant to carry is very carefully adjusted. One feels that something of this sort is the trouble with Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins's book, which she calls *Uncle Tom's Tenement*. It is the work of an intellectual woman and it is written with noble purpose from abundant knowledge; it interests, it touches, it stirs; but it is wanting in aesthetic solidarity, and one is sensible at last that

with all the fervor of its episodes, it must be judged on its economic side. If it is to be judged for what mainly occupied the writer, she has found that the tenement-house crises of New York lay its origin primarily in the rapacity of the landlords, and secondarily in the savagery of the tenants; the former have accustomed the latter to equate the law they prefer it. The reform must begin in the consciences of the landlords, who ought to give their tenants improved tenements, and then the tenants ought to be educated up to their opportunities by surveillance and discipline. The abuses alleged are all undeniable and sickening enough; the extortions practical are atrocious; the abominations and indecencies unspeakable. However prosperity visits these miserable homes in the shape of better wages, it is seized and confiscated to the landlord's behoof in an increased rent. The disease is well studied, and the symptoms all clearly ascertained; the remedy proposed is more conscience in the landlords. But is there any hope of permanent cure while the conditions invite our human creature to exploit another?—Yes;—it is for his profit, or a bad man under the same laws, may at any moment undo the work of a good one. This is the point at issue, the question which the book seems to leave unanswered. It is so poignant that we are fain to turn from it to more strictly literary interests again, and try to forget it.

VI.

It was not because the genius of Mr. Cable was sectional or local that we were tempted just now to call it provincial, but because it was harrowed up the conscience of people who would rather be flattered than appreciated; and in this sort the sum of our national censure of Mr. James is provincial. It is extraordinary that any one could read *The Reverberator* and not cry out in grateful recognition of its thorough Americanism; it makes one afraid that the nation's patriotism has mistaken us, and that we are really a nation of snobs, who would rather be supposed to have fine manners than good qualities; or that we are stupid, and cannot perceive the delicate justice that rights us in spite of ourselves. But there is no mistake in his art, which, beginning with such a group of Americans as the Dossos and their friend the reporter of the society newspaper in the prime of their super-

ficial vulgarity, ends with having touched into notice every generous and valuable point in them, and espoused their cause against that of the grander world. In the case of the obtuse Flack this effect is almost miraculous, in that of Mr. Dossos and his daughter Delia it is charming, and in that of Francie Dossos adorable. We leave the Probert group of Gallicized Americans to those who know them better, though Francie's lover Gaston goes to one's heart; but the Dossos are all true and veritable in their inexpressable innocence at any turn in the international world which Mr. James has discovered for us. Francie Dossos, with her beauty, her goodness, her goodness, and her helpless truth, is a marvellous expression of the best in American girlhood. She unwittingly does her lover's people an awful mischief, and to the end she remains half persuaded of Mr. Flack's theory that people really like to have their private affairs written up in the papers; but all the same she remains lovable, and Gaston loves her. *So with deliciously and credibly so.* Mr. James makes you feel once again that this settles it.

VII.

As for Flack, he is perfect, the very centre of society journalism. But apparently, however indigenous with us, his species is not confined to our own country in its origin, if we may believe Señor Valdés in his latest novel, *El Cuarto Poder*, or *The Fourth Estate*, or the newspaper, mainly as it exists in the little seaport city of Sarrió, somewhere in northwestern Spain of to-day. Sinforoso Sagues is the resonant Spanish of the nature if not of the name of Flack, though with a mellifluousness and a malignity added which are foreign to Flack; for as a rule the American interviewer wishes his victim no harm, and does not ordinarily aim at fine writing, even when he achieves it. But, as in Mr. James's story, journalism is a subordinate interest of Señor Valdés's novel, which is mainly a picture of contemporary life in a Spanish town. The reader of these pages need be at no loss to conjecture our opinion of this author's work, and from the versions of his *Marquis of Peñalta* and his *Maximina* any English reader can test it for himself. We will only say that, without their unity, *El Cuarto Poder* is in other respects a greater work than either; its range is vaster, its

tolerance as charming, its sympathy with all good things as pervasive, its humor delicious. Don Rosendo Bellinchón and the cigar girl whom he marries; their son Pablo, from boyhood to youth immoral, reckless, and cowardly; and their daughters Cecilia and Ventura, are, with Gonzalo de las Cuevas, the husband of Ventura, the principal persons, around whom are grouped the vividly painted *personnel* and circumstance of Sarrió. The novel is mainly the tragic story of Gonzalo, who abandons Cecilia and marries Ventura, and experiences through her ambition and treachery the truth of his uncle's saying, that God himself cannot help the man who breaks his word. But he is not a false person, only simply, helplessly true, and there grows up between him and Cecilia the sweetest and purest friendship ever imagined in fiction; it is most beautifully and courageously done; it consoles him in the worst affliction, but it cannot save him. Spanish aristocracy as it survives, intellectualized and agnosticized, into modern times is studied with irony that would be bitter, if Valdés could be bitter, in the Duque de Tornos, who seduces the ready Ventura; and a whole population of middle-class and plebeian figures live in the author's humorous sympathy.

Bellinchón himself is a character worthy of Cervantes, with his extravagancies and contradictions, and his wife, with her growth through sorrow into a refinement not otherwise possible to her simple goodness, is a lovely creation. It is impossible to touch the merit of the book at all points; it has in one romantic excess of self sacrifice a single important fault; but it has that frankness, of which we must advise the intending reader, characteristic of Latin writers in treating Latin life; that is to say, Sarrió is not described as if it were Salem, Massachusetts.

VIII.

We are inclined to make much of the good fiction that comes to us from Spain, because we get no more from the only country that sends us better. But in default of a Russian novel, we are very glad of Stepniak's book on *The Russian Peasantry*, the facts of which throw such full and interesting light on the realistic fiction of Russia. Without this book many things must remain dark in Tourguénief and Tolstoi, and its details concerning the

political, social, domestic, and religious life of the Russian people are of the greatest value in and for themselves. They testify to an immense intellectual and spiritual activity, and to a habit of self-government ineffaceable even by the most grinding despotism. Those stories of misery wring the heart, but they tell of so much good in the people, so much patience and strength, that they leave a hope of their future—a future which the now freest people may be glad to share if it brings fruition of the old Russian ideals of fraternity and the community of interests and benefits. Nothing could be more democratic than the Russian *mir*; each village is, as regards its economic affairs, a little indigenous republic, and the imported bureaucracy of the Czar's has not yet crushed out its almost instinctive life. No peoples have more in common than the Americans and the Russians in the fine distribution of their autonomy; in fact the Russians are ultimately more democratic than we are; and they are apparently as fond of religious variety. The Frenchman who found us a nation of one gray and a hundred religions could repeat his experience on as vast a scale among them as to the religions, though as to the grays, he might not find any sauce more artistic than hunger.

One almost famishes as one reads of the Russian peasantry and their life long craving for enough to eat, and has, by way of contrast, almost a sense of repletion in reading Mr. Pellew's book. He calls it *In Castle and Cabin; or, Talks in Ireland in 1887*; and this is what it literally is: talks with all kinds of people, gentle and simple, cleric and laic, about the Irish question. It is something more than this in its admirably clear Introduction, by which the reader is historically possessed of the situation, and in the author's careful and conscientious Conclusion, which largely leaves the reader to his own. But the main value of the book is that it affords the materials for judgment concerning the original situation, and the successive efforts to relieve it by legislation, and the strange practical complications resulting from these efforts. The whole business is a muddle of the most timid and conservative precedents and the boldest innovations; and the reader must share the author's misgiving whether home rule will right it all, though he will still feel that

home rule ought to come. Mr. Feltow denies the analogy between Canada and Ireland, and affirms the necessity of a much closer union between Ireland and England, with an autonomy in the former much more such as denied than Mr. Feltow's proposals. He thinks the Irish people will be content with this upon exposure and after they have learned to trust English good-will as shown to them by acts of imperial administration which would be unanimously denounced as "paternalism" in this country. But with moral telegraphs and postal savings banks England is already far gone in paternalism, and probably Mr. Feltow did not intend the suggestion he makes in that direction. Doubtless he heard them talked up by people opposed to granting full self-government to Ireland. He gives them without mitigation, without insistence and with the same unpopulated calm which characterizes his treatment of the position of the clergy, the plan of campaign, the boycott, the evictions, and all the other features of the situation.

We group with these excellent books another which we have read with equal interest, and that is Mr. William H. Channing's *Capitals of Spanish America*. The author is very nice, and too, as author has somehow the art of delighting, a sort of charm like that of an easy talker. To be sure, he has the advantage of being able to attract us by

his account of the republics south of us, and astonishment is a thing which we all like to feel, and which readily attributes merit to the author of it. The book has given us unusual pleasure and we fancy it could illumine as vast an ignorance as ours in many intelligent people. Till one reads Mr. Curtis one has no idea of the enormous advance in material prosperity which the Spanish American peoples have been making, with all their revolutions and earthquakes. Their republics are in most cases simple tyrannies, and yet the wills of their dictators have brought about a degree of liberty in some respects greater than certain free peoples enjoy. For example, there is one question which the President of Venezuela started by a message to his Congress beginning as follows: "I have taken upon myself the responsibility of declaring the Church of Venezuela independent of the Roman episcopate, and I ask that you further order that parish priests be elected by the people, the bishops by the rectors of parishes and the archbishops by Congress returning to the usage of the primitive Church founded by Jesus Christ and His apostles." Fancy such a communitarian in Canada or in the United States! But Mr. Channing's book is full of surprises, and even of criticisms, for those of us who are able to learn respect for sister, or neglected, republics almost as strange to us as many imaginable commonwealths by the planet Mars.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

PUBLISHED.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of August. The following bills were passed by Congress during the month: Mills, Tariff Bill (by a vote of 162 to 140); Harmer, Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, Senate, July 24th; Naval Appropriation, Senate, July 26th; Army Appropriation, Senate, July 26th; Sundry Civil Appropriation, Senate, August 1st; to prohibit sending of Chinese laborers, Senate, August 5th; to regulate inter-state commerce carried by telegraph, House, August 6th; Fortification Appropriation, House, August 16th.

The President approved the Pastors' Appropriation Bill July 24th. The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill became a law without the President's signature August 13th.

A message accompanying the fourth report of the Civil Service Commission was transmitted to Congress by President Cleveland July 23d.

The American Party, meeting in National

convention at Washington, August 15th, nominated General James L. Curtis, of New York, for President, and James M. Greer, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, of the United States.

An order appointing Major General John M. Schofield to the command of the Army of the United States was issued by the President August 14th.

The nomination of Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, as Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was confirmed by the Senate, July 26th, by a vote of 41 to 20.

Thomas Seay, the Democratic candidate, was re-elected Governor of Alabama by about 75,000 plurality.

The Local Government Bill passed the third reading in the House of Commons July 27th, and the Parnell Commission Bill, August 5th.

Count von Moltke was succeeded, August 13th, by Count von Waldersee as Chief of the General Staff of the German Army.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies passed an electoral reform bill July 19th.

Italy has definitively taken possession of Massowah and the adjacent territory.

DISASTERS.

July 13th.—Seventeen persons drowned in the wreck of the British ship *Star of Greece* near Adelaide, Australia.

July 15th.—Over 500 persons killed by an eruption in the Bandai-san volcanic region, Japan.

July 19th.—About twenty persons were killed during a severe storm in Wheeling and the vicinity, West Virginia.

August 3d.—A fire in a factory building in the rear of 197 Bowery, New York, resulted in the death of twenty persons.

August 11th.—Over 200 persons drowned by the bursting of a reservoir in Valparaiso, Chili.

August 14th.—Collision off Nova Scotia between steamers *Thingalla* and *Geiser*, both of the Thingvalla Line, sinking the *Geiser* in seven minutes, with 117 of her passengers and crew.

OBITUARY.

July 19th.—In Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York, Rev. Edward Payson Roe, the author, in the fifty-first year of his age.

July 20th.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, General Thomas L. Young, aged fifty-five years.

July 21st.—In Paris, Charles Théodore Eugène Duclerc, Senator and former Premier of France, aged seventy-five years.

July 23d.—At Lake Dunmore, near Brandon Vermont, Courtlandt Palmer, aged forty-five years.

July 28th.—In Leavenworth, Kansas, Thomas Carney, ex-Governor of Kansas, aged sixty-three years.

July 30th.—In Middletown, New York, Bartley Campbell, the playwright, aged forty-five years.

July 31st.—In Lagrange, Kentucky, Dr. Robert Morris, the poet-laureate of Masonry, in the seventy-first year of his age.—In London, Frank Holl, the artist, aged forty-three years.

August 5th.—In Norquitt, Massachusetts, Philip Henry Sheridan, General of the Army of the United States, aged fifty-seven years. (The interment was at Arlington Heights, August 11th.)

August 7th.—In Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, William P. Davidge, the actor, aged seventy-four years.

August 11th.—At Amesbury, Massachusetts, Richard S. Spottord, aged fifty-six years.

August 12th.—At Sharon, Connecticut, Lawrence R. Jerome, in his sixty-ninth year.

August 14th.—At Monterey, California, Charles Crocker, railroad millionaire, in his sixty-sixth year.

Editor's Drawer.



IT seems hardly worth while to say that this would be a more interesting country if there were more interesting people in it. But the remark is worth consideration in a land where things are so much estimated by what they cost. It is a very expensive country, especially so in the matter of education, and one cannot but reflect whether the result is in proportion to the outlay. It costs a great many thousands of dollars and over four years of time to produce a really good baseball player, and the time and money invested in the production of a society young woman are not less. No complaint is made of the cost of these schools of the higher education; the point is whether they produce interesting people. Of course all women are interesting. It has got pretty well noised about the world that American women are, on the whole, more interesting than any others. This statement is not made boastfully, but simply as a market quotation, as one might say, "They are sought for; they ride high. They lay on 'way'." They know how to be fascinating, to be agreeable; they unite freedom of manner with modesty

of behavior; they are apt to have beauty, and if they have not, they know how to make others think they have. Probably the Greek girls in their highest development under Phœdria were never so attractive as the American girls of this period; and if we had a Phœdria who could put their charms in marble, all the antique galleries would close up and go out of business.

But it must be understood that in regard to them, as to the dilettantes, it is necessary to "get the best." Not all women are equally interesting, and some of those on whom most educational money is lavished are the least so. It can be said truthfully that everybody is interesting up to a certain point. There is no human being from whom the inquiring mind cannot learn something. It is so with women. Some are interesting for five minutes, some for ten, some for an hour; some are not exhausted in a whole day; and some (and this shows the signal tendency of Providence) are perennially entertaining even in the presence of masculine stupidity. Of course the radical trouble of this world is that there are not more people who are interesting comrades, day in and day out, for a lifetime. It is greatly to the credit of American women that so many of them have this quality, and have developed it, unprotected, in free competition

with all countries which have been pouring in women without the least dark land upon their gleaming beauty. We have a half upon knowledge—we are to shift out all of that by a strong teacher. We have a half upon pity and half grace in a half of the nation. We try to educate, or a few say it; but we have never reached the very modern of beauty and the mind, so that we can seem to come in the modern of the world.

There is a great deal of a difference. The reader wants to know what the quality of being interesting one reads with quite a few. It is admitted that if one goes into a new place he estimates the agreeableness of it according to the number of people who are with him. It is a pleasure to know, who have either the ability to talk well or the intelligence to listen appreciatively even if disagreeable, which society has the laughing quality that makes men interest society satisfactory. It is admitted also that in our day the business of this and of the modern is a pleasure—mainly thrown upon women. Men make their business an excuse for not being either, either in the few who satisfy the mind (aside from the politicians, who always try to be winning) or in the many who are the contentment, something to make society bright and engaging. Now if this is a world and college, teaching and writing, merely add to the number of people who have power, learning and knowledge without personal charm, what becomes of social life? The Drawer is impressed with the excellence of the schools and colleges for women—impressed also with the co-educating institutions. There is no sight more inspiring than an assemblage of four or five hundred young women attacking literature, science, and all the arts. The grace and courage of the attack alone are worth all it cost. All the art and science and literature are hauled in, but one of the chief purposes that should be in view is maintained if the young women are not made more interesting, both to themselves and to others. Ability to earn an independent living may be conceded to be important, health is indispensable, and beauty of face and form are desirable; knowledge is priceless, and unselfish amiability is above the price of riches; but how shall we set a value, so far as the pleasure of living is concerned, upon the power to be interesting? We now go over to the highly estimated young woman with reverence, from the unappreciated young woman with fear and trembling, to the young woman who

of the interesting woman? Anxiety is this moment agitating the minds of tens of thousands of mothers about the education of their daughters. Suppose their education should be directed to the purpose of making them interesting women, what a blessing country this would be about the year 1898!

CHARLES DODLEY WARNER.

A MATTER OF ROADS.

About a generation ago Lawrence O'Connor, D.D., of the Nova Scotia Legislature. He was of Irish descent, a brilliant lawyer, and, like a number of his political associates, a clever, impetuous, and eloquent debater. But it is chiefly on account of his ready wit and his unflinching reporter that he is best remembered. More of his record of his has been published, but the following, which I first heard a short time ago, will probably be new to a portion of the reading public. Doyle and two brother translators, Messrs. Lusk and Kenny, were among the guests at a dinner party one evening, and while Mr. Kenny was drinking his champagne a small piece of cork escaped into his windpipe, and violent coughing ensued. When relief came, Lusk, himself a well-known man, said that that was the wrong road for cork. "Whereupon Doyle, quick as thought, asked the friends, 'It may be the wrong way for cork, but it went right to K—' (Kenny)!"

J. A. C. O'NEILL.



HURRYING THINGS.

Warren (in the restaurant). "Here, waiter, two boiled eggs—four minutes, not look dirty, I'm in a hurry."
Warren, hastily shutting off the table-lights. "Yes, sah, yes, sah. Have 'em ready for you in two minutes, sah, two minutes."



AMERICANS IN PARIS.

TEDDIE. "Mamma, I'm afraid if I grow up here that I'll forget all my English!"

MAMMA. "Oh, I guess not. What put that idea into your head?"

TEDDIE. "Well, you see, there's the countess, she grewed up here, and there's the blanchisseuse she grewed up here, and they've both of them forgotten all their English, and especially me, 'cept our French teacher, and she can't remember it all, and has to speak French most of the time."

AN IRRESISTIBLE DEMAND.

My dog was held for ransom, and Pat was sent to rescue him.

"Pat," said I, "did you tell the man that if he did not give up the dog at once, I would have him arrested?"

"Oi did that same, sorr."

"What did you say to him?"

"Oi tould him jist what yez tould me to tell him. Oi went there where he had the dorg, and oi sez to him, oi sez, 'The boss sez, sez oi, 'av yez don't disgorge that dorg,' sez oi, 'he sez he'll have the law on yez, sez he, that's what he sez,' sez oi."

"And did he disgorge the dog, Pat?"

"To waunst, sorr." C. S.

A SHATTERED ILLUSION.

I KNOW not if 'twere chance or fate
That brought the maid and me together,
At *table d'hôte* one night at eight
Our talk began about the weather.

We had no introduction, and—

But this displays no lack of breeding.

One seat was next mine, they say.

It was a natural, unassuming

She possessed a striking, English style.

Her hair was neatly coiled and braided.

Her lips—oh, thought I, how sweet they lay!

If home for eyes so softly shaded!

One something about her looked quaint—

Was interspersed with frequent "athens."

I need not deny the 'colossal' group

Of "avalanche" slipped betwixt her cheeks.

Still something speechless made me doubt
Her being truly, times three, French.

Yet when one little phrase slipped out,

With happier was my heart—still so—

"I guess"—she could not call it home.

And laughed to hide her sweet confusion
Oh, lovely Anglo-maniac,

To shatter thus my fond illusion!

RUSSELL CLINTON.

THE LETTER DIED TOO SOON.

"I knew you had the opportunity of the hour," said I, "but I was not prepared to take advantage of it."

"And I knew you had a letter for me," said I, "but I was not prepared to take advantage of it."

"I thought the letter was for me," said I, "but I was not prepared to take advantage of it."

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A SINCERE OPINION.

"We talk of writing easily and dabbling off impromptus; how say you if we should try it now?" Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some knack of that work; and here are pens, ink, and paper ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu."

He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable was assembled in the chief room of Will's Coffee-house (at that time their favorite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man to the prime of life, who still lives in English history as Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in all England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor.

"Agreed," cried the rest, with one voice; "and, 'glorious John' here shall be our umpire."

The last words were addressed to a plump little old man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting next him, clothed by the time, and seemed to be treated with great respect for the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of the olden black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was no other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation.

Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole set, with paper and pen. But to the amusement even of those who saw how the ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs.

"You see no, gentlemen," said a laughing sinner, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his impromptu ready beforehand."

"Then cannot some trial at me for that, Jack," retorted the host. "For men say thou hast once written an 'impromptu' which took thee a month to compose."

The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had but little time to spare over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All the other competitors looked shipwrecked, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's effusion was found to run thus:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas. — Dorset."

DAVID KIR.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A FARMER travelling in a foreign land for the first time, becoming somewhat anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home: "Is things all right at the barn?" JOHN BREEN."

His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back: "JOHN BREEN. — Things is. — ROBERT."

JOEL BENTON.



THE COOK TOURISTS.
FIRST MORNING IN FLORENCE.

MARIA (*sentimentally*). "Beautiful Venice!"

JONATHAN (*uncomfortably*). "Are you sure it is Venice, Maria?"

MARIA. "Why, of course. We were to be in Venice, according to the programme, on the fifth, and this is the sixth; and besides, look at the gondolas," pointing to the sail boats on the Arno.

THE HEART OF AFRICA

Oh, here you will find sweetest honey,
 Far beyond the sea, and away—
 For I'm going to—on my journey—
 In the heart of Africa.

You going to—on my journey—
 On the banks of the Great River—
 And take a walk in the Temple Room—
 In the heart of Africa.

You going to—on my journey—
 And spend with an army—
 And share the spoil of the—
 In the heart of Africa.

I'm going to—on my journey—
 On the African River—
 Oh I—on the—
 In the heart of Africa.

If I could return to my native land—
 At the end of my journey—
 From my—
 In the heart of Africa.

You have may be—
 While I—
 I—
 In the heart of Africa.

CHILDREN OF HAMPTON

One of the most frequent subjects of discussion among ethnologists is the question, Have we in this world a race of natural humorists? Modern humor affords abundant argument for those who take the negative in this discussion, and the Dreyer believes that those in search of humorous arguments cannot do better than visit the Hampton Normal School, where the dusky children of North America and the Ethiopian Isles have their young and often aged, objects taught by hand. They go on matriculation they become carries in individual cases with the strange and the negro just as it does with the children of fairer complexion, but that their minds are frequently what we might term "funny" ones is fully shown by a perusal of some of the examination papers handed in, and stronger still by the answers given in oral examinations.

The Dreyer thinks that the following answers, culled from the papers of the various classes in Biblical, geography and domestic branches, cannot fail to convince those who say that we have no natural race of humorists that they have erred.

In the course of their Biblical instruction a class, distinguished rather for opacity than for incapacity, was asked, "What did John do when he came to David?" to which the prompt answer was given, "He threw the Jerusalem Bible (Zebedee) out of the window." And in response to the query, "How long did Solomon reign?" a rising young humorist, whose complexion reveals that of the man to eclipse, replied, "Forty days and forty nights." We doubt if even Solomon in all his glorious wisdom could have drawn a parallel between his own reign and that of Noah's time.

The instructor of this same class in Biblical lore was informed most gravely that St. Mark they was one of the "twelve opossums"—a most gratifying answer to her question, since it showed how high in the estimation of her scholars the apostle must have stood.

The little girls are frequently found among the humorists of Hampton, and their utterances are often characterized by a wisdom beyond their years, as is shown in the case of the young miss of ten who, when asked to give the daily lesson, proudly announced that "A good man is more to be desired than great riches."

That the boys apply their knowledge, such as it is to their own experiences, and frequently modify their learning by their personal observation is seen in the statement that the terrible disease sent by the Lord upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians because they would not let Moses go was the mumps—a most grievous affliction to the little black-faced, white-toothed boys, whose chief accomplishment consists in grinning from ear to ear as if they appreciated how funny they are.

Two questions in the geography class will suffice for our purpose to show that it is the dusky who is the natural born humorist. Having been informed that the New Englanders were noted for the produce of their valleys and the grazing of their fiddles one of the boys wrote that the New England people were chiefly occupied in "rotating the dome"—a statement which will be accepted as true by those who have visited New England only in the heat of a political campaign. The chief occupation of the Africans was set down as "catching Australians and putting out their dentures."

In the English garden class, which is to the eye at the outside one of the most interesting spectacles of Hampton, a small boy who hopes to become an expert butler, as well as a member of Congress, after telling lady coffee was served at breakfast, was asked in what other way it was served, the answer being, "In small cups, after dinner." Unfortunately in the youth, whose fascinating way had almost led to his being engaged then and there by one of the ladies in the audience, he was so overcome by recollection that he forgot his instruction, fell back upon his personal experience, and firmly replied, "Cold, ma'am." It was the unanimous belief of all present that, although guilty of a technical error, the boy had given voice to a great truth.

Another instance, in conclusion, shows, we think, that the colored child is not only a humorist by nature, but is constantly endeavoring to become polished, to elevate the tone of his conversation, and to be nice in the selection of his words.

"Can you tell me," said the teacher to a thirteen-year-old damsel who had made up a bed to perfection, had set the table without an error, and had reached the soup course of the "makes-believe" dinner without a tremor—"can you tell me why you invert the cover of the tureen when you take it off?"

"Yath, 'm," hopped the child, proudly conscious of her ability. "It it to keep the perthpire (perspire) 'of the thoup often the table clorf." JOHN KENDRICK BASGS.



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NO. CCCLXII.



"Why canst Thou not as Others do"



HY canst thou not, as others do,
Look for me with yearning eyes?
And yet look down, too, not at me,
Smile not now to willing eyes—

And not thy approving hand
Only look, but thy arm would—

Why should mine eyes seek those who go?

Thy face can see me all too soon.

For I am others' loveliness away—

And not find my heart against

O, be as others are to me,

Or let me be more to thee.

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CHRONICLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

BY L. R. FOSBHAM.

IN the Isle d'Orléans, Province of Quebec, I found the manners of the people those of well-to-do habitants living about twenty miles from the capital and going often to town. Moreover, the pretty island drew many people from the city, particularly during the summer season, either to live or to drive along its shores, diversified with picturesque villages, the usual croquet-grounds, the ports ending with a light house tower, the forest borders, rapids, and the clean shingle beaches under overhanging trees; and these citizens naturally shed about their homes the best of the city's characteristics. As the parish had been founded in 1613 it had acquired a reputation. The community had evidently en-

joyed more advantages than those of new and more remote localities.

While conversing with the people I was to the habit of taking notes as I had done elsewhere in my travels. But here this custom appeared to excite suspicion, so that when I was received with cordiness and conversation. After mass on Sunday I knocked at the open door of a benignant old man whom I had met the day before. There were seven old men in a row, seated in severe and comical reserve; no one spoke at first in reply to my knock, but at last the youngest of the house in a questionable way bade me come in. For half an hour I used all the persuasiveness at my command, even when helped by curiosity and inward amusement, but all

my efforts to thaw them were vain; even the genial old man was now as dry as the others; only the woman, true to the superiority of her sex here in education, intelligence, and perception, became a little softened, and looked upon me as one of the human kind. But my advent among them had aroused in some way the national suspicion, and conscious that even if I labored for a month I could not remove their mistrust, I withdrew and returned to my canoe. The explanation was subsequently given me, partly by acquaintances who knew the people, and partly by knowledge of the people's history, traditions, and superstitions. In early times officers of the government went about the parishes and took the names of those liable for military duty, who were afterward often called out; and even to this day the ignorant habitants have a great unwillingness to give their names; even the census officer is often much annoyed unless the curé tells his flock to give him information; moreover, many of them believe that any man who has their names or their portraits can command their persons through occult forces. Seeing me write often had thus given them very grave apprehensions. Then they generally believe in witchcraft, and one of the means for warding off spells is to place the thumb of each hand in the palm and close the fingers over it three times. My habit of coddling my thumbs may have been taken as a sign of uncanny relations.

When I resumed my cruise on the broad St. Lawrence the ocean itself reached in to me one of its mightiest arms, in

one of the greatest valleys of the earth, among mountains crowned with clouds and primeval forest. The South Shore rises in wide fertile slopes to wooded hills, and cherishes a narrow strip of humanity along the water's edge; indeed, the road is like the string of a rosary, with French Canadian farm-houses for beads, and a spire every six or eight miles bearing a cross. In running eastward you pass the wide tidal meadows of St. Thomas; the cliffs of St. Roch, capped with Quixotic windmills on the barns; the sugar loaf hills of Ste. Anne; the wide mud flats of Rivière Ouelle, with a pound to catch white whales and eel weirs almost as frequent as teeth on a comb; the French watering place Kamouraska, safe within the Cap au Diable; other resorts at Rivière du Loup and Chicoutimi; the picturesque harbor of the, and then past bolder shores at Les Murailles, and the mountains of Ste. Anne, to the great headlands of Cappe. But this South Shore, with its strip of fertility and its rosary civilization, affords but a contrast to the general character of the St. Lawrence. The North Shore restores to the eye the dominant ruggedness of the region in raising from the very gates of Quebec to Labrador the mountain wall of the Laurentian tides. Here and there a hill top is bare for a parish church and its attendant village and fields; clefts in the wall shelter a fertile nook at La Baie St. Paul, La Malbaie, and another cleft gives entrance to the Saguenay. But these bits of cultivation are but spots of light and human life in a wilderness. The great valley is a worthy setting for this mighty arm of



"THERE WERE THREE OLD MEN IN A BOAT."



WINTER SCENE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

the river, and when it reaches the Gulf of St. Lawrence it is the entrance of the entire river. It is the source of the St. Lawrence, and consequently represents each in this important river they have some part taken in the exceptional waters and currents of these waters. The river, just before the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is 200 miles from the beginning of the Gulf. The distance at the Gulf is 150

miles. It gradually attains a width of thirty-five miles at Metis; in another hundred it becomes about sixty miles at La Baie des Sept Isles. The Canadian in his pride refuses to draw a line to separate the river from the gulf. As a matter of fact the lower St. Lawrence is an estuary rather than a river. I presume that the gulf may be safely recognized at La Baie des Sept Isles. It



FIGURE 1000

is a triangular sea about 200 miles long from northeast to southwest and about 350 miles wide from Newfoundland to this bay. The region of the St. Lawrence has such remarkably uniform bar-

ometric features that the navigation of the Admiralty is of great interest. The navigation of this bay presents exceptional difficulties—ice, storms, and numerous islands, reefs, and rocks.



ON THE GREAT RIVER

of the currents; the irregularity of the tides and depths; the severity of the climate, especially toward the close of the navigation season; and, above all, the frequent fogs: these are difficulties that often well cause much anxiety, and call for the utmost vigilance and alertness. Besides the numerous variations and deviations of the compass, the magnetic attractions of the rocks are said to complicate the cap-

tain's problems. Ice is often a dangerous element here: in the spring—May in this latitude and often June also—the entrance and the eastern part of the gulf are frequently covered with drift ice that besets vessels for many days; icebergs are common there during the summer, and navigation is closed by ice, as a rule, from November 25th to May 1st.

Such is the nature of the river that ships often spend more time in sailing up

the St. Lawrence than in crossing the Atlantic: generally they require eight or nine days to beat up to Quebec from the 140 miles; they can sail only during the flood, five hours, and then must anchor, unless the wind changes. The clumsy coasting schooners, requiring always a

are frequented during six months of the year by several lines of transatlantic steam-ships, a fleet of Norwegian barks for timber, and a limited number of coasting steamers and schooners.

On leaving the *Tab. d'Orléans* I had kept in the middle of the river, where the

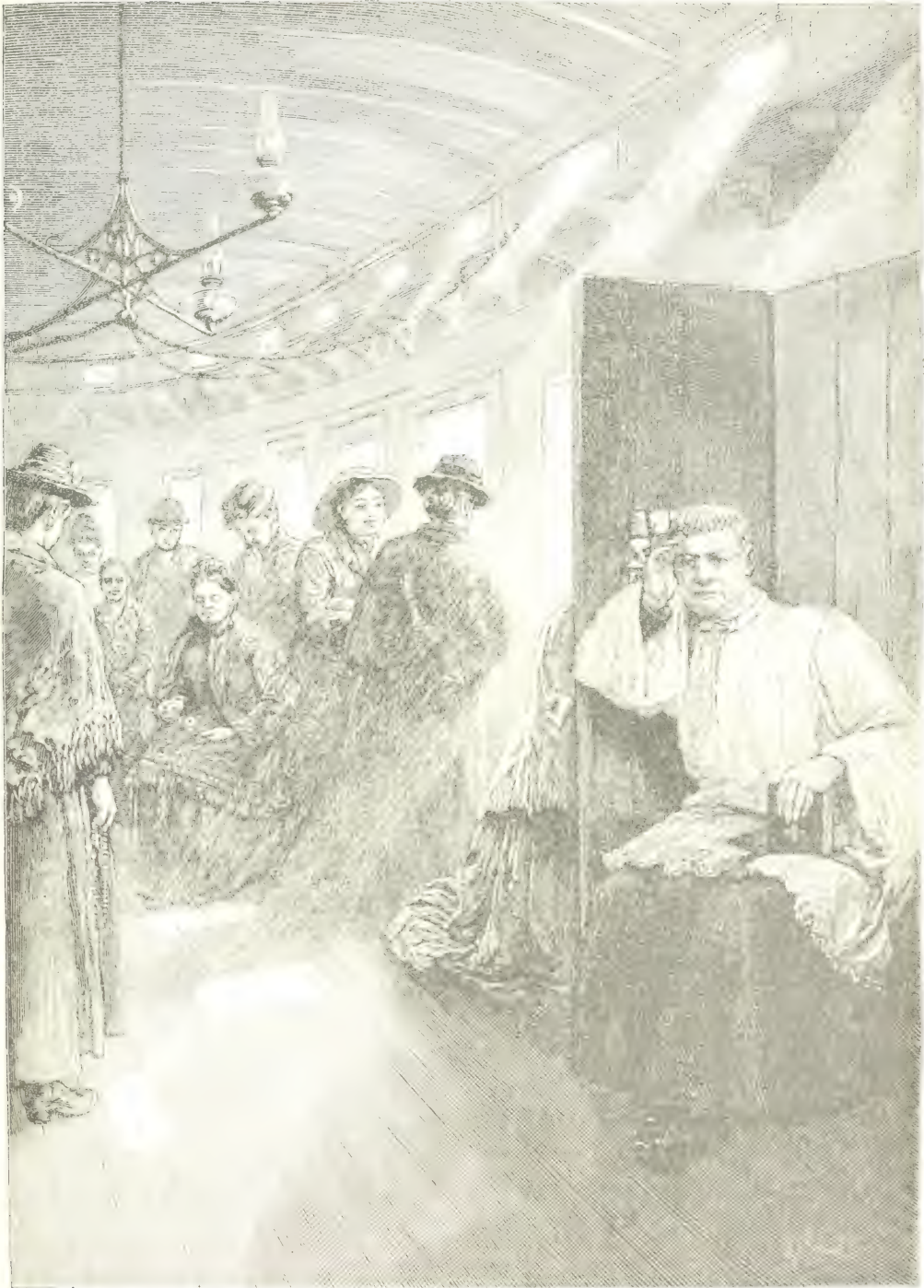


REAPING AND CHASING HAY.

fair wind, sometimes spend a month in going sixty or eighty miles.

With so many dangers as I have set forth, the reader might think that the St. Lawrence is not navigable; but thanks to an efficient system of lighting and piloting, these waters are one of the great commercial arteries of the continent: they

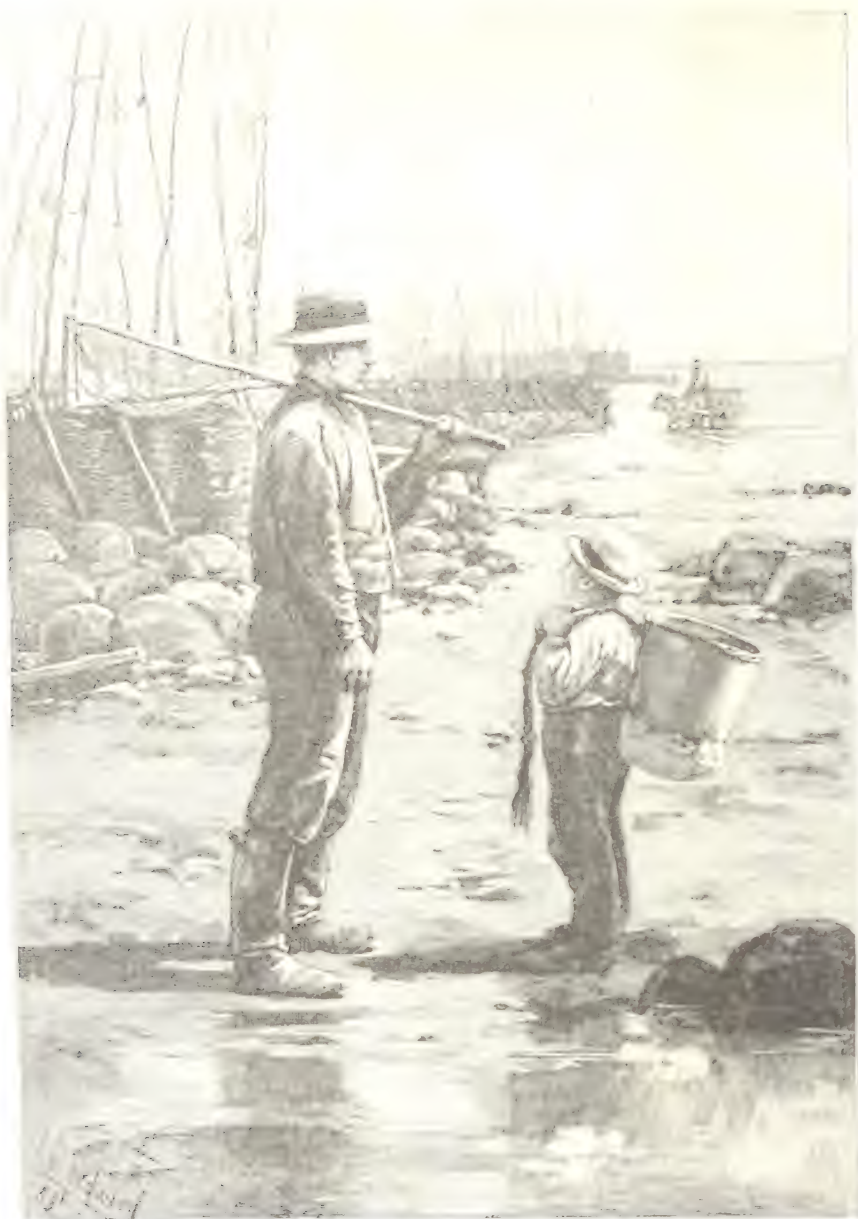
are in some places so rapid, that a boat with full force. But the course has not the monotony of a highway; it leads through a little archipelago of wooded islands and bare rocks, where you go happily onward with a light wind on a summer day—that is, happily onward until you enter the mournful sequences of *Grande Isle*. This quo-



THE CONFESSORIAL IN CARRIAGE.

wide down across these borders to low water mark: the hay and the fish are often the most valuable products of these small St. Lawrence rivers. In the low meadows in the earliest days of the col-

lony were the attractions that first drew settlers to settle the whole country. At Rivière Ouelle, for example, the mouth of the valley and the rural positions along the shore were divided into sections.



KAITIHOING

stems like the leaves of a fan that each-stem might have a bottom of soft clay, and this part of the plant is still called *te kaiti*. And in return to the present day manner. The groups of these leaves at low tide are nearly down to the water's edge. At high tide, the leaves are up to the water's level. A rope across the lower end of the leaves, and the water pushes against it to float it and make it

thick enough to catch and hold the grass. Some men now pull at one end of the rope, a man riding on a cart, often driven by a woman, holds the other end, and behind the rope two or three pitch-escaped loads of grass enter the line into its enclosing cage. Thus the swaths are gathered into one mass that grows in size and outwards inland as the tide rises, and at last it reaches the foot of the bank as



WARRING KIBITZ ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

quite an island of floating venture. Here it is held by the rope until the tide has fallen somewhat and left it accessible to carts. Then groups may be seen all along the bank of the St. Lawrence: women with broad hats and bare ankles, men bare-legged and muddy, little one-horse carts standing by mounds of grass; and all work



RETURN FROM FISHING.

boxes staked down on the mud. I was told that in one of the large fisheries at Rivière Ouelle 3000 crabs, averaging two pounds, have been taken in one tide, they packed themselves all straight in the boxes, and so tightly that all were smothered, and in some cases they have been known to burst open these very strong boxes.

The St. Lawrence in winter drew me out for a snow-shoe tramp along the shores at Rivière Ouelle. The only signs of life were here and there the roof of a fisherman's empty hut and tenor posts sticking up above the snowdrifts. Beyond the waters and ice stood the mountains of the North Shore. The river in winter is utterly deserted, all the roads are laid up and dismantled, and the sailors stay at home and smoke. The winter ferries of the St. Lawrence are small open boats capable of running on either water or ice. The postman of the Isle aux Tourdes uses a little skiff light enough to be handled by one man, by waiting for good weather, the proper hour of the tide, and watching for clear openings between the

floes he has managed to come and go safely these many years between the island and the mainland. But sudden changes of the weather often come over these mountains. The currents run strong, the sea gets up, the water flying into the boat freezes or runs and causes the boat to be tossed out, and a snow-squall may prevent one at a critical moment from seeing openings in the ice. He has been caught by these things, and more than once and barely escaped with his life. The ferries at more populous places are crossed in a twenty-foot canoe with a crew of seven men. This ice-canoe is a shapely boat with a very broad flat keel shod with iron to run easily over the ice. The passengers sit wrapped up in furs, and endure the cold as well as they can while the men paddle swiftly along upon passages between shining walls, or haul the canoe over floes diversified with angles, blocks, and fissures of the adolescent ice. It is often an exciting passage, with sufficient exposure and hardship to satisfy those who are curious about arctic travel.



THE FOUNTAIN WITH EMBROIDERY OF LADY

A MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF PARIS

THE HOTEL D'UNVALETT

BY THEODORE COLE

WITHIN a few minutes' walk of the Bastille columns, close by the Place des Vosges, indeed in the very heart of the fashionable Paris of the sixteenth century, stands the Hôtel Carnavalet, one of the architectural monuments of Paris. The house was built in 1550 for the Parliamentary President Jacques de Lignerot from the plan of Pierre l'escot, a famous architect of the day, and decorated with bas-reliefs and figures by Jean Goujon, one of the greatest masters of the French school of sculpture. In 1578 the house passed into the hands of a Breton family, the Kernevenoy, whose name the Parisian softened into Carnavalet, and attached it forever to the building. Subsequently the Hôtel Carnavalet was enlarged by two other famous architects, Ducerceau and Mansard, so that the building as it stands

is a monument of the best architectural art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The bas-reliefs over the entrance door—the two boys supporting the escutcheon, and the four colossal stone figures of the seasons on the facade in the courtyard, represent Jean Goujon's talent at two epochs of his life: the marvellous elegance of the bas-reliefs carved in 1557, is the work of the sculptor's youth; the strength and graceful solidity of the Seasons about his twenty in full maturity.

The architecture of the Hôtel Carnavalet, itself worthy of a minute and careful study, is not the only feature which commends this historical house to our notice. The souvenir of Madame de Sévigné lingers in every room, for that charming letter-writer lived there—in her "Carnavalette," as she called it—during nearly

twenty years, from 1677 until her death in 1696, and frequent mention of the conveniences and inconveniences of the dwelling will be found in her correspondence. After Madame de Sévigné's time the house passed through various hands and various fortunes, until finally in 1866 the city of Paris bought it, and placed in the rooms of this last surviving monument of Renaissance domestic architecture its library and its historical museum, under the patronage of the illustrious Marquise de Sévigné, and of all the souvenirs that the building calls up. In these pages we propose to ask the reader to accompany us in a ramble through some of the rooms of this museum of the history of Paris.

The Carnavalet Museum is composed of a library of seventy thousand volumes and fifty thousand engravings relating to the history of Paris and of the Parisians from the remotest antiquity down to the present day; of pictures and plans of the city; of antiquities of all kinds illustrating the architecture and the civilization of the Gallo-Roman, Roman, mediæval, and Renaissance epochs; of coins, medals, costume, furniture, ceramics, arms, and innumerable objects of all kinds representing the modern epochs of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, down to the patriotic medals and trinkets made only yesterday. The whole history of Paris is commented upon more or less completely by the objects exhibited in these picturesque old rooms. And what is the history of Paris? It is the resume of the history of the civilization of Europe—a domain which grows wider and wider the more one explores it; a labyrinth that leads to the unknown, to the mystery of the primitive Celts. Let us take, for instance, the armorial bearings of Paris: on a red field is a ship with silver sails floating on a silver sea, and surmounted by an azure band ornamented with fleurs-de-lis. From time immemorial this ship has been the emblem of the municipality of Paris. Why? Because the first settlers of Paris owed their prosperity to their boats which plied on the Seine. The cradle of Paris was the island on which Notre-Dame now rises supreme, the Ile de la Cité, or the Île Saint-Louis, as it is variously called, and the first monuments which attract our attention in the galleries of the Carnavalet Museum are coins, altars, and inscriptions relating to the antique settlement of Lutetia. Lutèce, Leucotèce, Mons

Theroterius, now the Montagne Sainte-Généviève, are the old names that we find, and according to the learned in etymology Paris derived its original name from the source of its architectural beauty, namely, its inexhaustible beds of stone and plaster. *Paris*, we are told, means in Celtic "stone," and *tech* means "fine." Gallo-Roman Paris rose out of the catacombs which are still being quarried on the left bank of the Seine at Montrouge and La Tombe-Issoire. On this *île de la Cité*, in shape like a great ship floating on the water, the old Gauls were safe from the marauding wolves and Erymanthian boars which then infested the thick forests that covered Europe.*

They were protected as well as the dwellers in the lake cities of Switzerland. Their goddess was the mysterious Virgin mother of Egypt, Isis, the water goddess, whose priestesses and whose worship we find spread so universally. Her sanctuary was built on the site of the present cathedral of Notre Dame, and her feasts and rites were celebrated with the same pious ardor, though not with the same splendor, as in the East, and every year the sacred bark was launched in souvenir of Isis abandoning herself to the waves to seek the body of her lost dying spouse.

¹⁰ See, for example, the Middle Ages: but even as late as the time of 4th-century A.D., the wolves keep the forest around Paris and in venture into the streets of the city on very cold winters. In 1420 the same cities were threatened by wolves. In 1699, August 12, 17th-century notes of Les Jumeaux: "A wolf, having swum across the river, devoured a child to-day on this Place de France." A monstrous thing, and of evil omen: "Un loup, ayant nageé par le ruisseau de l'eglise de

ment of these summary executions is the song of "Ça ira," just as the "Carillon national" became the song of the guillotine, while both were chanted round the Liberty trees. These two airs and their refrains were the highest expression of patriotism. Here is a verse of the famous "Carillon national":

Amis de la liberté, ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne,
Amis de la liberté, ira,
Les aristocrates ou les poulx,
Le despotisme expulser,
L'égalité triompher!

The French owe this refrain to no less a celebrity than Benjamin Franklin. Every day Franklin used to be asked, out of real interest or merely out of politeness, how the American revolution was getting on, and Benjamin smiled through his spectacles and replied, invariably: "Ça ira! ça ira!" (It will go.) The Revolution caught the phrase, and made it into a hymn which gradually became the Alleluia of bloodshed.

Now we will go upstairs and visit the Liesville collections and the various objects which M. Jules Cousin, the curator of the museum, has gathered together to illustrate the history of Paris between 1789 and 1804. The numismatics and the ceramics of the epoch are there almost complete, but as both these subjects have been exhaustively treated in special works, we shall perhaps find more novelty and interest in examining the miscellaneous objects as they may happen to strike our eye.

The Revolution began by loving everything. Indiscriminate benevolence was its first characteristic, and in speaking about this epoch, still so little known, and so disfigured by hatred and calumny, we must not forget that, as Michelet has said, "the heart of France was full of magnanimity, clemency, and pardon." And as a corrective we may remember Carlyle's sneer, "For it is a gesticulating, sympathetic people, and has a heart, and wears it on its sleeve." The distinct conceptions of brotherly love and the love of the fatherland seem to have penetrated the heart of every man, woman, and child on 17th July 1789, and to have awakened the whole nation to a new life, eminently spiritual, ignoring space and time, and full of illusions and artless enthusiasm which make the whole Revolution seem as it were a dream, sometimes ravishing, sometimes



ROYAUME DE FRANCE — 1793 — 1794

terrible. Every relic of the time bears upon it the stamp of the moral state of the nation, from the furniture and window-curtains down to the smallest detail of attire.

In the Revolutionary fancies and porcelain the love of flowery nature is marked. Let us examine the splendid pair of ovoid soft-paste Sèvres vases, one of the jewels of the museum, which were executed on the occasion of the Fête of the Supreme Being in 1793, and destined as a present to the high-priest Robespierre, who had introduced the Convention to declare the "existence of the Supreme Being," and likewise "that consoling principle of the Immortality of the Soul." The vases of royal blue are decorated each with two beautifully painted medallions. On one the goddess of Reason, clad in tricolor drapery, with the decimal numbers embroidered on her robes, is found about to enlighten the world. She is seated on a hill, and in the background is a classic temple and a soft landscape containing one of the smooth and feathery gardens of Versailles. On the other vase is a seated figure of Liberty, in a red and white robe, with one arm resting on a classic pedestal

crowded with the words "Constitution des Français" and "Droits de l'homme." With a *second* arm she holds aloft a pike encircled by the red Phrygian cap suspended round her neck by a tricolor ribbon in a repetition of symbolism. At her feet lies the club of tyranny: Love holds the balance of justice, and the Holbein-like knife triumphantly in the sunny hand above. The two remaining medallions are flowery allegories. On one we see a landscape radiant with tricolor flowers of Pre-Revolutionary munificence of execution and

It is a noteworthy fact that the guillotine figures comparatively little in the ornamentation of objects of the Republican epoch. The guillotine cup and saucer of which we give an illustration is a traditionally piece made at Berlin, and of white Berlin china decorated with a simple gold band. The medallions are in lustre. The one on the cup represents the execution of Marie Antoinette, and the one on the saucer the execution of Louis XVI., whose profile is easily recognizable. The executioner seen in both medallions, who

was at that time working the terrible "silence machine" fifty or sixty times a day, was Charles Henri Sanson, third of the generation, a man who took no cloth, had his silver plate, claimed his rights as a citizen, which the Abbé Maury had endeavored in 1789, protested against the title of "bourreau" or executioner, and obtained instead the title of "vengeur of the people." At the time when this cup and saucer were made the guillotine had become so to speak, *Prêtre-Martyr* of the Republic. Barrère was



in the background the volcano of the Revolution, vomiting forth the flame of Liberty and flinging abroad the thunder-bolts of Justice;

while on the other we have a picture of the National Garden, formerly Tuileries, with the Liberty tree and all the *mise en scene* of that immensity which the painter David devised and over which Robespierre presided, clad in a sky-blue coat, white waistcoat and buff breeches, and looking to his hand a bouquet of wild flowers and wheat ears. How strange and grotesque is this profusion of simple elements to those things which we so often attempt to pour upon as wild saturnian and horrid delirium and horrid frenzy!

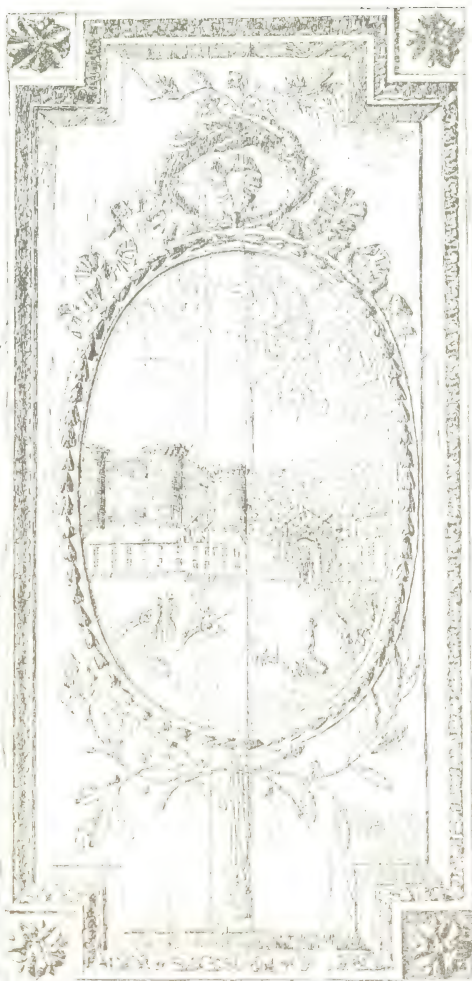
its Anacreon; and its triumph was proclaimed daily from the Place de la Revolution to the Champ de Mars from the Champ de Mars to the Barrière Renversée (formerly Barrier of the Throne), from the Upset Barrier to the Place Antoine, and thence to the Place de Grève, as convenience suggested. And yet it is evident that the guillotine was not at first a terror inspiring object. One general of the Revolutionary army had a guillotine engraved on his seal. The ladies of Tours wore guillotine ear-rings, and the "vengeur of the people" danced with them at the preconcerted balls. The guillotine was *à la mode*. Its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, in a speech before the National Assembly on December 1, 1789, had said, "With

my machine I slice off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you do not suffer," and the song writers parodied his words as follows:

"Un certain ressort caché,
Tout à coup étant lâché,
Fait tomber ber ber,
Fait sauter ter ter,
Fait tomber, fait sauter,
Fait voler la tête.
C'est bien plus hométe."

People, it must be presumed, soon grew accustomed to the fatal machine, for it even entered the salons, and MM. de Goncourt relate, in their *History of French Society during the Revolution*: "In extremely good company at dessert, after supper, a little mahogany guillotine was placed on the table, and the ladies, acting the rôle of Sanson, placed under the knife dolls whose heads were portraits of some enemy—Lameth, Robespierre, Bailly, or Lafayette. The head was cut off, and red fluid flowed from the neck: the doll was a bottle, and the blood some amber-colored liqueur." Society in its *insouciance* treated as a toy the instrument which was soon to decimate its ranks. But except in prints the guillotine is not often represented. It is occasionally found on patriotic snuff boxes, which themselves take the form of a Phrygian cap. There is one iron pike-head at the Carnavalet Museum on which is engraved an old-fashioned guillotine worked by a rope. On the knife is engraved a Phrygian cap, and the inscriptions above and below are "Où ira" and "Vive la République." When the guillotine was first used the knife was held suspended by a rope, and at a given signal a soldier with averted eyes cut the rope with his sword. Afterward the working of the machine was improved, and made more expeditious as its use became extended.

In our illustration will be seen three specimens of symbolical Republican head-gear. The red woollen cap with the woollen tricolor cockade is the famous Phrygian cap, worn not only as such, but also for convenience' sake, as well as in compliment to the sans-culottes patriots and Bastille heroes. I remember one day seeing Monsieur Thiers with this very cap on his head. M. de Liesville had lent it for an exhibition of costume held in Paris, and as the historian of the Revolution, Monsieur Thiers took great delight in trying



REVOLUTIONARY HEADGEAR. PHRYGIAN CAP.

it on. His resemblance to our old friend Mr. Punch was astonishing. The other two specimens illustrated are Jacobin head-gear of white felt embroidered with blue and white flowers, and with the inscription "Constitution Liberté Egalité Veillez." These caps, worn, of course, not in a point, but with the upper part hanging over one eye, were of the same form as those formerly worn by the police of the gardes françaises, who became very popular in 1789. On one of these caps may be seen the traces of stitches showing where that detested emblem, a crown, was picked out when the cap was promoted to the honor of covering a Republican head. Symbolism is everywhere. Those who witnessed the Commune of 1871 will remember what



FIGURE 2. WEAPONS OF THE REVOLUTION—REPRODUCED BY DAVID.

an effervescence of gold lace and undulating and sparkling around the ornaments of the citizen officials of Paris. So it was at the time of the great Revolution, and in the show areas of the *Carnavalet*. Here, too, we saw tricolored and four-colored Republican insignia, of representatives of the people, tricolored and four-colored conquerors of the Bastille, medals and seals, sets of coat buttons where Marat, Louis XVI, Lafayette, Fouché, the Phrygian cap, the level, etc., form the ornamentation; green epaulettes and red epaulettes, gold faced hats, three star tricolor cockades, flags of the different orders, companies of the National Guard, and of which had a distinct Republican emblem; even the book bindings bore Revolutionary emblems stamped in gold on their morocco sides, while the waistcoats of ardent patriots were radiant with embroidery of flowers intermingled with the emblems of liberty. The very furniture was adorned with emblematic carving, particularly the so-called "marriage cupboards," in which the young Republican wife stored her linen. Several of these huge oak cupboards exist in the museum. Our illustration shows the upper panel of one of the doors of the finest of the *Carnavalet* cupboards. On one panel is carved in a low relief a group representing the three estates swearing the Federative pact at Versailles; on the other, the capture of the Bastille, with the inscription in the charming Louis XVI, *bunderole*: "Vive la Nation! 1789!" This cupboard is surmounted by a Roman eagle over a trophy composed of a crosier, a sword, a spade, and a Phrygian cap, being the emblems of the three estates of the clergy, the nobility, and the *tiers état*. The wall paper and the curtain

valances were likewise made patriotically adorned by means of their emblematic patterns. Several specimens may be seen in the museum. On some there are surely the usual emblems of freedom and equality; on others we find the "Bonne Citoyenne of Louis XVI," father of the French and King of a free people, approved the new constitution of 1791; on others the Federalist Federation. A curious pair of jacobin curtain window curtains is decorated with colored resolutions representing Hérault's and the submission of the provinces of the Vendée. They exhibiting to the Directory in possession of Bonaparte, the Republic wearing the red cap, receiving the submission of the provinces; Bonaparte crowned by Victory, discharging the duties of the Egyptian pasha.

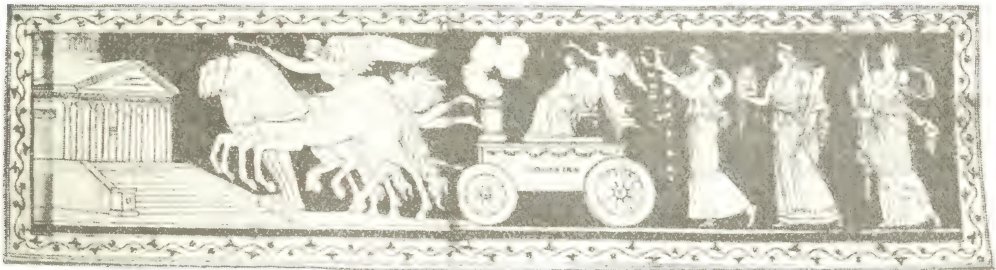
In all the symbolism and theatrical *opéra comique* of the Republic the painter David played an important rôle. He was the designer of the symbolic funeral processions, of the great Republican *fêtes* and mummeries, of the costumes and official name, such as the sash of the members of the Convention, reproduced in our illustration, and of the official bust of Marat, which was erected in all the municipal meeting places, in the schools and committee-rooms, after Charlotte Corday killed the People's Friend in 1793. David's bust of Marat was reproduced by the Italian image-bakers in white plaster, and at one time no less than 1000 of them were visible in places of honor in Paris alone, together with busts of Mirabeau, and sometimes of Benjamin Franklin. One of these official busts, coarsely painted, figures in the museum: the open shirt shows the meagre breast of the patriot, "acid, corrosive as the spirit of

sloes and copperas" to quote the words of Carlyle—and his brow is bound round with the traditional towel-turban. In 1793 David was the grand director of Republican art, the painter of the martyrs Marat and Le Pelletier, the master of ceremonies of the Panathenæic processions of anarchy, the fierce enemy of national French art, and the introducer of pseudo-Greek and Roman style into the painting, the sculpture, the furniture, and the accessories of daily life. The arabesques and curves and graceful caprices of the cabinet-makers of Pompadour and Du Barry were banished; serpentine contours and undulating profiles disappeared from chairs and lounges; the marquetry of Boulle, the bronze boxes and garlands of Gouthière, and the gay vignettes of Lawrence and Fragonard were replaced by stupid caricatures of the events of the day, such as we have noticed on the wall-paper and curtains. "Liberty now consolidated in France," says a writer in the *Journal de la Mode et du Gant* in 1790, "has restored the antique and pure style, which must not be confounded with the ancient and Gothic taste." And so the ornament *à la mode* became a model of the Bastille by the citizen Pallas: the new form of bed is "*à la Révolution*," "*à la Fédération*," or simply "*à la patrie*," with the posts formed of fuses crowned by the Phrygian cap, and reminding the citizen sleeper of the arch of triumph raised on the Champ de Mars on the memorable day of the fête of the Federation. The very door-plates must be patriotic: they may be bought ready made at a shop in the Place de la Réunion, and they bear in red the civic inscription: "Unité, indivisibilité de la République. Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité ou la mort." (*Petites Affiches*, August, 1793.) Every citizen must have his name and civic plate on his door:



SASH WORN BY GIRLS AT THE APOTHEOSIS OF VOLTAIRE.

his citizen's card and certificate: his credentials of patriotism, his Republican accessories of all kinds. And so painter David continued to make French art cold and morose, mixing meanwhile deeply in politics, so deeply, in fact, that on the 9th Thermidor his turn came to be seized and imprisoned. "David is a monster," cried André Chénier. "He must perish!" But his French protectors of "Beaumas" and "The Oath of the Horatii" won him amnesty, and the jury of fate allowed the painter of the apotheosis of Marat to live, so that he might become the painter in ordinary of future coronations, the de-



SASH WORN BY GIRLS AT THE APOTHEOSIS OF VOLTAIRE.



THE CHAIR ON WHICH VOLTAIRE DIED.

signer of the throne of the first Emperor, and to the end of his days the perversion of French art into the paths of insipid imitative Hellenism. Even the caricature artists of *Salon* lost their comical prettiness under the influence of David, and their flowery caprices are replaced finally by cold white classical figures on a pale blue ground. David, too, is responsible for the wonderful quotation respecting an apotheosis of Voltaire, when the philosopher's bones were removed in 1791 from their stolen grave in the Abbey of Scellières to a more glorious grave in the Church of Saint G  n  vi  ve, then for the first time converted into a Pantheon for the great men of the nation. "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante." Mirabeau was the first tenant, soon to be opened to the father of the Pantheon. Then followed Voltaire, all Paris processioning and perorating over his dust, and nymphs from the opera personating angels and genii dressed after the Greek fashions, as recorded by Etruscan vases and Pompeian wall-paintings. Here we have the sash of pale blue satin fringed with white which the ministering maidens wore, and on the sash, printed in blue, we see the Harpies appearing at the

Pantheon, followed by the epic teagae, and lyric muses, a chariot drawn by snow white steeds driven by goadsters in classical costume, with tunics and sandals and fillets and wheat ears. At the ends of the sash are allegorical medallions of Music singing the praises of Voltaire, and of Painting transmitting his features to posterity. Yet another allegory, but conceived this time according to the traditions of French sculptors of the eighteenth century, and stamped by the teachings of David. It is the plaster bust of the more

moment which was to have been erected to the memory of Voltaire in the Pantheon. The author is Gois, who exhibited his project at the *Salon* in 1786, and explained it by the inscription:

"De l'immortalit   de son   sprit d  tourn  ,
de l'immortalit   de son   sprit d  tourn  ."

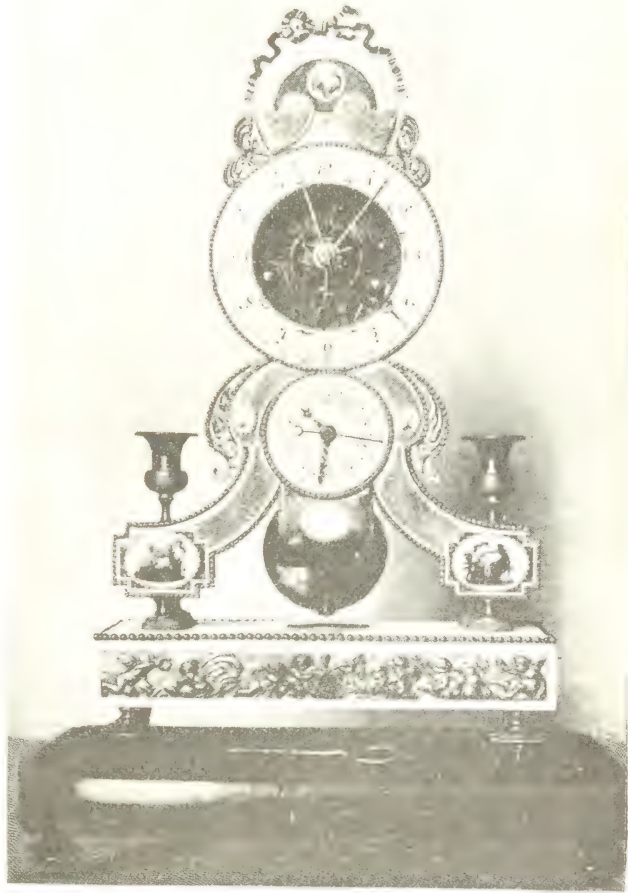
A dangerous honor, this burial in the Pantheon, full of irony. After three years' repose in its walls Mirabeau was ejected by a decree of the Convention on a posthumous charge of treason, and nobody knows where his remains now lie. Four months of honor were granted to Marat, and then, after the 9th Thermidor, the bones of the idol of the populace were by that same populace thrown into the cesspool of Montmartre. The remains of Le Peletier de Saint Fargeau and of Beaurepaire, once honored with burial in the Pantheon, were likewise scattered to the winds; and later on, when Louis XVIII. restored the throne and the altar in France, the bones of Voltaire and of Rousseau were dragged from their Pantheon tombs, and no one knows where they were ignominiously flung. How short-lived is French enthusiasm, and how opinion does veer and whirl! Happily for the consola-

tion of the curious, the Carnavalet Museum possesses the queer old arm-chair in which Voltaire died at Paris in 1778, in the house of his friend the Marquis de la Villette, at the corner of the Rue de Beaune and of the Quai Voltaire. This old chair is covered with yellowish-green mottled velvet, and the book-rest and writing-desk are lacquered with a pattern now undistinguishable. It was bought for the museum at the sale of the Marquis de la Villette's effects at the Hôtel Drouot in 1865, and is beyond doubt a curious and perfectly authentic relic.

During the Revolution this Marquis de la Villette was the author of a brilliant idea. In 1789 France raised, as it were, an altar to national bankruptcy, and the people were seized with an epidemic of patriotic offerings, "*dons patriotiques*," which were sent from all parts of the country to the National Assembly.

One day the Marquis de la Villette brought all his own silver shoebuckles and all those of his household threaded on a string. The idea was taken up and spread like wild-fire, and a statistician of the time calculated that the silver shoebuckles of the citizen-soldiers of Paris alone would bring into the national treasury 600,000 livres, and the silver buckles of the whole French nation forty million livres. Henceforward, until the Muscadins and Madame Tallien revived luxury, every Frenchman sacrificed his silver shoebuckles, and wore brass buckles "*à la nation*." The "*dons patriotiques*" led the women of France to strip themselves of their jewels and diamonds and valuable ornaments: silver candlesticks and silver plate were sent to the mint to be melted; the King gave his fine gold plate chiselled by Germain; the handles of the King's table knives produced a nugget of 281 mares of silver; nobles, abbots, civil communities, seamstresses, coffee-house keepers, fencing-masters, the actors of the Comédie Française, all offered their valuables on the al-

tar of national bankruptcy, and had their names printed in the thanksgiving lists of the National Assembly. The melting-pot was full for months, and thousands of the masterpieces of the gold and silver smiths of the eighteenth century were thus lost forever. Stripped by their own patriotic initiative of their jewelry, the women henceforward wore ornaments of Spartan simplicity, souvenirs of the great days of the struggle for freedom—brooches "*à la constitution*," copper rings "*à la Bastille*," civic and national marriage rings enamelled with red, white, and blue, and with the motto "*la nation la loi et le roi*," ear-rings "*à la constitution*" of white glass, with the motto "*la patrie*" and a thousand and one trumpery trinkets, which are now religiously preserved in the Carnavalet Museum, together with brass Revolutionary watches and clocks.



REVOLUTIONARY DECIMAL TIME-PIECE.

"Ptolemy's calendar" (it will be remembered) was constructed for months of the months with the aid of *Homerus* and *Arithmetic* the mathematician, but boldly introduced the decimal system into the divisions of the hours the days and the months. The great month there was three decades, and *Heures* (of yesterday) was divided into ten days, and the remaining days being named *Primiti*, *Duodi*, *Tridi*, *Quartidi*, *Quintidi*, *Sextidi*, *Septidi*, *Octidi*, *Nonidi*. A beautiful decimal clock of gilt bronze and lac and white enamel with two dials and a lunar hemisphere, presented to the museum by the founder and present curator, M. Jules Cousin, forms a complete record of the system of the *Carryobans*. This clock marks the day and hours each of our hundred centuries and one hundred seconds, the common hours—called then the *Slave Style*, *style esclave*, as we should say, *Old Style* hours, the decade, the *Republican month* and its equivalent in the old style, and the *Republican date*. The museum also possesses many models with dial divided according to this decimal system.

Strange times! and strange souvenirs meet our eye at every turn in the museum of the Revolution, with its trophies of many important battles and victories, its multifarious relics, each one of which carries us back to those conditions, terrible, enthusiastic, and withal generous days. We will stay for a moment to contemplate the large model of the Bastille carved in a block of stone taken from the ruins of the demolished fortress. This model is the work of Citizen Palloy, an architect, who immediately after the capture of the prison established himself on a large scale as a purveyor of souvenirs, and sent his travellers and agents all over the country

to sell *barbon* boxes, vases, inkstands, and little models made out of the stones of the fortress, while out of the chains of the Bastille he made lockets and medals "designed to rest on the breasts of free men." In one of the glass cases near this model was an autograph card signed by Palloy: "*Carte d'entrée de l'archer des modèles de la Bastille, dit mille 1793*." Palloy, Patriote pour la vie." Architect Palloy sent a large model of the Bastille sculpted in a stone of the fortress to every town in France. The model in the Carriaget Museum comes from Bordeaux, and appears to have suffered much from the zeal of reactionary citizens, for the gratings of the windows have been torn away and the doors wanting. However there it stands, an authentic model, and beside it on a stone slab, likewise rescued from the ruins, is engraved a ground plan of the building, with the original inscription:

Le plan de la Bastille, dit mille 1793.
Le plan de la Bastille, dit mille 1793.
Le plan de la Bastille, dit mille 1793.

But Citizen Palloy, with all his zeal and all his travellers, could not use up all the stones of those Bastille walls, forty feet thick and the base and one hundred and forty feet high. The remainder of the hated materials were retaken and built into the Bridge of the Revolution, which is now called the Bridge of Concord.

With this souvenir we must bring our ramble to an end, without having been able to call attention to one tenth of the riches of this curious and little known museum. We have, however, indicated its general plan and the nature of its contents sufficiently to enable the student of the history of Paris to form some idea of the storehouse of documents he may find in Madame de Sévigné's old home.

IN DARKNESS.

BY FLORENCE LARUE COATES.

I WILL be still,
The terror drawing nigh,
What sighs from my lips no coyant cry,
Sue, though the night my deadliest dread fulfil,
I will be still.

For oh! I know
Though suffering from delay,
Yet to loiter they pass away,
Creeping minutely forward as they flow,
Outlasting woe!

Yes, something won,
The harvest of my tears—
Something untiring, plucked from fading years,
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From sorrow won.

The agony,
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane.

A PINK VILLA.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

"YES, of the three, I liked Pierre best," said Mrs. Churchill. "Yet it was hard to choose. I have lived so long in Italy that I confess it would have been a pleasure to see Eva at court: it's a very pretty little court they have now at Rome, I assure you, with that lovely Queen Margherita at the head. The old Marchese is to resign his post this month, and the King has already signified his intention of giving it to Gino. Eva, as the Marchesa Lamberti, living in that ideal old Lamberti palace, you know—Eva, I flatter myself, would have shone in her small way as brightly as Queen Margherita in hers. You may think I am assuming a good deal, Philip. But you have no idea how much pains has been taken with that child: she literally is fitted for a court or for any other high position. Yet at the same time she is very childlike. I have kept her so purposely; she has almost never been out of my sight. The Lambertis are one of the best among the old Roman families, and there could not be a more striking proof of Gino's devotion than his having persuaded his father to say (as he did to me two months ago) that he should be proud to welcome Eva 'as she is,' which meant that her very small dowry would not be considered an objection. As to Eva herself, of course the Lambertis, or any other family, would be proud to receive her," pursued Mrs. Churchill, with the quiet pride which in its unruffled serenity became her well. "But not to hesitate over her mere pitance of a portion, that is very remarkable; for the marriage portion is considered a sacred point by all Italians: they are



THE LAMBERTI PALACE.

brought up to respect it, and to respect the Constitution."

"It's a very pretty picture," answered Philip Dallas—"the court and Queen Margherita, the handsome Gino and the old Lamberti palace. But I'm a little bewildered, Fanny; you speak of it all so appreciatively, yet Gino was certainly not the name you mentioned: Pierre, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Pierre," answered Mrs. Churchill, laughing and sighing with the same breath. "I've enjoyed him. But the truth is, I did like Gino and I wanted to tell you about him. No, Eva will not be the Marchesa Lamberti and live in the old palace; I have declined that offer. Well, then, the next was Thornton Stanley."

"Thornton Stanley? Has he turned up here? I used to know him very well."

"I thought perhaps you might."

"He is a capital fellow—when he can forget his first editions."

Mrs. Churchill rolled her arms protectively round her elbow, and slightly hugging herself. "He has forgotten more than you ever will forget," she said, sympathetically.

"He is not only a capital fellow, but he has a large fortune—two times as large. I venture to say, as your Lambertis have."

"I know that," said—

"But you prefer an old palace. I am afraid Stanley could not build Eva an old palace. Couldn't you manage to juggle on with told a dozen new ones?"

"The trouble with Thornton Stanley was his own uncertainty," said Fanny; "he was not in the least firm about staying over here, though he pretended he was. I could see that he would be always going home. More than that, I should not be at all surprised if at the end of five years—three even—he should have brought back a house in New York and settled down there forever."

"And you don't want that for your American daughter, renegade?"

Mrs. Churchill nodded vigorously. "No one can be a warmer American than I am, Philip; no one. During the war I nearly cried my eyes out; have you forgotten that? I scraped out, I wanted to go to the front as nurse—everything. What days they were! We loved them. I sometimes think we have never lived since."

Dallas felt a little moved. He was of the same age as Fanny Churchill, but the school-girl, whose feelings were at ready those of a woman, had had her nature stirred to its depths by events which the lad had been too young to take seriously to heart. His heart had never caught up with them, though, of course, his reason had.

"Yes, I know you are flamingly patriotic," he said. "All the same, you don't want Eva to live in Fifth Street."

"In Fifth Street?"

"I chose the name at random. In New York."

"I don't see why you should be sarcastic," said Fanny. "Of course I expect to go back myself some time; I could not be content without that. But Eva—Eva is different; she has been brought up over here entirely; she was only three when I came abroad. It seems such a pity that all that should be wasted."

"And why should it be wasted in Fifth Street?"

"The very qualities that are admired

here would be a drawback to her there," replied Mrs. Churchill. "A shy girl who cannot laugh and talk with every body, who has never been out alone a step in her life: where would she be in New York? I ask you that. While here, as you see, before she is eighteen—"

"Isn't the poor child eighteen yet? Why in the world do you want to marry her to any one for five years more at least?"

Mrs. Churchill threw up her pretty hands. "How little you have learned about some things, Philip, in spite of your wanderings on the Nile and your Scotch shooting bag! I suppose it is because you have had no daughters to consider."

"Daughters? I should think not!" was Dallas's mental exclamation. Fanny, then, with all her sense, was going to make that same old mistake of supposing that a bachelor of thirty-seven and a mother of thirty-seven were of the same age.

"Well, it is infinitely better in every way that a fine girl like Eva should be married as soon as possible after her school-days are closed, Philip. Mrs. Churchill went on. "For then don't you see, the real independence, which is always so dangerous, safely, well protected, and yet quite at liberty as well. I mean, of course, in case she has a good husband. That is the mother's business, the mother's responsibility, and I think a mother who does not give her heart to it, her whole soul and energy, and choose *well*. I think such a mother an infamous woman. In this case I am sure I have chosen well; I am sure Eva will be happy with Pierre de Verneuil. They have the same ideas, they have congenial tastes, both being fond of music and art. And Pierre is a very lovable fellow; you will think so yourself when you see him."

"And you say she likes him?"

"Very much. I should not have gone on with it, of course, if there had been any dislike. They are not formally betrothed as yet; that is to come soon; but the old Count (Pierre's father) has been to see me, and everything is virtually arranged—a delightful man, the old Count. They are to make handsome settlements; not only are they rich, but they are not in the least narrow as even the best Italians are, I am sorry to say. The VerneUILs are cosmopolitans; they have been every-

where; their estate is near Brussels, but they spend most of their time in Paris. They will never tie Eva down in any small way. In addition, both father and son are extremely nice to me."

"Ah!" said Dallas, approvingly.

"Yes; they have the French ideas about mothers; you know that in France the mother is and remains the most important person in the family." As she said this, Mrs. Churchill unconsciously lifted herself and threw back her shoulders. Ordinarily the line from the knot of her hair behind to her waist was long and somewhat convex, while correspondingly the distance between her chin and her belt in front was surprisingly short; she was a plump woman, and she had fallen into the habit of leaning upon a certain beguiling steel board, which leads a happy existence in wrappings of white kid and perfumed lace.

"Not only will they never wish to separate me from Eva," she went on, still abnormally erect, "but such a thought would never enter their minds; they think it an honor and a pleasure to have me with them: the old Count assured me of it in those very words."

"And now we have the secret of the Belgian success," said Dallas.

"Yes. But I have not been selfish: I have tried to consider everything; I have investigated carefully. If you will stay half an hour longer you can see Pierre for yourself; and then I know that you will agree with me."

In less than half an hour the Belgian appeared—a slender, handsome young man of twenty-two, with an ease of manner and grace in movement which no American of that age ever had. With all his grace, however, and his air of being a man of the world, there was such a charming expression of kindness and purity in his still boyish eyes that any mother, with her young daughter's happiness at heart, might have been pardoned for coveting him as a son-in-law. This Dallas immediately comprehended. "You have chosen well," he said to Fanny, when they were left for a moment alone: "the boy's a jewel."

Before the arrival of Pierre, Eva Churchill, followed by her governess, had come out to join her mother on the terrace: Eva's daily lessons were at an end, save that the music went on: Mlle. Legrand was retained as a useful companion.

Following Pierre, two more visitors appeared, not together; one was an Englishman of fifty, small, meagre, plain in face; the other an American, somewhat younger, a short, ruddy man, dressed like an Englishman. Mrs. Churchill mentioned their names to Dallas: "Mr. Gordon-Gray." "Mr. Ferguson."

It soon appeared that Mr. Gordon-Gray and Mr. Ferguson were in the habit of looking in every afternoon, at about that hour, for a cup of tea. Dallas, who hated tea, leaned back in his chair and watched the scene, watched Fanny especially, with the amused eyes of a contemporary who remembers a different past. Fanny was looking dimpled and young; her tea was excellent, her tea service elaborate (there was a samovar); her daughter was docile, her future son-in-law a Count and a pearl; in addition, her terrace was an enchanting place for lounging, attached as it was to a pink faced villa that overlooked the sea.

Nor were there wanting other soft pleasures. "Dear Mrs. Murray-Churchill, how delicious is this nest of yours!" said the Englishman, with quiet ardor; "I never come here without admiring it."

Fanny answered him in a steady voice, though there was a certain flatness in its tone: "Yes, it's very pretty indeed." Her face was red; she knew that Dallas was laughing; she would not look in his direction. Dallas, however, had taken himself off to the parapet, where he could have his laugh out at ease; to be called Mrs. Murray-Churchill as a matter of course in that way—what joy for Fanny!

Eva was listening to the busy Mark Ferguson; he was showing her a little silver statuette which he had unearthed that morning in Naples, "in a dusty out-of-the-way shop, if you will believe it, where there was nothing else but rubbish—literally nothing. From the chasing I am inclined to think it's fifteenth century. But you will need glasses to see it well; I can lend you a pair of mine."

"I can see it perfectly, thanks," said Eva. "It is very pretty, I suppose."

"Pretty, Miss Churchill? Surely it's a miracle!" Ferguson protested.

Pierre, who was sitting near the mother, glanced across and smiled. Eva did not smile in reply; she was looking vaguely at the blackened silver; but when he came over to see for himself the miracle, then she smiled very pleasantly.





ON THE WAY TO THE DESERT.

richness in this respect simply because there is no fruit in her.

"I want to make up a party for the Desert," he went on, "to lunch there. Do you think Madame Churchill will consent?"

"Probably," said Eva.

"I hope she will. When we are abroad together, under the open sky, then it sometimes happens that I can stay longer by your side."

"Yes, we never have very long talks, do we?" murmured Eva, reflectively.

"Do you desire them?" said Pierre, still musing. "Ah! if you could know now I do! With me it is one long title. Say that you share the feeling, even if only a little; give me that pleasure."

"No," said Eva, laughing, "I don't share it at all. Because, if we should have longer talks, you would find out how ignorant I am and clever?"

"No, never," said Pierre with all his

heart in his eyes. Then, with his unfeigned politeness, he included Mademoiselle. "She is clever, Mademoiselle?"

"She is good," answered Mademoiselle, gravely. "Her heart has a depth—but a depth."

"I shall fill it all," murmured Pierre to Eva. "It is not that I myself am anything, but my love is so great, so vast; it holds you as the sea holds Cape. Some time—some time, you must let me try to tell you!"

Eva glanced at him. Her eyes had for the moment a vague expression of curiosity.

This little conversation had been carried on in French; Mademoiselle spoke no English, and Pierre would have been incapable of the rudeness of excluding her by means of a foreign tongue.

II.

The pink villa was indeed a delicious nest, to use the Englishman's phrase. It

crowned one of the perpendicular cliffs of Sorrento, its rosy façade overlooking what is perhaps the most beautiful expanse of water in the world—the Bay of Naples. The broad terrace stretched from the drawing-room windows to the verge of the precipice; leaning against its strong stone parapet, with one's elbows comfortably supported on the flat top (which supported also several battered goddesses of marble), enjoying the shade of a lemon-tree set in a great vase of tawny terracotta—leaning thus, one could let one's idle gaze drop straight down into the deep blue water below, or turn it to the white line of Naples opposite, shining under castled heights, to Vesuvius with its plume of smoke, or to beautiful dark Ischia rising from the waves in the west, guarding the entrance to the sea. On each side, close at hand, the cliffs of Sorrento stretched away, tipped with their villas, with their crowded orange and lemon groves. Each villa had its private stairway leading to the beach below; strange dark passages, for the most part cut in the solid rock, winding down close to the face of the cliff, so that every now and then a little rock-window can let in a gleam of light to keep up the spirits of those who are descending. For every one does descend: to sit and read among the rocks; to bathe from the bathing house on the fringe of beach; to embark for a row to the grottoes or a sail to Capri.

The afternoon which followed the first visit of Philip Dallas to the pink villa found him there a second time; again he was on the terrace with Fanny. The plunging sea-birds of the terrace's mosaic floor were partially covered by a large Persian rug, and it was upon this rich surface that the easy chairs were assembled, and also the low tea-table, which was of a construction so solid that no one could possibly knock it over. A keen observer had once

said that that table was in itself a sufficient indication that Fanny's house was furnished to attract masculine, not feminine, visitors (a remark which was perfectly true).

"You are the sun of a system of masculine planets, Fanny," said Dallas. "After long years, that is how I find you."

"Oh, Philip—we who live so quietly!"

"So is the sun quiet, I suppose! I have never heard that he howled. Mr. Gordon-Gray, Mark Ferguson, Pierre de Verneuil, Horace Bartholomew, unknown Americans. Do they come to see Eva or you?"

"They come to see the view—as you do; to sit in the shade and talk. I give very good dinners too," Fanny added, with simplicity.

"O romance! good dinners on the Bay of Naples!"

"Well, you may laugh; but nothing draws men of a certain age—of a certain kind, I mean, the most satisfactory men, in short—nothing draws them so surely as a good dinner delicately served," announced Fanny, with decision. "Please go and ring for the tea."

"I don't wonder that they all hang about you," remarked Dallas as he came back, his eyes turning from the view to his hostess in her easy chair. "Your villa is admirable, and you yourself, as you sit there, are the personification of comfort, the personification, too, of gentle, sweet, undemonstrative affectionate

ness. Do you know that, Fanny?"

Fanny, with a very pink blush, busied herself in arranging the cups for the coming cups.



"Darling, mind remember," Mrs. Fanny Churchill said that day, as she sat with her husband, "said that perfectly respectable gentleman," (Mr. Daines), "is coming!"

At the moment Mrs. Fanny sat, and presently approached Mr. Gordon Gray and Miss Fanny. A little later came Thomas Ferguson. The two gentlemen lay down. Mrs. Fanny sat alone. Daines, amongst many was again struck by something in the manner and bearing of Fanny's daughter. Her father-in-law was not surprised by it. It was an impression that would not be left for days, and it left them the day before in a way discussing that the girl was married.

She was tall, dressed very simply in white. Her dress, indeed, Fanny had worn before he had long, but simple, the kind, which were modest and common, up to a ribbon, as if they only covered her shoulders. This impression was first become her young son's. "Yes, it was a very young girl. And it was a serious face too." The American wife, often serious, and when they are brought up under the foreign system it really makes them too quiet. Her hair, dark, Fanny had a pair of large, very eyes under dark hair; these eyes were thoughtfully, sometimes they were dull. Her smooth complexion was rather brown. The oval of her face was not full. Though her dress was simple, her figure was womanly; the base of her head was noble, her step light and free. Nothing could be more graceful than the slight smiling mother than was this serious daughter who walked on her train. Daines first he could Edward Churchill, Edward Murray, Churchill, but could not be had only seen her once. "He must have been an admirable sort of fellow," he said to himself. The idea had come to him suddenly from something in Fanny's expression. Yet it had a sweet expression; the curve of the lips was sweet.

"She isn't such a very pretty girl, after all," he uttered, staring her on kindly before he dismissed her. "Fanny is a clever woman to have made it appear that she is."

At that moment Fanny having finished her dinner as usual, walked across the terrace and stood by the parapet, out-looked at the light.

"He looks like a beautiful!" thought Daines.

Fanny's father had not liked Edward Churchill; he had therefore left his money to her in such a way that neither Churchill nor any children whom he might have should be much benefited by it; Fanny herself, though she had a comfortable income for life, could not dispose of it. This accounted for the very small sum belonging to Fanny; she had only the few hundreds that came to her from her father.

But she had been brought up as though she had many thousands; studiously quiet, for she had been studiously single as her whole affairs had, in every other respect, her existence had been arranged as though a large fortune certainly awaited her. This had been the mother's idea; she had been sure from the beginning that a large fortune had awaited her daughter. It now appeared that she had been right.

"I don't know what you thought of me for bringing a fellow countryman down upon you yesterday in that unbecomingly way," Mr. Churchill, Bartholomew said. "But I wanted to do something for him. I met him at the top of your late St. Andrew. It was on the 10th."

"Oh, I'm sure," Mrs. Fanny said, "and Fanny, looking into the paper."

Bartholomew glanced round the little circle on the bed, with an expression of dry humor in his brown eyes. "You didn't think of your own day. I see that," he said.

"There was a moment's silence."

"Well, he is rather a commonplace individual, isn't he?" said Daines, unconsciously assuming the leadership of this purely domestic household.

"I don't know what you mean by commonplace, but yes, I see coming from you, Daines. He has never been abroad in his life until now, and he's a man with convictions."

"Oh, come, don't take that tone," said Mark Ferguson; "I've got convictions too; I'm as obstinate about them as an Englishman."

"What did your conviction tell you about Rod, then, may I ask?" pursued Bartholomew.

"I didn't have much conversation with him, you may remember. I thought he had plenty of intelligence. His clothes were—were admirable, weren't they?"

"Made in Tampa, probably. And I've no doubt but that he took pains with

them—wanted to have them appropriate.”

“That is where he disappointed me,” said Gordon Gray—“that very appearance of having taken pains. When I learned that he came from that—that place in the States you have just named—a wild part of the country, is not it? I thought he would be more—more interesting. But he might as well have come from Clerkenwell.”

“You thought he would be more wild, you mean; trousers in his boots; long hair; knives.”

All the Americans laughed.

“Yes. I dare say you cannot at all comprehend our penchant for that sort of thing,” said the Englishman, composedly. “And—er—I am afraid there would be little use in attempting to explain it to you. But this Mr. Red seemed to me painfully unconscious of his opportunities; he told me (when I asked) that there was plenty of game there—deer, and even bears and panthers—royal game; yet he never hunts.”

“He never hunts, because he has something better to do,” retorted Bartholomew.

“Ah, better?” murmured the Englishman, doubtfully.

Bartholomew got up and took a chair which was near the lamp. “No—indeed,” he said, as she made a motion toward a eup; then, without further explaining his change of position, he gave her a little smile. Dallas, who caught this smile on the wing, learned from it unexpectedly that there was a closer intimacy between his hostess and Bartholomew than he had suspected. “Bartholomew!” he thought, contemptuously. “Gray—spectacles—stout.” Then suddenly recollecting the increasing plumpness of his own person, he drew in his outstretched legs, and determined, from that instant, to walk fifteen miles a day.

“Red knows how to stand, even though he doesn’t hunt,” said Bartholomew, addressing the Englishman. “I saw him once bring down a most bull, who was charging directly upon an old man—the neatest sort of a hit.”

“He himself being in a safe place meanwhile,” said Dallas.

“On the contrary, he had to run forward into an open field. If he had missed his aim by an eighth of an inch, the beast—a terrible creature—would have made an end of him.”

“And the poor old man?” said Eva.

“He was saved, of course; he was a rather disreputable old dandy. Another time Red went out in a howling gale—the kind they have down there—to rescue two men whose boat had capsized in the bay. They were clinging to the bottom; no one else would stir; they said it was certain death; but Red went out—he’s a capital sailor—and got them in. I didn’t see that myself, as I saw the bull episode; I was told about it.”

“By Red,” said Dallas.

“By one of the men he saved. As you’ve never been near yourself, Dallas, you probably don’t know how it fairs.”

“He seems to be a modern Chevalier Bayard, doesn’t he?” said round-shouldered Mark Ferguson.

“He’s modern, but no Bayard. He’s a modern and a model pioneer.”

“Pioneers? oh, pioneers?” murmured Gordon Gray, half-chanting it.

None of the Americans recognized his quotation.

“He’s the son of a Methodist minister,” Bartholomew went on. “His father, a missionary, wandered down to Florida in the early days, and died there, leaving a sickly wife and seven children. You know the sort of man—a linen dealer for a coat, primella shoes, always smiling and hopeful—a great deal about ‘Brethren.’ Fortunately they could at least be warm in that climate, and fish were to be had for the catching; but I suspect it was a struggle for existence while the boys were small. David was the youngest; his five brothers, who had come up almost laborers, were determined to give this lad a chance if they could; together they managed to send him to school, and later to a barren little Methodist college somewhere in Georgia. David doesn’t call it forlorn, mind you; he still thinks it an unspeakable indignity. He’s nine years now—he is thirty—he has taken care of himself; he and a partner have cleared three large farms, and have already done well with it. Their hope is to put it all into sugar in time, and a Northern man with capital has advanced them the money for this Indian colonization scheme; it has been tried before in Florida, and has worked well. They have been very enterprising, David and his partner; they have a saw-mill running, and two school-houses already—one for whites, one for

about," said Eva. "Once it was a military post, he says. Perhaps like Ehrenbreitstein."

"Exactly," said Dallas, from behind; "the same massive frowning stone walls."

"There were four one-story wooden barracks once," said Rod; "whitewashed; flag-pole in the centre. There's nothing now but a chimney; we've taken the boards for our mill."

"See the cyclamen, good folk," called out Gordon Gray.

On a small plateau near by, a thousand cyclamen, white and pink, had lifted their wings as if to fly away. Off went Pierre to get them for Eva.

"Have you ever seen the bears in the canes yourself?" pursued Eva.

"I've seen them in many places besides canes," answered Rod, grimly.

"I too have seen bears," Eva went on. "At Berne, you know."

"The Punta Palmas bears are quite the same," commented Dallas. "When they see Mr. Rod coming they sit up on their hind legs politely. And he throws them apples."

"No apples; they won't grow there," said Rod, regretfully. "Only oranges."

"Do you make the saw-mill go yourself—with your own hands?" pursued Eva.

"Not now. I did once."

"Wasn't it very hard work?"

"That? Nothing at all. You should have seen us grubbing up the stumps. Tipp and I!"

"Mr. Tipp is perhaps your partner?" said Dallas.

"Yes; Jim Tipp. Tipp and Rod is the name of the firm."

"Tipp—and Rod," repeated Dallas, slowly. Then with quick utterance, as if trying it, "Tipp and Rod."

Pierre was now returning with his flowers. As he joined them, round the corner of their zigzag, from a pasture above came a troop of ponies that had escaped from their driver, and were galloping down to Sorrento; two and two they came rushing on, too rapidly to stop, and everybody pressed to one side to give them room to pass on the narrow causeway.

Pierre jumped up on the low stone wall and extended his hand to Eva. "Come!" he said, hastily.

Rod put out his arm and pushed each outside pony, as he passed Eva, forcibly

against his mate who had the inside place; a broad space was thus left beside her, and she had no need to leave the causeway. She had given one hand to Pierre as a beginning; he held it tightly. Mademoiselle meanwhile had climbed the wall like a cat. There were twenty of the galloping little nags; they took a minute or two to pass. Rod's outstretched hands, as he warded them off, were seen to be large and brown.

Eva imagined them "grubbing up" the stumps. "What is grubbing?" she said.

"It is writing for the newspapers in a street in London," said Pierre, jumping down. "And you must wear a top coat, I believe." Pierre was proud of his English.

He presented his flowers.

Mademoiselle admired them volubly. "They are like souls just ready to wing their way to another world," she said, sentimentally, with her head on one side. She put her well-gloved hand in Eva's arm, summoned Pierre with an amiable gesture to the vacant place at Eva's left hand, and the three walked on together.

The Desert, though disestablished and dismantled, like many another monastery, by the rising young kingdom, held still a few monks; these brown-robed brethren had aided Pierre's servant in arranging the table in the high room which commands the wonderful view of the sea both to the north and the south of the Sorrento peninsula, with Capri lying at its point too far to be real—like an island in a dream.

"O my, happy fellow—
Aimable Capri!"

said Mark Ferguson. No one knew what he meant; he did not know himself. It was a poetical inspiration—so he said.

The lunch was delicate, exquisite; everything save the coffee (which the monks wished to provide; coffee, black-bread, and grapes which were half raisins was the monks' idea of a lunch) had been sent up from Sorrento. Dallas, who was seated beside Fanny, gave her a congratulatory nod.

"Yes, all Pierre does is well done," she answered, in a low tone, unable to deny herself this expression of maternal content.

Pierre was certainly a charming host. He gave them a toast; he gave them two; he gave them a song; he had a tenor voice which had been admirably culti-

IV.

A week later Fanny's daughter entered the bedroom which she shared with her mother.

From the girl's babyhood the mother had had her small white curtained couch placed close beside her own. She could not have slept unless able at any moment to stretch out her hand and touch her sleeping child.

Fanny was in the dressing-room; hearing Eva's step, she spoke. "Do you want me, Eva?"

"Yes, please."

Fanny appeared, a vision of white arms, lace, and embroidery.

"I thought that Rosine would not be here yet," said Eva. Rosine was their maid; her principal occupation was the elaborate arrangement of Fanny's brown hair.

"No, she isn't there—if you mean to the dressing-room," answered Fanny, nodding her head toward the open door.

"I wanted to see you alone, mamma, for a moment. I wanted to tell you that I shall not marry Pierre."

Fanny, who had sunk into an easy chair, at these words springing up. "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Not in the least," murmured Fanny, only telling you that I cannot marry Pierre."

"You *must* be ill!" pursued Fanny. "You have fever. Don't deny it." And anxiously she took the girl's hands. But Eva's hands were colder than her own.

"I don't think I have any fever," replied Eva. She had been taught to answer all her mother's questions in fullest detail. "I sleep and eat as usual; I have no headache."

Fanny still looked at her anxiously. "Then if you are not ill, what can be the matter with you?"

"I have only told you, mamma, that I could not marry Pierre; it seems to me very simple."

She was so quiet that Fanny began at last to realize that she was in earnest. "My dearest, you know you love Pierre. You have told me so yourself."

"I don't love him now."

"What has he done—poor Pierre? He will explain, apologize; you may be sure of that."

"He has done nothing; I don't want him to apologize. He is as he always is. It is I who have changed."

"Oh, it is you who have changed," repeated Fanny, bewildered.

"Yes," answered Eva.

"Come and sit down and tell mamma all about it. You are tired of poor Pierre—is that it? It is very natural; he has been here so often, and stand so long. But I will tell him that he need go away—leave Sorrente. And he shall stay away as long as you like, Eva; just as long as you like."

"Then he will stay away forever," the girl answered, calmly.

Fanny waited a moment. "Did you like him better? Is that it?" she said, softly, watching Eva's face.

"No."

"Thornton Stanley?"

"Oh no!"

"Dear child, explain this a little to your mother. You know I think only of your happiness," said Fanny, with tender solicitude.

Eva suddenly tried to deny. "It was this morning. It came over me suddenly that I could not possibly marry him. Now or a year from now. Never." She spoke triumphantly. She even seemed indifferent. But this one decision was made.

"You know that I have given my word to the old Count," began Fanny, in perplexity.

Eva was silent.

"And everything was arranged."

Eva still said nothing. She looked about the room with wandering attention, as though this did not concern her.

"Of course I would never force you into anything," Fanny went on. "But I thought Pierre would be so congenial." In her heart she was asking herself what the young Belgian could have done. "Well, dear," she continued, with a little sigh, "you must always tell mamma everything." And she kissed her.

"Of course," Eva answered. And then she went away.

Fanny immediately rang the bell, and asked for Mademoiselle. But Mademoiselle knew nothing about it. She was overwhelmed with surprise and dismay. She greatly admired Pierre; even more she admired the old Count, whom she thought the most distinguished of men. Fanny dismissed the allotted little woman, and sat pondering. While she was thinking, Eva re-entered.

"Mamma, I forgot to say that I should

like to have you tell Pierre hominately, 'To-day'."

Fanny was almost melted. "You have never known that time before my dear mother. Have you no longer confidence in my judgment?"

"If you do not want to tell my this afternoon, it can be easily arranged mamma; I will not come to the dinner-table; that is all. I do not wish to see him until he knows."

There was to dine at the Villa that evening.

"What can he have done?" thought Fanny again.

She went for Esther, half an hour later. She was in the drawing-room. "Fanny, come to every one but Made Veronique," she said to Anne. "She was very nervous, but she had danced twice for Pierre. Pierre must leave moments and French away until she herself should call him back."

"At the end of a month, perhaps even at the end of a week, he has been just so much that I shall have to issue the summons," she said, speaking as gayly as she could, as if to make it a sort of joke. "It was very hard for her at first, to send away the frank, handsome boy."

Poor Pierre could not understand it at all. He delayed ever and over again that nothing in had said nothing in had done, could possibly have affected her betrothed. "But surely you give yourself that it is impossible," he could scarcely say basely.

"It is a girl's wish," explained the mother. "She is so young, you know."

"But that is the very reason I thought it was only older women who say what they wish to do in that decided way, who have heard as you call it," said the Belgian, his voice for a moment much colder than the voice of a man who has spent half his life in Paris.

This was so true that Fanny was driven to a defence that scarcely anything else would have made her use. "Eva is different from the young girls here," she said. "You must not forget that she is an American."

At last Pierre went away; he had tried to keep himself as a gentleman should; but the whole affair was a mystery to him, and he was very unhappy. He went as far as Rome, and there he waited, writing to Fanny an anxious letter almost every day.

In the mean while life at the villa went on; there were many excursions. Fanny's thought was that Eva would miss Pierre more during these excursions than at other times, for Pierre had always arranged them, and he had enjoyed them so much himself that his gay spirits and his gay wit had made all the party gay. Eva, however, seemed very happy, and at length the mother could not help being pleased to see how light-hearted her seducement had become, now that she was actually free. And yet how slight the year had been, and how pleasant thought Fanny. At the end of two weeks there were still two weeks of the "wintering" upon French soil and country. So thought that she would try the effect of heavily dressing the betrothed name. "I have done better almost every day, poor fellow. He is in Rome."

"Why does he stay in Rome?" said Eva. "Why does he not return home?"

"I suppose he does not want to go so far away," answered Fanny, vaguely.

"Far away from what? Home should always be the first place," responded the young moralist. "Of course you have had some intuition that I had never been with? Took it for granted? And she turned her gray eyes toward her mother, for the first time with a shade of surprise in them.

"Never so long, you, Eva."

"Oh, mamma! The girl says, 'I shall write to him myself!'"

"How you guess! Do you wish to deceive my my dear little girl?"

"Not, but it is a delusion; it is like a fog."

"My dear, that your mother. You have changed once; you may change again."

"Not about this, mamma. Will you please write her very soon, and make an out of it?"

"You are hard, Eva. You do not think of poor Pierre at all."

"No, I do not think of Pierre."

"And is there any one else you think of? I must ask you that once more," said Fanny, drawing her daughter down beside her caressingly. Her thoughts could not help turning again toward Gino, and in her supreme love for her child she now accomplished the mental somerset of believing that on the whole she preferred the young Italian to all the liberty, all the personal consideration for

herself, which had been embodied in the name of Verneuil.

"Yes, there is some one else I think of," Eva replied, in a low voice.

"In Rome!" said Fanny.

Eva made a gesture of denial that was fairly contemptuous.

Fanny's mind flew wildly from Bartholomew to Dallas, from Ferguson to Gordon-Gray: Eva had no acquaintances save those which were her mother's also.

"It is David Rod," Eva went on, in the same low tone. Then, with sudden exaltation, her eyes gleaming, "I have never seen any one like him."

It was a shock so unexpected that Mrs. Churchill drew her breath under it audibly, as one does under an actual blow. But instantly she rallied. She said to herself that she had got a romantic idealist for a daughter—that was all. She had not suspected it; she had thought of Eva as a lovely child who would develop into what she herself had been. Fanny, though far-seeing and intelligent, had not been endowed with imagination. But now that she did realize it, she should know how to deal with it. A disposition like that, full of visionary fancies, was not so uncommon as some people supposed. Hence Bartholomew should make the Floridian away out of Eva's sight forever, and the girl would soon forget him: in the mean while not one word that was harsh should be spoken on the subject, for that would be the worst policy of all.

This train of thought had passed through her mind like a flash. "My dear," she began as soon as she had got her breath back, "you are right to be so honest with me. Mr. Rod has not—has not said anything to you on the subject, has he?"

"No. Didn't I tell you that he cares nothing for me? I think he despises me—I am so useless!" And then suddenly the girl began to sob; a passion of tears.

Fanny was at her wits' end; Eva had not wept since the days of her baby illness, for life had been happy to her, loved, caressed, and protected as she had been all ways, like a hot-house flower.

"My darling," said the mother, taking her in her arms.

But Eva wept on and on, as if her heart would break. It ended in Fanny's crying too.

V.

Early the next morning her letter to Bartholomew was sent. Bartholomew had

gone to Munich for a week. The letter begged, commanded, that he should make some pretext that would call David Rod from Sorrento at the earliest possible moment. She counted upon her fingers; four days for the letter to go and the answer to return. Those four days she would spend at Capri.

Eva went with her quietly. There had been no more conversation between mother and daughter about Rod; Fanny thought that this was best.

On the fourth day there came a letter from Bartholomew. Fanny returned to Sorrento almost gayly: the man would be gone.

But he was not gone. Tranquillized, glad to be at home again, Mrs. Churchill was enjoying her terrace and her view, when Angelo appeared at the window: "Signor Ra."

Angelo's mistress made him a peremptory sign. "Ask the gentleman to wait in the drawing-room," she said. Then crossing to Eva, who had risen, "the round by the other door to our own room, Eva," she whispered.

The girl did not move, her face had an excited look. "But why?"

"Go, child; go."

Still Eva stood there, her eyes fixed upon the long window veiled in lace; she scarcely seemed to breathe.

Her mother was driven to stronger measures. "You told me yourself that he cared nothing for you."

A deep red rose in Eva's cheeks; she turned and left the terrace by the distant door.

The mother crossed slowly to the long window and parted the curtains. "Mr. Rod, are you there? Won't you come out! Or stay—I will join you!" She entered the drawing-room and took a seat.

Rod explained that he was about to leave Sorrento; Bartholomew had summoned him so urgently that he did not like to refuse, though it was very inconvenient to go at such short notice.

"Then you leave tomorrow?" said Fanny: "perhaps to-night?"

"No; on Monday. I could not arrange my business before."

"Three days more!" Fanny thought.

She talked of various matters; she hoped that some one else would come in; but, by a chance, no one appeared that day, neither Dallas, nor Ferguson, nor Gordon-Gray. "What can have become



"SHE SAT DOWN AND GATHERED HER CHILD TO HER BOSOM."

boat was rapidly going westward round the cliffs: in two minutes more it was out of sight.

Fanny wrung her hands. The French woman, to whom the event wore a much darker hue than it did to the American mother, turned yellowly pale.

At this moment Horace Bartholomew came out on the terrace: and, as, for Fanny's missive had explained nothing, he had followed his letter himself. "What is it?" he said, as he saw the agitation of the two women.

"Your friend *your* the man you brought here, has Eva with him at this moment out on the bay!" said Fanny, vehemently.

"Well, what of that? You must look at it with Punta Palmas eyes. Fanny, at Punta Palmas it would be an ordinary event."

"But my Eva is not a Punta Palmas girl, Horace Bartholomew!"

"She is as innocent as unborn Eileen

swer for Rod. Come, be sensible, Fanny. They will be back before sunset, and no one in Sorrento. If that is what is troubling you so—need be any the wiser."

"You do not know all," said Fanny. "Oh, Horace, I must tell somebody. She fancies she cares for that man!" She wrung her hands again. "Couldn't we follow them? Get a boat."

"It would take an hour. And it would be a very conspicuous thing to do. Leave them alone—it's much better; I tell you I'll answer for Rod. Fancies she cares for him, does she? Well, he is a fine fellow; on the whole, the finest I know."

The mother's eyes flashed through her tears. "This from *you*!"

"I can't help it; he is. Of course you do not think so. He has got no money; he has never been anywhere

that you call anywhere; he doesn't know anything about the only life you care for nor the things you think important. All the same, he is a man in a million. He is a man, not a puppet."

Gentle Mrs. Churchill appeared for the moment transformed. She looked as though she could strike him. "Never mind your Quixotic ideas. Tell me whether he is or is not with Eva; it all depends upon that."

"I don't know. I am sure," answered Bartholomew. He began to think. "I can't say at all; he would conceal it from me."

"Because he felt his inferiority. I am glad to see that grows."

"He wouldn't be conscious of any inferiority save that he is poor. It would be that, probably, if anything; of course he supposes that Eva is rich."

"Wouldn't Horace she were?" said the mother. "Added to every other horror of it, poverty, miserable poverty, for my

good child?" She sat down and hid her face.

"I never not be as bad as you have not anything like it. Be cheer up a little, Fanny. Where Eva comes here, her to me you will find that nothing at all has happened— that it has been a mere ordinary excitement. And I promise you I will take Rod away with me to-morrow."

Mrs. Chandless rose and began to pace to and fro, biting her lip and watching the water. Mademoiselle, who was still looking down, she looked impatiently away. "Tell no one in— was coming to her."

There seemed, indeed, as he noticed her freedom as Bartholomew had said was to wait. He sat down and dismissed the matter a little.

Fanny said no attention to what he was saying. "Poor wife and then broken promise of her own heart from her!" How much good will her perfect French and Italian her Spanish Spanish and even Russian do her doers in that barbarous wilderness?—"In her life she has never even bitten her nose. Do they think she can make love?" And there was Fanny. And poor Fanny! Then suddenly—"But it shall not be!"

"I have been wondering who you did not take that tone from the dust," said Bartholomew. "She is very young. She has been brought up to obey you implicitly. It would be very strange I should fancy, if you could once make up your mind to it."

"Make up my mind to save her, you mean?" said the mother, bitterly. "She did not tell him that she was afraid of her daughter. Should you expect me to live at Fanny's house?" she demanded contemptuously of her companion.

"That would depend upon Rod, wouldn't it?" answered Bartholomew, still indignantly. He was tired, she had been thrown out from— of being treated like a door mat.

At this Fanny broke down again, and completely. For it was only to him that it would depend upon that stranger, that fanny, that unknown David Rod, whether she the mother should or should not be with her or no child.

As into the sunset the boat came into sight again round the western cliffs, Fanny closed her eyes. She was very pale— Mademoiselle, rigid with anxiety, watched from an upper window. Bar-

tholomew rose to go down to the beach to receive the returning fugitives. "No," said Fanny, catching his arm, "don't go; no one must know before I do— no one." So they waited in silence.

Down below, the little boat had rapidly approached. Eva had jumped out, and was now running up the rock stairway; she was always light-footed, but to her mother it seemed that the ascent took an endless time. At length there was the vision of a young, happy, rushing figure, rushing straight to Fanny's arms. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she gail whirled around that there was no one there but Bartholomew. "he loves me! He has told me so! he has told me so!"

For an instant the mother drew herself away. Eva left alone and mindful of nothing but her own love, looked so radiant with happiness that Bartholomew, the old woman could not help sympathizing with her. "You will have to give it up," he said to Fanny, significantly. "Then he said he not and went away."

Fifteen minutes later his place was filled by David Rod.

"Ah! you have come. I must have a few words of conversation with you, Mr. Rod," said Fanny, in an icy tone. "Eva, leave us now."

"Oh, mamma, you must never scold, I hope," answered the girl. She spoke with secure confidence; her eyes were fixed upon her lover's face.

"Do you still like Bartholomew better, Mr. Rod?" Fanny began. "See now that Eva would not do."

"Why I hope so," answered Rod, surprised. "I have no great opinion of him, as far as I possibly could. Mrs. Chandless I find to take me back back that you know, to tell you that we are engaged. If not an hour old yet— not Eva." He looked at Eva smilingly, his eyes as happy as her own.

"It is the custom to ask permission," said Fanny, stiffly.

"I have never heard of the custom, then— that is all I can say," answered Rod, with good-natured tranquillity, still looking at the girl's face, with its rapt expression, its enchanting joy.

"Please to pay attention. I decline to consent. Mr. Rod, you cannot have my daughter."

"Mamma—" said Eva coming up to her.

"No, Eva; if you will remain here—which is most improper— you will have to



"FANNY PUT OUT HER HANDS WITH A BITTER CRY."

hear it all. You are so much my daughter's inferior, Mr. Rod, that I cannot, and I shall not, consent."

At the word "inferior," a slight shock passed over Eva from head to foot. She went swiftly to her lover, flung down and pressed her lips to his brown hand, hiding her face upon it.

He raised her tenderly in his arms, and thus embraced, they stood there together, confronting the mother—confronting the world.

Fanny put out her hands with a bitter cry. "Eva!"

The girl ran to her, clung to her. "Oh, mamma, I love you dearly. But you must not try to separate me from David. I could not leave him—I never will."

"Let us go in, to our own room," said the mother, in a broken voice.

"Yes; but speak to David first, mamma!"

Rod came forward and offered his arm. He was sorry for the mother's grief, which, however, in such intensity as this, he could not at all understand. But though he was sorry, he was resolute, he was even stern; in his dark beauty, his height and strength, he looked indeed, as Bartholomew had said, a giant.

At the sight of his offered arm, Mrs. Churchill recoiled; she glanced all round the terrace as though to get away from it; she even glanced at the water; it almost seemed as if she would have liked to take her child and plunge with her to the depths below. But that miserable look at Eva's happy, trustful eyes still watching her lover's face saved her; she took the offered arm. And then Rod went with her, supporting her gently into the house, and through it to her own room, where he left her with her daughter. That

might the mother rise from her sleepless couch in a shaded paper and leaving it in a distant table, stole softly to Eva's side. The girl was in a deep slumber, her hand followed on her arm. Fanny, swallowing her tears, gazed at her sleeping child. She still saw in the face the baby outlines of years before; her mother's eye would still distinguish in the motionless hand the draped fingers of the child. The fair hair, lying on the pillow, recalled to her the short flossy curls of the little girl who had clung to her skirts, who had had but one thought—"Mamma."

"What will her life be now? What must she go through, perhaps—what pain, privation—my darling, my own little child?"

The wedding was to take place within the month: Rod said that he could not be absent longer from his farm. Fanny, breaking her silence, suggested to Bartholomew that the farm might be given up; there were other occupations.

"I advise you not to say a word of that sort to Rod," Bartholomew answered. "His whole heart is in that farm; that colony he has built up down there. You must remember that he was brought up there himself, or rather came up. It's all he knows, and he thinks it the most important thing in life; I was going to say it's all he cares for, but of course now he has added Eva."

Pierre came once. He saw only the mother.

When he left her he went round by way of the main street of Sorrento in order to pass a certain small inn. His cur-

riage was waiting to take him back to Castellammare, but there was some one he wished to look at first. It was after dark; he could see into the lighted house through the low uncurtained windows, and he soon came upon the tall outline of the young farmer seated at a table, his eyes bent upon a column of figures. The Belgian surveyed him from head to foot slowly. He stood there gazing for five minutes. Then he turned away. "That, for Americans!" he murmured in French, snapping his fingers in the darkness. But there was a mist in his boyish eyes all the same.

The pink villa witnessed the wedding. Fanny never knew how she got through that day. She was calm; she did not once lose her self-control.

They were to sail directly for New York from Naples, and thence to Florida; the Italian colonists were to go at the same time.

"Mamma comes next year," Eva said to everybody. She looked indescribably beautiful; it was the radiance of a complete happiness, like a halo.

By three o'clock they were gone; they were crossing the bay in the little Naples steamer. No one was left at the villa with Fanny—it was her own arrangement—save Horace Bartholomew.

"She won't mind being poor," he said, consolingly, "she won't mind anything, with *him*." It is one of those sudden, overwhelming loves that one sometimes sees; and after all, Fanny, it is the sweetest thing life offers."

"And the mother?" said Fanny.

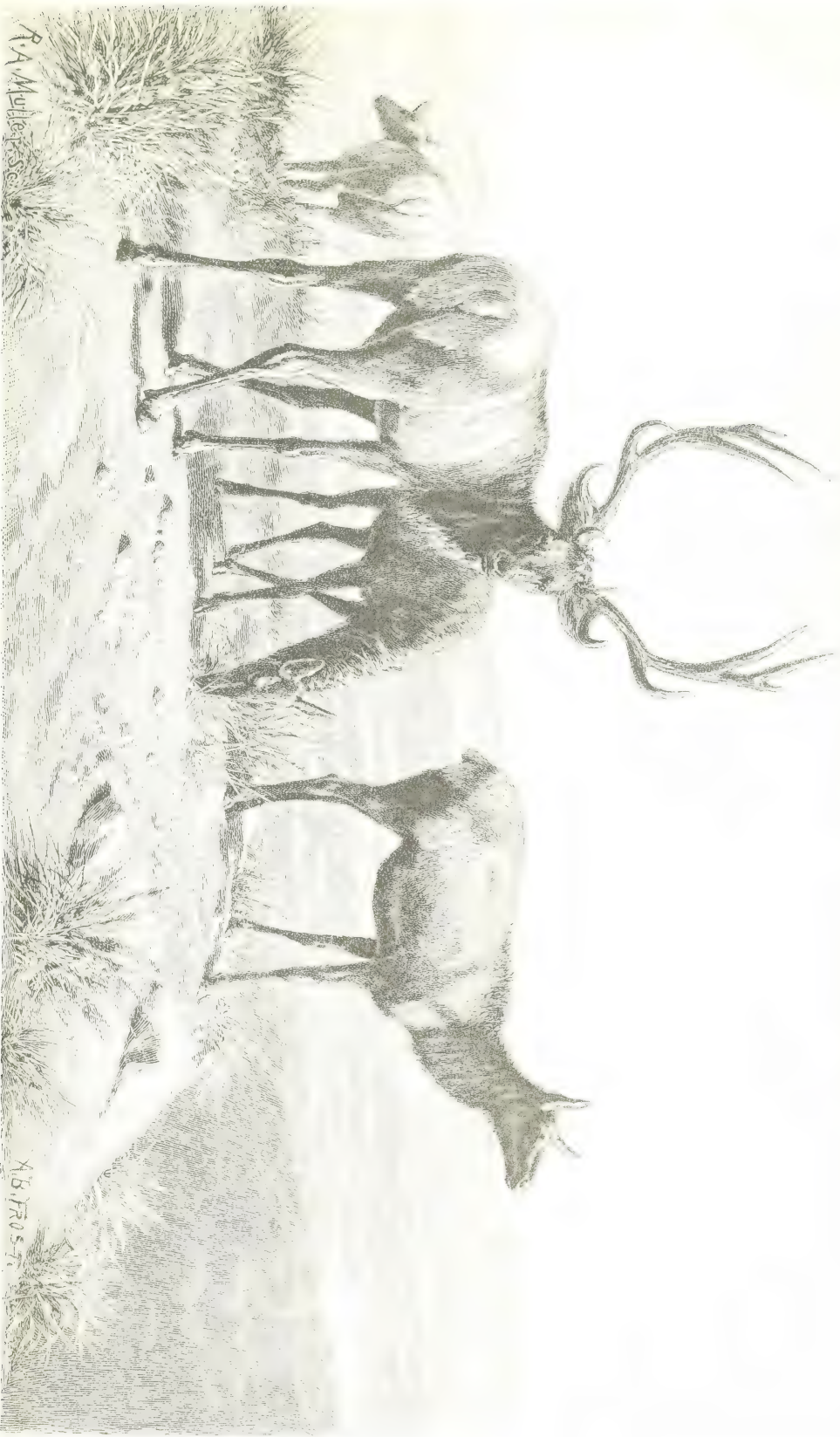
ELK HUNTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY G. O. SHIELDS.

OF all the large game on the American continent, the elk (*Cervus canadensis*) is the noblest, the grandest, the stateliest. I would detract nothing from the noble game qualities of the moose, caribou, deer, or mountain-sheep. Each has its peculiar points of excellence which endear it to the heart of the sportsman, but the elk possesses more than any of the others. In size he towers far above all except the moose. In sagacity, caution, cunning, and wariness he is the peer of not the superior of them all. He is always on the alert, his keen scent, his piercing eye, his acute sense of hear-

ing, combining to render him a vigilant sentinel of his own safety.

His great size and powerful muscular construction give him almost unbounded endurance. When alarmed or pursued he will travel for twenty or thirty hours, at a rapid swinging trot, without stopping for food or rest. He is a proud, fearless ranger, and even when simply migrating from one range of mountains to another, will travel from seventy-five to a hundred miles without lying down. He is a marvellous mountaineer, and considering his immense size and weight, often ascends to heights that seem incredible. He may of-



R. A. Muller sculp.

A. B. Frost



Following a rocky trail.

can be found away on its haunts and will traverse narrow, passing and detouring, mauling over walls of rock, and through fissures where it would seem impossible for an ungainly animal with such sensitive antlers as to creep to get. He chooses his route, however, with rare good judgment, and all mountaineers know that an elk trail is the best that conspicuously he selected over any given section of mountainous country. His facility of traversing those jungles and whirlpools is equally astonishing. If given his own time, he will move quietly and easily through the worst of these, leaping over logs higher than his back as gracefully and almost as lightly as the deer, yet when hard at all he is alarmed and start on a run through one of those labyrinthic masses and they will make a noise like a regiment of cavalry on a tumultuous charge.

I once stood on the margin of a quaking rip brook and heard a large band of elk crossing toward me that had been

quarried and fired upon by my friend at the other side and the frightful noise of their horns pommeling the trees, their hoofs screeching each other and the runner, and the crashing of dead branches, with the snoring of the affrighted goats, might well have struck terror to the heart of any one unused to such sights and sounds, and have caused him to seek safety in flight. But by standing my ground I was enabled to get in a couple of shots of stout courage, and to bring down two of the finest animals in the herd.

The whistle of the elk is a sound which many have tried to describe, yet I doubt if any one who may have read all the descriptions of it ever written would recognize it on a first hearing. It is a most strange, weird, peculiar sound, baffling all efforts of the most skillful word-painter. It is only uttered by the male, and there is the same variety in the sound made by different stags as in different human voices. Usually the cry begins

and ends with a sort of grunt, somewhat like the bellow of a domestic cow cut short, but the interlude is a long drawn, melodious, flute-like sound that rises and falls with a rhythmical cadence, floating on the still evening air, by which it is often wafted with singular distinctness to great distances. By other individuals, or even by the same individual at various times, either the first or last of these abrupt sounds is omitted, and only the other, in connection with the long drawn, silver-toned strain, is given.

The stag utters this call only in the love-making season, and for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of his dusky mate, who responds by a short and utterly unmusical sound, similar to that

with which the male begins or ends his call.

On one occasion, when hunting in the Rocky Mountains, in northern Wyoming, I had a most exciting hunt after a large bull elk. We had killed a cow and calf in the evening about four miles from our camp, high up on the mountain-side. Our photographer was not with us at the time, and before we could go to camp and get him it would be too late to have pictures of them made that night, and the chances were that if left there alone till morning, they would be destroyed by bears, which were very numerous in that vicinity. So I decided to camp by and stand guard over them.

I built a fire near the carcasses, stretch-



set up a common powder box or shelter, and then a large one of hemlock branches, protected on forest's edge, of wood and by keeping up a fire. The deer were able to make one good trip to the ranges of Bitter.

Rain fell heavily nearly all night but passed unheeded. The rain seemed to come which fell to the depth of about an inch. Then the clouds broke, the temperature continued to fall, and the descent upon a most beautiful spectacle. Three red deer, headbroke, and in fact every variety of tree and shrub that grew there, were tinged with fleecy white, the snow having frozen on the most delicate twigs and branches as it fell.

Just at daylight I heard the whistle of an elk. It came from the mountain side above me, and in a moment I was moving toward the locality whence came the thrilling sound, like a whirl and passing eagerly forward in search of the game. Arriving at the point whence the sound came, I found the bucks, large as those of a Thompson's deer, but the nature of them was not there. While proceeding toward them the bull wheeled his horn from the top of another ridge half a mile away. He had not heard me, but was moving wildly in search of a mate, for it was the harem-making season. I pushed forward across deep gulches, over high peaks and long banks, and arrived at the scene of the second enormous fall, to find only the tracks upon it. It was extremely difficult to go through the forests of cedar and fir, and over the rocks and beds of trees, leaves but enough to overlook him without touching a nose that would alarm him, and one instant caution was necessary. Consequently a long chase was the result. Presently, however, I heard a whining in the forest, and saw the snow fall from a red deer. Then all was quiet again, and pointing carefully through every opening in the network of twigs, I was finally able to see a small patch of reddish brown hair, which, from its peculiar shape, I took to be well back on his side. As it did not move, I was sure it was not a desirable prospect, but I was not in a position to follow. I got into such a position without danger of losing any more of the animal, and, after losing the driving front sight to my rifle in the smoke of that little brown spot, I lost. Then up I went rushing, stumbling, and in the middle, and in an

instant I saw the large beast dash across an opening in the thicket. Another eye had found its way into the chamber of the rifle, the first plate was already pressing my shoulder, and simultaneously, with the appearance of the game there was another sharp report, and again the elk stumbled. This bull had gone close to his horns, and he could not travel far. I followed and soon saw him standing with his head thrown forward. He was bleeding rapidly, but desiring to end his suffering as soon as possible, I fired several more shots in rapid succession. Finally he fell, and then, as I walked up and stood over his prostrate form, my soul was filled with remorse and regret at having caused the death of this unjust intruder of the forest.

His head may give me Buxey, the proudest and grandest of all my trophy trophies in the chase. Yet I never look at it without feeling a pang of sorrow for the part I played in that great tragedy. His measurements are as follows: length of main body, 4 feet 8 inches; length of body from 1 foot 6 inches; length of body, 1 foot 8 inches; length of body, 1 foot 7 inches; length of body, 1 foot 8 inches; circumference around lower 1 foot 2 inches; circumference around lower 1 foot 2 inches; circumference of body at base 7 inches; spread of main body at tips, 4 feet 8 inches. They are one of the largest and most pure of animals in which I have any knowledge. The animal would have weighed nearly a thousand pounds.

The elk is strictly gregarious and in winter runs especially the animals gather into large bands, and a few years ago bands of from five hundred to a thousand were not uncommon. Now, however, these numbers have been so reduced by the ravages of the hunters, and others that are left rarely find more than twenty or thirty in a band.

In the fall of 1879 a party of three men were sighted and hunting in the Yellowstone National Park, and having prolonged their stay until late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snow storm, which completely obliterated and obliterated all the trails, and filled the gulches, canyons, and crevices to such a depth that three horses could not travel over them at all. They had been in camp three days waiting for the storm to abate; but it continued to grow in severity, and



as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew more and more desperate. Their stock of provisions was low; they had no shelter and they were without the means of a winter at that high altitude, and it was fast becoming a question whether they should ever be able to escape beyond the snow-cold peaks and snow-filled cañons, with which they were hemmed in. Their only hope of escape was by abandoning their horses, and constructing snow shoes which might keep them above the snow, but in this case they could not carry bedding and food enough to last them throughout the severe days that the journey would occupy to the nearest ranch, and the chances of finding good-enough routes after the severe weather had set in were extremely precarious. They had already set about making snow shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed

toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them. They were travelling in single file, led by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through snow, in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience and perseverance of a faithful old ox. The others followed him, the stronger ones in front and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well-worn trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing these struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in fear of their file leader. This would have been the golden opportunity of a keen hunter, who could and would have shot them all down in their tracks from a single stand. But such was not the passion of our friend. He saw in this whole struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He did not fire a shot, and did not in any way create an unnecessary alarm amongst the elk, but hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen.

In the evening the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. Tent, bedding, provisions, everything that was absolutely necessary to their journey, were hurriedly packed upon their pack animals; saddles were placed, rifles were slung to the saddles, and leaving all surplus baggage, such as trophies of their hunt, moccasins, specimens, and clothing of various kinds, for future comers, they started for the elk trail. They had a slow, tedious, and laborious task breaking a way through the deep snow to reach it, but by walking and leading their saddle animals ahead, the pack animals were able to follow slowly. Finally they reached the trail of the elk herd, and following this, after nine days of tedious and painful travelling, the party arrived at a ranch between the upper falls of the Yellowstone River and Yellowstone Lake, on the Snake River, which was kept by a "squaw man" and his wife, where they were enabled to lodge and recruit themselves and their stock, and whence they finally reached their homes in safe-



A SLEIGH RIDER

and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the surrounding country for the most feasible route for which to get out, and also to try if he could detect the game of some kind. He took some meat and a rifle toward the north, and when he came upon the first trail of a large band of elk that were moving

ty. The band of elk passed on down the river, and our tourists never saw them again; but they have doubtless long ere this all fallen a prey to the ruthless war that is constantly being waged against them by hunters white and red.

It is sad to think that such a noble creature as the American elk is doomed to early and absolute extinction, but such is nevertheless the fact. Year by year his mountain *habitat* is being surrounded and encroached upon by the advancing line of settlements, as the fisherman encircles the struggling mass of fishes in the clear pond with his long and closely meshed net. The lines are drawn closer and closer every year. These lines are the ranches of cattle and sheep raisers, the cabins and towns of miners, the stations and residences of employés of the railroads. All these places are made the shelters and temporary abiding-places of Eastern and foreign sportsmen who go out to the mountains to hunt. Worse than this, they are made the permanent abiding places and constitute the active and convenient markets of the nefarious and unconscionable skin hunter and meat hunter. Here he can find a ready market for the meats and skins he brings in, and an opportunity to spend the proceeds of such outrageous traffic in ranch whiskey and revelry. The ranchmen themselves hunt and lay in their stock of meat for the year

when the game comes down into the valleys. The Indians, when they have eaten up their government rations, lie in wait for the elk in the same manner. So that when the first great snows of the autumn or winter fall in the high ranges, when the elk band together and seek refuge in the valleys, as did the herd that our fortunate tourists followed out, they find a mixed and hungry horde waiting for them at the mouth of every cañon. Before they have reached the valley where the snow-fall is light enough to allow them to live through the winter their skins are drying in the neighboring "shacks."

This unequal, one-sided warfare, this ruthless slaughter of inoffensive creatures, cannot last always. Indeed it can last but little longer. In ranges where only a few years ago herds of four or five hundred elk could be found, the hunter of to-day considers himself in rare luck when he finds a band of ten or twelve, and even small bands of any number are so rare that a good hunter may often hunt a week in the best elk country to be found anywhere without getting a single shot. All the Territories have good, wholesome game-laws which forbid the killing of game animals except during two or three months in the fall, but these laws are not enforced. They are a dead letter on the statute books, and the illegal and illegitimate slaughter goes on unchecked.

BOATS ON THE TAGUS.

BY TERSTRAH LEE.

ON a fine day, with a light breeze blowing, a fleet of curiously rigged fishing-boats may be seen trawling off the mouth of the Tagus, the largest river in Portugal. The sails are crowded in an extraordinary way upon the single mast, with a large lateen-sail in the centre of each boat, while from six to eight smaller sails are divided between the bowsprit and a spinnaker boom behind. Some of the sails are so small they resemble more handkerchiefs, and some of the jibs are upside down, with a point projected into the air without any apparent support. These boats, when trawling, do not go forward, but have a remarkable way of sidling, beam on, at the rate of two or three knots an hour.

At a distance, the boats seem all of the

same form and rig, but a nearer view shows that there are two distinct kinds. The *muleta* has a curved projecting prow something like a ram, and furnished with huge spikes, whilst the *barpa* resembles an ordinary English fishing-boat, though of heavier construction, and painted with all the colors of the rainbow. No new *muletas* have been built for the last ten years, only about twenty are preserved, so worthy continuation, and hence long this unique form of boat will probably have disappeared entirely. Though extremely safe and capital for fishing purposes, they are slow sailers, and therefore useless for carrying cargo, whilst on account of their dangerous prows and general unhandiness they are also of no value for disembarking goods from larger vessels. (C)



FIG. 1.—MOTOR AND SAILING JUNKS OF CHINA.

and the trade on the Pacific has greatly increased, and the disintegration of good and substantial water-carriage facilities of several valleys has become a lucrative business more so than before. These are the favorable circumstances. Therefore boats, which are very handy for storing, loading and carrying, which are guarding against the place of mules.

The mast is fixed at the center of the bottom. It is very short and thick, and carries a single yard nearly at the top. The yard is very great, and is curved in a peculiar in being attached both to the top and the spinnaker behind, thus giving a double-curved shape to the yards of the boat. The mast stands about three-fourths of a way back a forward five feet, and is held in place by an eye on the back of the mast as the center point of the yard, and forms a kind of stay when the boat is on the wind on that side. When sailing "to windward" in the yards, the boat is pushed forward of the mast and the mast is very close to the yard, and the boat is on the back. When the wind takes the boat on the other side in tacking,

the rope being left in its place, the mast has to be at the stern from the foot of the mast as well as the sails. No ordinary pole would bear this, so the mast is made of the most carefully selected oak and is exceedingly strong, and when the ship is about to be broken up, the mast is removed for a new boat. Some of the masts or yards are more than a hundred years old, and many of them are very rotten. The yard is constructed of three pieces carefully joined together, and measures always more feet longer than the boat. For a small craft of thirty feet in length the yard would be about forty feet long, and in one of the largest, over ninety feet long, and in one of the largest, over ninety feet long. The extreme shortness of the rig makes it simple and easily worked, and capable of being repaired by unskilled labor. The sails are made by the fishermen out of narrow strips of canvas or ropes web and then by sewing together. The men often put sails made in this manner catch the wind better than the constructed out of broader pieces.

The hull of a *muleta* is flat bottomed, very broad in the beam, and tapering off to nothing at each end. It is generally decked fore and aft; an undecked space or well is left in the centre for the fish. The men often sleep on these boats for weeks at a time, as their village is some distance up the Tagus, and during the fishing season it is not worth their while to return home unless the wind is very favorable. The prow is one of the most remarkable features of this unique boat. It projects in a curve far beyond the deck, and is furnished with iron spikes,

water. There is only one advantage to this kind of prow, which is that it possesses great buoyancy, as the swelling sides of the boat are continued at each side so as to meet in the furthest point of the curve. A vertical projection, or miniature wooden tower, is placed just over the prow, and although its use is not clear this addition is invariably found in all *muletas*. Some of the ropes of the jibs and one of the spars supporting the flying jibs are certainly attached to it, but it is not used in modern fishing boats, even where the rig is the same. This pro-



FIG. 23.—SOLIMOS, GIRA, & MULETA.

Though ornamental, these prows are very inconvenient, for when the boats are at anchor they have to give one another a wide berth, as a collision would be very destructive. Also they are liable to first and cut the *laras* when swinging with the tide at anchor, and therefore it has to be carried along the bowsprit well in front of the prow before being dropped into the

water, and the curved prows are painted in colors, the rest of the boat being simply painted. Occasionally the designs on the prows are very elaborate; the usual custom is to paint a fish, a man, or a star with a few foliated curves besides.

The *muleta* has no keel, and would be unable to sail near the wind were it not for weather-boards like those on Thames



FIG. 1.—FISHING BOAT, SUCH AS IN 'WATER'.

sailing barges. They are moored on the windward side and drag their draw up when traveling, as the lead line is pulled through the water.

The most usual way of sailing the river for catching is shown in Fig. 1. The net lies a pocket behind into which the fish drop as the net is dragged through the water. The lines at each end are connected by a pulley and a spool of rope, which is used to pull the net through the water. With the net dragging through the water there is a severe pull on the fore and aft booms, and the main sails are covered upon them, so that the stream is pulled. Practically the large lateen mainsail drives the boat through the water and the small sails drive the net. The strong jibs that point upward are supported in their apex by a spar or prop with an iron spike at the end that passes through an eye fixed in the sail. The props are kept in position by leaning against the ropes that carry the lower edges of the sails, and the pressure is conducted to the end of the cross spar, where the net is attached.

These small nets can be taken in with great celerity. They are all worked from the deck. For furling the mainsail the men climb up the great mast, and when

it has the position desired, is given, and the boat is hauled in the sail with their hands and feet.

The latest and better kind of fishing boat, as in the background, is shown in Fig. 2. The stern of a new boat is considerably more than its fore end. The head of the pudden only just comes above the water line. It is worked from the deck by means of ropes and blocks attached to a cross spar passing through the boat at the head. Being much deeper than the boat it has to be supported in shallows or on groundings, by means of ropes which pass through the holes one near the top, and the other fixed with the bottom of the boat. To control the rudder while being hoisted, an iron beam is attached to it that passes up above the water, and ends in a ring to which another rope is attached. The general effect is to make the rudder appear to be not in by these ropes, which is not the case. The sea in front of the boat in Fig. 2 is drawn in section to allow of the under part of the rudder being shown.

The fishermen are hauling in the net, after having furled the smaller or trawling sails. The net is drawn in simultaneously at prow and stern, over rounded pieces of wood fixed to the bulwarks. Similar bits of wood are attached to the

stem to prevent the ropes passing to the rudder being frayed.

There are many other smaller fishing-boats, called *bota*, or *barco* sometimes, and *felúa* if they have two masts, and though both the latter names also apply to the larger craft, *bota* is only used for the smaller boats that are rowed as well as sailed. They are employed for all kinds of fishing except trawling, and for lobster catching. Nets are often anchored down in certain parts for weeks together, and others are fastened to the same ropes for the night or merely for a few hours, and are examined at intervals for fish. As the winter storms come on, the nets are taken up and the anchors raised until the following spring.

All along the coast, up to the mouth of the Tagus, in the middle of October and November botas may be seen making for the shore laden with a black cargo which appears to be mussels and sea weed. Carts meet them, and the cargo is transferred, when it proves to consist of nets encrusted with mussels and covered with sea weed from long immersion. Landing one of these nets is shown in Fig. 3. The oxen are always much ornamented about the head with tassels made of colored strips of cloth placed over the forehead, and long strips of leather depending from the horns

to keep off the flies. The yoke rests against the front of their high shoulders, and is loosely attached to the horns by thongs of leather. The cart itself is a wonder of antique design; the wheels are almost solid, and firmly fixed to the axle-tree. Behind are two botas which have brought the nets and anchors; and in the background can be seen the entrance to the Tagus, and a mediæval fort to the left called São Julião. Rising behind is one of the seven hills of Lisbon; the king's palace crowns the top.

The river Tagus is tidal for about twenty miles inland. It is about two miles wide, and runs nearly due west for eight or nine miles before reaching Lisbon. The point is well marked by the fort and tower of Belem on the northern bank.

Just inside the promontory there is a small cove, where the water is usually calm, and not much affected by the tidal currents of the river, from which the view Fig. 4 has been taken.

A quantity of *varinas*, or flat-bottomed boats, are drawn up in the foreground. These do a great deal of the traffic amongst the villages on the Tagus. They are built at Figueira, a village on the coast, and are used as surf boats, and drawn up on shore whenever the sea is at all rough. The prow and stern are very high out of the



FIG. 4. VARINAS AT BELEM.



water. A small portion of the women advanced bare and all. It can be either toward or away. In both cases it is flanked by an outer body of a man skimming on the oil slick. Weather permits boys to be used as scum. The routine of the women bathing over the one who is carrying the load in the foreground and the usual dress for fish girls and female porters; two others are behind, walking skiff to land. A kind of sash is drawn lengthwise around the hips, which thus betrays somewhat their heavy loads with out shame. The sails are about four feet in length for full dress and are drawn by their butt or occasionally of scum.

for flatterers, the beanie is white or orange colored, while a tall, tapered hatlike headdress and a front without track is not complete the costume. A great deal of the pageantry of Totonac is done by women and girls, who also do most of the organizing of the lighters on the stage.

The spray nozzles have a conical gold form. The spray is directed both above the gun, and to prevent the way-waiting (and not to

have merely of width it is supported by wooden bars fixed into the bedworks, spreading outward at the top. This gives a very unusual, impressive look (Fig. 5).

The *Delia* is one of the larger kinds, half-decked, an even-going boat trading between the harbours of Portugal and Spain. It is very polluted and miserably dilapidated, like all these Southern ships, and when both the great lateen-sails pointing opposite ways are spread to a stern wind, it looks like a beautiful white bird upon the water. A great many may always be seen at anchor off the quays of Lisbon furthest from the mouth of the Tagus.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXV.

THE bell on the orthodox church called the members of Mr. Peck's society together for the business meeting with the same plaintive, lacerant note that summoned them to worship on Sundays. Among those who crowded the house were many who had not been there before, and seldom in any place of the kind. There were admirers of Putney, workmen of rebellious repute and of advanced opinions on social and religious questions; nonsuited plaintiffs and defendants of shady record, for whom he had at one time or another done what he could. A good number of the summer folk from South Hathorn[†] were present, with the expectation of something dramatic, which every one felt, and every one hid with the discipline that subtles the outside of life in a New England town to a notorious passivity.

At the appointed time Mr. Peck rose to open the meeting with prayer; then, as if nothing unusual were likely to come before it, he declared it ready to proceed to business. Some people who had been gathering in the vestibule during his prayer came in; and the electric robes which had been recently hung above the pulpit and on the front of the gallery in substitution of the old gas chandeliers shed their moony glare upon a house in which few places were vacant. Mr. Gerrish, sitting erect and solemn beside his wife in their pew, shared with the minister and Putney the tacit interest of the audience.

He permitted the transaction of several minor affairs, and Mr. Peck, as Moderator, conducted the business with his habitual exactness and effect of far-off impersonality. The people waited with exemplary patience, and Putney, who lounged in one corner of his pew, gave no more sign of excitement, with his arms sunk in his embroidered shirt front, than his satisfied wife at the other end of the seat.

Mr. Gerrish rose, with the air of rising in his own good time, and said, with dry pomp, "Mr. Moderator, I have prepared a resolution, which I will ask you to read to this meeting."

He held up a paper as he spoke, and

then passed it to the minister, who opened and read it:

"*Whereas*, It is indispensable to the prosperity and well-being of any and every organization, and especially of a Christian church, that the teachings of its minister be in accord with the convictions of a majority of its members upon vital questions of eternal interest, with the end and aim of securing the greatest efficiency of that body in the community, as an example and a shining light before men to guide their steps in the strait and narrow path; therefore

"*Resolved*, That a committee of this society be appointed to inquire if such is the case in the instance of the Rev. Julius W. Peck, and be instructed to report upon the same."

A satiated expectation expressed itself in the silence that followed the reading of the paper. Whatever pain and alarm were mixed with the satisfaction of the contempt of kindly usage shown in offering such a resolution without warning or private notice to the minister shocked many by its brutality, still it was satisfactory to find that Mr. Gerrish had intended to seize the first chance of airing his grievance, as everybody had said he would do.

Mr. Peck looked up from the paper and across the intervening pews at Mr. Gerrish. "Do I understand that you urge the adoption of this resolution?"

"Why, certainly, sir," said Mr. Gerrish, with an air of supercilious surprise.

"You did not say so," said the minister, gently. "I beg only one second. Brother Gerrish's motion?"

A murmur of amusement followed Mr. Peck's reminder to Mr. Gerrish, and an ironical voice called out:

"Mr. Moderator."

"Mr. Putney."

"I think it important that the sense of the meeting should be taken on the question the resolution raises. I therefore second the motion for its adoption."

Putney sat down, and the murmur now broadened into something like a general laugh, hushed as with a sudden sense of the inappropriety.

* Reprint from *Atlantic Monthly*, 1887.

"But on the other hand, sir, what do we see? I will not allude to myself in this connection, but I am well aware, sir, that I represent a large and growing majority of this church in the stand I have taken. We are tired, sir, and I say it to you openly, sir, what has been bruited about in secret long enough of having what I may call a one-sided gospel preached in this church and from his pulpit. We enter our protest against the neglect of very essential elements of Christianity—not to say *the* essential—the representation of Christ as a *spirit* as well as a *life*. I understand me, sir, we do not object, neither I nor any of those who agree with me, to the preaching of Christ as a *life*. That is all very well in its place, and it is the wish of every true Christian to conform and adapt his own life as far as circumstances will permit of. But when I come to this sanctuary, and *then* come, Sabbath after Sabbath, and hear nothing said of my Redeemer as a—means of salvation, and nothing of Him crucified; and when I find the precious promises of the gospel ignored and neglected continually and—and all the time, and each discourse from yonder pulpit filled up with generalities, glittering generalities, as has been well said by another—in relation to and connection with your conduct, I am disappointed, sir, and dissatisfied, and I feel to protest against that line of—of preaching. During the last six months, Sabbath after Sabbath, I have listened in vain for the ministrations of the plain gospel and the tangible truth which we have been blessed as a church and as a people. Instead of this I have heard, as I have said, and I repeat it without fear of contradiction, nothing but one idea appeals and mere invitations upon duty to others, which a child and the worst tyro would not bid therein; and I have culminated—*or* rather it has been culminated to me—in a covert attack upon my private affairs and my way of conducting my private business in a manner which I could not overlook. For that reason, and for the reasons which I have recapitulated, and I consider the closest scrutiny—I felt it my duty to enter my public protest and to leave this sanctuary, where I have worshipped ever since it was erected, with my family. And I now urge the adoption of the foregoing resolution because I believe that your usefulness has come to an end to

the vast majority of the constituent members of this church: and—and that is all."

Mr. Gerrish stopped so abruptly that Putney, who was engaged in talk with Colonel Marvin, looked up with a startled air, too late to secure the floor. Mr. Peck recognized Mr. Gates, who stood with his wrists caught in either hand across his middle, and looked round with a quizzical glance before he began to speak. Putney lifted his hand in playful threatening toward Colonel Marvin, who got away from him with a face of noiseless laughter, and went and joined Mr. Wilmington where he sat with his wife, who entered into the talk between the men.

"Mr. Moderator," said Gates, "I don't know as I expected to take part in this debate; but you can't always tell what's going to happen to you, even if you're only a member of the church by marriage, as you might say. I presume, though, that I have a right to speak in a meeting like this, because I *am* a member of the church—in my own right, and I've got its interests at heart as much as any one. I don't know but what I got the interests of *humanity* at heart too, but I can't be certain; sometimes you can't; sometimes you think you've got the common good in view, and you come to look a little shrew, and you find it's the uncommon good; that is to say, it's not so much the public weal you're after as what it is the private weal. But that's neither here nor there. I haven't got anything to say against identifying yourself with things in general; I don't know but what it's a good way; all is, it's apt to make you think you're personally attacked when nobody is meant in particular. I think that's what's pretty the matter with Brother Gerrish here. I found that sooner, and I didn't suppose there was anything in it to make any one especially, and I was considerably surprised to see that Mr. Gerrish seemed to take it to himself, somehow, and worry over it, but I didn't really know just what the trouble was till he explained here to-night. All I was thinking was when it came to that about large commerce devastating the small sort of bean and fat kine—I wished Jordan & Marsh could hear that, or Stewart's in New York, or Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. I never thought of Brother Gerrish once, and I don't presume one out of a hundred did either. I—" The electric light in

done?" He stopped, and then said, gently: "Excuse me, Colonel; I really must go on. I'm speaking now in behalf of Brother Gerrish, and he doesn't like to have the speaking on his side interrupted."

"Oh, all right," said Colonel Marvin, amiably; "go on."

"What my old friend William Gerrish really designed in offering that resolution was to bring into question the kind of Christianity which has been preached in this place by our pastor—the one-sided gospel, as he aptly called it—and what he and I want to get at is the opinion of the society on that question. Has the gospel preached to us here been one-sided or hasn't it? Brother Gerrish says it has, and Brother Gerrish, as I understand, doesn't change his mind on that point, if he does on any, in order to withdraw his resolution. He doesn't expect Mr. Peek to convince him in a private conference that he has been preaching a one-sided gospel. I don't contend that he has; but I suppose I'm not a very competent judge. I don't propose to exaggerate the opinion of one very fallible and erring man, and I don't set myself up in judgment of others; but I think it important for all parties concerned to know what the majority of this society think on a question involving its future. That importance must excuse all accidents and excuses—the apparent want of taste, of humility, of decency, in proposing this inquiry at a meeting over which the pastor chiefly concerned would naturally preside, unless he were warned to absent himself. Nobody cares for the contemptible point, the wholly insignificant question whether allusion to Mr. Gerrish's vote is wise; was intended or not. What we are all anxious to know is whether he represents any considerable portion of this society in his general manner of speaking. I want a vote on that, and I urge this present question."

No one stopped to dispute whether this was preliminary or not. Peeking out down, and Colonel Marvin rose to say that if a vote was to be taken, it was only right and just that Mr. Peek should somehow be heard in his own behalf, and half a dozen voices from all parts of the church supported him. Mr. Peek, after a moment, said, "I think I have nothing to say;" and he added, "shall I put the question?"

"Question!" "Question!" came from different quarters.

"It is moved and seconded that the resolution before the meeting be adopted," said the minister, formally. "All those in favor will say ay." He waited for a distinct space, but there was no response; Mr. Gerrish himself did not vote. The minister proceeded, "Those opposed will say no."

The word burst forth everywhere, and it was followed by laughter and articulate expressions of triumph and mocking. "Order! order!" called the minister, gravely, and he announced: "The *ay* have it."

The electric light began to suffer another syncope. When it recovered, with the mind flitting and quivering, Mr. Peek was on his feet, asking to be released from his duties as moderator, so that he might make a statement to the meeting. Colonel Marvin was voted into the chair, but refused formally to take possession of it. He stood up and said: "There is no place where we would rather hear you than in that pulpit, Mr. Peek."

"I thank you," said the minister, making himself heard through the approving murmur; "but I stand in this place only to ask to be allowed to leave it. The friendly feeling which has been expressed toward me in the vote upon the resolution you have just rejected is all that reconciles me to its defeat. Its adoption might have spread inordinate wrath I trust, but this perhaps it is best that I should discharge it. As to the sermon which called forth this resolution it is only for you to say that I intended no personalities in it, and I humbly trust you are wise enough to find yourself aggrieved to believe me." Every one looked at Gerrish to see how he took this; he must have felt the part which was pointed and charged, commensurate. Mr. Gerrish in that conference was anxious to present the sermon as I had seen it, and to be heard and help itself. But I say for no reason was that the action of the resolution was wrong in inviting me before you are subjected to a very real part of Christian life, in my instantiations here. I trouble with him, and those who have made an open profession of Christ have a claim to the remediation in the presence and in the support which good men have found in the necessities of faith, and I ask his patience and that of others who feel that I have not laid sufficient stress upon these.

"I'm tired of this fighting," Mrs. Putney broke in, "and I think it's ruining Ralph every way. He hasn't slept the last two nights, and he's been ill in a quiver for the last fortnight. For my part I don't care what happens now, I'm not going to have Ralph mixed up in it any more. I think we ought all to forgive and forget. I'm willing to overlook everything, and I believe others are the same."

"You'd better ask Mrs. Gerrish the next time she calls," Putney interposed.

Mrs. Putney stopped, and took her hand from her husband's arm. "With after what Mr. Gerrish said to-night about you, I *don't* think Komolue had better call *ever* soon."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Putney, and his laugh thumped back at them in derisive echo from the hearth-front they were passing. "I guess Bro. Peck had better stay and keep him out. It won't be *ill* brotherly love after he goes—or simply either."

SSII.

Annie knew from the light in her father's window, that Mrs. Bolton who had not gone to the meeting, was there; and she inferred from the stir of the house that Bolton had not yet gone home. She went up to her room and after a glance at her dressing in lay over, she began to lay off her things. Then she sat down provisionally by the open window, and looked out into the soft midnight night. The moon was out and burned with a scent of roses in it from some rose fires. The yellow light shined every self illumined by the moon that thickened the moonless dark.

She heard steps on the gravel of the lawn, and then two men talking low, of whom she knew one to be Bolton. He came while the door every door was open, and shut, and after a long hurrying of shoes in the library Mrs. Bolton passed on the door-jamb of the room where Annie sat.

"What is it, Mrs. Putney?"

"You're bad out."

"No, I'm here by the window. What is it?"

"Well, I don't know, but what *couldn't* I think it's pretty late for callers, but Mr. Peck is down in the library. I guess he wants to speak with you about Idella. I told him he better see *you*."

"I will come right down."

She followed Mrs. Bolton to the foot of the stairs, where she kept on to the kitchen, while Annie turned into the library. Mr. Peck stood beside her father's desk, resting one hand on it and holding his hat in the other.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Peck?"

"I thank you. It's only for a moment. I am going away to-morrow, and I wish to speak with you about Idella."

"Yes, certainly. I'm sure you are not going to leave Hatboro', Mr. Peck! I hoped—we all did—that after what you had seen of the strong feeling in your favor to-night you would reconsider your determination and stay within!" She went on impetuously. "You must know you must understand now, how much good you can do here, more than any one else. More than you could do far where else. I don't mean to say you realize how much depends upon your staying here. You can't stop the dissensions by going away. It will only make them worse. You see how divided Mary and Mr. Whittemore were with you, and Mr. Bates, all of them. I wished I to speak to you first to reach out your duty. I am one of your causes, and I can only tell you how it seems to me, that you must see that another place where you will be of more use than here."

He called her back to sit, but she could find nothing more to say, and he began. "I am not leaving the country unless you wish us to go, and for the present I am satisfied that my useful mission is at an end, and I do not think that I can go away with any more force. I shall go on with the dissenters and remain. I think you will find that there are those who need both more and than I can help more in any other field."

"Yes. She began to talk with a woman's ardor, to the satisfaction of the dissenters. "I shall be with them."

He went on to say that he would

"I am going to Fall River to-morrow, where I have found that there is much to be done."

"In the mill?" she exclaimed, "you think to do it in the mill? That's not good, and it's not in the mill." "But you don't mean that." "This night, the small the mill to the work she had seen that day in the mill with Lyra came upon her with all their offense. "To throw away all that

lishing books, and all that; and so could others: don't you see?"

He shook his head. "Perhaps others; but I have done with preaching for the present. Later I may have something to say. Now I feel sure of nothing, not even of what I've been saying here."

"Will you send for Idella? When she goes with the Savors I will come too!"

He looked at her sorrowfully. "I think you are a good woman, and you mean what you say. But I am sorry you say it, if any words of mine have caused you to say it, for I know you cannot do it. Even for me it is hard to go back to those associations, and for you they would be impossible."

"You will see," she returned with exaltation. "I will take Idella to the Savors' to-morrow—or no; I'll have them come here!"

He stood looking at her in perplexity. At last he asked, "Could I see the child?"

"Certainly!" said Annie, with the lofty passion that possessed her, and she led him up into the chamber where Idella lay sleeping in Annie's own room.

He stood beside it, gazing long at the little one, from whose eyes he shaded the lamp. Then he said, "I thank you, and turned away."

She followed him down-stairs, and at the door she said: "You think I will not come; but I will come. Don't you believe that?"

He turned sadly from her. "You might come, but you couldn't stay. You don't know what it is; you can't imagine it, and you couldn't bear it."

"I will come, and I will stay," she answered; and when he was gone she fell into one of those intense reveries of hers—a rapture in which she prefigured what should happen in that new life before her. At its end Mr. Peck stood beside her grave, reading the lesson of her work to the multitude of grateful and loving poor who thronged to pay the last tribute to her memory. Putney was there with his wife, and Lyra regretful of her lightness, and Mrs. Munger repentant of her mendacities. They talked together in awe-stricken murmurs of the noble career just ended. She heard their voices, and then she began to ask herself what they would really say of her proposing to go to Fall River with the Savors and be a mill-hand.

XXVII.

Annie did not sleep. After lying a long time awake she took some of the tonic that Dr. Morrell had left her, upon the chance that it might quiet her; but it did no good. She dressed herself, and sat by the window till morning.

The breaking day showed her purposes grotesque and monstrous. The revulsion that must come, came with a tide that swept before it all prepossessions, all affections. It seemed as if the child, still asleep in her crib, had heard what she said, and would help to hold her to her word.

She choked down a crust of bread with the coffee she drank at breakfast, and instead of ~~company~~ with Idella at her bath, she dressed the little one silently, and sent her out to Mrs. Bolton. Then she sat down again by the sort of haze in which she had spent the night, and as the day passed, her revolt from what she had pledged herself to do mounted and mounted. It was like the sort of woman she was, not to think of any withdrawal from her pledges; they were all the more sacred with her because they had been purely voluntary, persistent; the fact that they had been refused made them the more obligatory.

She thought some one would come to break in upon the heavy monotony of the time. She expected Ralph or Elton, or at least Lyra; but she only saw Mrs. Bolton, and heard her about her work. Sometimes the child stole back from the kitchen or the barn, and peeped in upon her with a regretful expression which her gloomy stare defeated, and then it ran off again.

She lay down in the afternoon and tried to sleep; but her brain was inexorably alert, and she lay making inventory of the hideous things she was to leave for that ugly fate she had insisted on. A swarm of fancies gave every detail of the parting dramatic intensity. Amidst the poignancy of her regrets, her shame for her recreancy was sharper still.

By night she could bear it no longer. It was Dr. Morrell's custom to come nearly every night; but she was afraid, because he had walked home with her from the meeting the night before, he might not come now, and she sent for him. It was in quality of medicine-man, as well as physician, that she wished to see him; she meant to tell him all that had passed

with Mr. Peck, and this was perfectly true in the interview she furnished; but of the sound of his loggy wheels in the broken thought came that seemed to her to have even to speak of Mr. Peck to him. For the first time it occurred to her that the incident might have referred to something from her eagerness and persistence infinitely more preposterous than even the preposterous letter of her words. A number of little proofs of the conjecture flashed upon her; his anxiety to get away from her, his refusal to let her believe in his own sincerity of purpose, his moments of bewilderment and dismay, his sudden making out the sound of the wheels of irreducible absurdity to the terms of the whole effort, and at length the last hope of help from her.

She let Miss Boston see in this dream, and she did not see to meet the thing, she saw from her reflection to know he had a moral rather than a physical trouble in deed with her, and not only the security of her place in sympathy, as she was tempted from some infinite remoteness to do.

When he said, "You're not well," she whispered solemnly back, "Not at all."

He did not permit his request, however candid, but said with an increasing earnestness that pleased her. "I was coming here this evening to say that, and I got your message on the way up from my room."

"You are very kind," she said, a little more audibly.

"I wanted to tell you, to wait on that when I saw Putney and I have had to get waiting up people, and so on to Mr. Peck, and to keep him here."

Annie did not change her position, but the expression of her face changed.

"We've been radical in the coming camp, everywhere, but I've committed Gerrish himself to an armed neutrality. That's what I think. The difficulty was in another quarter, with Mr. Peck himself. He's not opposed that and one else is to the very of Hallow's. You sleep by the window, however this morning?"

"Did he?" Annie asked, dishonestly. The question obliged her to say something.

"Yes. He came to Putney before breakfast to thank him and take leave of him, and to tell him of the plan he had for the thing."

"I don't know," said Annie, hoarsely,

after an effort, as if the truth would not come easily. "I am worse than Mrs. Manger," she thought.

"For going to Fall River to teach school among the mill hands' children? And to open a night school for the hands' women?"

The doctor waited for her sensation, and in its absence he looked so disappointed that she was forced to say, "To teach school."

Then he went on briskly again. "Yes. Putney labored with him on his knees, so to speak, and he felt so good that he went to tomorrow morning; and then he came home. We ordered Mrs. Wythe to stay at the house, and we've spent the day working up the Peck sentiment in a very quiet way. It's been a very quiet campaign, but it's been a very quiet one, and we've been working for a week, and bringing them all over at last. We're going to have a paper, signed by a large number of the members of the church, and we're going to have a meeting, Mr. Peck is coming, and Putney's gone to him with the paper, and he's coming home to report Mr. Peck's answer. We all agreed that it wouldn't do to say anything about his poor health, and I hope some of the people would be patient under the impression that they were having a very quiet meeting of another kind."

Annie considered the doctor's words, which she took in to the last syllable, with a suspicion of competence to her. The thought in Mr. Peck's plan, if they were not with him, would about her, and the thought that she was to speak before him, and that it would be delivered, perfect and complete, however in a short time. But the great danger to her was the thought that she was to speak before him, and that she did not speak, and he took up the word again.

"I don't," she said, "I've had my misgivings about Mr. Peck, and about his real usefulness to a community like this. To state to all that Putney can say of his last heartiness. I'm afraid that he's a good deal of a dreamer. But I gave way to Putney, and I hope you'll appreciate what I've done for your favorite."

"You are very good," she said, in an enigmatical acknowledgment; her mind was set so strenuously to break from her dishonest reticence that she did not know really what she was saying. "Why—"

why do you call him a dreamer?" She cast about in that direction at random.

"Why? Well, for one thing, the reason he gave Putney for giving up his luxuries here; that as long as there was hardship and overwork for underpay in the world, he must share them. It seems to me that I might as well say that as long as there were dyspepsia and rheumatism in the world, I must share them. Then he has a queer notion that he can go back and find instruction in the working men—that they alone have the light and the truth, and know the meaning of life. I don't say anything against them. My observation and my experience is that if others were as good as they are in the ratio of their advantages, Mr. Peck needn't go to them for his ideal. But their conditions warp and dull them; they see things askew, and they don't see them clearly. I might as well expose myself to the small-pox in hopes of treating my fellow-sufferers more intelligently."

She could not perceive where his analogies rang false; they only overwhelmed her with a deeper sense of her own folly.

"But I don't know," he went on. "That a dreamer is such a desperate character, if you can only keep him from trying to realize his dreams; and if Mr. Peck consents to stay in Hatboro', perhaps we can manage it." He drew his chair a little toward the lounge where she reclined, and asked, with the kindliness that was both personal and professional, "What seems to be the matter?"

She started up. "There is nothing—nothing that medicine can help. Why do you call him my favorite?" she demanded, violently. "But you have wasted your time. If he had made up his mind to what you say, he would never give it up—never in the world!" she added, hysterically. "If you've interfered between any one and his duty in this world, where it seems as if hardly any one had any duty, you've done a very unwarrantable thing." She was aware from his stare that her words were incoherent, if not from the words themselves, but she hurried on: "I am going with him. He was here last night, and I told him I would. I will go with the Savors, and we will keep the child together; and if they will take me, I shall go to work in the mills; and I shall not care what people think, if it's right—"

She stopped and weakly dropped back on the lounge, and hid her face in the pillow.

"I really don't understand." The doctor began, with a physician's carefulness, to unwind the coil she had flung down to him. "Are the Savors going, and the child?"

"He will give her the child for the one they lost—you know how! And they will take it with them."

"But you—what have you—?"

"I must have the child too! I can't give it up, and I shall go with them. There's no other way. You don't know. I've given him my word, and there is no hope!"

"He asked you," said the doctor, to make sure he had heard aright. "He asked you—advised you—to go to work in a cotton mill?"

"Yes!" she lifted her face to confront him. "He told me *not* to go; but I said I would."

They sat staring at each other in a silence which neither of them broke, and which promised to last indefinitely. They were still in their daze when Putney's voice came through the open hall door.

"Hello! hello! hello! Hello, Central! *Can't* I make you hear any one?" His steps advanced into the hall, and he put his head in at the doorway. "Thought you'd be here," he said, nodding at the doctor. "Well, doctor, here they Peck's beaten us again. He's going."

"Going?" the doctor echoed.

"Yes. It's no use. I put the whole case before him, and I argued it with a force of logic that would have fetched the twelfth man with eleven stubborn fellows against him on a jury; but it didn't fetch Brotherly Peck. He was very appreciative and grateful, but he believes he's got a call to give up the ministry, for the present at least. Well, there's some consolation in supposing he may know best, after all. It seemed to us that he had a great opportunity in Hatboro', but if he turns his back on it, perhaps it's a sign he wasn't equal to it. The doctor told you what we've been up to, Anne?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, from the depths of the labyrinth in which she was plunged again.

"I'm sorry for your news about him," said the doctor. "I hoped he was going to stay. It's always a pity when such a man lets his sympathies use him instead of using them. But we must always

and Mrs. Bolton together prevailed against her, and she was dressed, and had fallen asleep again in her clothes while the women were putting on their hats and sacks, and Bolton was driving up to the door with the carry-all.

"Why, I can see," he said, when he got out to help them in, "just how William's got his idee about it. His wife's an excitable kind of a woman, and she's sent him off lickety-split after the doctor without looking to see what the matter was. There hain't never been anybody hurt at our depot, and it don't stand to reason—"

"Oliver Bolton, *will* you hush that noise?" shrieked his wife. "If the world was burnin' up you'd say it was nothing but a chimney on fire som'er's."

"Well, well, Pauline, have it your own way, have it your own way," said Bolton. "I ain't sayin' but what there's *some*thin' in William's story; but you'll see 't he's exaggerated. Go up."

"Well, do hurry, and *do* be still!" said his wife.

"Yes, yes. It's all right, Pauline, all right. Soon's I'm out the line, you'll see 't I'll drive *fast* enough."

Mrs. Bolton kept a grim silence, against which her husband's bubble of optimism played like heat lightning on a night sky.

Idella woke with the rush of rain on, and in the dark and strangeness began to cry, and wailed heart breakingly, a voice her fits of louder sobbing and then fell asleep again before they reached the house where her father lay dying.

They had put him in the best bed in Mrs. Savor's little guest room, and when Annie entered, the minister was apologizing to her for spilling it.

"Now don't you say *one* word 't Mr. Peck," she answered him. "It will strain. I nuthin' see you layin' there just's you be than plenty of folks that—" She stopped for want of an apt comparison, and in sight of Annie she said, as if he were a child whose mind was wandering: "Well, I declare, if here ain't Miss Kilburn come to see you, Mr. Peck! And Mis' Bolton! Well, the land!"

Mrs. Savor came and shook hands with them, and in her character of hostess urged them forward from the door, where they had halted. "Want to see Mr. Peck? Well, he's real comfortable now; ain't he, Dr. Morrell? We got him all fixed up nicely, and he ain't in a bit o' pain. It's

his spine that's hurt, so 't he don't feel nothin'; but he's just as clear in his mind as what you or I be. *Ain't* he, doctor?"

"He's not suffering," said Dr. Morrell, to whom Annie's eye wandered from Mrs. Savor, and there was something in his manner that made her think the minister was not badly hurt. She went forward with Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, and after they had both taken the limp hand that lay outside the covering, she touched it too. It returned no pressure, but his large, wan eyes looked at her with such gentle dignity and intelligence that she began to frame in her mind an excuse for what seemed almost an intrusion.

"We were afraid you were hurt badly, and we thought—we thought you might like to see Idella—and so we came. She is in the next room."

"Thank you," said the minister. "I presume that I am dying; the doctor tells me that I have but a few hours to live."

Mrs. Savor protested: "Oh, I guess you ain't a-goin' to die *this* time, Mr. Peck." Annie looked from the Morrell to Pauline, who stood with him on the other side of the bed, and experienced a shock from their gravity without yet being able to accept the hint it implied. "There's plenty of looks," continued Mrs. Savor. "Just wase 't what you be that's able to die and as well as ever they was."

Bolton seized his chance. "It's just what I said to Pauline, comin' along. 'You'll see,' said I. 'Mr. Peck'll be on his sperrits afore 't we be in a great while.' That's the way I felt about it from the start."

"All you got to do is to keep up courage," said Mrs. Savor.

"That's one thing both the battle," said Bolton.

There were numbers of people in the room and at the door of the next. Among them Colonel Murray and Jack Wilkinson. She heard afterward that he was coming to take the same train to Boston with Mr. Peck, and had helped to bring him in the Savor's house. "The station-master was there, and some other railroad employés."

The doctor leaned across the bed and lifted slightly the arm that lay there, taking his wrist between his thumb and finger. "I think we had better let Mr. Peck rest awhile," he said to the company generally. "We're doing him no good."

The people began to go, some of them

"Well, I presume it's a cross," said Mrs. Savor, "and I don't feel right to take her. If it wa'n't for what her father—"

"Sh!" Annie said, with a significant glance.

"It's an ugly house!" screamed the child. "I want to go back to my Aunt Annie's house. I want to go on the cars."

"Yes, yes," answered Mrs. Savor, blindly groping to shure in whatever chum had been practised on the child. "just as soon as the cars starts. Here, William, you take her out and show her the pretty coop you be'n makin' the piggins to keep the cats out."

They got rid of her with Savor's connivance for the moment, and Annie hastened to escape.

"We had to tell her she was going a journey, or we never could have got her into the carriage," she explained, feeling like a thief.

"Yes, yes. It's all right," said Mrs. Savor. "I see you'd be'n puttin' up some kind of job on her the minute she mentioned the cars. Don't you feel any, Miss Kilburn. Hebe's and me'll got along with her, you needn't be afraid."

Annie could not look at the empty room where it stood in its alcove when she went to bed; and she stood upon its own place with heart sickness for the child, and with a humiliating doubt of her own part in hurrying to give it up without thought of Mrs. Savor's convenience. What had seemed so noble, so exemplary, began to wear another color, and she threw off, worn out at last by the swimming tears, shames, and despairs, which resolved themselves into a fantastic medley of dream images. There was a rat trying to get at the piggins in the coop which Mr. Savor had ordered Idella to see. It clawed and nibbled at the lattice-work of lath, and its caw-cawing became like the cry of a child, so loud that it woke Annie from her sleep, and still kept on. She lay shuddering a moment, it seemed as if the dead murderer's ghost flitted near the room, while the crying dropped and located itself more and more, till she knew it a child's wail in the dream of her house. Then she heard "Aunt Annie, Aunt Annie!" and soft, faint thumps as of a little fist upon the door panels.

She had no experience of more than one nodding from her bed to the dawn,

which the same impulse flung open and let her crush to her breast the little tumult of sobs and moans from the threshold.

"Oh, wicked, selfish, heartless wretch!" she stormed out over the child. "But now I will never, never, never give you up! Oh, my poor little baby! my darling! God has sent you back to me, and I will keep you. I don't care what happens! What a cruel wretch I have been—oh, what a cruel wretch, my pretty!—to tear you from your home! But now you shall never leave it, no one shall take you away." She gripped it in a succession of fierce hugs, and mumbled its face and neck and little cold wet hands and feet—with her kisses; and all the time she did not know the child was to its night dress (her breast or that her own feet were bare, and heedless as Idella's).

A sense of the last extremity gloomed upon her with the appearance of Mrs. Bolton, lamp in hand, and the instantaneous appearance and disappearance of her husband at the back door through which she emerged. The two women spent the first moments of the lamplight in making certain that Idella was sound and whole in every part, and then in smiling uncertainly together how she came to be there. Whether she had wandered out in her sleep and found her way home with enough to let her remember she had watched till the house was quiet, and then stolen away, was what she could not tell them, and most likely it was partly a mystery.

"I don't know but when Mr. Bolton had better go and wake up the Savors. You got to hear her for the night, I presume, but they'd ought to know where she is, and you can take her over there agin, come daylig."

"Mrs. Bolton," shouted Annie in a voice as deep and hoarse that it shook the floor, at a woman who had never before talked so. "If you've such a thing to me, if you've got such a thing to me, I will let you. Hand Mr. Bolton for Idella's things—right away!"

"Land!" said Mrs. Bolton, when the ten after a long wandering preamble explained that he did not believe Miss Kilburn told a story that her giving the child up meant. "I don't want it without it's satisfied to stay. I see last night it was just breakin' its heart for her, and I told William when we first moved her into meenin', and he was in such a pucker

about her. I bet anything he was a blind to that the child had gone back to Miss Kithorn's. That's just the words I used; didn't I, Rebecca? I couldn't stand it to have her stand *invenit* around.

Beyond this sentimental reluctance, Mrs. Savor later confessed to Annie herself that she was really accepting the charge of Idella in the same spirit of self-sacrifice as that in which Annie was surrendering it, and that she felt, when Mr. Peck first suggested it, that the child was better off with Miss Kithorn; but she hated to say so. Her husband seemed to think it would make up to her for the one they lost, but nothing could really do that.

XXX

It is a reverse of pure idealism, following the precepts of the temperance union, Annie Kithorn demonstrated her courage toward the fathers and mothers of her life in Hathors. She took leave of her boy and went back to Rome, accomplishing the whole affair so smoothly and rapidly that she wondered at herself for not having thought of such a simple solution of her difficulties before. She even began to put some little things together for her flight, till she explained to our friends in the American colony that Idella was the orphan child of a country minister, which she had adopted. That red lady who had found her motives in returning to Hathors insistent questioned her sharply *Why* she had adopted the minister's child, and did not find her answer satisfactory. They were such as also failed to pass inquiry in Hathors, where Anne remained in spite of her reverses, but people accepted the fact, and accounted for it in their own way, and approved it even though they could not quite approve her.

The dramatic misapprehension of the minister's death won him undisputed favor, yet it failed to establish unity in his society. Supply after supply tried his point, but the people found them all unsatisfactory when they remembered his preaching, and could not make up their minds to any one of them. They were more divided than ever, except upon the point of regretting Mr. Peck. But they distinguished in honoring his memory. They revered his goodness and his wisdom, but they regarded his conduct of life as imprudent. They said there never was a more inspired teacher, but it was

impossible to follow him, and he could not himself have kept the course he had marked out. They said, now that he was beyond recall, no one else could have built up the church in Hathors as he could, if he could only have let impracticable theories alone. Mr. Gerrish called many people to witness that this was what he had always said. He contended that it was the *spirit* of the gospel which you were to follow. He said that if Mr. Peck had gone to teaching among the mill-hands, he would have been sick of it inside of six weeks, but he was a good Christian man, and no one wished less than Mr. Gerrish to reproach him for what was, after all, more an error of the head than the heart. His critics had it their own way in this, for he had not lived to offer that full exposition of his theory and justification of his purpose which he had been expected to give on the Sunday after he was called, and his death was in no wise exegetic. It said no more to his people than it had said to Annie; it was a mere casualty; and his past life, broken and unfulfilled, with only its intimations and indications of performance, alone remained.

When people learned, as they could hardly be supposed from Mrs. Savor's vehemence, what his plan with regard to Idella had been, they estimated that in proof of the injuriousness of his idealism as applied to real life, and they held that she had been requited in that strange way to Miss Kithorn's charge, for some purpose which she must not attempt to cross. As the minister had been thwarted in motive intent by death, it was a sign that he was wrong in this too, and that she could do better by the child than he had proposed.

This was the sum of popular opinion; and it was farther the opinion of Mrs. Gerrish who gave more attention to the case than many others, that Annie had first taken the child because she hoped to get Mr. Peck, whom she found she could not get Dr. Morrell; and that she would have been very glad to be rid of it if she had known how, but that she would have to keep it now for shame's sake.

For shame's sake certainly, Annie would have done several other things, and chief of these would have been never to see Dr. Morrell again. She believed that he not only knew the folly she had confessed to him, but that he had divined

the cowardice and meanness in which she had repented it, and she felt intolerably disgraced before the thought of him. She had imagined wrongly because of him that escape to Rome which never has yet been effected, though it might have been attempted if Idella had not awakened. At last from the sleep she sobbed herself into when she found herself safe in Annie's crib again.

She had taken a heavy cold, and she moped listlessly about during the day, and drowsed early again in a troubled cough-broken slumber.

"That child ought to have the doctor," said Mrs. Bolton, with the grim impartiality in which she marked her interference.

"Well," said Annie, helplessly.

At the end of the long tower which followed, "It was a narrow chance," said the doctor one morning, "but now I needn't come any more unless you send for me."

Annie stood at the door, where he spoke, with his hand on the dash-board of his buggy before getting into it.

She conversed with one or those two purses that came from something deeper than intention, "I will send for you, then to tell you how generous you are," and in the look with which she spoke she uttered the full meaning that her words withheld.

He flushed for pleasure of conscious desert, but he had to laugh and turn it off lightly. "I don't think I ought to come for that. But I'll look in to see Idella unprofessionally."

He flushed for pleasure of conscious desert, but he had to laugh and turn it off lightly. "I don't think I ought to come for that. But I'll look in to see Idella unprofessionally."

He drove away, and she remained at her door looking up at the summer blue sky that held a few soft white clouds, and as might have continuing the same phase at the same four thousands of years before, and such as would lazily drift over it in a thousand years to come. The morning had an immeasurable vastness, through which some voices were heard, the pasture above the house and their voices on the spacious stillness. A perception of the unity of all things under the sun flushed and faded upon her as such glimpses do. Of her high intelligence nothing had resisted. An incredible confidence had thrown her off at every point where she tried to cling. Nothing of which was established and would not have desired her intervention; a few accidents and irregularities had alone accepted it. But now she felt that nothing which

had been lost; a magnitude, a serenity, a tolerance, intimated itself in the universal frame of things, where her failure, her eccentricity, her folly, seemed for the moment to come into true perspective, and to show calm and unimportant, as she turned to itself, and to be even good in its effect of bounding her to patience with all her eccentricity and shortcomings, even her own. She was aware of the possession of a strength that has never come before, and itself with the red intensity, her wishes, her propensities, ceased in that desire to represent even in conflict with the pattern of good in her, these seemed united and interwoven with the good that they could no longer be antagonized; for the moment they seemed in their way even sense and beauty, and even able to be the nature out of which good as well as evil might come.

As she remained standing there, Mr. Brandreth came round the corner of the house, looking very bright and happy.

"Miss Kilburn," he said, abruptly, "I want you to congratulate me. You're engaged to Miss Chapley."

"Are you indeed, Mr. Brandreth? I do congratulate you with all my heart. She is a lovely girl."

"Yes, it's all right now," said Mr. Brandreth. "I've come to tell you this, and, because you wanted to take an interest in it when I told you of the trouble about the Juliet. We hadn't come to any understanding before that, but that seemed to bring us both to the point, and we're engaged. Mother and I are going to New-York in the winter; we think she can look it, and as my rate she won't be separated from me; and we shall be back in our little home next May. You know that I'm to be with Mr. Chapley in his business."

"Why, no! This is *great* news, Mr. Brandreth! I don't know what to say."

"You're very kind," said the young man, and he was glad to finish time in writing his card. "It isn't a partnership, of course; but he thinks I can be of use to him."

"I want you now!" Annie exclaimed.

"We are very busy getting ready—travelling everybody else is come, and now this cool but hottest week—you know she don't make calls—and I just ran up to tell you. Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye." Give my love to your mother, and to your—to Miss Chapley."

"I will!" He hurried off, and then

in argument than on promoting the actual establishment of the Social Union." But my idea is this: Take two-thirds or one-half of that money, and go to Savor, and say: 'Here! This is what Mr. Brandreth's theatricals swindled the shop-hands out of. It's honestly theirs, at least to control; and if you want to try that experiment of Mr. Peck's here in Ballhallow's if yours. We people of leisure, or comparative leisure, have really nothing to offer men with your people who work with your hands for a living; and as we really can't be friends with you, we won't patronize you. We won't advise you, and as we won't help you, but twice the money. If you fail, you fail; and if you succeed, you won't succeed by our aid and therefore.'

his brethren at law. He is equally great and successful in civil and criminal law. Hence his income is very large, but he has a premature liking at getting into debt and parting with his money in the most uncomfortable manner. He has this characteristic in common with many men of splendid abilities, though wilder, reckless, and gold runs through a sieve, much to the mortification of their creditors.

These were the two men called against each other in the case by a third party, the attention of the reader. The plaintiff had bought a tract of land measuring, as stated in the act of sale, twenty acres, fronting the Mississippi and growing on that line from an end to the other. Hard to a witness on the upper row. After the completion of the sale and payment of the price, it was discovered that the front of the tract measured twenty five acres, instead of twenty. The purchaser claimed these twenty five acres, and the defendant was willing to surrender only twenty. Hence, this and brought by the plaintiff to be put in possession of what he claimed to have bought and paid for, and the state his process.

Hemon had made himself acquainted with the French language, and Mowbray spoke English with great fluency;—either contrary to what traditionally told, since there was but one Mexican empire, or on either side.

Here it strikes someone that we are discussing lawyers about the composition of the jury. Harries challenges us to think of the criminal and individualised England as a new, reformed Magnesian class the same as the Anglo-Saxons. At the same time it is for the Anglo-Saxons, the Anglo-Saxons, and those of the Anglo-Saxons, the Anglo-Saxons, the Anglo-Saxons, a style of substitution. Because they troubled look. Let us give a little of our attention to the manner in which that they had been wrong.

Chopra, G. A. H. (1980)

And the coffee is administered in French 2d (for approximately 3 months).

*Mort. 1999. *Ygus* 1072-1076

Clerk: "All right."

Judge: "Mr. Augustin Macarty, I appoint you foreman of this jury."

in French. All the while the three Anglo-Saxon members of the jury looked steadily at every object in the courtroom, and probably were, some time at the same meaning of all this rubbish. As for the bureau, he seemed to be in a satisfactory condition of mind, and had more repeatedly giving nods of approbation whenever Macarty spoke. Raising his eyebrows high up on his forehead above his brows, which with him was known to — a sign that he considered his work done — and that he could rest contented, he had thrust himself back on his chair, and began to tilt on his right leg, and drowsed, so that he was found sleeping his necessary prompt defeat, when it had not been necessary for him even to utter a single word to bring about his defeat.

Heumen, looking somewhat perplexed, stammered out: 'It occasionally happens - in former times.'

tion of never preparing himself for the trial even of important cases, and he seems pleased to favor the spreading of that impression. He affects to come into court after a night of dissipation, and to take at once all his points and all the information which he needs from his associate in the case, and even from what he can glean from his opponents during the trial. It is when he pretends to be best prepared, and has apparently to rely only on intuition and the inspiration in the moment, that his brightest and most successful efforts are made. Many have some doubts about the genuine reality of this phenomenon, and believe that Cyprien works more in secret than he wards the public to know.

No man was ever more religiously sarcastic in words or pantomime. If the court disagrees with him on any point, and lays down the law opposite to his views, he has a way of gesture, and submissively bowing in the direction with a half-suppressed smile of defiance, and with an expression of the face which clearly says *trouvé par stupide*. To request the magistrate as you say, but when a goose that follows is. There is in Cyprien a natural smugness, a sort of insouciance, a cool, natural love of quietude, which protects them against the suspension of tranquillity, the shafts of his glibbed law sarcasm gently the skin with a perpetual scolding point. He is a little supple and complaisant toward all his colleagues of the bar; but if he is ever rebuffed by any of them he snorts once or twice, as if attempting to expel some obstruction from his nostrils. This is a sign in him of rising hostility, and soon, from being complaisant, he becomes politely aggressive, and his usually edulcorated language assumes a sort of sterner inflection. Accusations pass better than those the art of evading without giving positive offence. But he is careful to keep himself in court, although profusely addicted to it in social intercourse. He is extremely fond of getting along with the most witty, its wild paradoxes, which he frequently makes the amusing subject of conversation. He stands among the highest in his profession, and exercises great influence over judges and jurors.

He has gathered some few treasures living, for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and card-gambling. He would not brook the shadow of a word of disparagement,

and on a point of honor would immediately, like all Southern gentlemen, appeal to the arbitration of the duello. Notwithstanding his sensiveness, and the considerable fees which he annually receives for his services as a lawyer and popular member of the bar, there are few men known to be more devoted than he is. But he possesses privilege and information to which publicly others stand remote. He is the Richard Brinsley Sheridan of New Orleans. For instance, as an example of the liberality which he takes, if detained too actively, he will give a check on any bank of which he happens to be at the moment, and the person who presents it becomes a deposit of government. It took all upon it that to him. There is not of course any abstract swindling or of during any real impropriety. It is only one of the many practical jokes. He will pay on the spot as everybody knows with any commercial interest to obtain, and with out questioning the rate.

In these days of severely marked individualities in New Orleans there was a man known by extending money from the most moderate interest, and for three years the favorite agent of creditors. His name was Dupont. He was a terror to all those who belonged to the family that they could escape from the payment of what they owed. It might have been possible if they had been as Dupont in the world, but as he was not, it was impossible. He was the constable of one of our prisons of the grade, but he never himself resorted to law. He had other means of coercion in his bag. Once on the evening of a storm he never lost sight of him. What does not follow is that he was doomed, for he soon discovered that he was haunted more frightfully than by a ghost. Whenever he was by day, and at night if there were any immediate access to him, there suddenly stood in his presence the terrible looking, with his pale, supplicating face, expressive of the agony of too long deferred hope of payment, and with the same Heaven bid in his hand. No tempest of curses and threats could threaten him, and he could return, and when his bodily presence could be secured, still his agonizing features and its mute appeal remained visible through the debtor's convulsions. It became an insupportable obsession, and it sometimes happened that, to get rid of it, the persecuted victim of debt would in a

five for a young penitillence than to study attentively every point in answer that Seghers ever filed in court. They were written with a skill and minute care that defied criticism. It was evident that he had left no loop-hole through which his opponent could stick a pin, and woe to that opponent if he got entangled in the spider's web again, which no human life could! As to himself, he never entered any hostile field of litigation unless backed in a double-phased suit of penitine iron-plate in the breast, and without having protected his position, whenever it was possible, with all sorts of pitfalls and traps.

part of the horizon it might come largely ones that struck close to the edge of the head, and for which an approach of a subject fitted out would have been profitable. This gentleman acquired by his profession a considerable fortune.

trived by some means or other to make his wheels work smoothly, notwithstanding the natural difficulties of the road. The qualifications to be a juror were then of a higher order than those which have been since required, and if the errors which are wafted to me in my retreat from our courts of justice are faithful expressions of the public sentiment on the subject, I must come to the conclusion that trials by jury sixty years ago notwithstanding certain eccentricities from which they were not free, gave rise to fewer complaints than those of the present day.

in his possession property that belongs to another. I put you on your guard for your own sake. You may be indicted for perjury if the slightest wilful inaccuracy in your evidence shows that you do not speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Besides, you may be sued for damages to compensate for the injury you may do to the defendant's reputation.

"Will you that hog look exactly like you and both you and the hog could not be more alike if you were twins."

There was a roar of laughter in the audience, but this time at the expense of Marmont. The judge ordered the jurors, the members of the bar and all other persons present were commanded, and obliged to be.

Marmont, rightly-winded, for the purpose of revenge. Then he turned and said to the jury: "If I understood you correctly, the most accurate description you could give of me would be that of a defendant-hog. It is not that I wish to say that you could not tell me from the other."

Yes, yes, Marmont answered you will not enter my court, encouraged by the effect he had produced on the audience.

Finally, after a long procession of some language, I have no more questions to ask, and the witness withdrew from the stand.

By this time Marmont had become weary. He knew Marmont's witness, whose testimony had perturbed nothing good.

"Mr. Marmont, I am," said Marmont, with the kindest intention, "will you

do me the favor to hand me your petition?"

After having read it loudly and distinctly, so as to be heard by everybody present, he said: "May it please the court, gentlemen of the jury, it is plain that the plaintiff has failed to make out his case. You have heard me read from his petition the most minute description of his missing hog, and his own witness has just given you what he thinks the best and most faithful representation or picture of the one alleged to be in defendant's possession. With it is unquestionable that there is no point of resemblance between the two animals, one of which you saw just standing before you in my person. I repeat once more. The plaintiff must be put out of court on the evidence which he has himself brought."

Marmont burst into a loud laugh, and was obliged to himself to laugh, and with the intent for those who no instantaneous crying, amidst his own. Marmont raised up his head, and with a look of defiance, and opened his gold-toothed, offered him a parting saying: "Marmont, what do you think of the old custom? *He laughs the best who laughs the last!*"

IN PAR LOUVER.

BY WILLIAM MOORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

ON Marmont's arrival at Edinburgh, he drove to a hotel in Prince Street, where he was well known, but his journey was not there, and notwithstanding an hour's foot to seek his friend Balwhinham, whose house was in Mary's Place. There had been a rain storm in the morning, for now a gleam of sunshine was appearing; and picturesque indeed were those masses of tall black buildings, and the immense spaces, and the great bulk of the architecture, all rising away into a confusion of golden clouds and moving mists and smoke. But he had little thought either for the splendour or of this noble architecture, for the thousand memories and associations that it naturally awakened. His heart was burning with a fierce desire for vengeance—vengeance on those who had taken away his young wife from

him and treated her as cruelly. And when he went to Mary's Place, and found that the famous Marmont was at home, he received in his own private apartments, with all the usual grace to be meted out, and that with a firm hand.

He was entered into a long and lofty apartment, which seemed to be partly a library and partly an ornithological museum. On a shelf the shelves of books that went round the walls there ran a continuous glass case filled with stuffed birds—mostly sea-birds from the northern coasts and seas—while on a table close up to one of the windows some birds were lying, along with all the implements of the taxidermist's art: pins, sewing wax, colors, glue, eyes, beaks, paste, and what not. Had his mind been less perturbed he might have sought out in that collection certain specimens that he himself had contributed, but as it was, he was waiting impatiently for the lawyer's appearance,

The door opened; Mr. Balwhinnan entered, bawling out a jovial and hearty greeting as he came forward to meet his friend. He was a man of about six feet two in height, spare of frame, with a long, thin, clean shaven face, a retreating forehead, an aquiline nose, sandy hair, fresh complexion, and gray eyes that wore sufficiently merry and good natured.

"And what's brought you to Edinburgh, Macdonnell?" he cried, as he hunted along a couple of chairs to the central table. "Man, that was a fine velvet duck you sent me—'as handsome a fellow as could set eyes on; do you see him up London?"

Macdonnell did not even glance in the direction indicated.

"Look here, Balwhinnan," said he, "I've come to ask you for advice in a very serious affair. You know Gammut and Inglis do what little law business we want done; but I could not go to them about this matter; I want the advice of a friend as well as a lawyer. You must tell me precisely what my position is, and what steps I am to take."

Then, indeed, Macdonnell began and told his story; and it might have been remarked that during this narrative a singular change overspread Mr. Balwhinnan's expression. He was no longer the bluff, hearty, sportsmanlike person who had usually come into the room; his eyes had lost their merry good nature, and were keen and searching; his lips seemed to be thinned; and it may be added that his forehead was distinctly retreating, his head was long-shaped behind. Watchful and silent he sat until the tale was told, and it was not his demand of two shillings after that he attempted to answer the younger man's appeal.

"My good fellow," said he, slowly, "you have certainly got yourself into a very extraordinary position, and the way out of it isn't as easy as you seem to imagine. You mind the law is powerless to do what you want. You say, if it were the case of a child who was being kept back and concealed, and if you were a legal guardian, you could petition the Court of Session for the custody of the child; you would get a warrant for her recovery, and if the person concealing her refused to hand her over, so refused to tell the court where she was, that person would forthwith find himself or herself in prison. But your wife is in the eyes of the law capable of acting for her-

self; she is away from you of her own free-will, and the law of Scotland gives the husband no power to compel her wife to live with him against her inclination. Of course," said he, with a swift look of inquiry, "I assume that she is away of her own free-will. You don't suppose that she is locked up anywhere and kept a prisoner by force?"

"No, no; that is out of the question," Macdonnell said, hastily. "But if I admit that she is away of her own free-will, I mean that she has been subjected to all kinds of influences that she was born unacquainted and unaccustomed to, and what is more, I am personally certain of this, that if I could compel them to tell me where she is, if I could get to her, I should have no trouble at all in bringing her away from them. You— I know her too well! I know what they have been doing—"

"Yes, yes, we don't follow," Mr. Balwhinnan said, bluntly. "But in the mean time you must take it that she is remaining away from you of her own choice. Now I am bound to tell you the law that has been running in your head. In England the husband can not only bring a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights, and compel his wife to live with him, whether she is willing or not, but he can also bring an action for damages against any one who is guilty of abducting or harboring her. Here it isn't so at all, the Scotch law gives no legal profession to the wife who for whatever reason is married to remain apart from her husband; and not only that, but provision is made by which the marriage may be annulled."

"That's beyond me, and on your honour about?" Macdonnell exclaimed, in sudden dismay. "For was this the loophole of escape that Mrs. Cowan had spoken of? Perhaps she was not so confident after all." "You don't mean to say that a legal marriage can be dissolved for that reason alone?"

"In Scotland, yes," Mr. Balwhinnan replied, calmly. "And why not? It is a just and a reasonable statute. What is the use of compelling a married and wife to live together when either is unwilling? What happiness can result from that? The Scotch law protects the wife, certainly, and it also gives the husband his remedy. It does not say that the wife, if she chooses, may remain apart from her husband and the husband still remain tied by the marriage bond. No. That would be

I should fancy you might try somewhere nearer home. What was the name of the farm you mentioned?"

"Corbieslaw."

"In the neighborhood of Kirk o' Shields?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think, now, you might get a little attention in that farm-house?" the lawyer said, glancing at his friend. "A little prospecting about would do no harm. I wouldn't have any professional defective as yet; but you might get somebody to keep an eye on the place."

"By Jove, Balwhinnan, that is a most sensible suggestion!" Ludovick exclaimed, with eagerness, for his imagination was fired by the possibility of finding Alison so near him, and as soon as he discovered and released and hugged her in triumph. "A capital suggestion! I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll telegraph to her cousin Hugh in Port Walker for a great chunk of wire—and he'll come forthright at once, and bring with him as well a young but fine horse—there's who has the running and the confidence of a wild cat; and we'll see if we can't find out Alison among us. Hugh can come down to this by the evening's express; stay the night here, and catch the first train in the morning. He can then stop at Kirk o' Shields station, and I shall be there to meet him; and I guarantee this evening we get this evening. I've corrected himself, with sudden remorse for his forgetfulness of this good friend's kindness to him. "No, I want you to dine with me this evening. Balwhinnan, will you?"

"Yes, I will." The other said promptly. "for my wife is with her Wigtonshire friends at present. And as it is near lunch-time now, you'll just walk—come with me to my shop and we'll have a snack, and then I want you to look at some new publications for the 'Advocate's' library."

"All right," Macdonell said. "I'm always glad to drop in there, if only to have a glance at the standard that brave fellow, beautiful horse, from Chadden Field."

"And there's another thing I want to say to you, my young sir," the advocate continued, as the two of them were walking toward Prince's Street. "Mrs. Balwhinnan will be home again in a few days time. Now if you succeed in find-

ing the captive, I suppose—well, it's none of my business, but I should imagine you might be contemplating a little wedding-trip, just to get the young lady safely away from those people. In that case, she wouldn't be likely to have fondal travelling dresses and such things, eh?" Well, if you want to have her really fitted out, just you bring her along to Moray Place, and she will be our guest for a few days, and Mrs. Balwhinnan will be delighted to be a mother to her; for of course she must go abroad with all domestic and economy."

"Do you mean that?" Macdonell said, involuntarily stopping for a second, and with his eyes flashing gratitude.

"I sometimes mean what I say—although sometimes the full satisfaction doesn't come, and I may, perhaps, inquire carefully, as he continued his long, measured stride across Charlotte Square.

But those anticipations were all too evanescent and rose as a bubble of blue smoke, and were in the air. When Hugh accompanied by Johnny—who accompanied the expedition into foreign countries—very sorry—something, indeed, secured in King o' Scotland all their and some of the most important work with the most economical and also with the most successful. This much discovery where Alison was concealed. But day after day he and they could find no trace of her. They indeed the letter-carrier who traversed the Corbieslaw district; and Macdonell made the acquaintance of the modest and shy-eyed young man who is behind the counter at the post-office; but the most cautious and discreet of persons met with no satisfactory reply. It was the especial charge of Johnny, as being a less conspicuous figure than Hugh in London, to keep an eye on Corbieslaw man, and this day he performed most faithfully. For, indeed, they could there be a more delightful circumstance than to sit on the top of a stone pier with one's hands in one's pockets, and with whole hours in which to whistle "The Hills of Glenorchy"? Nevertheless, this morning did not wholly commend itself to Johnny's mind.

When next Macdonell came? He said nothing on occasion, when I am sure he would have said so. "Does he want to put the auld wife into the police office?"

"Nay, you mind what he wants."

Anni Gilchrist, and to keep her in the same mind as regards Alison and the money she intends to give her. Mrs. Cowan means to get that money for her son's wife, is she likely to do anything that would offend either Alison or Anni Gilchrist?

"Yes, but I want to know. I want to see for myself. My younger husband said, 'It seems to me I have some right to learn for myself what is going on.' And I tell you this, that whoever stands in my way must take his consequences."

"Ludovick," said this gentle-voiced lad, "I dare say you don't care what people generally would say. But I would advise you that, supposing you get your Edinburgh lawyers to bring this whole affair into court, and supposing that Mr. Ross refuses to answer, then no doubt he will have to suffer the consequences; but Ludovick, what will Adam think of the man who has sent her coming to a ruin?"

[illegible]

"What's wrong if I am here, in my position you hold with regard to this? I mean, it is true for you to get the law of nature and get back to nature and get it. I tell you it is not right." He answered, with some surprise: "It is not right, and if you do it you will regret it as long as ever you live."

But even Hoad was shocked at what should be done in August 1961 and that despite all their search and enquiry they could find no trace, whatsoever, of Mrs Cowan and her World. On the very next day, as is humbly admitted,

confronted Wilson's sister Agnes as he was making change for the newspaper thoroughly and concluding the usual and common large transactions. He was startled to see how ill the girl looked, and he might probably have passed her without recognition, had he not got into the habit of counting *cigars* every time he saw her at a customer. When Agnes perceived what this stranger was, she turned back in fright, and no doubt would have sought to avoid him, but that he interrupted her.

"Miss Agnes!" he said, as a sort of ap-

intended it or not. And I tell you you will be sorry, sooner than you think now. Why should you do such a thing? You don't imagine what what Ayres has said, that Alcorn is being ill-treated; but you don't cut out for yourselves an account of what aforesaid suffered. Very well, let us have scientific testimony and don't send that old man to prison. Let us go to Edinburgh and get a couple of professional detectives if you like. But not till to-morrow. I have my own home in Charlton Square Street that its vicinity should follow has called at twice during the last three days and been two back-yard to it with a high-wire ball round it, where a couple of persons might easily get a little exercise from it. I said this. Mr. Brown was right and that could find Mrs. Brown's and so far away. Wait till to-morrow in any case, and then we can go to London, and we shall get some professional help."

give something to have Aunt Gillie here just at that moment: then you'd see the fur fly! I'd back the Highland bannan to make a poor thing of the southernner—unless, indeed, Mrs. Cowan went on the other tack, and began to whine. She won't whine with you, Ludovick; you may be sure you will have it served up hot and hot."

"I am not likely to mind that much," Ludovick said, indifferently. "If come I had got hold of Alison. But the worst of it is that we haven't the slightest idea what this woman Cowan is like; we might meet her half a dozen times without knowing it; and only chance is to find Alison herself."

"And of course we shall find her," Hugh said, instantly (for he was always afraid of Macdonell returning to his project of appealing to the law, and compelling the old Minister to speak or else to go to jail). "This land has an authority; you're sure to come out for a while, and they are sure to meet along the sea-front in that fine part. Now let us have a distinct understanding: if you can get clear away with Alison, you put her in the cab, and drive off with her to Edinburgh; if there's any true, brave Johnny, and me in it, and, I trust, these you've put Alison under Mrs. Balaclava's care, that's the proposal, isn't it?—there will be no chance of further trouble; you won't catch Mrs. Cowan hammering at an advocate's door and screaming for the police. She must know well enough that you have the law on your side. I don't believe such half the crazy rant person persons outside now. And here is Johnny all impatience to begin a search of the town. You're determined to win that gun, aren't you, Johnny?"

"I was thinking that if Miss Alison was in this place I will be finding her before long," observed Johnny, who was rather giving himself airs now since his exploit on the highway.

"If you do," Ludovick said to the heavy, lumbering, shrewd-eyed lad, "I'll not only give you the gun but you may come out third time to the surface and if you find any hardihoods along the rocks, I'll give you a shilling for every one you kill."

"A shilling!" said indiscreetly.

"Yes."

"And mebbe you'll be for giffing me a few cartridges," said John, insidiously.

"Oh yes I'll give you a few cartridges, now and again, but not to be fired away in the air, or at marks. You'll have to stalk the hoodie-crows, for they're pre-~~vious~~ cunning, and when you see one of the brutes, you shoot him sitting, mind that, or anyhow you can manage it."

"Well, he may be cunning," said John, reflectively, "but mebbe there's other folk chist as cunning as him. I've caught a snail by the horns before now—though I could not throw the little duffle over my shoulder."

And indeed, as it turned out, it was Johnny's crowd privilege to secure that precious gun, and that in a far more simple way than any one of them had hoped for. Ludovick and Hugh were walking back through the town toward the hotel when John was by accident where Johnny, who was lingering behind them somewhat, suddenly saw a face present itself at the window of one of the small villas they were passing, and then there was a quick rapping on the framework, and also, as he thought, a half stifled cry. Instantly he called to the woman front of him.

"Here! here? Mr. Hugh?"

They wheeled round. But Johnny could see nothing. He was frightened; he was staring at the window, which was now quite empty. And then—it all seemed to happen in one brief hesitating second—the door of the house was thrown open, and there stood Alison, dressed and smiling, and yet with anxious and pleading eyes. Ludovick was up the steps and by her side in a moment, and holding her by both hands.

"Have you come, my love, Ludovick?"—and you were to take me away with you," she said, but the proud and glad light that shone in her eyes showed that she knew what his answer would be.

"Indeed I have come, my love," and he drew her a little way into the passage. It seemed a wonderful thing to see Alison's face upturned to his again, and her soft eyes all radiant, and her lips smiling; this was not the tear-worn Alison he had seen drifting by. This was rather the happy bride, rose-red and shy, and yet blithe of look, who had come sailing away with him on board the steamer. "And I'm going to take you away with me, you see, because of that gun that very minute. But what are you doing at this place, Alison? What business of you

bringing the portmanteau down stairs seemed to drive her frantic. "I'll leave the law; I'll bring a policeman; you're stealing these things; you're stealing them. She's under my charge; I'll not have her carried off by a gang of Roman Catholics and thieves."

At this moment Alison appeared, and Mrs. Cowan instantly turned to face her, barring her way, indeed.

"I dare ye to leave this house," she cried. "Ye're the daughter of an honest, God-fearing man, and I dare ye to go forth and bring shame on him and his house and his congregation!"

"Let me pass, Mrs. Cowan," said Alison, who was very pale.

"I will not!—I will not!" this infuriated person cried. "Ye're under my charge; out o' this house ye'll not budge one step. I'll take ye back to your room myself."

"If you lay a hand on her," Ludovick said, and his eyes were beginning to flash fire now. "It will be the worst day for you you ever encountered in your life!"

But she was not to be intimidated.

"Back to your room, miss!" she said, and she seized the girl by the wrist.

Well, here an extraordinary thing occurred. Johnny, by some mischance, happened at this very moment to trip over the portmanteau, which was lying in the lobby, and he fell forward against Mrs. Cowan, fell backward, indeed, with such violence and weight that she was sent staggering against the parlor door, which yielded, so that she stumbled backward into the room, while the heavy shouldered lad, carried on by the impetus of his fall, rolled in after her. Inevitably there was a frightful shrieking and scolding; but Hugh clapped to the door and held the handle.

"Quick now, Ludovick! whip up the portmanteau, and be off with you! Out into the cab, Alison! hurry, Johnny, and me to come along afterward: look sharp, or she'll have him killed!"

Ludovick with his powerful arms seized the portmanteau, rolled it down the steps and across the pavement, and swung it up to the driver; he opened the door and helped Alison into the fly; then they drove away, and Hugh waited until they were well out of sight. Just as they disappeared round a distant corner, Ludovick looked back and waved his hand: he was laughing doubtless over Johnny's

achievement; but Alison, Hugh's noble person, still so small and frightened and was very pale. Then he thought it was time for him to open the parlor door and see what was going on within.

But the battle raged no longer. The combatants were exhausted. Mrs. Cowan had thrown herself on the sofa, her face downward at the moment, and she was sobbing hysterically, while her dress was in deep disarray. Johnny, on the other hand, stood erect, calm and thoughtful, regarding his enemy with lowering eyes; but he was in a fearful plight, his collar hanging from his neck, his waistcoat torn open, and blood streaming profusely from two terrible scratches that extended from his right temple all down the side of his face.

"Come away, Johnny—come away," his master said to him.

But Johnny lingered.

"I was getting that woman — some thing — she was — something," he said, between his teeth, as he still regarded his prostrate foe. "How — she want any more?"

"There was no response from the sofa; and the scolded woman on the sofa."

"Come away, John, I tell you!"

But even when he had in a faint dragged him out of the house, Hugh could not induce Johnny to go any farther.

That woman — no said, softly, as he was rapping for time with his hand on the door — she had her rights to me now. I'm not going back to Edinburgh just yet. Mr. Hugh: I know the well there ferry well. For going there here and there dark; and when it is dark I will go back. She can not be woman that. But by Gosh, I was getting her something!"

"What on earth do you want to stay here till it is dark for?" Hugh demanded, with a stern expression.

"I want to break the windows with stones," said Johnny, gloomily regarding the house.

"Yes, and get locked up in the police office."

"That uss no matter," was all that John said.

Eventually, however, he was forced to come away with Hugh; and when they caught in doorway one, and got on the top of the same, Hugh set to work unanimously to convince John that he had not found work in that hell den.

so given to talking of his daughter-in-law wherever he went, and of her beautiful nature, her affectionate disposition, her persuasive ways, her vivacity and self-possession and charm of manner, that he had hardly any time left for his Indian stories. And then, again, if Alison had fallen in love with the West Highlands in the summer-time, consider what she thought of them in the gorgeous hues of late October. In summer the West Highlands, when they are not darkened by black rain-storms from the west, become faint and ethereal in the haze produced by fine weather; the mountains recede behind a veil, as it were, through which you can see the pale blue greys and rose grays of their lofty peaks and shoulders, with the shadows traced in lightest blue; but in the colder and clearer atmosphere of late October, when the bracken of the lower slopes have turned to orange, and the bent-grass of the higher slopes has withered, the hills come startlingly near, and are of solid russet red, with every corrie and watercourse sharply marked in deep cobalt, while in the afternoon wanes, and the skies richen in intensity, the wide color-stretch of sea becomes a lake of crimson fire. With these splendours before her, Alison could not always be thinking of her girl or clients.

Aunt Gilchrist, who tarried long in Fort William this autumn, apparently for no other reason than to catch an occasional glimpse of her old lady, whom she had befriended in a most substantial manner—Aunt Gilchrist, it was observed, would never come near Oyre House when there were any strangers or any formal dinner-party there. She attempted to be a little shy. If Hugh and Piers only were going out to have an afternoon game of tennis and to spend the evening, she would sometimes accompany them, and she had struck up a great friendship with Mr. Macdonald; but she kept away from Alison's new set of acquaintances. She said she was just a foolish old Scotch woman (which was not true, for she was Highland to the backbone), who had so long been accustomed to have her own way in her own small circle that she did not care to go among strangers; and when Ludovick teased her by saying he knew why she would not accept these invitations—that it was because, after her goodness to Alison, she did not wish to come forward publicly to exact her reward of

their humble devotion and homage—she would answer, significantly:

"I've seen more of the world than you, young sir; and when I promised my dear that she would go properly provided to Oyre House—that I would come and be a mother-in-law to you whenever you wanted me—I knew at the same time that a mother-in-law has to be discreet in her visits. I've done nothing for my bit lady but what I said I would; I've not obliged to me the least thing. I'm happy enough when I hear her drive up to the gate, and when I look out and see her lovely face coming through the garden."

The fact was that even at this time Aunt Gilchrist's most confidential was John. The little old dame betrayed a most unholy joy in hearing the minutest details of the encounter between John and Mrs. Cowan. She laughed aloud at the picture of her adversary overthrown, she quivered on Johnny's imagination until his recital, elaborated day after day, rose to epic heights. At first John had been chary of bragging. Despite all his nonchalance, there remained with him some thin vision (conjured up by Hugh's warning) of an Edinburgh judge, sitting in court, and with him now murmuring into the ears of the Portobello outrage. But at long last, of October he grew to disregard these vague terrors; and the more Aunt Gilchrist—chuckling, crowing, making faces over the doorway at his direct enemy—the more Aunt Gilchrist encouraged him, the more did John, with his usually swiftness and his large mouth grinning, add vivid particulars to his description of the fray. He took no shame to list that his victims had been obtained over his wounds. Hay and other persons began to grow uneasy. Did not the townsfolk talk of a great storm which would sweep down upon the *Barra Bruidh*? The *Portobello Lied* grew in proportion with being the more in control of a common and monkey-swinging mood, it became a great roaring, something that seemed to demand a lamenting or joyful chorus at the end of its several parts. And the first thing that caused Johnny to rise to these altitudes of invention was his inquiry about the probable cost of Mrs. Cowan's bonnet.

"Well, now," he said to Aunt Gilchrist, while as yet the chant of triumph was in embryo, "when she put her nails into the back of my neck I had a snap of

porary; but there's this to be said about it—it has made it easy for your father and you to become friends again. People forget by-gones in the face of such a crisis. And I know you have been worrying and vexing yourself about it—far more than ever you would tell me; well, here is the beginning of a reconciliation. He himself asks you to go to the house; whenever he might have got Mrs. Cowan to send you the telegram—”

“I do not care about that,” she said sadly. “I’m afraid Agnes must be very ill.”

And thus it was that Alison found herself once more in Kirk o’ Shulloch, on the afternoon of a bleak and cold November day, just as the daylight, or what passed there for daylight, was falling into a sombre dusk. The people of the town knew that the Minister’s daughter was seriously ill. It was some kind of fever they said. She had been prayed for in the church on the preceding Sabbath. But there was something in the guarded way they spoke that alarmed Alison more than their words.

Forthwith she walked hurriedly along to East Street and to her father’s house, and was admitted by the new servant-girl, Ludovick accompanying her. When she went upstairs and entered her sister’s room (which used to be her room too) the gas was already lit; her father was sitting talking in low tones to the doctor. Mrs. Cowan sat by the side of the bed, an open Bible lay on the small table. The moment she made her appearance, Mrs. Cowan rose and retired to the upper end of the room, and Alison went forward unhesitating and knelt down by the bedside. Apparently her sister was asleep—at least her eyes were closed; her face was pale and wan and sunken; she was breathing heavily, and with an occasional kind of shudder that seemed to pass through the wasted frame; and when Alison ever so gently put her hand on the back of her sister’s hand, there was a cold clamminess there that struck a mortal dread to her heart.

At that slight touch the girl opened her eyes; languid they were and unattractive, and almost frightened; but there was a fierce fire of fever in them, as Alison was rejoiced to perceive.

“Have you just come, Ailie?” she said, in a weak, uncertain voice, as if breathing were difficult to her. And then she said,

with a kind of frenzied look: “I thought you were long-lost to me, Ailie; but—but sometimes I don’t quite know the difference between dreaming and waking; my head is so strange. Is my dear husband here?”

“Yes, he is in the parlor,” Alison said, calmly. “Would you like to see Mr. Agnew?”

“Yes.”

Alison went down-stairs at once, and fetched Ludovick;—who came forward to her bedside without paying heed to any one in the room. Curiously enough, at sight of him the large, beautiful eyes of the sick girl filled with tears.

“What is wrong?” she said.

“He dropped down in prayer.”

“You’ll be kind to Ailie,” she said, in a pitiful kind of way.

“We all try to be as kind to her as we can,” said Mr. Macdonald. “But it is your sister who ought to be kind to her now.” Eyes were she put in to say she had been wondering when you were coming to pay us a visit. I long long yearn so that she can show you all the wonderful things in Lochaber. And that is what you have got to do now—you must make haste to get strong and well, and as soon as the doctor allows you will see what the change will do for you, and the Highland air, and Alison’s nursing.”

She rose, shook her head vigorously, and turned away from them; and once more closed the closed door to her.

Alison had hurried round her father’s and returning alone to continue the house; and as Mrs. Cowan had now left the room, it seemed as ordered that the sister should be patient should take the place of nurse that the doctor, before going, even intended to do; and for an undisturbed rest, the situation as he would she should do. Down below he found Alison’s husband in the parlor; and Macdonald, seeing every one else off about the house went outside with him and walked some distance with him. The report he received was far from satisfactory. She had no strength of constitution to fight this nervous fever, the doctor said, she had some delirious symptoms. Though apparently she slept now and again, it was not real sleep; it was only a sort of dozing, during which her brain seemed to be racked by all kinds of terrors and visions. Ludovick asked him whether there was any immediate danger.

me'; but that was when He was a poor man, living among poor people: now He is the King of Glory, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. 'Feed my lambs,' he said: but that was long ago; and He has forgotten now. Now He is the King of Glory—and the everlasting gates are opened before Him—oh, Ailie, He is coming!—give me your hand, quick, quick!—and be still—be still—maybe He will remember what He said once—maybe He will pity us and not be angry. I can see—mother, pleading for us."

She turned away with a weary sigh; she closed her eyelids, and lay breathing heavily. And then in the silence came the solemn tones of the Minister's voice:

"I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

So the slow hours went by: and Alison sat there, patient and assiduous in her ministrations, and watching the strange fluctuations from burning heat to shuddering cold that marked the progress of the fever. There was no recurrence of violent delirium: but sometimes the girl would moan and mutter to herself, in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible. It was clear that she was not asleep: it was mere exhaustion that kept her eyes closed.

Toward midnight the old servant Margaret came up and whispered that she had prepared some food for Alison, and that she would take her place at the foot-side (for Mrs. Cowan had gone home for the present). When Alison went down to the parlor she found her husband still there; and she begged him to go back to the inn: but he refused to do that; he said he could pass the night very well in the arm-chair, and preferred to remain, in case he should be wanted. He did not tell her what the doctor had said.

The long night passed slowly and wearily: the break of morning broke over the sparsely little town: and the wan light entering by the window showed hardly any change in the condition of the sick girl, who, indeed, had fallen into a kind of stupor, taking no heed of anything, and suffering no longer from these delirious attacks. It was a delirium of exhaustion: the fever had burned up the vitality of

the delicate constitution. She lay in a sort of coma, as if asleep, but not asleep. When the doctor came he looked grave and anxious; and he said a few words to the Minister out of Alison's hearing. He called two or three times during the day; and he hardly strove to conceal his fear that his patient was slipping away from under his care.

Toward nightfall it was evident to everybody that she was sinking fast. Alison, Mrs. Cowan, and the Minister were in the room: the servants were in the passage outside; Mr. Cowan, Ludovick Macdonell, and one or two relatives were in the parlor below, waiting to be summoned. And in the silence of the sick-chamber there was only the monotonous, mournful sound of the Minister's voice. He was walking up and down, repeating in slow and measured and earnest tones verse after verse of Scripture that perhaps the dying girl might overhear:

"For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have faith in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."

And then again would come a pause of dreadful stillness, in which the poor woman Margaret could be heard sobbing in the passage without. But there was no faltering of the Minister's voice, no trace of emotion in his stern, sad face.

"If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble: incline thine ear unto me; in the day when I call answer me speedily. For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth. My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I have yet to eat my bread.

Shields; he took her through to Edinburgh, under pretence of getting proper mourning for her; and there she was most kindly received by the Balwhinnans, who did what they could to assuage her all-absorbing grief. There also Ludovick had abundant opportunity of talking over his present circumstances with his old friend.

"I shall be glad when I get her finally and forever away from that place," he said. "It is not the right atmosphere for her; it never could have been. Naturally she is a most blithe and good-humored girl, alert and merry, quite contented with everything, nothing making her so happy as seeing those round about her in full enjoyment. She is far too quick-witted, she has too much common-sense, to believe in the gospel of useless renunciation; to believe in the efficacy of perpetual little martyrdoms; to measure your chance of heaven by the number of groans and sighs you can crowd into an afternoon—"

"My good friend," remonstrated Balwhinnan, smiling and shaking his head, "you will never understand those people."

"I understand them as far as I have seen them," the younger man said, confidently. "And what I have observed in them is plenty of faith, and plenty of hope, but not the fifteenth part of a grain of charity. Oh, I can tell you they let me know pretty clearly that I was a leper, and to be shunned; and what's more, Alison saw it too—though she didn't say anything; if it had not been for this great trouble occupying her entirely, I fancy she might have given a certain Mr. Cowan a bit of her mind. Not that it mattered to me; it amused me in a way. But the cheek of some people! Of course they have all the religion and all the conscience that exist among the sons of men; and the fashion in which they have secured a monopoly of the good things in the next world is just beautiful to behold. It seems to me, Balwhinnan, you want a modern apostle to go preaching through some of your south of Scotland smaller towns; and I could furnish him with a text for his sermons. Beware of spiritual pride."

"At all events," the advocate said, "you are better satisfied now that you did not go to law in order to find out where the young lady was."

"We did not appeal to the law; we

broke it," Ludovick said, simply. "If that rascal of a lad had not made a most outrageous, violent, and unprovoked attack on an unoffending divinity student, I don't see how we ever could have found out where she was."

"But it will be all the easier for you now to make friends with the old Minister before you go back home; that is what your wife seems chiefly anxious about at present."

"I know," said the younger man, rather gloomily. "And I don't see much chance of it. When I first heard of that poor girl's illness I thought it might offer a way toward some kind of reconciliation; but I am not so sure now. And I know Alison will be fretting over her father's loneliness. His loneliness! His loneliness seems to me merely the isolation of pride. Of course I admit that there is something fine in the contempt or indifference he seems to have for anything that may happen to him in this world; there is something fine in that; it is worthy of Epictetus, though I suppose he would call it ordinary Christian fortitude. I can see what is fine in that, even if it leads him to disregard the claims of natural affection, even if he refuses to his only daughter the trifle of sympathy and consideration she is begging and praying for in her heart. Well, I will do what I can toward making matters smooth. I will go to him and offer him my hand; I will ask him for the briefest message of kindness that I may take to Alison—"

"Don't you think," his friend said, gently, "that it might be better for her to go herself?"

"She shall not do anything of the sort!" Ludovick said, with a flash in his eyes. "She has suffered enough already; she shall suffer no more in that quarter. Do you think I want a jury of elders and elders' wives to come together to consider her conduct? Do you think she is to go as a suppliant to *them*? Not while I can prevent it."

"It was only a suggestion of mine," the lawyer said, good-naturedly. "You see, you are not the most diplomatic person in the world, Macdonell; and you might go with some prejudice in your mind, some resentment, perhaps, over what happened formerly; and that might make things different. Then, again, you must remember the natural relation between father and daughter."

elder, Mr. Cowan of Corbieslaw. The small, irregular black procession made its way through the rain and along these dingy thoroughfares till it reached the cemetery just outside the town. And of all the dismal sights about Kirk o' Shields, surely this was the most melancholy. Here were no white stones marking the graves of the loved and lost ones, nor carefully tended flowers, in their purity and sweetness emblematic of the kind remembrance, the wistful hope, that placed them there. The head-stones were dank and sodden with wet and smoke; the bits of bushes here and there were leafless, withered, and black; the very grass was grimy. The hearse came to within a few yards of the open grave, then the coffin was taken out and carried over, and slowly and reverently lowered into its resting-place. It had but the one white wreath upon it. That Alison had brought with her from Edinburgh; you cannot buy flowers in Kirk o' Shields if you wished. There was no service by the side of the grave. When the coffin had been lowered, the friends and relatives took a last look; then, as the grave-diggers began their work, they fell to talking among themselves; finally, in scattered groups, they set out again for the town and for their several homes, walking through the heavy rain. Ludovick was alone all this time; no one had spoken to him, or taken any notice of him.

But when he returned to the Minister's house to fetch away Alison, he was surprised she had already gone, though Mrs. Cowan and one or two others of the women-folk were still there. She had returned to the inn, the servant-maid informed him, shortly after the funeral had left. So, as this seemed as good an opportunity as any for trying to come to some amicable understanding with the Minister, he bade the servant-lass inform Mr. Blair that he would like to see him for a moment. She knocked at the door of the Minister's room and delivered her message; Mr. Blair came out into the passage, and she discreetly disappeared.

"Mr. Blair," said Macdonell, "Alison will be going away this afternoon, and she would like to say good-by to you—"

"It is unnecessary," the Minister said, calmly.

"Perhaps so," said the intermediary, in as gentle and submissive a fashion as possible, "but—but it is only natural for

a girl to wish to part on good terms with her father; and I think, especially at such a time as the present, there might be a little consideration for family ties. As for myself, I offer you my hand, and ask you to forget what is past, as I hope to do also. I don't wish to have any feeling of resentment toward any man, least of all toward Alison's father. I know you have reason to complain of me, and though I cannot honestly say that I regret having induced Alison to enter into that hasty marriage, still I can understand how it would strike you, and I ask your pardon."

Mr. Blair did not take the proffered hand.

"It is unnecessary, perhaps something more than unnecessary, for my daughter to come here," he said, in grave, deliberate tones, and there was no expression save that customary sadness in the sunken eyes and in the worn and lined face; "and it is unnecessary for you to make explanations or apologies for that which is now irremediable. To open up these matters again might merely lead to contention and reproach, which I am far from desiring. My daughter has chosen her own path; let her follow it. I will not be her judge. Perhaps when we win to the greater light we may see with different eyes. The Lord's ways are not as our ways; there may be guidance when we see but foot-steps wandering in the dark; in His good time we shall know all. As for you, I hope I hear you meekly; I would part with you without bitterness; but before you go I would ask of you one question: Do I understand that you have not sought to lead away my daughter from the faith of her childhood, from the faith in which those of her house who have gone before have found peace and consolation in their dying hours?—Do I understand it to be so—is it so?"

"Certainly it is so!" Ludovick said, with emphasis. "Alison is absolutely free in all such matters—of course she is. If she chooses to go to the Established Church in Fort William, that is simply because the Munros go there; she may go to any church she pleases, and welcome."

"And if there are children of the marriage?" the old man said.

"If there are children of the marriage, they will be brought up in their mother's faith: I pledge you my honor to that."

INVALIDISM AS A FINE ART.

BY A. B. WARD.

"I HAVE sinned against my brother the ass," confessed a pious old monk, when his under-fed, over-flogged body refused to budge for him. Make you the same confession, Tom. You trudged through miles of mud-puddle yesterday, and then gave yourself no rubbing down and dry stabling. Now you wonder where you got that confounded cough. And you, Dick, who spurred your tired eyes open night after night, in a final spurt for the essay prize, if you had listened, as Balaam did to his animal, when you heard that noise in your head, you wouldn't be tied down to a cot with nervous prostration. As for you, Harry, poor lad! we all have to risk lame legs in taking a leap. Many a brave runner derives in his breath with the exultation of youth, feeling the glow of strength through all his veins, runs blithely forward, and lands in a heap as you did. Make the best of it. All the old Dicks and Toms and Harrys are in the same plight, with their exposures and overwork and *peccarinos*! We have all sinned. But we'll make the best of it. The beast is foundered, but his rider is safe, and waiting for the tide of health to turn. His lien is yet on the great outside world still sending tributes in to him—glimpses of blue sky, a ripple of laughter from a jolly robin, the breath of a midsummer myl mingling roses and new-mown hay. A petty lordling, enthroned on pillows to dictate to doctor and nurse. Business cares and social duties are laid aside. The fine art of invalidism is his only interest and concern.

How to be ill. This is a science untaught as yet. I do not mean how to get there, but how to comport yourself when there. The sick man's outfit is, perhaps, a closer terminology. Mind, I do not say the sick woman's outfit. Women are born into the world with a talent for this sort of thing. They recline as naturally as they sit, smile over the stiff barrier of a toothache, swoon gracefully, and never look so well as in the cap and gown livery of an invalid. The gentle martyr spirit which immolates convenience and comfort on the altar of appearance, mankind will never understand. "Don't go," she says, winningly. Her eyes shine, her cheeks glow, she chats gayly and without

a break, until the great blundering ignorance of woman's ways finally drags his long call to an end. He never doubts that the evening has been as delightful to her as to him. He never dreams that her head ached and she was "tired to death," even while she encouraged his jokes and invited his confidences.

Why, in the name of all that's human, didn't she say so? My dear fellow, she couldn't. It would be contrary to all her traditions and instincts. Whence comes the ambition for suffering inherent in feminine souls I cannot say; but it is there. It may be an inheritance from barbarism. It may be a merciful provision of nature for what most women are fated to endure, a heroic stimulus to carry them over the crest of the wave of pain, and prevent their sinking in its murderous trough. Women seem to understand this sentiment in each other, and know how to call forth its exercise; but men look on in a kind of puzzled awe. They have no such quality about them. They go about the business of being ill as if it were the contrary, being well. Every muscle is tense, every nerve alive. It sometimes requires the practice of years to learn how to relax.

"That is the trouble with you," sighs my worthy aunt Gregory. "That is the cause of many injuries and much physical disturbance. Do you know, I actually fell down stairs once without being hurt, *because I relaxed*? I remembered, just as I started to fall, that drunkards and babies rarely were hurt in all their tumbles. I reasoned it out. *They relaxed*. I followed their example, and escaped unharmed. I have done it ever since when it was necessary." You are right, aunt, in the invalid's case. A sleepy, phlegmatic creature will get up from bed in half the time it takes your hyperæsthetic patient to find himself among all the confusion of worries he has drawn around him, and to shake himself free from them. Phlegm relaxes. Hyperæsthesia holds fast to the world and its burdens. Phlegm has never renounced his infant proclivities to rest and recuperation. He rolls up into comfortable positions as naturally as the caterpillar. Hyperæsthesia has forgotten the accomplishment. He has lost his bottle, and that harmless substitute,

There is the little Trot who goes to meet papa at noon, and is invariably greeted with, "Here we are! Come to meet papa? *That's a man!*" The last swinging inflection, and the subsequent ring of only one pair of feet on the walk, tell that little Trot has been lifted to a broad shoulder never so proud of its burden. Eclipsing these interests of the street comes the thrill of recognition, telling him who passes through the hall and nears the sick-room door. This is the doctor's sturdy tread, that the nurse's slippered foot-fall, and now gentle sister Sue creeps timidly and deprecatingly to the threshold, asking for "dear brother Ned." Thus faithfully does Ariel serve his prostrate master, and fettered Prospero, growing more keen of apprehension, finds himself at his old trick of analyzing what he receives, turning it over and over in the crucible of his philosophy.

So far we have our eyes shut. "Some day" another door opens, "as it used to do in *Arabian Nights* when the bold hero explored underground, "and another apartment of greater magnificence appears." The patient opens his eyes. He may open them on bare walls and unattractive furnishings; he may open them on articles of luxury and beauty. But there are some things which he is bound to see, whether he is rich or poor: the sunbeam which slides through the shutter, and dances like a vision over the floor; narrow glimpses of tree and cloud, magnified into especial loveliness by their limitations; shades of summer greenness or white curves of winter sculphure, haunting of the wonders without. These he is sure to see when he opens his eyes. But they tire him more than what he finds within, where he is lord of his own. Here are the shadows and the reflections which people his world, and make it different from anything he ever knew before. Vague gray suggestions of men and women, of horses and carriages, appear and disappear on the wall. Some of them have heads reaching to the ceiling. Some are misshapen and strange. They go stalking past in an almost ceaseless panorama. Now and then the swift, whirling shadow of a bird dips and darts across the wall. And all the time outlines of branches, which wave and open and close again, weave intricate embroideries in the place. The room is alive with dim, softly moving forms. Their

dimness and their gentle motion are as soothing as a lullaby. Yet they divert the watcher by their quiet changes, and hold his languid interest. He makes believe with them, like a child, and fancies himself a sight-seeing Gulliver or an Alice in Wonderland for a while. If he is really gaining in strength, as he is bound to do if he has followed our good advice from the beginning, he will put his wits to work devising further amusement. Some invalids at this stage cause a mirror to be hung where it can catch a picture of the street. That was what Jacob Haverstraw did. He was an uncle of mine, a queer, silent old fellow, bed-ridden from his twenty-fifth year, when he fell and hurt his spine. His wife, Aunt Janet, was a mother to him as well, and besides careful nursing, gave him all the brightness and diversion her woman's wit could plan. She had countless ways of entertaining him. One was to hang a mirror to reflect now the front of the house, where there was a main street and a tiny railed-in park, like a private cemetery; now the rear, where plump-armed maids leaned over the window-sill to gossip with grocers' and butchers' lads, where quarrelsome knives knocked each other about for their own amusement; and the pleasant the looking crowd, where, in short, Cupid or Mars was continually ruling.

As a matter of course, Jacob enjoyed the rear view more than the view of the staid front, where people merely passed or nodded formally to each other; and gradually the mirror came to reflect nothing but the blackened and grimy alley and the back window of Mr. Cigar-seller. I forget his other name. Now Mr. Cigar-seller had a pretty daughter, and Pretty Daughter had a lover obnoxious to the father of the girl. The circle of romance was complete. Small wonder that Jacob could hardly wait mornings to have his face washed, and the "peep show," as he called it, adjusted to take in all it could hold of the alley and the parlor. Small wonder that the excited audience of one bitterly bewailed the "curtain of the dark," coming down upon crises and climaxes, and making each scene synchronous with the day, in whatever lamentable plight it left the actors, one and all. Janet, sewing by another window, was kept posted of the progress of the play, and now and

them, looked for her husband's agonizing, perhaps, but leave her work and let her close on his watching the scene. "Say, now, the case where he pronounced loudly, 'He's kissed her!' What woman would resist a glance at the lovers? And again, 'The mean old hulks, he's boxed her ears!'" A different he this time, indeed, and no less a personage than the dignified cigar-seller himself.

Aunt Janet even the part designed as it always does, on or off the stage. There were stolen meetings, stormy interviews with the cruel parent, and all the machinery of a first class drama. Jacob was stirred to the depths of his quiet soul. He hardly removed his eyes from the mirror, and at last fairly strained his neck in a futile effort to expand his view. This put an end to theatre-going for two whole days. The third was a Sunday, and rainy. About 2 p.m. Janet was induced to look in peep, under the workman's head, and tip the glass into such a position that it would show the alley without any exception on Jacob's part. Soon the old cigar-seller appeared in the door, looked hurriedly up and down the street, wiping his hands and went back into the house. This he did twice, and then Jacob saw him no more although he watched until the early evening. April twilight shut in. "Something has happened," said Jacob. "Something bad." It was all in the papers the next day, and Janet read them aloud to him.

The cigar-seller had been brutally murdered. He was found about midnight Sunday evening by some cronies who came in to have a pull with him. His daughter and her lover, now her husband, had been arrested in a neighbouring-house not far away. They had left her father's house, they said, Sunday morning while he was still asleep. He had been up late the night before and slept soundly. They proved their subsequent absence from the house. But no one had seen the old man all day Sunday; in fact, he had not been seen from the time he put up his shutters Saturday night until he was found with a knife in his heart.

"Had not been seen?" shrieked Jacob. "Why, I saw him! Janet, we'll have to go to court and testify." "You?" smiles Janet incredulously. But they went. It was a considerable undertaking to remove the golden man from his own couch to the stretcher, and so to convey him

into court. Not without state and ceremony did he make his *début*, borne in by slow stepping men, attended by his wife and two physicians—his own and an expert, who should pronounce his brain a sound one, whatever might be said of his back. Picture, if you can, the excitement when this strange witness saved the pretty, sobbing girl and her pale, frightened lover from a cruel sentence. Picture the lover leaping over an intervening bench and sweeping the two doctors out of his way that he might throw himself on his knees beside Jacob. Picture the girl clasping the invalid around the neck and covering him with kisses. "It liked to have killed him," says Aunt Janet. But Jacob says he never felt so well in his life. Ah, let not the all-grieved think his eyes are of no service to himself or others! There's no telling what he may see if he keeps them open.

The very first film the post, and like all other sensory beings is remarkable not for seeing differently, but for seeing more than do the rest of the world. He catches everything about him with perspicacity. Cold, hard substances are his favored enemies. The soft the yielding, the waxy, fill him with gratitude and delight. The remembrance invites and embraces him. The very impact and awe are eager to do him service, and the great bowl displays a fairly maternal solicitude. He even is a kindly Aelates, his pet pillow a Nancy, or whatever his childhood's nurse was named. As to the bottles arranged on his table only the doctors who prescribed them can surpass their marked and individual interest in their charge. A glow of genuine affection fills me when I glance at Tonic, so many times has he proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him when the "lamp of life burned low." Liniment's unctuous sides are nearly bursting with officious good nature. Fine Old Bourbon has an irresistible barbauldian tone. Stout Camphor needs only spectacles and a bag to make an old fogey of him. Sly little Morphine, hiding behind the rest, has a sinister, suggestive, Mephistophelian look, which at once attracts and repels.

Robinson Crusoe, organizing a cat and dog and hen and parrot society, is successfully rivalled by our invalid with his circle of silent friends. As his knowledge of his art increases, he busies himself more and more with the peculiar occupations of his

class. He brings a magnifying glass to bear upon the web of his blanket, upon the structure of his food. He calculates the number of sands in his hour-glass, and makes wagers with himself that he will know without looking when they are run out. Accustomed to night watches, he learns the many phases of darkness and its mysterious influences. He lies under the wide-spread, brooding wings of the night, and hears the clock-beats sounding through the house, and a strange ecstasy seizes him. He notes the progress of the dawn, and has as many theories of light as ever the famous Rosierucians held. Repose and hope, accurate observation, philosophy and fancy—our fine art has much to bestow on the willing and ready recipient. Ample scope, too, is afforded the pupil in the way of leisure and facilities for study such as he would never find elsewhere. His life is stripped of superfluities. He meets only the two or three who are necessary to him, and on the plainest and most informal terms. He tells them the truth, and they speak to him with equal disregard of rhetoric. The simple, the unsophisticated, the primary, are presented to his thoughts. The complex and the worldly are banished. The A B C of what is and what ought to be were never placed before him in so clear a light. In his solitude he finds himself loosing his hold on earthly relations, and brought face to face with the relation between man and his Maker. It is a judgment-day. He yields to its searching and its sentence. When he is wholly recovered and in the world again he may be, and probably will be, very nearly the same kind of a man that he was before, but for the period of his confinement he is forced to live honestly as a saint, purely as a little child, bravely and patiently as a soldier. The reward is at hand. To whom of us has it not occurred in times of failure and disheartenment to wish that life were a sum upon a slate, to be entirely rubbed out and begun over again? Convalescence is not unlike a realization of this desire. A new page is turned, a new start is given. A childish delight in his own body—"the nearest piece of the outside world"—takes possession of the sick man, holding his thin fingers up to the sunlight and watching the veins fill day by day. The languor of budding health reconciles him to the simplicities of the daily routine. It is enough to

breathe full breaths, enough to eat and sleep, enough to watch the attendants go about the room, or the shadows and sunbeams quarrel for possession of the carpet. It is a paradise, an intermediate state between sickness and health, where there is neither judgment nor condemnation, neither temptation nor struggle, where, in short, as his doctor tells him, "There is nothing to do but to get well." He examines his arms and legs and moves his toes, taking pleasure in his muscular endowment as he did some thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, when he first made his own acquaintance. A little thing pleases him, especially a little thing to eat. He is astonished to find what an engrossing, elevating delight eating may be, above all when accompanied by a sense of obligation to one's own worn-out tissues. He feels generous to himself, and again grateful to himself for that generosity. He swells with pride and satisfaction in his daily gains. Every meal is a mile-stone on the way, a sacrifice to Hygeia, a joyful ceremonial. His selfish heart expands into the juicy tenderness of an ever-increasing humanitarianism. He longs for his kind, longs to extend the warm hand of friendship to his brother man. Intoxicated with fresh draughts of health, he feels the philanthropic impulses of one who would "treat the town." He laughs easily and enjoys the racket in the street, threatens to take a ride with the ragman in his belled cart, tosses a handful of pennies to the organ-grinder, tolerates the cracked voice of a flute on a neighboring corner, appreciates anew the clumsy efforts of humanity to conquer the sadness of living. Trees and clouds and "that sort of thing" pall on his taste. He is "ready to see the fellows any time," and takes it seriously to heart if they do not rush to his door in a body and besage it day and night. The bottles are banished. The curtains are rolled up as high as they will go. In pours a stream of blazing light, announcing, like the blare of trumpets, the prisoner's release. Shadows and fancies fade together. Sunk-bud repentances linger with a softening influence but no longer clutch him by the throat. He feels his legs under him again, weak and shaky, but they are *his own*. He has chipped his shell, burst his cocoon. It was worth all the being ill, he tells you, to be born again in this fashion.



THE CHIEF, JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—EAST BY EAST.

THE NEW YORK REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY

MORE aggressively than any of the metropolitan exchanges does that in which trustees of real estate are intimated represent the growing numbers and opinions of New York. The Real Estate Exchange, with hall and offices located at nos. 52 to 67 Liberty Street, is not a specially imposing structure. The fact that \$1,100,000 were paid for the property, its various improvements and abatement of title, and that a further sum of \$140,272 was expended for alterations in order to fit it for

present uses sufficiently accounts for its architectural characteristics. Externally, it is an ordinary business building. Internally, it is more worthy of attention.

The exchange room in size is 87 by 43 feet, with ceiling 38 feet high. The iron girders constituting part of its supports are the largest of their kind ever utilized in the city—the heaviest weighing twenty-two tons. The frieze in bass relief running around the room, in panels eight feet high, depicting the progress of architecture from

the earlier to modern times, is modelled by hand in stucco from original designs, and would be more pleasing to the eye if not of uniform brownish hue. The drowsy past looks down upon a present intensely purposeful, passionate, and poetic—a present of dissonant auctioneers, careful sellers, and competitive purchasers, and a present sufficiently practical to be well pleased with the efficient manner in which steam heat is radiated throughout the auction-room and offices.

How to make the most of opportunity is a problem studied under this roof, and finding solution in one direction by the rental of offices, upstairs and down, at \$2500 a year, and by the lease of the main hall for two hours every afternoon, to the Building Material Exchange, for the sum of \$30,000 per annum. Nor are these the only sources of revenue. That of annual members yielded \$2840, and of the auction-room \$16,766, in 1887. Dividends on the entire investment of \$580,560 are not admissible; but still one and a half per cent. in 1885, two per cent. in 1886, followed by three per cent. in 1887, encourage hope in the future. Stockholders number five hundred, and annual members seventy-three. Many bear Anglo-Saxon names, but the majority carry patronymies that identify them with every other Aryan stock in Europe. Jules E. Brugière battles John W. O'Shaughnessy; De Walltearss, Morgenthau, and De Cumber fraternize with Smiths and Stuyvesants. Name is nothing, but respectability everything, to membership in "The Real Estate Exchange and Auction Room, Limited." Candidates are nominated in writing by two members of the corporation, confidentially canvassed by the Committee on Admissions, voted on by the Board of Directors, and if elected must each become possessor of ten shares of the capital stock. Annual members pay the sum of sixty dollars, or, if non-resident, twenty-five dollars, and are entitled to full access to the exchange and auction room, and use of the records, and other corporate information.

Some of the more prominent citizens of New York are among the influential members. John Jacob and William Astor, Samuel D. Babcock (ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce), Henry R. Beckman (corporation counsel), David G. Croly, the journalist, ex-Mayor William R. Grace, Robert B. Roosevelt, Minister of the United

States to Holland, John D. Crimmins, ex-Park Commissioner, and sundry scions of the ancient Knickerbocker families, have made themselves famous by the frequency and magnitude of their real estate transactions. The shareholders alone control capital invested in lands and buildings in New York city estimated at upward of eight hundred millions of dollars.

E. A. Cruikshank, the president, is the head of the real estate firm of E. A. Cruikshank and Co., founded by his grandfather in 1794, and which has been conspicuously identified with the sale of



E. A. CRUIKSHANK.

some of the largest and the management of some of the most valuable estates in and about New York. This official, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, secretary, and thirteen directors administer the polity of the institution in substantially the same style as that common to all such functionaries. Benjamin Hardwick, Argus-eyed, almost ubiquitous in business hours, and cyclopedically ready of response to any requisition of member or shareholder, is the manager. A citizen of the United States, though born and educated in England, he brought to his work the fruits of a thoroughly legal and literary training, supplemented by the experience of an active life. His chosen specialty has been the data and progress of real estate transactions in



OLIVER THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, 1813. Appointed real estate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* in 1851, in close association with brokers and auctioneers, he distinguished himself by practical talent, kept the market and at length to the correspondence of the *Real Estate Exchange* when there opened, and was unanimously installed in his present office, from it to find its circulation.

The solidly built, of access to the office each experiment would be justified by the result. No distinction, either in responsibility or labor is made in time here. The day roll of the establishment is not a reflection of the character. The many new buildings erected within a real estate \$10,000; the Bureau of Information, Office, and Accounts, of \$20,000; the Commercial Bank, \$10,000; and the lower story, \$14,000.

Each of the chambers must hold at least ten stories and be divided by a floor of 500 ft. by 100 ft. At the time the address of our readers they were performing their duties. Standing committees on Finance, Insurance, and Auction-room, Member-ship, Business Meetings, Committees, and Association of all members confided to the same. That on 100 points takes care

of alleged violation of rules and of proceedings inconsistent with just and equitable principles. In dealings valued at over four hundred millions, since the opening of the Exchange, it is said not a single complaint of impropriety against broker or auctioneer has been lodged with the committee.

The object of the Exchange is to facilitate the sale and transfer of real estate, more particularly in the city of New York, but also generally throughout the United States. Lands, houses, stores, hotels, halls, theatres, etc., are introduced to pass through its machinery from the hands of sellers to that of buyers.

One of the most important committees appointed by the Board of Directors is the general one, consisting of thirty members of the Exchange, an organization of the State with government. Nine standing

and committees: on Local Taxation and Assessment, Finance, Taxation and Assessment, Building and Mechanics, Loan, Loans, Printing, Legislation, Drafting and Amending Laws, Federal Relations and Local Treasury Relations. Every one has approved of their movements. "We have this Executive Committee been committed to its duties. A large number of bills and other matters affecting real estate interests have been introduced and energetically advocated by it. The County Officers, Treasurers, all which formed under and of course in the County Board, which of which members formed the time and expense of service in that office was the result of the action of the committee."

Even then there portions of Western civilization have refused to convert the savage wilderness of Manhattan into the magnificent metropolis of the New World. Hendrick Hudson deemed the island and its surroundings to be a "good land to fall in with and a pleasant one to see." Peter Minuit, Director General of New Netherland, held the same opinion when, in May, 1624, he bought the whole island territory for sixty Dutch guilders, or thirty-two dollars, from the aboriginal owners.

On the 3d of April, 1807, the Legislature passed an act appointing Gouverneur Morris, Simeon De Witt, and John Rathenford Commissioners of Streets and Roads in the city of New York. These gentlemen encountered strange and unexpected obstacles in the execution of their task. Farming and mechanic propertors violently objected to the construction of streets without regard to their wishes or interests. Surveyors, like vagrants, were driven off their property. To this day Henry Brevoort's obstinacy has prevented the opening of Eleventh Street between Fourth Avenue and Broadway. The Commissioners decided on a system of parallel streets across the island, and commenced to number them from Houston Street, where their special labors began. Avenues, a hundred feet wide, and running from south to north, intersected them at right angles. Provision was made for an immense population, but even they did not conjecture that "the grounds north of Harlem Flats would be covered with houses for centuries to come. Years after this, De Witt Clinton was tossed for predicting that the city would stretch continuously to the shores of Harlem River within the next century." In less than half a century Irish potato famines, German revolutions, and the Aryan instinct of emigration had nearly fulfilled his prophecy. In 1815 a legislative act appropriated Union Square, which had been utilized as a Porter's Field, to public purposes, but not until 1845 did the elegant domiciles spring up around its enlarged margin that made it for some years the most fashionable section of the municipality. Since then commercial depressions and financial disasters have occasionally checked civic growth. But recovery has been quickly followed by speculative enterprise and rapid rise in prices. In 1856 and following years the fifteen million dollars judiciously invested in Central Park, with its area of 807 acres

and forty miles of carriage roads, equestrian paths, and foot-walks, occasioned an increase of far greater value in the lands contiguous to it.

The vast and ever-augmenting volume of transactions in real estate gradually necessitated revolution in some of its methods. These were so fundamentally different as the brokers. For many years the project of a real estate exchange was discussed. Public sales were effected by various auctioneers in a stuffy basement room, on the same level as the graves of Trinity church-yard, at 111 Broadway. Bogus sales were of not infrequent occurrence, nor could any buyer be certain that he had not been trapped by some volubly cunning vender. People of wealth and standing stood aloof because of the questionable proceedings. These disgraceful facts induced Edward H. Ludlow, together with H. H. Cannon and other gentlemen, in October, 1883, to decide that there must be some system whereby real estate affairs should be managed with the respectability and safety proper to all legitimate transactions. The outgrowth of their consultations is the



— H. H. CANNON —

On the 24th of April, 1884, the ceremonies opening the new quarters were attended by a wealthy and influential crowd of interested members and guests, who traveled in procession from the old Exchange sales room at 141 Broadway. The programme of that memorable day closed with the reading by Morris Wilkins of an order from the Justice of the Supreme Supreme and Council of the Valley of the East of New York, directing that from and after the 10th of the next month all sales of land in Scotland, under various orders or judgments of the several courts, *shall* be made at the rooms of the Royal House of Commons.

The bioprospectors finished the 1600-mile long haul that cost \$50,000 per year and consisted of most efficient sampling with the assistance of the prospector. His means are open to members only. From 10 to 11:30 A.M., and from the close of the auction until midnight P.M. During the same period, the bioprospector will be on the ground.

public, with the exception of vagrants, peddlers and disorderly persons, is freely admitted, and any lady bid or buy who so. The Building Material Exchange meets in the back part of the auction-room from two to five o'clock every afternoon. Its members number over three hundred.

The Real Estate Exchange keeps books in which all property within and much of that without the city limits, and of legal size, is registered. A fee of \$5 is paid for each separate piece or parcel of adjacent lots registered under one entry. All property is registered in the name of a mortgage, with consent of owner, and it would be a misregistered mortgage, being held in commission to the one to whom it is registered. The Exchange also transacts top sale approved forms of contracts. Conventions relating and covering finance are provided to be made by the mortgagee. The literature in which mortgages are professionally first introduced is a very considerable in the shape of books, maps, etc., particularly relating to property matters. One remarkable piece of New York city is a mortgage con-

A Plan of the City of New York from an actual Survey.

stituted, is in four large volumes. Wards Twenty-three and Twenty-four, included within corporate boundaries by State enactment in 1873, will be covered by two additional volumes, of which that on the Twenty-third Ward is published, while that on the Twenty-fourth is in advanced preparation. All the maps are from official records, private plans, and actual surveys, compiled under the superintendence of leading civil and topographical engineers. On each block in the several wards, and on each lot of every block, as represented by these maps, the Real Estate Exchange stamps its own number. Its books are ruled to correspond, and show the number, owner, date of sale, price paid, year, and page of public record on which belonging documents are inscribed, of every piece of property sold since the year 1868. Strips of paper, each showing the kind of building, if any, on each lot, and recording changes of ownership, with essential facts of successive transfers, are preserved by the curator and constitute at once a check upon the map system and also a complete history of each lot.

Twenty-six hundred and fifty blocks, not including those of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, are embraced by the city lines. The blocks are regular in shape and size, and contain from fifty to one hundred lots each, with the exception of the city blocks, which normally include sixty-four lots each. The *Real Estate Record and Guide* of March, 1887, gives the number of vacant lots, 25 by 100 feet, between Fifty-ninth and One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth streets, at 30,990.

In this office information is sought and found by intending sellers or purchasers on the point whether a certain vacant lot or lots are "ripe for building on"; in other words, what is their elevation above high-water mark, whether the streets have been regularly opened, graded, curbed and flagged, sewered and paved, and whether the assessments for



LESLIE CARPENTERS.

these improvements have been confirmed. If so, the seller must pay them; if not, then the buyer assumes the obligation to do it when they are confirmed. The value of such knowledge, also that of the exact stage in which improvements stand, is apparent in view of the fact that streets are sometimes cut through a depth of twenty or thirty feet of hard work, in which case the assessments on each lot may aggregate from \$1000 to \$1200.

Brokers find the records of the Real Estate Exchange of invaluable service to them. During the three months ending November 30, 1885, 1280 applications for information in regard to ownership, etc., of property were made. In the corresponding three months of 1886 the number rose to 7000, and in those of 1887 would have reached higher figures but for adopted limitations to the privilege. The records of assessments and of all work in process of construction for which assessments will be laid are sufficiently advanced to furnish full particulars on these matters.

The Bureau of Legislative Information, established under the auspices of the Committee on Legislation, supplies the most accurate tidings of what is passing in the



ALBANY, N. Y., 1861.

State Legislature have made of the sale of real estate. Not only are all the printed bills, reports and documents of the Legislature to be found on file in the office, but the Exchange also keeps on file from its agent in Albany, a complete record of all bills introduced, reported from committees, or acted upon, and elaborate index books are kept in the Exchange where such information is at once obtained, so that it is possible for any member, by referring thereto to tell the exact position and the previous action of any bill pending before the Legislature. Formerly it was wellnigh impossible to obtain such information except by the aid of very important public bills, without a personal visit to Albany and much laborious search through the records of the law-making body.

All the twenty-two desks for auctioneers are yearly rented at \$150 each, buying the less fortunate fifteen of the fraternity without such facilities. How valuable they are may be inferred from the fact that the primary sale of first choice brought only \$5, while the last netted \$1000. Licensed auctioneers being mem-

bers of the Exchange are the only ones allowed to compete. The president's stand is the one reserved for sales by auctioneers not renting such rooms of vantage. Lessors however may rent out theirs for the day, or the Auction-room Committee may designate one not in use for temporary purposes. Bills for knock-down fees are presented for payment to auctioneers every month. These fees are \$1 where the value is less than \$5000; \$5 if between \$5000 and \$100,000, and \$25 if above the last amount. Auctioneers not renting stands pay fifty per cent, in addition, on local sales of real estate by order of the court the fee is \$2; of assets, \$2. Fees on property offered at upset prices are the same as in case of sale. Commission to auctioneers on sales of real estate are one quarter of one percent for New

York or Brooklyn, and one-half of one percent on moving property. These, together with the expense of maps, advertising, etc. are paid by the seller. The purchaser also bleeds to the extent of \$15 for the auctioneer's fee, plus the sales-room fee exacted by the auctioneer, except on sales yielding less than \$1000 and over \$500, when he is more fully relieved on production of \$10 for each lot. On property selling for \$500 and under, the fee is not less than \$5 per lot. In legal sales \$15 for auction fee and \$2 for sales-room fee are paid by the buyer. The remuneration of one oratorious-throated elocutionist may thus run up into several thousands per diem. On sales of stocks or bonds the commission is one quarter of one percent on the value, except for members of the New York Stock and Real Estate Exchanges, for whom it is one-eighth of one per cent, on the par value, to be paid with expenses of sale by the seller. Special agreements may be made when personal property sold is of merely nominal value. Renting auctioneers are required to furnish, every Saturday, a list of all property arranged to be sold during the com-

ing week. On private sales, save where special contracts in writing have been previously made, the commission for selling New York or Brooklyn estate is one per cent.; leaseholds, two per cent.; real estate in the suburbs of either city, and country property, two and a half per cent.; Western and Southern lands, five per cent.; leases and leaseholds in the suburbs of New York, five per cent. In exchanges of property a full commis-

collecting, five per cent. Special agreements, however, may modify these terms.

Appraising real estate in New York or Brooklyn entitles to a fee of from \$10 to one-quarter of one per cent. upon valuation; suburban property, one-half of one per cent., or according to agreement. Legal commissions may not be divided or lessened without liability to discipline; but members of the Exchange may make special agreements between themselves.



AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE

sion is exacted from each side. No sales can be regularly made for a commission of less than \$25. Sales not consummated by reason of imperfection in title to property do not invalidate claims for commissions. Brokerage is earned when time and terms are settled between buyer and seller, and is payable when the contract is signed. For the management and letting of property two and a half per cent. is chargeable on first year's rental for a term of one to three years; leasing for three years and upward, on gross rental, one per cent.; leasing country property, one year to five, five per cent. on first year's rental, realty and

Prominent, because of their long connection with the business, among the Taidlows, Mullers, Morgans, Johnsons, Harbells, etc. of the New York auctioneers, are the Bloods. Anthony L., of Dutch ancestry, began business in New York in 1763. The Revolution only added to it. On June 16, 1791, at 12 M. precisely, he and his sons sold "four quarter casks of choice sherry wine, six do. London purchased 'Temple' at the Coffee House in Wall Street, and followed up the sale on the day ensuing by that of "a large assortment of seasonable dry-goods" recently imported. In 1799, commissioned by Governor John Jay, he had the urban



ANTHONY J. BLOEKER.

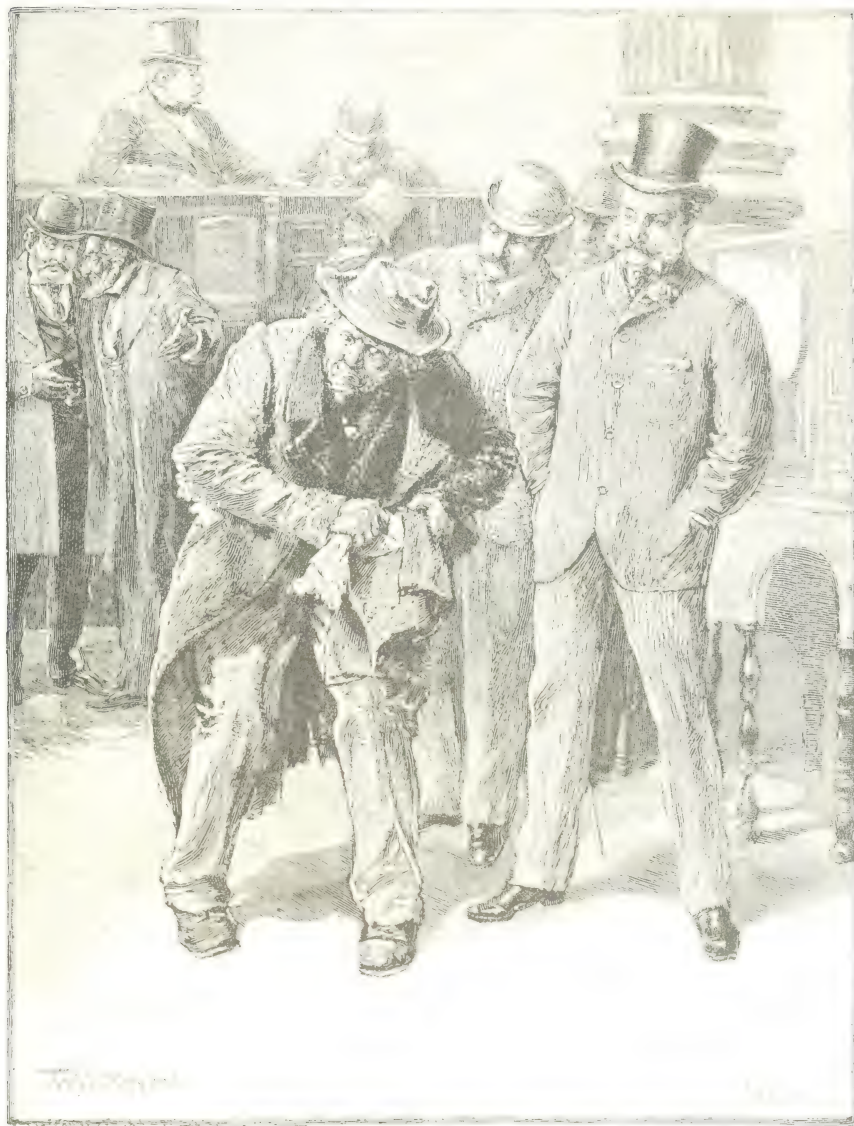
trade entirely to himself. Competition springing up in the sales of his son, James Bloeker, the latter turned his attention almost wholly to real estate. Stephen Stedman's property, near the ferry at Corlaer's Hook, passed under his hands, and in the succeeding year (1841) he authorized at peremptory sale no less than 205 lots of ground on Sixth Avenue from Twenty-fifth to Twenty-ninth Street, at from \$1200 to \$2500 per lot. But it was reserved for his son, the famous Anthony J. Bloeker, "a fellow of infinite jest," to attain the professional zenith. If anything could command desolate bankrupts, it was the generous and sympathetic tongue with which the jolly auctioneer would sell him out. Mr. Bloeker's popularity was unbounded. In one month of 1847 his sales amounted to six million dollars. In 1855, while selling lots on Eighth Avenue, between One hundredth and One hundred and thirtieth, the great crowd lined the sidewalks of Third at \$100 each. To John A. B. Stewart: "Gentlemen, this is not my

bid!" exclaimed the astounded knock-downee.

"Pay ten per cent., and give bond and mortgage for the rest," suggested Bloeker. Mitchell consented. Since then his heirs have held the four lots at \$100,000. Mr. Bloeker sold two lots on the south side of Fifty-ninth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, for \$750 each. His largest sale—the most extensive of vacant and unimproved valuable property ever made in New York—was, in 1898, of the Sarah Tallman estate, consisting of two blocks between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and extending from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-ninth Street, fronting the Central Park. Lot No. 1, at the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, was sold for \$60,000 to Charles E. Appleby, and to be the largest private owner of dock property on the North River front of the city.

Two thousand people were present. Stopped of Dutch courage through force of Hollandic enthusiasm, and at his best, the man who helped much to the magnitude of millionaires without becoming one himself gladly witnessed the proceeds laid up at once to one and a half million dollars. An eastern misadventure had suffered Bloeker Street and thirty-six acres to slip through the family fingers in the early part of the century. Had he possessed what is of infinitely more value, namely, energy, health, character, social position, and the warmest friendship of the most eminent men of his day? An invincible *rueuse face*, whose stories convulsed Abraham Lincoln with laughter, a unique Shakespearian scholar, and an official of Trinity Corporation, quick in repartee, intoxicating to humor and applaudingly admired by trusting contemporaries, he easily held the rank of Nestor among his own fraternity.

Foreclosure and partition sales must by law commence at noon. Private sales



OF HIGHEST BIDDING

by custom are fixed at the same hour. Fictitious sales are, for the most part, found to be injurious to buyers and owners alike: to owners, because they increase the assessment of value, and check private sales by inducing holders to believe that the figures of reported sales speak truly, and to ask higher prices; to capitalists, by closing the avenues for paying investment, or by deluding them into the persuasion that real estate is worth more than it is. Parties are not infrequently employed by owners to bid in property, in order that they may deter-

mine its value by the highest price offered. Legal sales are published in the *Register*, from which excerpts are taken and posted in the sales-book. Type-written lists of both auction and legal sales for the following week are posted at the end of the week on the bulletins. The knock-down book records the price, buyer, and all particulars of every sale in the Auction-room.

Brokers' meetings at the Real Estate Exchange promote better mutual acquaintance, consultation on common interests, and the convenience of parties who wish to raise loans on properties, offer proper-

to call out or inquire for what they are to be sold. Every day any one who has property for private sale, auction, or sale of whole lots, has to buy or rent, in advance, his name and address, the kind, description and price of property desired or offered, upon blank forms provided for that purpose, which forms are accessible to all legitimate comers, and in due time these contents are transferred to the columns of *Offerings* and *Wants* in the *Real Estate Record and Builders' Guide*, and in the *Real Estate Bulletin*.

Auction sales of bonds, stocks, etc., by orders of executors, administrators, and referees, every Wednesday at noon, and at special times whenever required, sail together representatives of banks, railroads, insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, etc., who are thoroughly acquainted with the values in which they are interested, eager but restrained, alert, and prompt to depart when their object is attained.

Brokers, with few exceptions, are capitalists. Some buy and sell for customers; others speculatively buy and sell on private account; others have the charge of real estate, square, residential buildings, collieries, etc.; others receive pay taxes and assessments, keep property up to the highest standard of productive efficiency, obtain insurance on dwellings, stores, fixtures, and stock; mayhap, in addition, are talented and accomplished auctioneers. Others make a specialty of the alteration of old buildings for office purposes; have plans prepared, procure estimates, let contracts, and negotiate leases; and still others make all these functions in their own persons.

People attending auction sales in order to buy sites for houses are diverse as the winds blowing into the composition of Connecticut towns. Among the two thousand men or less on hand at the executors' sale of the estate of Thomas Hart, deceased, in the eighth ward of the city of Brooklyn, on Thursday, October 27, 1887, were Americans, British, Germans, Italians, Scandinavians serving on pleasure yachts, florid and blowzy women, mothers with children in arms (one of these bought three lots at \$1200 apiece), Russian women whose dollars had accumulated one by one, fashionably attired ladies on the watch for investments, attorneys and clerks who preferred real estate to filling banks, and common speculators.

Strange words are occasionally encol-

ored at the Exchange. Less than twelve months ago a large house in Mulberry Street was sold at auction to the man who bid more than \$74,000 for it. He was a large, dwarfish specimen of Italian immigration, who began his mercantile course as the proprietor of a pea-nut stand on the classic region of Park Street. How his treasures were amassed is best known to himself, but that they had been raked together was apparent to the officials, and to the unwashed swarm of polylingual fellow-citizens, who applauded wildly as he proudly drew out a dirty red pocket-handkerchief, and began to count out from it the purchase-money, which he supposed must be paid on the spot.

The total assessed valuation of real estate in the city of New York in 1886 was \$1,203,941,000; in 1887, of 161,334 plots of real estate, \$1,254,491,842—showing an increase in one year of \$50,550,784. But as the assessed is less than two-thirds of the market value, the whole is not worth less than two billion dollars. Real and personal property within the municipality has grown throughout the past decade more than \$40,000,000 per annum. The books in the office of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments state the amount of taxes paid by every real estate holder at the rate of \$2 1/2% on every hundred of the assessed valuation. But these figures do not constitute a trustworthy standard in the determination of market values, for the asserted reason that some assessments in decayed town wards are of more than market value; in other wards, of only one-third, others one-half, and still others two-thirds. Vacant lots are assessed at from 25 to 50 per cent. improved property from 50 to 70 per cent. of real value. In equitability as the assessments are, it is yet true as affirmed by ex-Mayor William R. Grace, that "upon no species of property can taxes be levied with more equality as to value, nor with better chances of speedy and equitable collection than upon real property." "The valuation placed upon personal estate from all sources is not more than nineteen per cent. of the valuation placed upon real property, and taxes from this source are most difficult of collection. Of the annual city budget, which generally amounts to from thirty-one to thirty-four millions of dollars, the taxation imposed upon real estate supplies more than four-fifths."

On the 3d of October, 1887, Receiver of

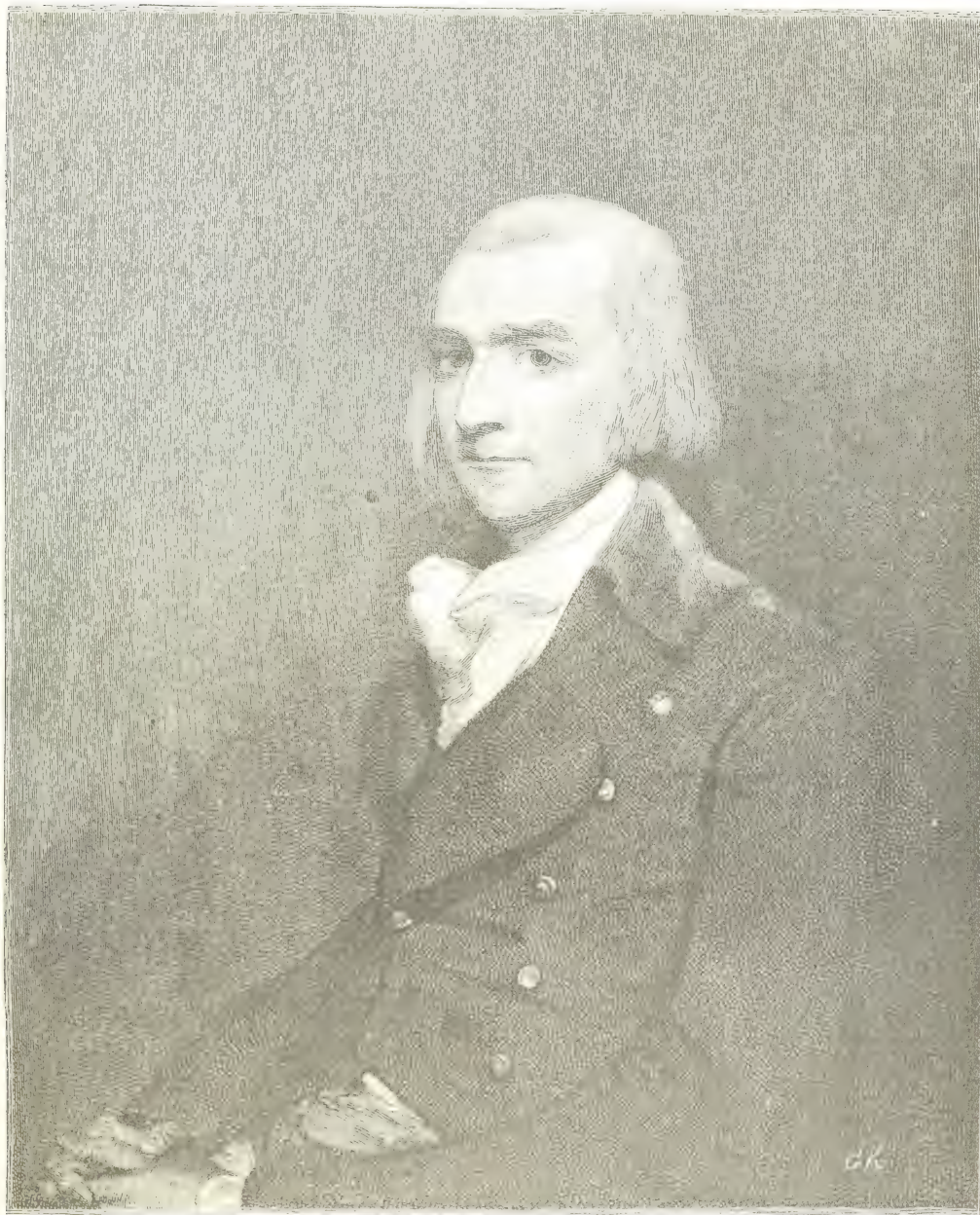
Taxes George W. McLean received from the Consolidated Gas Company, \$223,310; estate of W. H. Vanderbilt, \$171,121; New York Central Railroad, \$343,613; Mutual Life-insurance Company, \$52,984; Standard Oil Company, \$28,709; estate of Robert Golet, \$107,396; John Jacob Astor, \$235,040; William Astor, \$170,000. Real estate owned by the city rarely comes into market, nor is it available to any great extent for the reduction of taxation. In 1871 A. J. Bleecker, A. H. Muller, and Cortlandt Palmer were appointed by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to appraise all the real property belonging to the city and county of New York. This they did, including parks, public buildings, station and engine houses, wharves, docks, markets, etc., and estimated the value of the whole at \$244,000,000, basing the estimate on the number of lots, 25 by 100 feet, into which it might be divided. Central Park, together with Manhattan Square, on which is the Seventh Regiment Armory, was appraised at \$73,275,000; Madison Square at \$2,253,000; Union Square, \$2,290,000; Washington Square, \$2,230,000; and Reservoir Square at \$1,342,000. In 1887 the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments estimated the value of the city property in New York exempt from taxation at \$190,841,130; that of the United States at \$16,550,000; of the churches at \$42,230,300; and of schools, charities, etc., at \$31,231,620—a grand total of \$283,853,050.

Large and wealthy corporations are quite as conservative as the civic government in respect to their landed possessions. That of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church is at once the richest and most conspicuous, and is only an occasional seller. Popular opinion holds its real estate to be worth \$100,000,000. General John A. Dix, when comptroller, said it was worth less than half that sum. Credible authority of the best character puts it at \$16,000,000. Income from rentals, etc., is constantly augmenting, and is far more than enough to defray the expenses—about \$100,000—of the extensive parish with its seven churches, and to admit of generous denominational benefactions.

Columbia College, said by Dr. Sears to be the richest educational institution in America, enjoys the inherited estate originally bestowed upon it by the corporation of Trinity Church, and now consist-

ing of the blocks bounded by Murray, Church, Barclay, and Greenwich Streets. Not until the close of its first century, and after the change of site in 1857 to the block surrounded by Fourth and Madison Avenues, Forty-ninth and Fifth Streets, was Park Place cut through its old grounds. In 1814 it received a State donation of what had been Dr. Hosack's Botanical Garden, of about twenty acres, lying to the southwest of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The gift was not of enormous value. An offer of the property for \$18,000 found no one willing to take it in 1825. Twenty-five years later it was valued at \$150,000. In 1855 the trustees paid \$132,000 for the present location of the college. Now, in the one hundred and thirty-fourth year of its beneficent existence, with the organization of a leading university, the vigorously venerable establishment finds its estimated revenue of \$344,000 from rentals, supplemented by students' fees, altogether too small for its needs. Twenty-five years have passed since its growing income justified the endeavors of the trustees to increase its usefulness by enlarging the scope of educational operations. In 1858 the School of Law, whose reputation exceeds the limits of the republic, and whose success is hitherto without precedent, was instituted. This was followed in 1864 by the School of Mines, which soon expanded beyond its design into a School of Applied Science embracing instruction in mining and civil engineering, metallurgy, analytical and applied chemistry, practical geology, and architecture. Next, in 1880, came the School of Political Science, intended to train young men in the knowledge of constitutional, administrative, and international law, and to fit them for the duties of public life. Simultaneously it was resolved to open the department for the advanced instruction of its own and other graduates. Columbia has thus entered upon a field of almost limitless extent, which cannot be satisfactorily cultivated by the aid of present unequal resources. Financial deficiency loudly calls for the liberality of public-spirited citizens in New York and elsewhere.

The Society of the New York Hospital is another large owner of real estate in the city. Incorporated in 1771, the twenty-six Governors purchased five acres of ground, bounded by Broadway, Church, Duane, and Worth streets, in 1773, opened



THE JUDICIAL JOHN JAY, ASTOR.

made beneficiaries also inevitably by the distribution. William Blinco, under proprietor of the farm extending from Eighty-sixth to Twenty-third Street, and from Third Avenue to the East River, and also of property elsewhere, retained his house not to sell the farm, but much as it was, to cultivate market garden property, and more to a growing city. The unearned increment of that estate is

now of vastly greater pecuniary value than that of all the vegetables it ever yielded. Fifty German gardeners, true to Teutonic instinct, have in not a few instances acquired the free supply of the soil they till. The immense Stuyvesant estate is principally intact, and is leased like that of the Astors.

Whether proprietors of real estate be sons of Dutch, German, French, Eng-

value of the security. This device is often successful.

The price nominally paid for real estate in New York is by no means a sure guide to its actual worth. This is contingent upon locality, improvements, and residential or commercial advantages. It depends greatly upon adventitious circumstances, which the intending purchaser should judiciously consider apart from the spot. Unlike the securities manipulated at the Stock Exchange, or the merchandise handled by the Produce Exchange, it has no temporarily fixed or quotable value. In the judgment of dealers it is worth what the owner or broker can sell it for. Sunshine and shadow are factors of value. Property on the west side of the avenues and on the south side of cross streets is worth on the average about twenty-five per cent. more than similar property on the opposite side, because it is shaded in the afternoons, when women are wont to make their purchases. The northerly side of streets and the easterly side of avenues are for that reason and for lower rentals preferred for domiciles.

Variations in the value of New York and vicinity real estate are a somewhat astonishing series of phenomena. The erection of the elevated railroads in the first instance, and the reduction of fares from ten to five cents in the second, hushed prices in the upper wards of the city. In 1834, \$750 each for lots on Broadway and Fourteenth Street was scouted as a crazy demand. In the same year \$1200 for a lot on Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street was a wildly speculative venture; but in 1835 such lots were sold at auction for \$13,000; in 1836, for \$28,000, and may now be worth \$100,000. In 1836, Anthony J. Bleecker sold lots in Harlem for \$1000 each. Ten years later the same lots sold for \$9 each, over and above encumbrances, and ten years later still sold for \$2500 each. In 1836 he sold sixty-one lots in Paterson for \$42,000, and in 1842 resold them for \$3000. Since then they have commanded upward of \$150,000. In 1835 he sold lots on Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets for \$400 each, resold them in 1836 for \$900 each, and after the financial crash of 1837 sold them once more for \$300 each. Just after the Central Park had been laid out, he sold lots on Fifth Avenue, near Sixtieth Street, for \$700 apiece that are now held at \$35,000.

Perhaps the most lucrative trade in real estate reported to New Yorkers is one made by the Astors some three or four years ago. Purchasing about 2000 lots on Morrisania and Railroad Avenues and on streets in the lower part of the city for \$410,000, John Jacob Astor subsequently sold about 400 of them for \$500,000, leaving the Astor estate in possession of the best part of the whole purchase, worth over \$2,000,000.

Due record of deeds is a matter of vast importance in transfers, even though a deed be "perfectly good without record against the grantor himself and his heirs," and although "a deed not recorded is just as good as if it had been recorded against any parties in the premises of any parties who took the land from the grantor by a subsequent deed, even for a full price, if they had at the time notice or knowledge of the prior and unrecorded deed." Neglect of registration is a fruitful cause of expensive worry and litigation. Registered judgments, heirs unexpectedly turning up, mortgages whose satisfaction has not been recorded, rights of dower and courtesy, both of which conveyancers would gladly abolish in order to facilitate transfers, are difficulties in the way of undisputed title. Equity ultimately decides in courts of law who is entitled to possession; but due precaution in search and record would, in most instances, nullify the need of resort thereto. All titles are cleared by sale under judicial decree.

Three corporations in the city of New York undertake search into the validity of titles, and guarantee for proportionate sums the accuracy of their conclusions. Each of these companies claims to have, or that it will have, sets of books containing the history of every lot in the city. Such facilities the Real Estate Exchange already possesses. The official method of indexing the records of private and public property is just now a *quæstio recta* in real estate circles. In 1881 the Governor appointed a committee of five gentlemen, identified with real property affairs in New York, to consider the subject of reforming the method of indexing public records of conveyances, liens, and encumbrances of all kinds. After two years of agitation they presented a majority and also a minority report to the Legislature, and submitted a number of bills for consideration by that body. The difference between the two reports was

and the majority turned to the system which the majority advocated the (body part) of solution. Neither was adopted by the same reason as full blown for a consideration of the State like Amendment cannot present for the recording. Instead of indicating of paper under a block system was presented. All proposed that a body should be set apart for each body, and each body will document different property in that body should be recorded. About and British correspondence had in practice for the recording of the proposed system almost unanimously become law. The Mayor and Directors of a small force were come to the conclusion

that nothing can be done until the law itself is amended. *Non passimus* seems to be a genuine reason for attempting no thing.

The expected change of the method of indexing to the dealers in real estate is very great in view of the great saving of material expense involved. As the law now stands it is impossible to close the title to any estate within thirty days, unless the purchaser submit to extortionate charges. Expansive of course one would expect considerably more than the usual charges for such services. Lawyers as well as clerks find the process and seek the abolition of any law requiring

OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES.



OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES.

There is a...

(1) The way was a road of flight and a road of flight. We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way.

There was little to break the monotony of the journey. Winter, autumn, and summer were all in a room of grayness. Now and then we passed the voice of an old woman. We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way.

found the way. We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way.

We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way.

We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way. We found the way from them to the way.

out of our way to see Culloden Moor and Cawdor Castle. While waiting for the train we saw Inverness. It is a pretty city, with a wide river flowing through it, many bridges (and with great stone archways), a new cathedral, and a battlemented, turreted castle high above the river. Clothes dry on the green bank that slopes down to the water's edge; women in white caps go and come through the streets.

When the train reached Nairn we dropped our knapsacks at the hotel and set out for Cawdor, which is five miles from the town.

The day so far had been fine. When we were on the road again the sun went behind the clouds, and mist fell over the country before us. A lady in a dog cart warned us of rain and offered us a lift, which we refused politely. There was nothing by the way but broad fields of grain, which seemed broader after the wretched little patches of sedge and Harris, and large farm-houses larger by comparison with Hebridean hovels. When the roofs and gables of the castle came in sight, had we had our *Macbeth* at our fingers' ends I have no doubt we might have made an appropriate quotation. A long fence separated two fields; on each post sat a solemn rook, and hundreds more made black the near grass. J—— said it was right to find so many cawing things at the gate of Cawdor Castle.

I wish that we had found nothing worse. Just as we reached it the mist turned to heavy rain. 'This is the depressing side of sight-seeing in Scotland; you must take your holidays in water-proofs.' We stood under the old gateway, and at the window of the porter's lodge. We walked along in the rain, and looked at the castle from every side. But as everybody who has travelled in Scotland has described Cawdor, there is no special reason why I should do it again.

We had scarcely left the castle a mile behind when the rain became mist again. At the third mile-stone we were once more in a dry world.

Nairn is long and narrow, stretching



from the railway station

to the sea. After the hotels and shops we came to

the fishermen's quarter. The houses were mostly new; a few turned old gables and chimneys to the street. Old women in white caps with great baskets on their backs strode homeward in the twilight. Everywhere brown nets were spread out to dry. Boats lay along the sands. Beyond was the sea, and the smell of the fish was over it all.

The next morning we learned from the maid that Macbeth's blasted mouth was but a few miles from Nairn; all the theatricals went there, she said. We made a brave start. But bravery gave out with the first mile. There could be nothing more depressing than to walk on a public highway through a well cultivated country under a hot sun. Already, when we came to the mere village of Ardnamoan, we had outwalked interest in everything but our journey's end. We would not go an extra step for the monuments the guide-book directs the tourist to see, though the graveyard was within sight of the road.

Macbeth seems to have shared the fate of prodigals in their own country. We asked a man passing with a goat the distance to Macbeth's Hill, as it is called on the map. He didn't know, he answered. But presently he ran after us. Was the gentleman we spoke of a farmer? Another man, however, knew all about it. He had never been to the top of the hill; he had been told there were trees up there and that it wasn't different from the other hills around. And yet he had heard people came a great distance to see it. He supposed we had travelled far just to occupy the hill. He knew from our talk, many words of which he couldn't understand, that we were no from this part of the country. But then sometimes he

This was Brodie. The porters told us there was a fine wall within a bearing of its wall and a fine top floor to fit.

We found nothing else of interest in Bagan. It had a prosperous look, and we saw not a trace of the untimbered houses with projecting upper stories of which Dr. Johnson writes. The remainder of our day was spent in a restaurant near the station, where we talked politics with a farmer. He convinced us, on his home ground, farmers are too unprotected, he said.





SEAR CULLIN

but they don't know what it means. Free-trade is good for the bulk of the people, and what would protection do for the farmer? If he got higher prices, the landlord would say: Now you can afford to pay me higher rent, and he would pocket the few shillings' difference.

We talked with many other farmers in the east of Scotland. Sometimes we journeyed with them in railway carriages; sometimes we breakfasted and dined with them in hotels. They all had much to say about protection and free-trade, and we found that Henry George had been among them. Their ideas of his doctrine of the nationalization of the land were at times curious and original. I remember a farmer from Aberdeenshire who told us that he believed in it thoroughly, and then explained that it would give each man permission, if he had money enough, to buy out his landlord.

After lunch at Elgin we got through a day's work not less than at Inver. We went by train to Buckie, a place of which we had never heard before that afternoon. How it happened to buy tickets for it I cannot explain, since he never made it quite clear to me. We found it a large and apparently thriving indus-

ing town, with one long line of houses low on the shore, another above on the hill, and a very good hotel.

In the evening we watched the boats sail silently out from the harbor. The sun had just set. The red light of the after-glow shone upon the water. Against it here and there the brown sails stood out in strong relief. Other boats lay at anchor in the cool gray.

In the morning we made a new start on foot. Now and then, for a short distance, the road went inland across treeless cultivated country, but the greater part of the time it lay near the sea, and kept wandering in and out of very picturesque little fishing villages. They were all much alike: there was usually the harbor where the fishing boats were moored, some with brown sails hung out to dry, and flapping slowly in the breeze; others with long lines of floats stretched from mast to mast; and as it was not only low tide, but near the end of the fishing season, all were drawn up in picturesque masses in the foreground, the light of sea and sky bright and glittering behind them. Carts full of nets, men and women with huge bundles of them on their backs, were always on their way either up or

stage for Fraserburgh as if staging with us was a matter of course. It was a relief not to begin the day by strapping heavy knapsacks to our backs. The hours of waiting were spent partly in strolling through the streets of Banff, where here and there is an old gray house with pretty

by the road to give him or to take from him bundles and boxes and letters. He was the typical cheery carrier. He had a word for everybody, even for a young man who dropped his wheelbarrow to flap his arms and greet us with a vacant smile. He was a puny thing, the driver explained,



RACE FROM MACDUFF.

turret at its corner, or quaint old inscription with coat of arms or figures let into its walls; partly in sitting on the beach, looking out on a hot blue sea.

But hot as it was in the morning, a sharp, cold wind was blowing when at three o'clock, we took our seats in the little old-fashioned stage that runs between Banff and Fraserburgh. Stage and coachman and passengers seemed like a page out of Dickens transposed to Scotland. Inside was a very small boy, put there by a fat woman in black and left, with many exhortations and a couple of buns, to make the journey alone, opposite to him sat a melancholy man who saw but ruin staring in the face of farmers and fishermen alike. At every corner in Banff and Macduff we stopped for more passengers, until the stage, chaise as it seemed, was full to overflowing, and we took refuge on the top. Here the seats were crowded with men, their heads tied up with scarfs. The coachman was carrier as well, and at different points in the open country women and children waited

who only went wrong four years ago. He was the third we had seen in two days.

The country was decayed for all its cultivation. The fields were without tree or hedge to break their monotony. The villages were stupid and full of new houses. There was nothing striking or picturesque until we came within sight of Fraserburgh. Far across a level stretch we first saw at its spires rising high above gray and red roofs. The near meadows were dark with fishing nets; in places fishermen were at work spreading them over the grass, and we began to pass ours heavily laden with their brown masses, and men and women bent under the same burden.

We walked out after supper. Rain was falling, and the evening was growing dark. Down by the harbor carts were still going and coming; men were still



IN THE HARBOR, FRASERBURGH.

there by lines of blue or purple or white from the distinguishing rings of color on each mast. There was a never-ending stream of men and carts passing along the quay. Many fishermen with their bags were on their way to the station, for the fishing season was almost over. So they said. But when one thousand boats came in, and twenty thousand fisher-folk were that day in Fraserburgh, to us it looked little like the end. In all this busy place we heard no English. Only Gaelic was spoken, as if we were once more in the Western Islands.

It was the same in the streets. The day's work in the curing houses was just about to begin. Girls and women in groups of threes and fours were walking toward them. In the morning light we could see that the greater number were young. All were neat and clean, with hair carefully parted and well brushed, little shawls over their shoulders but nothing on their heads. They carried their working clothes under their arms, and kept knitting as they walked. Like the men, they all talked Gaelic.

When they got to work we found that those strange stuff which had glistened in the torch-light were apries, and not smeared with scales and slime, that the white head-dresses were worn only for cleanliness, that the shining mounds on their feet were but piles of herring. I have never seen woman work so hard or so fast. Their arms, as they seized the fish, gatted them, threw them in buckets, moved with the regularity and the speed of machines. Indeed, there could not be a busier place than Fraserburgh.

All day long the boats kept coming in, nets were emptied, fish carted away. The harbor, the streets, the fields beyond where nets were taken to dry, the curing-houses, were alike scenes of industry. If the women put down their knives it was only to take up their knitting. And yet these men and women, working incessantly by day and by night, were almost all Western Islanders, the people who, we are told, are so slovenly and so lazy! No one who comes with them to the east coast for the fishing season will ever again believe in the oft-repeated lies about their idleness.

There were no signs of rest until Saturday evening. Then no boats went out, and the harbor and curing-houses were deserted. The streets were full of men and women walking about for pleasure. The greatest crowd was in the market-place, where a few cheap Jacks drove their trade. Two, who dealt in china, as if to make up for their poor patten, threw cups and saucers recklessly into the air, breaking them with great chatter while the women and girls they had attracted stood by and bought nothing.

The fishermen had gathered about a third, who sold cheap and tawdry ornaments, but who could parrot. When we first came near he was holding up six imitation gold watch chains, and offering the buyers prizes into the bargain. "O ye men of little faith"—shaking his fist at them—"can't any of you favor me with



THE FISHING BOATS AT WHARF

a shillor? You don't want 'em, you do you?" Then there was a question of both and between four. "You're story really is just. All this I have to say, was once spoiled with story that dressed their cap-stones. But he said for whole corner without trouble. "And now, gentlemen, for any of you that wants to take home a present for your wife and children, here is an offer. If I deliver a gentleman's carriage, and wouldn't deliver a horse-drawn carriage. He didn't say anything and I'm not with gold and it had many pictures. I'll only sell for a third and it's the very thing you want. You'll have one? Well, say I can't reach you, but these gentlemen'll pass it along."

And then he began again with the story and the sculpture until he had sold out all his stock of diamonds and rubies, beads and cheap jewelry.

It was the hint about presents to those all around which their greatest weight of the harbor. He continued. But he remembered the villages and the sad people and their homes, and he wondered as that

they should be allowed into visiting their kind and pay money on lovely ornaments. It seemed to be that late to be surrounded by every one. From the picture like the harbor and the land had seen every sacrifice to their discomfort.

There was a pleasant suggestion of holiday-making in the square. It was the first time we had seen the Westerners coming among themselves. From they did it very solemnly. There was little laughter and much money. But at least a touch of brightness was given to the gloom of their long life of work and want.

Even on Sunday we thought the people more cheerful. In the morning the women, the little shows over their shoulders, their heads still bare, the men in blue cloth tunics without coats, again filled the streets on their way to church. In the afternoon we walked to two near fishing villages. In one an old fisherman was talking about Christ to a few villagers. We sat awhile close to the sea, looking out to the next village, gray against gray gold lined clouds, to the wa-

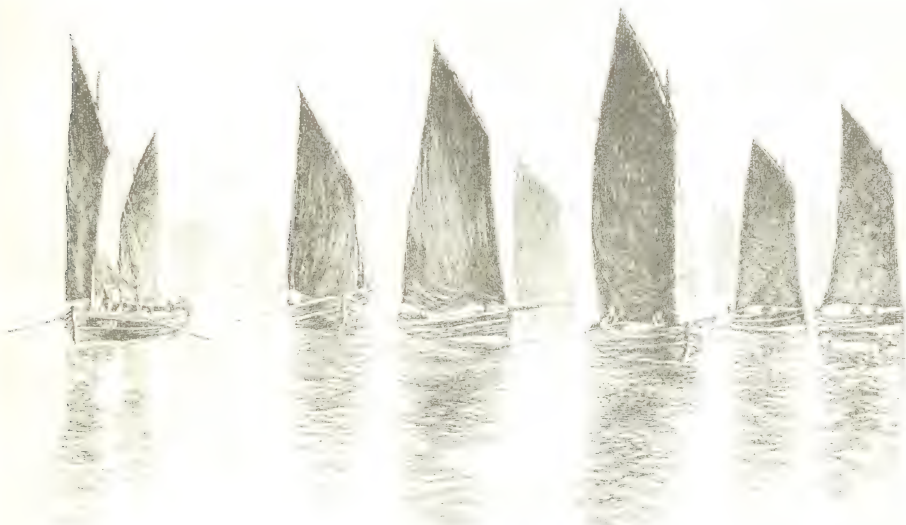
ter with the light falling softly across it, to the little quiet pools in among the low rocks of the shore, to the big black boats drawn up on the beach. And then, as we walked back to Fraserburgh, the mist fell suddenly. But the road near the town was crowded with the men in blue cloth and the women in short skirts. Some were singing hymns as they walked. To us they looked strong and healthy, and even happy. It seemed as if this life on the east coast must make up for many of the hardships they endure in the deserts of their western home.

That same evening in the hotel we heard about life in Fraserburgh, which looks so prosperous to the stranger. A Catholic priest came into the dining-room after supper. He seemed very tired; he had been visiting the sick all day, he told us. Measles had broken out among the women and girls from the Hebrides. Many had already died; more had been carried to the hospital. The rooms provided for them by the curers were small and overcrowded. So long as they were kept in their present quarters, so long would disease and death be their portion. Their condition was dreadful. But they

worked hard, and never complained. He came from the west coast of Ireland, he said, where Irish poverty is at its worst; but not even there had he seen misery so great as that of the Western Islanders. He knew it well. He had lived with them in the Long Island, where many are Catholics. If Scotland were represented by eighty-five members, all wanting Home Rule, more would have been heard about destitution in the Hebrides. In the prosperous days of the west coast fisheries the people's burden had been less heavy. But now they came to the fishing towns of the east, the women to sicken and to die, the men to beg their way back as best they could. There were too many fishermen here, just as at home landlords thought there were too many crofters.

The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.

The epidemic and its causes became the town talk. The Gaelic Free Kirk minister, differ as he might from the Catholic priest on every other point, on this could but agree with him. He told us the same story in words as strong. It was shame-



probably because it has fewer houses with high gables turned toward the street than can be seen in any other Scotch town. But the harbor of which the guide-book says less, was fine. We spent hours near the mouth of the river, looking over to the fishermen's houses on

which seemed worth his whole journey to Dr. Johnson. Little is left of the abbey save the broken walls and towers. A street runs through the old gate-house. The public park and children's play-ground lie to one side of the ruined church. A few old tombs and tablets and



RUINS OF ARBROATH.

the opposite shore. There were constant showers as we sat there. Every few minutes the sun came out from the clouds, and the wet roofs glistened and glittered through the gray smoke hanging above them. In the morning women packed like herrings to the large trawlers, crossed over to the curing-houses. Now and then a fishing-boat sailed slowly in.

Of all the places at which we stopped I remember best Arbroath, the sight of

bars of ornament have been gathered to gather in the sacristy, which is in better preservation than the rest of the building.

Of the rest of the journey to Edinburgh my note-book says nothing, and little remains in my memory. But I know that when we walked up from the station to Waverley Bridge, and looked to the gray precipice of houses of the Old Town, we realized that our long wanderings had not shown us anything so fine.



Editor's Easy Chair.

HORACE'S *laudator temporis acti*, the laureate of the past, is irritated by the conceit of the present. He resents the loud self-assertion, the pompous assumption, of to-day, as if there had been no yesterday, and in expressing his resentment he usually demonstrates that the present does not monopolize all conceit, and that to-day's pomp is but a reproduction of yesterday's. One of these Laudators recently protested vehemently against some contemporary story-tellers, as if in some way they were superseding their betters. Know your place, he seemed to say, and remember Æsop's frog and ox.

This loyalty to the books and tastes and views of former years is both pathetic and pleasant. The taste of to-day is half a slight upon that of yesterday. The youth of half a century ago rebuked us severely: "What! you think that we did not know! You think our poets and historians, our novelists dull, our ideas queer? My poor young friend, if you do not see that your world is Lilliput, and that Glumdalelitch was a fairy, it is your misfortune, but nevertheless Lilliput is not Brobdingnag." It is, however, in vain. The old, like the absent, are at a disadvantage. To-day and its train are the rising sun, and the courtiers of the Prince Royal jeer and jest at the old King.

But seriously Laudator ought to reflect that even he and the poets and story-tellers of his youth were once also young. There was a day when he was the offender, when he brandished his Dickens and Thackeray in the face of the resolute readers of Scott, and when he daringly declared that Scott's descriptions were prolix and stale. How is not recall that magical day when, crossing from the valley of the Rhone to the rich foot of Chamouni, he stole up the mountains "light-hearted and content," singing a merry roundelay, gayly echoing the distant "Ranz des Vaches," until, standing upon the Col de Balme, he saw suddenly "bald, awful Blanc" revealed in all its vast and dazzling splendor? Then, with his former estimates scorn rejected, thirsty with the torrential spring, did he not drain the glass of *vin d'Asti spumante*, the foaming wine of Asti, until that sparkling draught was exhausted?

It was a day of days forever fixed in memory like that vision of Mont Blanc.

But does Laudator doubt that on the next day, and on every summer day since that bright hour, a ceaseless train of youthful pilgrims has ascended from the valley of the Rhone and gazing entranced from the Col de Balme at that glittering crown of Alpine magnificence, has drained the foaming wine? The vintage of every year supplies that draught, and Laudator saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, while the young pilgrim of to-day does not know. That old day was very beautiful, that young heart was rich with hope and joy, that scene was sublime, but the sun of this summer is not less bright, nor the heart of youth less eager, nor is Mont Blanc shrunk or dimmed. There is a change, perhaps, but not in the spectacle, nor in the sun, nor in the wine. Is it possible in the Laudator of fifty years ago?

But if he insists that he means only to point out the folly of making no discrimination, only to condemn praising some pretty Wachusset as if it were Chimborazo or Etna, then he must explain why liking one thing is to dislike another. We read and enjoy the stories of to-day not to the prejudice of those of yesterday, having in mind the fact that there is a spirit of the age which, as reflected in some stories, gives them their peculiar charm for that age, and a charm which is in its nature evanescent. Because the demand of to-day is for the stories of to-day, because they are the familiar topics of conversation and of comment in the newspapers, it does not follow that there is a disproportioned estimate of their intrinsic value. Language need not fear that the planets will be extinguished because other stars arise, nor suppose because the newspapers are universally and eagerly scanned that they will therefore outshine the familiar constellations.

We ought to be so arrogant that what comes first is for that reason better. It is undeniable that whatever is new must lie under the imputation of novelty, but that imputation need not be necessarily fatal. The high seats, the subsequent "stocks," and enormous rolling coat collars of sixty years ago, the flowered waistcoats with lapels, the breeches and boots, in which

definite and familiar than now. The private memoirs of the day of the older Newport show a community of feeling which is now much less apparent. It belonged to a time when families as such were much more prominent than they are now, less from the fact of wealth than from public service and leadership of some kind. When Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jun., of Boston, came to New York, he paid his respects to the beautiful Miss Cora Livingston, and the social intercourse of the two towns was upon the basis of Montaigne's journey to Italy, when the high-born seigneur stopped at every considerable château to visit its noble lord.

There was a mingling of such society at Newport, and it is the recollection of it which is in the mind of the old gentleman who looks with a certain disdain upon what he calls the newness of modern Newport. But the spirit, the character, of the modern resort are much the same, except that in every sense the company is much richer now than then. There is now, as there was then, the consciousness that money plays a very large part in the game. A superb house and magnificent appointments of every kind, exquisite dinners and entertainments, various and ceaseless luxury, and the delicate gratification in every form of the senses which money procures, are essential to the sport. Take away the money, and the players would generally disappear. The game of Newport must be carried on in precisely such villas and such beautiful and decorated grounds, with such circumstance and cost, such retinues and carriages and conservatories and feasts. There can be no brilliant tournament without glittering lists and Queens of Beauty and attendant ladies, and knights in shining armor and waving plumes and silken scarfs, and steeds gorgeously caparisoned; no regatta without swift and graceful yachts, and swelling spinnakers and balloon-sails and flying-jibs and snowy clouds of varying fleet toys of wealth and pleasure.

If the estates were reduced and the lavish display moderated, the Newport of to-day would cease to be. The island and its cliffs and shores, its climate of Sybaris, its social traditions and Revolutionary legends,

Newport, which in its kind was never rivalled and which is a continuous carnival of money, would vanish. Genius and accomplishment of every kind, wit and learning and skill, could not restore it. Shakespeare and Homer and Galileo and Sir Isaac Newton, Poyetis and Virgil and Washington himself, could not take part in the game if they could not afford to occupy the estates and control the implements. They would, indeed, be swiftly snatched into the game as ornaments if they should appear, but players they could not be except by conforming to the conditions.

The old gentleman frets himself needlessly by not reflecting that the new Newport is but another form of the old. It was a comparatively tranquil resort when he was young, but it danced and dived and batted and howled and dined and sauntered on the cliff as it does now. Not, indeed, in crowds and in state, but for the same delightful purpose of seeing and being seen. The youths who hung around the beautiful belle of the Glen, who sighed and ogled in the clipped-box alleys of Vinculoso, who howled across the beach to Paradise or Purgatory, were the fathers and grandfathers, but also the prototypes, of the extraordinary youth of to-day in flannel suits and blazers, agile heroes of lawn tennis and of polo.

But if the wondering and dazzled veteran as he rolls solitarily along the winding Ocean Drive, the finest promenade in the country stretching far beyond the western shore of Lily Pond, the Ultima Thule of his old Newport, should chance suddenly to see in another solitarily rolling chariot the well-matured face of that beautiful belle of the Glen, as he recalled the airy, sparkling grace, the caressing tenderness of manner, the melting melody of the voice, the investiture of loveliness which cast a glamour over every spectacle, then indeed he might truly say to himself, as he bowed low and reverently to the lady, and to the past which that brightness illuminated: "Your new Newport may have everything else more abundantly, but I defy it to produce a spell so exquisite and universal as that of the smile and the manner and the gracious heart of the beautiful belle of the Glen."

"and sound round all
old ocean's gray and moltenly wasted"
would still remain, but the spontaneous

THERE died lately a woman not known to the public, but whose loss to those who personally knew her can never be made

and. The women that shall come may bring an older power and vigour, but the sorrow that is gone will never return. In the memory of all of us there are pictures of the South as they related to us the story that we deeply hold dear. They are so lofty that we are raised, so noble that we are comforted, so pure that we are purified. They are generally women whose lives are devoted, who live at home, wives and mothers, without the ambition that impelled to strive for renown, but their lives are full of such rich and good husbandry that the history of their life is that of the flower of tropical fruitfulness, the beautiful cent Victoria Regia.

A nature so simple and strong and a life so private that it seems almost a wrong to speak of them publicly, yet a character so firm and thoughtful and well-poised that if necessary it would have met without doubt or hesitation any form of martyrdom can hardly be described without apparent exaggeration. She was born in full domestic peace and comfort from the beginning throughout a long life she was surrounded with perfect peace of circumstances. She was universally beautiful in her youth and in the later part of her life she had the charm of personal sweetness. Her manner was direct and frank and cheerful and with her perfect candor and vigorous good sense it scattered the trivial and smirking artificialities of social intercourse as a clear wind from the northwest coast and refreshing breezy languors of August. Early married to a man of the highest character and mind, and of that practical good sense which makes ability most effective, she was in entire sympathy with his views and humane interests, and thus in her family she was most fortunate and happy.

Not by beauty, wealth, position, and the natural possession of the prize for which life is generally a struggle, she was wholly unspoiled. The views of duty and of just human relations were as clear and true that she reinvigorated the conscience of all who knew her. She was curiously free from the little weaknesses which are instinctively excuse in ourselves and others, and although her absolute truthfulness was so strong that it voluntarily rebuked us all, we could no more be away from with our own consciences. The approach was entirely involuntary. Never was a woman more readily tolerant of every honest differ-

ence, or more careful not to wound either by look or word or tone. To true herself to deepest loyalty to others, she was much too sensible to assume the part of Mentor.

In the great mental and moral activity of her generation she was instinctively liberal, and never questioned in others the complete and liberty as Roger Williams valued it which she calmly and naturally maintained for herself. No reform could conceal from her its essential value as a high aspiration, a good intention, a feeling more and more of grotesque and villainies of the reformer who turned his back of selfishness and well-worn the narrow path, bewildered and blinded though he might be. She judged always and acted by a remarkable intuition of right and wrong, and it was interesting to see how surely and smoothly she cut squarely straight through to the truth which it muffled and distorted. Men and women she valued solely for their intrinsic worth and never for conventional attributes. A fugitive-slave and the Prince of Wales would have been treated by her in a way which would have assured them both that the difference in circumstances of their condition did not determine their equal humanity.

To say this would not leave the impression that she was other than a lady in the simplest, most refined, and most unobtrusive but cordial manner. There must be no vision of a Lady Bountiful, or of a Lady in the Manor or of any self-conscious personage whatever. But a strong influence upon the lives with which she was brought in contact cannot well be overestimated for the personal hope and encouragement which her cheerful presence inspired. Domestic sorrows made of their strong and noble heart not to any vulgar commiseration, but to a deeper faith and a sober serenity which respected the pain's sense of "the still and minor of humanity." Courage, confidence, cheerfulness—these were the good angels that dealt with her, and through her they breathed their benediction on all whom she loved or who personally knew her. As she lived in communion with great thoughts and the widest human sympathies, so that her life, like our stillest, harvest-ripening days, passed in sunny repose, so the end was peace. With no wasting malady, no long decay of faculty, she tranquilly slept.

There is nothing that poets feign of wo-

men that was not justified by her. In thinking of her lofty life there is no need of excuse or allowance, for human nature, as it was never more unassuming or simple, was never greater and lovelier than in her. Beautiful and wise and brave and gentle and good, the thought of her is perpetual blessing.

WHETHER a manual of polite behavior would promote good manners, which is the inquiry of Adolphus, is very doubtful. If the young John Bull who made the extraordinary remark about the butter pudding at a friendly table in "the States," as the English are fond of calling this country, very much as if we should call England "the island," had been laboriously poring over a manual of manners, he would probably have been equally guilty. The lady of the house had taken care that the cook should provide a delicate pudding, which was received by the young Bulls with the eye and air of captives in a strange land. One of them, however, boldly ventured upon tasting it, and after a tentative moment he remarked to his companion, "Jack, you'd better try it; 'tain't so very nasty, you know." And then turning to the hostess, he said, blandly stammering, "It's what we used to call stick-jaw at school."

It was perfectly well meant, but it was very amusing, and no manual could have warned the explorer off that particular reef, because no manual could have given him tact. There may be entire kindness with great boorishness, but there can be no fine manner without tact.

What books in thy virtue,
What profits thy parts;
Write one thing thou knowest—
The art of all arts?
"The only essentials,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and door—
Address, man, Address."
"This clinches the bargain,
Sails out of the bay,
Goes the vote in the Senate
Spoke of Webster and Clay."
"Has for genius no mercy,
For speeches no hind,
It looks in the eye-brow:
It leaps to its deed."

Tact is the universal solvent. But it is a gift, like extraordinary memory, or a sensitive musical ear, or a quick and true eye for color. Without it there is no

magic of manner; but with it a charming personality is triumphant.

There was a lady in other years who enchanted every person whom she addressed. Her manner melted doubt and diffidence and hesitation as a warm flood of sunshine melts snow in spring. Like food which reveals the legend traced in invisible ink, her manner drew out the better nature in everybody, and in her presence all were surprised to find that they could say something and say it well, or else could remain silent with no sense of awkwardness. As sunflowers were said to turn toward the sun as day went on, so as she appeared and moved in any company there was a universal deference toward her, not because of her beauty only, for others were as beautiful, but because of her manner. Yet manner in itself is so magical that under its spell she seemed most beautiful of all. It had been so always. As a child she was radiant, and there was nothing in her captivating womanhood which had not been fore-shown.

A manual of behavior could not convey the celestial secret of such manners. It is like that of oratory. No book, no professor of rhetoric or elocution, can impart the gift of eloquence, of persuasion, of pathos or humor. They may teach a man to speak so that he may be heard. They may point out the advantage of clearness of arrangement and of lucid expression. They may warn him against tricks of phrase and of manner. But all that they do is drawn from the method and manner of those who had no books or professors, but who speak, as the poets sing, from within and not from without. The manual of behavior may serve a similar purpose. It may supply forms of invitation and describe suitable dress for certain occasions, the etiquette of visits and the due length of a morning call. But it cannot free us of the taint of vulgarity, even in conforming to its directions. It gives strictly a code of behavior and nothing more. We must not cross our legs, we must not lean upon the back of a lady's chair or tilt our own, we must not spit on the floor, we must not slam the door, we must rise when a lady enters the room, and we must not turn our back to our neighbor, nor repose our feet upon the mantel.

But fine manners no code can teach. If they are conscious they become artificial,

and are no longer. A man indeed may be much too good-natured and impudencious, and not to mistake them for ease. The youth who pulls a cigarette when he is waiting with a lady, who is free and ever imbedded in scrupulously courteous in his address and tone, may be told that he is merely ungentelemanly and vulgar; and if he almost heroicly correct his behavior, certainly he would correct it if the lady showed him that she required the correction. The impudence of young men generally reflects the weakness of young women. If they required courtesy from men, they would be little less than fundamental folly on the part of their creators.

What may be learned in the cultivation of good manners must be acquired in the school of experience. It is of course a superficial and external morality, which is so acquired, and its extent depends upon the power of accurate observation. Is it not *l'œil du bonhomme* who seeks to see the best picture? But what disappoints the best? Is it the taste of the owner, or their degree and kind of reputation? The manners which strike Daisy Miller as fine, and which she will emulate, are not those which would attract

another. The manner, indeed, is the result of observation. It is a lesson drawn from experience, and its value depends, therefore, upon the fact that it is drawn by Daisy Miller or by another. The better rule is the more general one: not to think always how you are behaving, but always to cultivate that kindness of feeling, that generous sympathy and friendly understanding, which will unconsciously regulate behavior.

The lovely lady of whom we were speaking, whose sweet smile and good morning salutation crossed the street to see and hear, had studied no manual, but was taught by her own kind heart. Had she been with subtle thought, supercilious, haughty, business dealing, would have been fog. The manual will do no harm if you use it to correct obvious faults of behavior. But good manners spring from a good heart. They may be imitated indeed. The manners of Victor Barn were called fascinating. But they were charming moments, the exquisite radiance of deep and tender color. Gilding and plating there will always be. But we must remember that gold and silver are still the only precious metals.

Editor's Study.

AS this is a world of varied interests and many events, in which it is improbable that everything said in the Study is perfectly remembered, it may be well to remind the reader that we spoke a year or so ago of the first volume of Professor M. A. Cairns's wonderful compendium, *Il Libro dell'Amore*. We then tried to give him some notion of the vast design and prodigious performance, and we have now to acquaint him with the fact that the second and third volumes of the work have been published, and that they are no less than the most worthy of admiration, even of veneration, if one likes to pay divine honors to transcendent learning, skill, and industry. The plan of translating into Italian the typical love poems of all times and heretofore was tirelessly carried forward with all the integrity and felicity of its inception; and the versions from the hand of the editor are accompanied as before with introductions full of the same naïve mingling of erudition and autobiography.

There is so much of the latter, in fact, and the editor's trials and disappointments are so frankly confided, that it will hardly seem a violation of decorum to say that this colossal enterprise has been conducted by an old man busy with the duties of a learned professorship in a salary of fifty dollars a month. Here is hard living and high thinking for such as admire it, and there is food for another sentiment in the fact that in a land like ours, abounding in public and private libraries of all sorts, not a single copy has yet been sold of this work unique in literature. Such devotion as its author's is in the tradition of an elder scholarship, and is remote alike in time and in motive from the comfortable and practical endeavor of our day and race.

Our insensibility to it in the fact alleged is nationally so discreditable that we are reluctant to urge another sin of omission upon the repentance of our readers. But it is perhaps a lighter one, and without

seeming too reproachful we may quote the letter of a friend who writes to the Study from Stratford-on-Avon. "I have been visiting the Shakespeare Memorial here," he writes, "and noticing with delight the admirable beginning made of a complete Shakespearian library, as well as portrait and picture gallery. The memorial, with its fine theatre and beautiful gardens, only last week completed and open to the public, is really a noble enterprise, and one from which our countrymen are sure to reap constant advantage. When I tell you that notwithstanding all the interest shown in Stratford by Americans, and the appeal made by Minister Phelps in his speech in the Lyceum Theatre in London to American Shakespearian authors and publishers for *American* editions and American Shakespeariana, there actually is shown in the library only three or four short shelves filled with some four or five of the recent complete editions—the Rolfe, Hudson, etc.—with almost nothing in the way of separate plays, studies, notices of plays, programmes, etc., etc., you will, I am sure, agree with me in feeling that we in America owe a big debt to Stratford in this respect which we are altogether too indifferent about, especially in view of the bitter facts to our friends here that in New York alone there are fourteen copies of the First Folio, and not one in Stratford!

"Now pardon me if in the mingled emotions of American pride and mortification at this state of things I write to you, on the spur of the moment, and ask if there is not some quick, easy, and practicable way of setting the ball rolling in the way of *getting up a complete collection of American Shakespeariana* as a gift from Americans to the Stratford Memorial. It would be a much more significant and valuable gift than even fountains and statues, for this will, or ought ultimately to, become the centre for the study of Shakespeare, and the *library* is the true fountain for lovers of Shakespeare to furnish here."

III.

Our friend speaks with the zeal awakened by the sacred locality; but probably his appeal will not address itself to the same interest in people remote from it. Still, it ought to move at least the authors of unsuccessful essays and commentaries to contribute them to the Stratford Library.

If the scheme of it included the unprinted MSS. of Shakespeare scholars, there would be no trouble in filling up those empty shelves till they groaned for another Omar.

The truth is—and from time to time the scribbling race had better face it—there is no very deep, no very wide, interest in even the greatest of authors.

"About the opening of the library"

There are moments when Shakespeare seems essential to the young life: but he is not really so; and if the elder life will be honest it will own that he is not at all important to it. The proof of this is in the infrequency with which this prince of poets is not merely read but thought of. We single him out a shining mark, not because we wish to abolish or supersede him.

Though many will read between these lines the same envious intent that moved us formerly to misbehave toward the fame of Thackeray and Dickens, but because we think it well to recognize the truth of a matter concerning which it is easy and sweet to gammon ourselves. Except the deceitfulness of riches, nothing perhaps is so illusory as the supposition of interest in literature and literary men on the part of other men. They are not altogether to blame for this; they are very little to blame for it, in fact, for it is only in the rarest instances that literature has come home to their business and bosoms. It is an amusement, a distraction, a decoration, taken up for a moment, in leisure, a day, and then wholly dropped out of sight, out of mind, out of life. This may be inevitable, and forever inevitable; literature is an art like the rest: and we do not ask people to be vitally concerned about a picture, a statue, an opera, a building: but it sometimes seems as if it ought to be unlike the other arts, since if it would it could speak so frankly, so brotherly, so helpfully, to the mass of men. Heaven knows how it gets bewitched between the warm thought in the brain, the heart, and the cold word on the page—but some evil spell seems to befall it and bind it, to make it merely appreciable to the taste, the æsthetic pride, the intellectuality, of the reader. These are not his real life, and so it presently perishes out of him again, to be utterly forgotten, or recalled for the pleasure of the pleasure it gave, or recurred to in the hope of renewing an irrenovable experience.

Ward, Preacher, the scene is remote, as usual, from the "centres." Two or three small towns contribute figures enough to fill the stage, and it seems a like election of motives from different periods that supports the character and action. We say seems, because we emancipated people of the seaboard had better not be too positive concerning the possible facts of faith and conscience among the strongly Calvinized minds of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of western Pennsylvania, among whom we suppose the story transacts itself. Helen Ward and her uncle, the rector, are modern folks, and so are all the minor personages, gentle and simple, in more or less graphic ways, but John Ward, the preacher, is a mind of the seventeenth century. This is not saying that there are not probably such survivals into our time, but the scheme loses verisimilitude through Mrs. Deland's failure to accent Ward as an instance of atavism. He parts with his wife because she cannot believe in the everlasting punishment of sinners in the hell which seems to his darkened soul an essential to her salvation and he breaks her heart and kills himself in this effort to reconcile her to his God. Suppose the case, and you accept with interest and sympathy the passages of life and character which follow from it. Some of these are of real power, and nearly all are of artistic merit. The people are not strongly localized: the cultivated have little to distinguish them from the ordinary educated New Englanders of to-day; but the commoner sort have their own accent and complexion; they are treated with humor and humane tenderness; and Dr. Howe, the rector, is well managed. John Ward is got out upon the canvas mainly with the artist's idea; he doesn't develop himself; and finally one asks one's self if the author has not asked too much in asking one to suppose the case. Still, we do not deny its possibility; it strikes us like one of those things that fascinate the author because they have really happened. There is want of unity, of coherence, in the book, but it is nevertheless an impressive book, and when it comes to dealing of close quarters with the impassioned and the grotesque, it is a greater book than *Robert Elsmere*. Mrs. Deland shows herself in it the poet we already knew her, and she reveals herself a humorist of a fine and high sort.

VI.

Humor at its best is indeed a kind of poetry and we wish we could say that the reverse was true. But unhappily all poets are not humorists, though at first blush the author of a *Book of Days* might seem a little ironical in offering to our hurried public a hundred sonnets upon the relations of the day-dreamer to his own soul. We do not say the public might not do very well to stop and listen to him, if the business upon which it is so eagerly bent is mainly the gambler's chance of each turning the luck of some one else to himself, by fair means if one may, and foul if one must; but that the public will not and cannot. The Study itself, whose affair it is to listen, has not quite had the patience to gather up Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's whole meaning from these hundred sonnets, but it has had a great deal of pleasure from several of them, and is aware of having had a real poet for its guest in the author of his delicately imaginative verse. Some proof of the fact may be offered to the reader in the first of the sonnets:

"Sailed December I have returned not,
 The Scotch brigades crossing the roof-sky,
 Doodled me I to the fourting fakes about,
 Head and glass mounted in Eastern injury,
 But not the fire's red vapour with itself.
 The sunset's glow, the painted air above,
 The gleam of jeweled volumes from the shelf,
 The flames obedient in your shadowy glow—
 The painted remains of bronzed martial nights,
 The somnolent shadow of the cool protocol,
 The curtains closing me with these slights,
 Deep, deep, undisturbably out of roll—
 Not there but dream and reveries allowed,
 Malicious of all time's enjoy, triumphs proud."

And again in those which, widening the color of the first, have a farther reach and a more subtle suggestion:

The action of the most heroic deed
 Is scarce distinguishable from a policy fit;
 Man in fate's stream to live a shaken tool,
 Silent for all the type's mouthful it,
 Nothing does he need and nothing keep
 (Ranked glass-like column in the crinkling
 sedge)
 Of the dream's purpose, floating strong and deep
 Past his day's horizon in the lapping edge.
 I hear the foreign echoes from the street—
 Four corners of revel, traffic, gambler's kiss—
 And think that man's obliterated feat
 Have gone such ways since for the world has
 been.
 I wonder how each extended tone and glance
 Rotates its light and old significance.

"Soon is the order and the shadow won,
 Soon, soon we lie with lid-encumbered eyes,
 And the great fabric that we reared before
 Crumble to make a dust to hide who dies."

day dreaming it is a far cry. We do not know just what a far cry is, but Mr. Howley is an Englishman and though we suppose not a fox hunting one, he will know. The important thing, however, is

that these antipodal talents are both very poets, and have the same claim through the same divine art, the art of John Keats, the art of Walt Whitman, to the world's attentive regard.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of September. The following bills were passed in Congress during the month: To prohibit coming of Chinese laborers, House, August 20th (approved by the President September 13th); Chinese Immigration, House, September 3d, Senate, September 7th; Fisheries (relating out the President's recommendations), House, September 8th; Arbitration of Railroad Differences, Senate, September 11th.

The Senate rejected the fisheries treaty, August 21st, by a vote of 30 to 27.

President Cleveland sent to Congress, August 23d, a message recommending immediate legislative action enlarging the powers conferred upon him under the Reclamation Act passed by the Forty-ninth Congress.

Jubel I. McCurry, United States Minister to Spain, resigned September 8th.

The Democratic candidate, James P. Eagle, was elected Governor of Arkansas September 3d, by 14,981 majority (official); the Republican, W. B. Dillingham, of Vermont, September 4th, by 27,517 majority; and the Republican, Edwin C. Burleigh, of Maine, September 10th, by 18,495 plurality (official).

The New York State Republican Convention at Saratoga, August 28th, nominated Warner Miller, of Herkimer County, for Governor, and S. V. R. Cruger, of New York, for Lieutenant-Governor; and the Democratic, at Buffalo, September 12th, renominated Governor David Bennett Hill, of Chemung, and Lieutenant-Governor Edward F. Jones, of Broome County.

Karl Heinrich von Bötticher was appointed, August 18th, Vice-President of the Prussian Ministerial Council, and Rudolf von Bennigsen, leader of the National Liberal Party, Governor of Hanover, August 29th.

General Boulanger, defeated in the election for member of the Chamber of Deputies, July 22d, in the Departments Dordogne and Ardèche, was elected, August 10th, in the Departments Somme, Nord, and Cherente.

Louis Étienne Félicité Salomon, President of Haiti, abdicated August 10th.

Major Edmund M. Bartlett, U. S. Army, chief lieutenant in the Fair Play relief expedition, was murdered by natives July 19th.

DISASTERS.

August 22d.—In the Bay of San Francisco, the steamer *City of Chester* sunk in collision with the steamer *Oceanic*. About fifteen lives lost.

August 27th.—Vincennes was lost by the stranding of the Norwegian steamer *Frederik* at Cape Balance, in the lower St. Lawrence.

August 31st.—Collision between the British steamers *Singapore* and *Ching*, near Taffin Spain. Eleven of the former's crew lost.

September 4th.—A cyclone swept over Cuba, southward, reaching Vera Cruz, Mexico, two days later. The number of the killed in Cuba is estimated at 1000.

September 8th.—Late reports of the disaster to the French fishing fleet off Iceland in April place the loss of life at 137.

September 12th.—Report received of the eruption in July in the volcano Mayon, in the Philippine Islands. Over 100 persons killed.

September 13th.—Collision between steamers *Sud America* and *La France* in the harbor of Puerto de la Luz, Canary Islands. Reported loss of eighty-seven lives.

September 17th.—Twenty-eight persons reported drowned by floods in the Tyrol.

September 18th.—An official bulletin gives the total number of deaths to date from yellow fever in Jacksonville, Florida, as 153, and of cases as 1203.

OBITUARY.

August 1st.—Dr. Alvaro Reynoso, the scientist, aged forty-nine years.

August 20th.—In Rochester, New York, Seth Green, the pisciculturist, aged seventy-one years. Death announced of Georg Wehler, the German historian, aged eighty years.

August 21st.—At Fortnum Heights, New York, Gustav Seiwald, in his sixty-sixth year.—In London, the Right Rev. Samuel S. Harris, second Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, aged sixty-seven years.

August 22d.—August von Trefort, the Hungarian statesman, aged seventy-one years.

August 24th.—In New York, Mrs. Annie Seguin, the opera singer, aged sixty-four years.

August 25th.—In Caithness, Scotland, Sir John Rose, Canadian statesman, aged sixty-eight years.—Rudolf Julius Emanuel Clausius, the German physicist, aged sixty-six years.

August 27th.—Philip Henry Gosse, the English naturalist, in his seventy-ninth year.

September 3th.—In Norwich, Connecticut, George L. Perkins, aged one hundred years.

September 6th.—In Stamford, Connecticut, John Lester Wallack, the actor, aged sixty-eight years.

September 12th.—In New York, Professor Richard A. Proctor, aged fifty-one years.

Glöser's Printer.

If we want to paper into life and not to fight with it, that what is meant is that notwithstanding this person is well brought up, she is not interesting, and that is a fatal defect in a companion for a day or for life. If the good brings up, including the schooling, has not made her interesting, there is a fault somewhere in

and then they will become, in one degree and another, interesting persons. Where will the young women be then who have been content to rely upon the charms of youth and beauty, and have cultivated no interest in anything beyond the more or less artificialities of being agreeable in a conventional society? No partnership goes well unless all the parties contribute something to it. Marriage is no exception to this, as a great many people have discovered, even those who do not accept the cynic's definition that marriage is intended for discipline. Love being, of course, the attraction in marriage, good comradeship is the working capital, and good comradeship between uninteresting people is an impossibility, unless each is too stupid to find out what the other lacks.

This goes upon the assumption—perhaps it is a strained one in these days—that getting married ought to be an object to be considered in preparation for life. But the argument for a girl to make herself interesting by gaining information and by throwing herself enthusiastically into some sort of pursuit is still stronger if she intends to remain single, or remains so by chance. For to be destined to one's own company when one is uninteresting and devoid of external interests is a dreary

outlook. On the other hand, is it feared that modern education will be pushed so far, and girls will become so interesting, that they can find no equal interest? There sometimes seems to be this danger. But it cannot wound only be temporary. Boys are very quick to "catch on" in is their own phrase, to a new idea and whatever course girls take, they are reasonably certain to draw all men after them. The world has been so arranged.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A QUESTIONABLE TRIBUTE.

"Why have you given up the Sunday evening services?" asked Miss —— of her neighbor. "Won't you continue them at all during the summer?"

"You found them beneficial?" enquired he, quitted.

"Oh, I can't bear to have them given up. We all have enjoyed the walks over and back so much."

THE DRAWER adds an interesting bit of biographical information from the examination paper of a small boy who wrote: "Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1802 at the age of seven years."



THE CONVENTIONALITY OF YOUTH.

MR. WHITEHEAD: "Are you giving up the kiss my little mother?"
 LOUIS (shaking violently to his mother's question): "You do it, Ma."

A. H. HICKERSHILL DARRY.

Mr. SMITH, of Virginia, took a sailor whose conversation about him material for some time—his anecdotes. Jim, who is of that shade known as "bright mulatto," has black silken curls and a smile that render him the delight and torment of all the "yellow girls" of the city, and his temper is as sunny as a day in June. He is Mr. Smith's invaluable butler in disguise. His watch once a week is little endeavor to persuade Jim that he does not own his master body and soul; but as the amiable African sweetly ignores all such ebullitions, and always remains the most morose, placidly unconscious of any impudence the butler serves only as a relief to his master's long-cherished feelings. On one occasion he carried Jim down into automobile while as George and supposedly lost him after the fashion in which one rich one's self of obnoxiousness, and for two weeks after his return revelled in his freedom. At the end of that time, in answer to his bell one morning, Jim put his head in the door, and asked, in his usual tone, "Mis' Smith, did you ring for me?" And then his master assigned himself to his abysmal doom. His only consolation is that a repetition of Jim's saying—sometimes helps him overcome the silence of a staid dinner party. There are two of them.

One morning, Jim having been instructed to rouse Smith at a certain hour, woke him with exclaiming, "Lay! Mis' Smith, I done bed such bad luck dis mornin'! I done learn forgot to wake you up time you robe me."

Smith growled, "Jim, you are too trifling to die. I wish you would die. I'll never get rid of you in any other way."

The darry set about his duties without resentment, and said, emphatically, a few moments later, with an evident desire to be obliging, "I don't mind slyin' Mis' Smith. It's play to dead so long's whif' benders me."

Jim and a young African companion were one day fishing from the wharves. His friend missed his footing, fell in the water, and was drowned. Jim's grief was so uproarious that he sympathized by stammer inquired if the drowned boy was a relation. "No," said Jim, through his tears; "he wasn't no relation, but I reckon's well dead—he had all de time."

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE stern countenance of the Old Man of the Mountains, the great attraction of the Franconian Notch, is productive of much merriment. The Drawer hears of several cases in point which go to show that if the Old Man were possessed of any sense of humor at all, instead of gazing steadily toward the south with an expression more indicative of wrath than of sorrow, we should expect to see him perpetrating in the broad day

It was in August of the season gone by that an aged spinster sat with a younger friend gazing simultaneously at the old Man's face, studying deeply the gigantic rocks which form the mouth, nose, and forehead.

"Mary," she said, suddenly, grasping the other by the hand—"Mary, it's twenty five years since I was here last, and he don't look a day older than he did then! Ain't it wondrous, Mary?"

The vantage-ground from which the face is most easily seen is a small rustic arbor, around the sides of which run board seats, upon which Strephon and Phyllis have carved their names in a hierarchy of various degrees of artistic excellence. It is here, says the guide book, that Romeo and Juliet lay to rest in the rear of the passage, gazing upon the tranquil surface of Profile Lake—the Old Man's Mirror, as it is called, as if that stern-visaged old monarch of the rocks stooped to such a vanity.

It was a purpose of this guide book declaration concerning the taste of Strephon and his love that the Drawer overheard a fair young bride remark, "How true it is, George dear! How sweet, so lovely, and just the place for a courtship. But if too bad, we couldn't live—had some here?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the prompt response—"I don't think this is so good a place for a courtship as they seem to think. Why, it's no old view of the Old Man."

"That's true," replied the girl, sadly; and the moment the situation was thus ruefully shattered, and then catching sight of the two young ladies, she cried, joyfully, "But see, George, he is always looking the other way."

It is a matter of regret that the spirit of progress has substituted the railroad for the old time stage coaches, the quaint sayings of whose drivers will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to visit the mountains when the grandeur of the scenery was only equalled by the discomfort the traveller had to undergo. The Drawer remembers a conversation with a mountain Jehu, whose anxiety to learn the profession of his passenger was somewhat remarkable. Said he: "I've driven piles of lawyers, musters, plenty of you, Lawyer yourself?"

"No."

"Ah! Clergyman, perhaps? I've had no end of them aboard."

"No, I'm not a clergyman."

"Thought not. See at a glance you're a doctor. Had a doctor with me last trip. Nice fellow he was, too. Where d'yer practise?"

"I'm not a physician," was the response; "I'm a journalist."

"Indeed! a journalist, eh? Well, I'm mighty glad o' that. I'm drivin' journalists all the time. In fact, sir, I drive everything that has brains."





